

DSH

by

Lady Lover

Contents

1	Billy's First Day	1
2	Flu Shot	5
3	Detention	11
4	Beauty and the Beast	21
5	Meet My Mom	27
6	Shirts and Skins	35
7	Injury Timeout	45
8	Plumbing Problem	59
9	Better Safe Than Sorry	73
10	A Senior Outing	83
11	Bad Boy	95
12	Bad Girl	101
13	Playtime is Over	109
14	Smoking is Bad for your Health	121
15	Peek-A-Boo Plaza	129
16	Meet Cubby the Cougar	143

Prologue

About Donna Simpson High

Donna Simpson High, or DSH, was founded in 1889 by an American social worker and reformer named Donna Breckinridge Simpson. At a time when most high schools simply taught girls the social graces and how to be successful homemakers, Donna Simpson High's goal was to prepare young women to further their education for the purpose of becoming professional career women.

DSH was an exclusive private girls' school for more than eighty years.

This changed in 1972 when a controversial ruling by the School Board introduced the enrolment of a very limited number of boys. Unbeknownst to the public, the decision to allow male students was not primarily for the benefit of the boys; the new policy was intended to provide a more broad-based education for the girls while seeming to comply with modern thinking about co-educational learning. Although the boys received a superior education, the hidden purpose for their presence at DSH was to teach the female students that they need not fear their male competitors.

The system worked well for over twenty-five years; however, Donna Simpson High's closed-door policy was finally revealed in 1999 when public complaints by several male students caused a firestorm in the media. The whistleblowers referred to DSH as "Double Standard High", where boys were repeatedly and needlessly humiliated for the benefit of the girls. Before the 2000 school year began, a new state law required that all students must be treated equally.

Despite the controversy, being a male DSH alumnus was considered an honour, and boys educated at Donna Simpson High gained a reputation as respected leaders and successful family men. To this day, many parents believe the policy should be changed back to the way it was in 1972, when freshman Billy M*** became one of the first boys to walk the hallways of Double Standard High.

Chapter 1

Billy's First Day

Introducing the Following Students:

Billy: A freshman boy of medium height and weight, with brown hair and eyes

Joe: A freshman boy slightly taller and more muscular than Billy, with sandy hair and hazel eyes

Amy (The Dancer): A freshman girl of medium height and a lithe dancer's body, with a dark complexion, black hair and eyes

☺ ☺ ☺

Billy was both nervous and elated as he arrived for his first day in high school. His Mom worked as a substitute teacher at DSH and managed to get him enrolled! Exclusive Donna Simpson High was famous for gaggles of gorgeous girls. Choosing him as one of the first lucky boys to mingle with them was like him winning the lottery! According to his orientation package, they were expecting this year's student body to be 192 pupils: 39 senior girls, 45 junior girls, 47 sophomore girls, 53 freshmen girls, and 8 freshmen boys. The girls outnumbered the guys twenty-three to one!

To Billy's horny adolescent mind, every one of these girls was hot! The latest fashion trend was miniskirts. Most of the beautiful bodies that passed him in the hallway were wearing them. Everywhere he looked were girls his age or older with long legs airbrushed by silky pantyhose and budding breasts bulging under bright-coloured blouses. Many of the lovelies greeted him warmly while secretly looking him over. Then they whispered and giggled as he walked away. He passed one blonde beauty just as she stooped forward into her locker. The motion lifted her virgin-white miniskirt, and he got a glimpse of her gorgeous rounded bottom in sleek pink panties. All this was more than enough encouragement for Billy's young and responsive penis! By the time he walked through the open door of his assigned Homeroom, he was holding his book bag in front of him to hide the bulge in his corduroys.

A plump woman in her fifties with dark, grey-streaked hair greeted him. "Good morning! I am Mrs Reed," she said. "Are you Joseph or William?"

"William," he replied, "but I prefer to be called Billy."

Mrs Reed was wearing a dark-blue dress that bulged over her large bosom and cushy bottom. She had fat legs and thick ankles – a great contrast from the nubile girls in the hallway! She looked reprovingly

at the book bag he held as camouflage over his crotch and said, "Please take your assigned seat, Billy."

He turned towards the classroom where three young women had already taken a seat. There were twenty desks, but only two of them had paper signs. The one taped to the desk in the second row, second column was hand-printed with "RESERVED FOR WILLIAM". The other sign, attached to the desk in the second row, fourth column, said, "RESERVED FOR JOSEPH". Billy sat down and wondered why she assigned only the boys to specific seats. When girls entered the classroom, Mrs Reed told them to select any desk they wanted.

Billy exchanged friendly greetings with many of the girls. Some were from his neighbourhood and elementary school, and others he had met in junior high school. Several were new to town, and these he scanned with interest. They all chose seats around him, and soon cheerfully chatting schoolgirls surrounded Billy. Feeling flattered but somewhat intimidated by all the female attention, he pulled his chair up close to his desk to make sure to hide the persistent swelling in his trousers.

When the desks around Billy were all taken, girls started selecting the desks surrounding Joseph's seat. Soon the other boy arrived, and Billy immediately recognised him as a good buddy he had known since grade school.

"Hey, Joe!" said Billy as his friend walked towards his assigned seat. "How was your summer?"

"Hi Billy! It's great to see you in my Homeroom! Can you believe vacation is over all ready? My folks..."

Mrs Reed suddenly came between them. "Please take your seat, Joe," she insisted. "You two can talk after school."

Her interruption surprised the two boys. Billy and the schoolgirls had been chatting since he arrived; it seemed like Mrs Reed was only concerned about the boys talking together. As Joe walked to his desk, Billy realised that Mrs Reed assigned purposely their seats to keep them separated.

After the last schoolgirl took her seat, Mrs Reed greeted them cordially and listed some Homeroom rules that she expected everyone to obey. Afterwards, she said, "We are lucky to have two special guests with us this year. Please stand up boys."

As Billy got to his feet, he quickly stepped behind his chair, hoping no one noticed the tent his erection was making.

"Ladies, let me introduce Billy and Joe," she announced. The sour look was back on Mrs Reed's face as she commanded, "Billy, I want you to come up here and take the roll for me."

The blood rushed from his face. As he stepped forward, he nonchalantly slid his book bag off the top of the desk and held it in front of his pants.

"You won't need the book bag. Leave it on your desk."

Red-faced, Billy removed his camouflage. An unmistakable bulge in the front of his cords preceded him as he walked to the front with as much dignity as he could muster, while a titter of amusement flowed around the room.

Mrs Reed dropped her gaze and snickered. Gripping his shoulders, she turned him towards the class and handed him a clipboard and a pencil. "When Billy calls your name," she announced, "please answer with 'Here' or 'Present' and let us know if you prefer a nickname. Billy, check off their names when they respond and write down any nicknames. Okay?"

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Good,” she said, and then walked to her desk and sat down. Her smug stare unsettled him.

“J-Joe S***,” he stammered. Mrs Reed had already scribbled ‘Joe’ above his printed name, ‘Joseph.’

“Here!”

Billy pencilled a checkmark beside Joe’s name. He abruptly dropped the clipboard, which hit the floor with a loud crash.

The classroom echoed with laughter.

“S-sorry,” he stuttered and stooped to retrieve it.

The next name was Amy. He had met Amy in fourth grade, when they were both taking dance lessons. She had been his partner for two years and his first childhood crush. He knew exactly where the dark beauty was sitting because she had selected a desk beside his.

He read, “Amy L***,” and looked up in time to see her gaze rise from his crotch to his eyes.

She stifled a giggle. With a guilty smile, she called, “Here!”

Billy swallowed and continued. With no way of hiding his boner, he quickly called the roll while trying to ignore the feminine eyes glancing down at his predicament. When he finished a couple minutes later, Billy returned to his seat – still bulging – and wondering what could be more embarrassing than that.

He will find out soon enough!

Chapter 2

Flu Shot

Introducing the following schoolgirls:

Carol (The Scholar): Tall and full figured with short dark-blonde hair and blue eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses

Cory (The Gossip): Medium height, slightly overweight and busty, with short light-brown hair, and brown eyes

Rhonda (The Lamb): Medium height with a curvy figure, long wavy black hair, and dark eyes

☺ ☺ ☺

Shortly after Billy's first day, Donna Simpson High offered free flu shots to any student with a release form signed by a parent. At his Mom's urging, Billy enrolled immediately. They scheduled him for vaccination on the following Tuesday.

That morning, the school's public address system interrupted his Homeroom study period:

"THE FOLLOWING STUDENTS WILL PLEASE COME TO THE NURSE'S OFFICE FOR THEIR FLU SHOTS: WILLIAM M***, CAROL C***, CORY L***, AND RHONDA M***."

Billy raised his hand, and Mrs Reed said, "Yes, you are excused."

Billy walked down the hallway. Near the administrative office, an attractive woman in a white nurse's uniform met him. She was in her early thirties and a pleasant sight for Billy's lustful eyes: light blonde hair pulled back in a long ponytail, caring blue eyes, red lips, and nice breasts that he estimated required 34B cups, based on his extensive studies of Playboy Playmates.

She smiled pleasantly and inquired, "Are you William M***?"

"Yes, I am, but I prefer Billy."

She shook his hand. "It's nice to meet you, Billy. I am Nurse Dolly. Please follow me," she said as she turned and strode away.

Billy trailed her and watched the curves of her bottom sway, feeling that familiar warm sensation growing in his groin. It's good to be a guy, at Donna Simpson High! She led him into the school's administrative office. About a half dozen staff members and secretaries were busy doing various tasks.

Nurse Dolly took his release form. “Good,” she acknowledged after she had checked to see that his parent signed and dated it. She placed it on top of a stack of forms beside a young brunette typist and said, “Miss Parsons, please collect the other students’ release forms when they arrive.”

The attractive secretary looked up, smiled and nodded, then continued typing.

Within the administrative office were three inner offices. Nurse Dolly led him past doors labelled PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE and ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE. As she opened the door marked NURSE’S OFFICE, she instructed, “You will be first, Billy, so go behind the screen and take off everything except your underpants.”

Billy halted in the doorway. “But I’m just getting a flu shot!” he exclaimed. Behind him, he heard Miss Parsons giggle.

“Yes, I know, dear. Now do as you’re told,” she insisted.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he surrendered.

Nurse Dolly’s office was a small rectangular room with a desk against the wall to the left and a green-leather couch along the wall to his right. Between them was an examination table in the room’s centre, which Billy skirted on his way to a blue privacy screen in the back. As he nervously undressed, he pondered why a flu shot required him to be nearly naked. A couple minutes later, he anxiously emerged from behind the screen wearing only Fruit of the Loom tighty-whiteys, with his arms self-consciously crossed over his crotch.

Nurse Dolly smiled at his shyness. “Okay, Billy, come over to the table and sit down,” she instructed.

The nurse positioned her patient on the end of the table overlooking the couch. The door opened and three schoolgirls walked in!

“HEY!” cried Billy as he bashfully crossed his wrists over his crotch.

Carol was the first to spot Billy in his underpants. “OH!” she gasped and quickly explained, “Miss Parsons told us to come in.”

“We’ll wait outside,” said Rhonda.

“No, I want you to wait in here. It will save time,” the school nurse replied. “Please sit quietly on the couch, girls, until it is your turn.”

Confused and embarrassed, Billy asked, “Do I have to get the shot in my butt? Can’t I have it in my left arm?”

“Certainly, dear,” she replied, “If that’s what you prefer.”

“I would.” Why didn’t she ask me before I got undressed?

While the nurse walked to a sink and washed her hands, Billy looked down at the three young women on the couch, gazing up at him from barely five feet away. He smiled self-consciously.

Carol, wearing a white button-front blouse and navy skirt, peered at him through her gold-rimmed glasses with a shocked expression on her face. Carol was the tallest and smartest girl in his freshmen class. She tried to attract boys by impressing them with her brains. She would have had more success, however, if she just plucked the three bristly hairs growing from the brown mole on her chin.

Cory wore a black pullover sweater along with a blue-and-white striped miniskirt that showed off

her best feature, her legs. He had known her for two years, since seventh grade. Of all the young women in their freshmen class, Cory was the one whom he least wanted in the room at this moment. A slightly overweight, busty busybody, Cory liked to gossip. No secret was safe with her, and Billy knew by the way she was looking him over that she was memorising every detail. She would soon be telling all her girlfriends about seeing Billy in his underpants.

Lovely Rhonda was pretending to look around the room while demurely glancing at him. Billy had known Rhonda since their first day of school, when they were both only five years old. The similarity of their surnames kept them together in classrooms over the years, and they enjoyed almost a brother-sister friendship. He would have pursued a much less platonic relationship, however, had he known that by the time they reached high school, she would develop shapely breasts that begged to be touched. She was wearing a fuzzy pink sweater and white miniskirt. While Rhonda peeked at his anatomy, Billy ogled her chest.

These were the three classmates looking up at Billy while he sat on the examination table in his underwear, impatiently waiting for Nurse Dolly to give him a flu shot. He felt light-headed. When the nurse returned, her hands were empty. "Aren't you going to give me the flu shot now?" he inquired as a gentle reminder of the reason for his visit.

Instead of vaccinating him, she said, "In a minute. First, I need you to stand up for me."

"Why?"

"Just do it," she persisted.

Nurse Dolly steadied him with her hands on his hips. Billy rose to his feet on the step of the exam table and felt naked and silly in nothing but tighty-whiteys. He towered over the schoolgirls, who were curiously looking up at him. Once Billy was upright, the nurse abruptly tugged his underpants down to his ankles! Suddenly, unexpectedly, unbelievably his limp penis and almost-hairless balls were exposed. His shocked classmates gasped in surprise.

"NOOOOO!" wailed a voice in Billy's head while he scrambled to cover himself with his hands and hide his goodies from the startled eyes of the schoolgirls.

Nurse Dolly helped him to step out of his underpants. "We don't want you tripping over them," she explained, then handed his tighty-whiteys to Carol and asked, "Please put these behind the screen with his other clothes?"

"Certainly!" said Billy's tall classmate with a smirk.

The blonde nurse gripped his wrists.

"What are you doing?" he blurted.

"Let me have a look at you, Billy," she said as she forced his hands away from his crotch. "We need to check Boys from time to time to make sure they are growing properly."

"I just wanted a flu shot!" he sobbed quietly, with his hands now hanging limply at his sides and everything on display for the schoolgirls.

While the nurse stepped back and looked him over from head to toe, Carol reappeared from behind the privacy screen, gawking at Billy's full-frontal nudity. "Slide over," she whispered to Cory and Rhonda, who moved to their left so that the nurse no longer obstructed Carol's view.

Billy was befuddled. Four women were viewing secret parts of him that even his mother had not seen in nearly a decade! He stared at the wall above their heads as a pink blush that started in his face quickly spread over his whole body.

“There is no reason to be embarrassed, Billy,” soothed the nurse. “You don’t have anything I haven’t seen before.”

‘What about the girls?’ he thought miserably. He wondered if any of them had ever seen a boy’s penis before today.

For Billy, time slowed to a crawl. Every nerve ending of his bared skin tingled, from head to toe. Feeling each downy hair on his young body standing on end, his head pounded to the rapid beat of his heart. All this was merely background noise to his shocked brain, whose attention was focused on his newly-exposed private parts as they cooled in the conditioned air.

Billy’s cock was hanging heavy. He tried to ignore the girls’ wide-eyed stares and focus on Nurse Dolly. That didn’t help! He looked down in time to see her blue eyes focus on his genitals just as her soft fingers encircled his plump penis. She lifted his member and held it gently against his stomach. Nurse Dolly’s holding my dick! With his penis out of the way, her other hand cupped his balls and caressed them, almost lovingly and, to his mind, unprofessionally. She’s feeling me up!

“Both of your testicles have descended,” she reported, “but they need to gain more volume over the next few years.”

Out of the corner of his eye, Billy saw Carol cross her arms and watch closely as the nurse’s fingers explored the shape and size of his testicles.

“I do feel no lumps or other problems,” said Nurse Dolly, “and that’s good news.”

Billy’s cock, held upright against his stomach by the nurse’s soft fingers, started to swell. He glanced at Rhonda, who continued looking at him without pretending to look away any more. Her dark eyes widened at the same moment he felt Nurse Dolly turn her attention to his penis. Using both hands, the nurse pulled his member straight out from his body and began gazing at it. Rhonda smiled as she watched the nurse’s deft fingers raise his cock, lower it, and move it around as she examined all sides. Now she’s playing with my dick, right in front of my classmates! He thought he was going to die from shame. Then it got worse: she gently slid back his trimmed foreskin and bared the shiny helmet. Carol, Cory, and Rhonda seemed to be holding their breath, transfixed, as Miss Dolly held his penis upright before their eyes.

With Billy’s cock utterly exposed to the four women, Nurse Dolly paused and looked up at him. “Your genitals are slightly less mature than some of the other boys your age that I have examined.”

Her embarrassing words made Billy shudder. Cory caught his eye and chuckled. She had a story to tell her friends!

“There is nothing to worry about, dear – I am sure you will soon catch up to the others – but I will continue to monitor your growth from time to time.”

Billy cringed. After a momentary eternity, the nurse gave his penis a squeeze and then released him; however, his roused cock defied gravity and conspicuously pointed straight out from his body. Carol leaned forward, staring at it with a look of amazement on her face. Her scrutiny made Billy gulp.

Nurse Dolly then instructed, “Okay, turn around and bend over the table.” She steadied him with

her hands on his hips. Sliding a hand up his back, she pushed him down so that his head and chest rested on the tabletop and his bare bottom pointed towards the schoolgirls.

He felt her pull his backside open. She studied him momentarily. Then she released his cheeks as she walked away. Bent over with his cock continuing to erect, Billy felt like a horny hound dog that was presenting his butt in hopes of attracting a pretty poodle. "Am I ever going to get my shot?" he whined.

"Before I can administer a flu shot, Billy," she explained patiently, "we need to take your temperature. You can't have a shot if you are running a fever. Please reach back and hold your bottom open for me."

Billy almost cried from the humiliation of spreading his cheeks apart in front of his classmates. He heard two of them whispering behind him, and Cory giggled mischievously again. All her girlfriends were going to know about this! It will be all over the school! A moment later, Nurse Dolly slid one hand under his belly to steady him; it nestled at the base of his excited penis. With her other hand, she used two fingers to open his anus, and then she slowly inserted a glass thermometer.

"You can let go now, dear," she said.

Billy released his butt cheeks and waited, bent over and ashamed, with a glass wand protruding from his rectum. Behind him, Cory, Carol, and Rhonda watched and waited with him. With his cock resting against the back of Nurse Dolly's hand under his belly, he felt her counting the seconds by gently tapping his belly.

After a minute, she said, "Okay, spread your bottom open again." He felt the thermometer slowly sliding out of him. "You're normal," she confirmed a moment later. "Turn around and have a seat."

Completely ashamed, Billy faced the girls again, revealing that his penis was now fully erect. He lowered himself onto the examining table with his swollen cock pointing skyward. He resisted the urge to cover up to keep from looking as if he was touching himself. Cory, Carol, and Rhonda were all trying to hide their grins. Too embarrassed to meet their eyes, the naked boy turned his head and looked towards the nurse while he waited. Finally, Nurse Dolly gave him the flu shot and dismissed him.

"You can get dressed now, Billy."

With his head down and his cock up, Billy bounced off the table and bobbed back to the partition. From behind the blind he heard Miss Dolly say, "Carol, you will be next. Hop up on the table, and I'll take your temperature."

When Billy emerged from behind the screen, he lost his temper. Carol was sitting on the examination table, fully dressed, with an oral thermometer in her mouth! "How come she doesn't have to undress?" he complained.

"*Not* that it's any of your business," Nurse Dolly shot back, "but girls have special doctors for that. When is the last time a doctor examined your penis?"

He flushed and looked at the floor. "I don't know," he mumbled.

"That's exactly why I examine the boys." Her tone softened as she added, "Now go back to class, Billy."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Just before the door shut behind him, he heard Nurse Dolly quietly add, "It's also fun!"

The girls' muffled laughter filtered through the closed door.

With his mind in emotional turmoil, Billy sidled towards the administrative office door, trying to avoid any attention. All the women in the office were busy and ignored him.

Just as he reached the door, however, pretty Miss Parsons glanced up from her typing and leered at the hump in the front of his trousers. “So, Billy, you enjoyed your flu shot?” she teased.

He didn't reply, just walked up the hallway in a daze.

Chapter 3

Detention

Introducing the following students:

Doug: A muscular, athletic six-foot-tall freshman boy with dark brown hair and eyes

Gina (The Flirt): Medium height and curvaceous, with black shoulder-length hair, and dark-brown eyes behind black-rimmed glasses

Nicki (The Looker): Petite except for her relatively large breasts, with an angelic face, long, straight straw-coloured hair, and blue eyes

Ricki (The Looker Too): Nicki's identical twin sister, with shoulder-length, wavy straw-coloured hair

☺ ☺ ☺

The next morning, Doug blissfully walked towards his Homeroom while holding hands with vivacious Gina. Most of the students were already studying at their desks, but Gina was stalling, as if she wanted to spend every possible moment with him before they parted. She looked scrumptious in a shiny silver blouse and a grey-and-black plaid miniskirt. Everybody knew that she flirted with all the boys, but today was Doug's turn, and he loved it! For some reason, she was bubbling over with happiness and enthusiasm. As they walked and talked, hand-in-hand, her beautiful head bobbed, her dark hair flipped, and her eyes – magnified by the lenses of her dark glasses – twinkled. Her incessant, rapid-fire chatter, however, was making Doug's head spin.

She abruptly asked him, "Did you get a flu shot yesterday?"

"No, I didn't."

"Oh," she said. "Well, there's always next time."

Before he was able to ask her why she thought he needed a flu shot, she was off again, talking about her family, her friends, and her cat. As they passed the gymnasium entrance, Gina suddenly pulled him into a dark corner formed by the partially open gym door and the school's trophy case. Before Doug knew what was happening, he was body-to-body with her. She flung her arms around his shoulders, raised up onto her toes, and began kissing him passionately!

"Gina!" he whispered breathlessly between kisses, "Stop!... Gina!... We have to... get to... Home-

room.”

“Shhh,” she hushed him as she pinned him against the trophy case with her body. Gina mashed her hips against his crotch. When she felt his penis respond, she moaned and forced her tongue into his mouth. Doug barely heard the last bell sound because the feel of Gina’s eager breasts against his chest and her pelvis thrusting against his hard cock had overwhelmed his senses.

Suddenly the gymnasium door was wrenched away exposing their passionate encounter to the bright light of justice. Gina quickly stepped away from Doug as Assistant Principal Anderson confronted them. Tall and thin, forty-year-old Miss Anderson preferred dark-coloured dresses. Her black hair, hooked nose, and malevolent attitude towards the students, especially the boys, had led to her nickname: The Wicked Witch of the West.

“Doug and Gina, you should be ashamed of yourselves,” she scolded with hands on hips.

“Yes, Ma’am,” they chimed. Gina straightened her clothes, while Doug wiped her lipstick off his mouth.

“It was my fault,” he said chivalrously.

“Of course it was,” Miss Anderson quickly agreed. “Both of you will report to my office after school for one hour of detention,” she pronounced, “and you, Doug, will get extra punishment for leading Gina astray and for your lewd display.” Saying this, she thrust her finger towards the bulge in the front of Doug’s trousers.

He quickly crossed his wrists in front of his crotch. “Sorry, Miss Anderson.”

“It’s too late for that now. Both of you get to your Homerooms immediately!”

The two students scrambled up the hall as the Wicked Witch watched.

☹ ☹ ☹

Soon after the last bell of the day sounded, Gina arrived at the Assistant Principal’s office for her punishment. The door was open, and Miss Anderson greeted the schoolgirl from behind her mahogany desk.

“Come in and take a seat, Gina, and start studying,” she instructed.

Beyond Miss Anderson’s desk were two rows of three student desks – the kind with a wrist support and small writing surface attached to the right side of the chair. Ricki already occupied the one in the front row, farthest from Miss Anderson’s desk. She was one of the gorgeous identical twins who had moved to town over the summer. She wore a red sweater that bulged over her ample breasts as well as a very short black miniskirt.

“Hi, Ricki. I like your outfit!” said Gina.

“Thanks! It’s new. What are you in jail for?”

“Be quiet,” the Assistant Principal snarled. “This is detention, so stop pretending it’s a social gathering. There will be no talking. Get on with your work.”

With her back to Miss Anderson, Gina rolled her eyes, then dropped her book bag on the floor and sat beside Ricki. She had barely settled in before the Assistant Principal towered over her.

“Gina, do you know where Doug is?”

“He was helping Coach Boyle put away some equipment after gym class. He should be here in a couple minutes.”

“He is supposed to be here now!” Miss Anderson stormed out of the room, and they heard the outer office door slam behind her.

“What a witch!” whispered Gina acidly. “She caught Doug and me making out behind the trophy case. What did she get you for?”

“I forgot to ask for a hall pass. She ambushed me when I came out of the bathroom.”

The girls listened for the office door to open while they exchanged whispers. After a couple minutes, Ricki introduced the hot topic of the day. “Did you hear about Billy’s flu shot?”

Gina grinned. “Hasn’t everyone? Poor Billy; it’s all over the school!”

“I think Cory made up the story just to get some attention. Do you believe it?”

Gina’s eyes twinkled as she said, “I know it’s true.”

“How do you ‘know it’s true?’” Ricki asked sceptically.

“I had my flu shot with Greg.”

“No!” Ricki’s eyes looked as if they might pop out of her head. “Did you see his...?”

Gina nodded. “Yup.”

A pink blush coloured Ricki’s cheeks. She leaned forward and whispered excitedly, “How was it?”

Gina held out her fist and then raised her index finger until it was pointing towards the ceiling. Both schoolgirls started giggling but then hushed when they heard the outer door open.

“I want all the details later,” Ricki whispered quickly.

Doug walked into the room. His face, which was pale and grim when he entered, grimaced when he saw adorable Ricki sitting beside his partner-in-crime.

Concerned, Gina asked, “What’s wrong, Doug?”

“I said no talking!” growled the Assistant Principal, who entered right behind Doug. “Start getting ready,” she told the schoolboy.

Ricki’s blue eyes looked questioningly into Gina’s brown eyes as Doug slipped off his loafers and began unbuttoning his shirt. She mouthed the words, “What’s going on?”

Gina shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. “I don’t know,” she mouthed back. She turned back in time to see the boy folding his shirt and placing it on Miss Anderson’s desk. She noticed pale hairs on his bare chest, and his nipples were stiff.

“Everything but your underpants,” the Assistant Principal reminded him as she moved a hat rack out of the corner opposite the two mini-skirted schoolgirls.

Ricki and Gina gaped at each other.

“Take as long as you want,” said Miss Anderson sarcastically as he slowly unbuckled his belt. “Your hour doesn’t start until you are standing in the corner.”

With a sigh, Doug unzipped and lowered his pants. As soon as his Hanes tighty-whiteys came into view, the eyes of Gina and Ricki fixated on the small bump in the front. When he turned towards them, they actually saw the outline of his plump penis! It was pointing down and slightly to the left.

Both girls looked up guiltily as the nearly naked boy walked across the room; however, Doug was not looking at them, just staring straight ahead with a stony expression. They quickly glanced down again just before he reached the corner and turned his back to them.

“This is for your lewd display in the hallway this morning,” reminded the Wicked Witch and then added, “You will stand there for one hour, and there will be no talking. You can just think about what you did.” She turned to the girls and said, “Show’s over, ladies. Get back to your studies.” The girls opened their textbooks and tried to ignore the naughty boy in his underpants. Miss Anderson returned to her desk and worked on school paperwork.

In the corner, Doug fumed as time slowed to a snail’s pace. ‘This was unfair! It was unjust! I didn’t start making out; Gina did. She should be standing in this corner instead of me!’ Rather than being mad at Gina, he loved their morning encounter. He was furious with Miss Anderson, the Wicked Old Witch of the West! He felt like breaking something.

After about thirty minutes of time served, Doug still stood in the same place, bored, with his legs apart and his arms crossed defiantly. Occasionally he shifted his weight from one foot to the other. The outer-office door opened and broke the monotony.

“Sorry I’m late, Miss Anderson,” spoke a woman’s voice. “There was a line at the bank.”

The Assistant Principal stood and walked out of her office. “Thanks for agreeing to watch them for me, Mrs Olsen. I want to speak with the Superintendent about the boy situation at this school.”

Doug listened closely to the outer-office conversation.

“Boy situation?” inquired Mrs Olsen, the Administrative Office Manager.

“Yes, I always said that this should have remained an all-girl school. We haven’t been open a month and already there has been an incident with one of the boys. I was afraid of this.”

“What happened?” asked Mrs Olsen anxiously.

“I caught him defiling one of our girls outside the gymnasium!”

“You mean they were actually...”

Doug strained to hear more, but both women had lowered their voices.

Mrs Olsen abruptly laughed.

“This is not humorous,” Mrs Anderson corrected her. “Just think what might have happened if I had not intervened.”

They conversed quietly again, and then Miss Anderson returned to her office. “Mrs Olsen is now in charge. If you give her any trouble... Doug,” she warned and then let the threat hang in the air until he turned his head and made eye contact with her, “you will answer to me in the morning. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” all three students replied.

Before leaving the administrative office, she instructed Mrs Olsen that “the girls only have twenty

minutes to go, but Doug still has another half hour. I have him standing in the corner.”

After the outer office door opened and closed, the administrative office manager entered the room. Doug glanced over his shoulder and saw that she had tied her dark-blonde hair in the usual bun. Her voluptuous, thirty-something figure curved the contours of a dark green dress.

She grinned when she saw the tall boy in his underpants facing the corner, with two beautiful and curious schoolgirls trying to ignore him while they took notes from their open textbooks. “Sounds as if somebody has been a naughty boy!” she quipped. Both girls looked up and grinned.

Doug cringed and stared at the wall. He had spoken with Mrs Olsen on occasions and knew her to be an amorous woman. Although old enough to be his mother, she had a lecherous way of looking at the boys that made them feel uncomfortable.

She squirmed her way into the small student desk beside Gina and looked Doug over. He was a fine-looking young man, with wide shoulders, a glossy back, strong legs, and a tight little bottom. Sparse body hair – just the way she liked them. Soon, she began frowning. ‘Something is wrong,’ she thought and then realised it was his defiant posture. He was standing straight with his head up, his feet spread apart, and his clenched fists jammed into his hips. His body language should be saying, I’m sorry and ashamed, but instead his stance told her, I’M ANGRY!

Mrs Olsen wriggled out of the desk and stood up. “Miss Anderson’s punishment is not working,” she declared to the schoolgirls. “He should look like the naughty boy that he is. Instead, he is just standing there as if we’re wasting his time. Did she at least spank him?”

Before Ricki or Gina was able to answer, “No,” she stepped forward and tugged Doug’s underpants down, and then let them drop around his ankles.

“DON’T!” he cried. It was too late. As his tighty-whiteys hit the floor, his hands flew down and clapped together over his crotch.

The girls exchanged a startled look and then just stared with their mouths open.

Mrs Olsen studied Doug’s bared bottom and then answered her own question. “No, I can tell that she didn’t spank him. I would have, and then his little ass would be a bright rosy red.” She stepped to the side and gave it a hard smack with her open hand.

“Yow!” he yelped.

The lusty administrator then gripped the boy’s shoulders and turned him to face the room. “Girls, this is the universal posture of a naughty boy,” she chuckled, “with his underpants around his ankles and both hands desperately trying to hide his prize possessions.”

The schoolgirls stared for a moment in shocked silence at their naked classmate. Then quickly put their heads down and concentrated on their studies.

Doug bent his knees and reached one hand towards his underpants, but Mrs Olsen stopped him. “No, leave them on the floor,” she ordered. She walked towards her chair and noticed that Gina and Ricki were suddenly absorbed in their homework and ignoring their embarrassed classmate. She scolded them. “Put your books away, girls. No more studying. Don’t look at your books, look at Doug.”

“What! Why?” Gina sputtered as the girls packed away their schoolbooks.

“Don’t look at me either,” she reminded them when their desks were bare, “look at Doug. Don’t be

shy, Ricki, look him over, from head to toe. Don't worry about embarrassing him; he is being punished and is supposed to be embarrassed. Believe me, the opportunities in life when you can get a handsome young man's clothes off are too rare. You should always enjoy the view when you have the chance."

With only a ten-fingered athletic supporter for a covering, Doug stood helplessly and tried not to listen as they discussed him. Mrs Olsen started at his head and slowly worked her way down. She asked for each girl's opinion of every body part: hair, face, neck, shoulders, arms, chest...

After they finished admiring his flat stomach, Mrs Olsen asked, "Gina, what do you think of his hands?"

"Too bad his fingers are so long – any shorter and we'd get to see the good stuff!" she joked.

Doug gave her a sour look, and the girls laughed.

"Why don't you drop your hands, Doug," Mrs Olsen suggested, "and show the girls your baby-maker. They'd like to see it."

He gaped at her and then whined, "Do I have to?"

She chuckled. "No, I was only teasing."

The disappointed girls laughed at the look of relief on their classmate's face.

"Have either of you ever seen a naked boy before?" inquired the randy administrator.

"Only one," Ricki replied, "I used to give my five-year-old cousin a bath when I was babysitting."

"How about you, Gina?"

"I saw my first naked boy – ever – yesterday afternoon!"

"Yesterday! This must be your lucky week. How did you manage that?"

"I was in Nurse Dolly's office when she examined Greg."

"Greg," repeated the older woman as she pictured him in her mind. "He's a nice looking boy, too. Did you enjoy it?"

"It was scary at first. We were all nervous..."

"All?"

"Yes: me, Toni, and Terri were in the room."

"And Nurse Dolly stripped him right in front of the three of you," the administrator thought aloud. "I should get to know her better..."

"Like I said," Gina continued, "we were nervous at first but as Nurse Dolly continued her examination, we relaxed and began to enjoy watching what she was doing to him. It was interesting."

"How did Greg react to being naked in front of you?"

"He was shocked and embarrassed but got excited!" she gushed.

"He got an erection?"

Hearing the word spoken aloud so casually startled the girls. Usually, they only talked about boners or stiffies, and then only in hushed tones.

Gina immediately recovered. "Right away!" she replied.

"I wish I'd gotten a flu shot," grumbled Ricki.

While the women conversed, Doug was struggling to prevent his own erection. He had never heard girls talk so boldly about his body, or so frankly about sex. As if that was an insufficient strain on his impressionable penis, he noticed that Ricki's barely-there black miniskirt had risen up when she leaned over to put her books away. Each time she shifted her position, a triangle of her white panties beneath her sheer pantyhose played a brief game of peek-a-boo. He forced himself to look away – usually at her beautiful, heaving bosom – but every time she moved, his stare darted irresistibly back to her crotch, craving another sneak-peek at her panties. He squirmed nervously as the women continued discussing penises and erections. It was cock-teasing torture!

Mrs Olsen glanced at Doug's face. She sensed he was struggling to keep control. She tried to increase the pressure. Looking into his eyes, she said, "Some guys' penises get erect easily," and smiled when his eyes widened. She was right!

"Greg's sure did!" exclaimed Gina.

"There is one boy in our neighbourhood," the lecherous administrator continued, "who gets an erection every time I spank him."

"You spank somebody else's kid?" Ricki inquired curiously.

"When they deserve it, I do. You see, there are four of us girls – I suppose we're old ladies since we are all around thirty-five," she lied. She was actually forty-one, although she looked younger. "The four of us live in the same neighbourhood, get together for coffee once or twice a week, and take turns watching each other's kids when they are playing together. If one of the boys misbehaves, we have his mother's permission to punish him. Of course, we never need to spank the girls."

Ricki nodded. "And one of the boys sometimes gets turned on when you spank him?"

Mrs Olsen grinned. "Every time. When I bend him over my knee, all it takes are two or three swats before I start feeling that pressure against my leg. Before I finish his spanking – and we rarely give the boys more than ten strokes – he is always absolutely rigid!"

"I'll bet that makes a bulge in the front of his pants!" Gina joked.

"When I let him keep his underpants."

"Huh?" Ricki snorted. "You spank him naked?!"

"When he is especially bad, his underpants come down too. I hate to admit it, but there are times when we make one of the boys strip for their punishment just because it's fun to have a naked boy in the corner."

"Did any of the other boys get big?" Ricki was still too shy to say erection.

"All of them get erections at one time or another. Most of them usually lose control when we make them stand in the corner naked after a spanking, facing the room with their hands at their sides – especially when some of the neighbourhood girls are playing nearby."

Gina was incredulous. "You let the girls in your neighbourhood see the boys when they're naked?"

Mrs Olsen grinned. "I think all the girls have seen every neighbour boy without any clothes on. It

is a good learning experience for all of them, both girls and boys. Ask Sam.”

“Sam?”

“Samantha, my daughter. She’s a freshman here at DSH.”

“Sam’s your daughter?” said Ricki. “I didn’t know that!”

“You should ask her about it. She has seen all seven of the boys in our neighbourhood naked at least once, including her two older stepbrothers.”

“Wow! That’s hard to believe,” said Ricki as she exchanged an incredulous look with Gina.

The school office administrator suddenly laughed. She nudged Gina and gestured towards the naked boy in the corner. “Speaking of erections, look who’s got a big one!”

Doug had lost control at last. He blushed as three pairs of female eyes watched his impossible attempt to keep everything covered. He finally settled for hiding the bulbous tip and most of his cock while letting them view his tight balls beneath.

“You might as well put your hands down,” Mrs Olsen chuckled. “You just look ridiculous that way!” He made no move to uncover. She walked over and pulled at his wrists. “Come on, let the girls have a look.” He resisted, but after a quick reminder that Miss Anderson told him that he must cooperate, he surrendered.

“There you go, Ricki,” she said as she returned to her seat, “Now’s your chance to look at a grown boy’s penis.”

With Doug’s seven-inch member pointing over their heads, the blonde and the brunette schoolgirls discussed his genitals with their new mentor. Ricki wanted to know how Doug’s penis compared to Greg’s, and Gina gave her an embarrassingly detailed analysis, with Mrs Olsen helping her with the proper names for the parts.

The administrator suddenly glanced at the clock and said, “Okay, girls, your time is up. You can go home.”

Gina and Ricki exchanged looks.

“No, I’ll wait here until Doug’s time is up.”

“Me too!” Ricki agreed.

Mrs Olsen grinned. “I thought you might.”

They continued their teasing conversation for another five minutes. There was a knock at the outer office door. Mrs Olsen left the room to answer it.

“Oh, hello Nicki,” they heard.

“Hi, Mrs Olsen. Is Ricki’s detention over yet? Mom’s waiting in the car.”

Before the administrator was able to answer, Ricki called, “NICKI, COME IN HERE!”

Almost immediately, Ricki’s identical-twin sister walked into the Assistant Principal’s office. She looked delightful. Her blonde hair waved over a sky-blue romper with white buttons down the front that bulged over her large breasts. “Oh!” she gasped when she spotted Doug a second before he instinctively grabbed his cock again, to hide it from view. Nicki averted her eyes. “What’s going on?”

“We are punishing Doug,” answered Mrs Olsen as she entered the room. She approached the boy and returned his arms to his sides. “He has another five minutes to go.”

“Mom can wait,” Nicki decided as she quickly sat down.

“No, don’t look away, and don’t just glance either,” Mrs Olsen repeated her instructions. “Look him over, from head to toe. It’s as I told the other girls, never waste an opportunity to enjoy the sight of a handsome young man, especially if you can get all his clothes off. And you’ll have even more fun if you can coax his penis erect, just as we did to our cute friend here.”

The three schoolgirls and the curvy administrator immediately focused their attention on Doug’s little man again. It was nodding its head slightly with each pounding beat of his heart. He looked down at the floor. With his hands limp at his sides, his underpants tangled around his ankles, and his penis poised for the girls’ pleasure, Doug blushed in shame as the four women continued discussing him intimately.

“Now that is how a boy standing in a corner should look,” the office manager declared.

Chapter 4

Beauty and the Beast

Introducing Students:

Greg: An extroverted freshman, almost 6' tall, slim, with blond hair, and blue eyes

Tim: A shy freshman boy who is barely 5'2" tall with brown hair and eyes

And Featuring Students:

Billy: A freshman boy of medium height and weight, with brown hair and eyes

Joe: A freshman boy slightly taller than average, muscular, with sandy hair, and hazel eyes



The boys' new History teacher, Miss Harding, was a beauty!

While in college, she had modelled designer clothing and won the state's Miss USA pageant during her senior year. After graduating with a degree in education, she had joined the faculty of Donna Simpson High, and 1972 was her first year of teaching.

Miss Harding was easily the best-looking educator at DSH. She was only a couple of airbrush strokes away from being a Playboy centrefold. She was 5'10" tall with long, wavy black hair that draped over her shoulders; dark, sparkling eyes; a tiny upturned nose; pouty lips that smiled often and caused deep dimples to appear in her cheeks; beautiful 34C breasts; and a perfect, rounded bottom that curved down to long, silky legs. She preferred provocative clothing that tested the patience of the School Board – usually short and tight miniskirts with scooped necklines that exposed acres of creamy skin.

Miss Harding knew the effect her looks had on high school boys, and she loved torturing them. She seemed determined that no boy ever left her class without an erection! After a particularly exciting History lesson, Billy and Joe rose from their desks. They held their heads high and their books low. Miss Harding grinned at them as they walked by her desk. "Bye, boys!" she chuckled as they left the room.

Both students headed for the gymnasium and their physical education class. Before DSH had started admitting boys, their locker room had been used by the freshmen and sophomore girls. Now all the schoolgirls shared one locker room, and the eight boys used the other. Naturally, the girls groused about the overcrowding situation while the boys joked about the lack of urinals in the bathroom and the empty tampon dispenser on the wall. Plans were already in the works to alleviate the gender imbalance: a new

gymnasium and swimming pool facility was under construction. It was slated to open by the second half of the school year.

Due to scheduling conflicts, they split the boys' Phys. Ed. training into two classes of four students. As Billy and Greg changed into their gym clothes, Joe spotted their boners.

"Have you two been visiting Nurse Dolly again?" he smirked.

"Shut up," Billy snarled. He and Greg were the only boys who received a flu shot. Neither of them was able to walk the halls of DSH without schoolgirls snickering behind their backs. The embarrassing details of their intimate examinations had even spread to the sophomore, junior, and senior classes.

"You know we've just come from History," Greg grumbled.

Joe tried to backtrack from his first comment by saying, "Miss Harding makes me so horny that I can barely concentrate."

"What a cock teaser! Can you believe that dress?" said Billy.

Greg grinned and shook his head.

"What's she wearing today?" Tim inquired. "I haven't had History yet."

"A black mini kimono with white panties underneath."

Tim's eyes narrowed. "How do you know that?" he asked sceptically.

"Dropped my pencil," Greg quipped with a wink.

Tim was shocked. "I would never dare try that!"

"Miss Hard-on is sure a turn-on!" Joe exclaimed.

"Miss Hard-On," Greg chuckled. "That's a good name for her. Damn, she's hot!"

Joe cupped both hands in front of him and wiggled his fingers. "Just once I'd like to squeeze those two beautiful boo..."

"QUIET!" barked beefy Coach Boyle as he strode through the open doorway of the locker room. Anger reddened his face. An ex-Marine and former high school wrestling champion, the 25-year-old coach was a hulking mass of muscle whose nickname was "The Beast". They hired him shortly after the school's policy change. His continued presence at Donna Simpson High depended upon the boys' good behaviour.

"I heard what you were saying about Miss Harding," he growled. "She is your teacher and a personal friend of mine; you *will* treat her with respect." The coach ranted like a drill sergeant for five minutes while the boys cringed. When he finished, he growled, "We will be doing calisthenics today."

The boys groaned.

"QUIET! Now, get out there and start doing push-ups. Don't stop until I tell you to stop. If I hear one more word about Miss Harding – or any teacher – you will all be running laps after school!"

The four boys, dressed identically in blue gym shorts and white t-shirts, bobby socks, and trainers, hustled out of the room. When Coach Boyle came out of his office a couple minutes later, he worked the boys mercilessly until they were soaked in sweat and exhausted. After the push-ups, he made them do sit-ups, knee-bends, jumping jacks, crunches, leg lifts, chin-ups, and squats. After almost an hour,

Tim timidly reminded him that they needed to shower and get to their next classes.

“This class isn’t over until I say it is over,” he snarled. “Keep going.”

Tim looked as if he had been slapped in the face.

After another five minutes, Coach Boyle ordered, “Okay, hit the showers and then line up for inspection. I have more I want to say.”

The boys entered the locker room with foreboding. In addition to getting another lecture, they were going to be in trouble for being late to their next class. They stripped naked – the coach did not permit bashfulness – and headed for the shower room. They were cowed and quiet; no one dared say anything that might add fuel to Coach Boyle’s wrath.

When they finished, the boys left the shower room together and lined up in the middle of the room as Coach Boyle had taught them: Billy, Greg, Tim, and Joe were spaced about two feet apart, standing straight with their legs spread and their hands clasped behind their backs. Stark naked and shivering, they waited.

A moment later, Coach Boyle strode into the locker room with a clipboard in one hand. As usual, he mounted a wooden bench, looked down at the bared boys lined in front of him, and grinned evilly. He was not homosexual, although he knew that some of the boys thought he was. He was actually bisexual and would have had just as much fun standing over four naked girls. His enjoyment of these inspections, however, did not come from sex; it came from power. His total control over the boys allowed him to force the embarrassed youths to stand completely exposed in front of him, for as long as he wanted.

“You must learn to respect all women, and that includes your teachers, the schoolgirls, and the high school staff,” he lectured. “I am ashamed of you all, for what you said about Miss Harding.”

The boys shrank under his scathing stare.

“I want each of you to apologise to her and never say another malicious word against her.”

The boys mumbled their promises to apologise the next time they saw her.

“Now is as good a time as any. PLEASE COME IN, MISS HARDING.”

The boys gaped dumbly as their gorgeous History teacher, in her clingy black dress, strolled into the locker room. Her luscious mouth opened into a delighted grin as all four naked boys simultaneously gasped and clapped their hands over their crotches.

“DID SOMEBODY SAY YOU ARE ALLOWED TO MOVE?” Coach Boyle roared. “STAND AT ATTENTION.”

The boys trembled under his anger and quickly exposed their dangling dicks to Miss Harding.

She suppressed her grin. “Good morning, boys,” she said sombrely. Her twinkly eyes sparkled with amusement as she looked them over and visually compared their bodies.

The bared boys echoed her greeting. They clutched their hands behind their backs and fought the desperate urge to hide their secret parts from the scrutiny of Miss Harding’s dark eyes.

Trying to look sad and hurt, she said, “The Coach told me what you were saying about me. I am disappointed. I thought you liked me.”

The boys were glum.

The Coach grinned evilly as he surveyed the line-up of wilted willies. “Not so cocky now, are you

gentlemen?” he chuckled at his joke while they winced. Then he made them stand there, exposed to their beautiful cockteaser, while he lectured them on the importance of being respectful to women.

For Billy, time slowed to a crawl again, just as it had in the nurse’s office. This time it was different. He felt like a current of electricity buzzed under his skin. Although painfully aware of his nudity, Miss Harding’s presence mesmerised him. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in person. Being near her was like meeting a centrefold model! She wore a sleeveless black kimono with a V-neckline that plunged to the top of her breasts. Her perfect legs were bare from her black high-heel shoes to her upper thighs. She tossed her silky, black hair back in a seductive female way, and Billy felt a primal urge in his groin.

When Coach Boyle finished his lecture, he led the gorgeous History teacher in front of Billy, took a step back, and ordered, “Apologise to Miss Harding.”

The boy’s heart pounded. The goddess stood right in front of him! She could reach out and touch me if she wanted to! Her close proximity to his nude body caused pounding pulses of blood to surge towards Billy’s head. With faux sad eyes, Miss Harding looked straight into his.

Billy felt dizzy as he stammered, “M-Miss Harding, s-sorry if we said anything that hurt you. We were all fooling around and got carried away.” He spoke sincerely; he wanted those eyes to be happy and twinkling again. “We all like you and hope you will forgive us. I promise that I will never say anything disrespectful about you again.”

The former beauty pageant winner paused while she considered his apology. Her gaze slid down his bared body, and the blood throbbing in Billy’s head raced back to his crotch. She’s looking at my dick! His infatuated penis instantly inflated in tribute to her. When Miss Harding met his eyes again, she grinned appreciatively. It made Billy feel a warm glow all over. I made her happy again! Then his entire body stiffened as she reached towards his waist. ‘She’s going to grab my dick!’ he thought an instant before she took his hand and shook it. “Apology accepted,” she chuckled. While she moved in front of the next boy in line, Billy calmed his blood pressure.

Tim thought the situation was bitterly unfair. I didn’t say anything bad about Miss Harding. It was the other guys. He felt humiliated for being forced to share his secrets with her: his frightened little penis was barely an inch long; he had smaller balls than the other boys did, and he had not yet started growing hair down there. The self-consciousness he felt about his genitals began years before when his babysitting aunt bathed him in front of her two daughters. Every time she cleaned his manhood, she used baby talk, like “Doesn’t your cuzzy-wuzzy have a cute widdle teeny-weeny peeny, girls?” or “You like your winky-dinky wubbed, don’t you, Timmy-Wimmy,” Her comments never failed to generate peals of laughter from his older cousins.

When Miss Harding stepped in front of Tim, he was unable to meet her eyes. He stared at the floor in frustration and shame and mumbled his apology.

“Do it properly,” the coach growled. “Look at Miss Harding and tell her sincerely that you are sorry for your remarks.”

“But I didn’t...”

“DO IT!”

Tim’s gaze wandered up Miss Hard-on’s long legs, appreciated her thighs and hips (she’s wearing white underpants!), and lingered on her breasts (Oh, to touch those just once). He suddenly woke from

his daydream and quickly looked into her eyes.

His brief survey of her body amused Miss Harding. She raised an eyebrow impishly, as if to say, “Well? Do you like what you see?”

Tim immediately blushed all over, and his penis sprang to its full 8-centimetre length. As he reluctantly asked for her forgiveness, Tim watched his gorgeous History teacher leisurely scan down his body, the same way he had surveyed her body a moment earlier. He stammered nervously and watched her eyes, waiting for any sign of mockery or amusement at his size.

When her gaze briefly lingered on his excited penis, he saw her eyes widen. She grinned, but not in an amused way – appreciatively. Then those lovely dark eyes of hers met his again, and she looked into his soul. She knows that I’m shy about my penis! It was as if she instantly recognised the hurt and humiliation he had suffered by his Aunt’s comments.

“That was a nice...” her gaze momentarily flipped down to his crotch and back “...apology, Tim,” she said suggestively. Her eyes were sympathetic, and when she gripped his bare shoulder and whispered, “Thank you,” to him personally, all of Tim’s past hurt and humiliation were forgotten.

The next boy in line was Greg, and he had already surrendered to the sexual tension caused by the lovely History teacher. Standing naked and erect in front of Miss Harding reminded him of his earlier flu shot, when Nurse Dolly had unexpectedly yanked down his underpants in front of three of the sexiest girls in his freshmen class: Terri, Gina, and Toni. That had been the most mortifying and thrilling moment of his young life! He had instantly erected, and even Nurse Dolly had seemed impressed. He was proud of his long cock and big balls. However, the nurse had surprised him when she said that his genitals were a bit underdeveloped for his age, and that she needed to “check his growth” from time to time.

Miss Harding was obviously delighted to see that Greg’s large penis already stood at attention for her when she stepped in front of him. Greg quickly told her how sorry he was and that he intended no offense, and she cheerfully accepted his sincere apology.

Joe stood there disgusted. The cocks of Billy, Greg, and Tim were all unashamedly erect and drooling for Miss Harding. She looks so smug! By sheer willpower, he was stubbornly refusing to allow his penis to erect. When he looked into her sultry eyes, he saw that mocking, cock-teasing twinkle, and she smiled expectantly. ‘I’m damned if I’ll pop for this pussy!’ he vowed.

“I am sorry if you misconstrued my words, Miss Harding,” he began loftily.

As Joe apologised, his gorgeous History teacher looked him over and frowned. She stared into his eyes, then deliberately cock-teased him by seductively pouting her lower lip while shifting her gaze between his limp penis and back to his eyes. Her meaning was unmistakable! She might as well have demanded, “Get it up for me, young man!”

Unfortunately for Joe, his male instinct was stronger than his willpower. Much to his disgust, but to the delight of Miss Harding, his cock obediently and uncontrollably stretched to its full size for her.

The cockteaser grinned triumphantly. Giving a throaty, self-satisfied chuckle, she shook his hand and said, “Apology accepted, Joe.” She briefly ogled his erection again. “Well done,” she congratulated him.

She returned to the coach’s side and was pleased to see that he now held his clipboard down low, hiding his own crotch. She turned and looked down the line of naked boys one last time and, satisfied

that all four cocks were still saluting her, said, "Thank you for your apologies, gentlemen."

"You are dismissed!" barked Coach Boyle.

While the boys scrambled for their clothes, the Beauty and the Beast walked towards the exit. Pulling his underpants out of his locker, Tim was unable to resist one last glance at beautiful Miss Harding. He caught her looking at him! Their eyes met.

She flashed him another dimpled smile and said, "See you in class, Tim."

His penis felt like it grew another two inches as he called, "Bye, Miss Harding!"

When the Coach and the History teacher returned to the gym, the Assistant Principal awaited them. "How did it go?" she inquired.

Miss Harding beamed. "Very well!" she reported. "I don't think they will be bad-mouthing any more teachers..."

Suddenly, Coach Boyle dropped his clipboard with a crash and ran towards the girls' locker room. Pushing past a flock of senior girls, he wrenched the door open, then stood in the doorway and yelled, "I SAW WHAT YOU DID, MARY! YOU GET OUT HERE, RIGHT NOW!"

"COACH BOYLE!" shouted Miss Anderson as she stormed across the gym. "COME AWAY FROM THERE AT ONCE." She yanked him out of the girls' locker room doorway. The schoolgirls watched in awe as she berated him. "I thought we made it clear that you are absolutely forbidden from entering the girls' locker room; under any circumstances. You have no business in there."

"I wasn't *in* the locker room. I only stood in the doorway," he protested. "I just saw Mary give us the finger and then disappear inside."

"Be that as it may," said the Wicked Witch haughtily, "you are to ask one of us if you need to speak with anyone in the girls' locker room."

Her angry expression suddenly turned sour. Coach Boyle followed her gaze and realised that she was staring at the bulge in his pants caused by Miss Harding's sensual inspection of the naked boys.

"It's not what you think..." he started to explain.

"Save it for the school board," she cut him off. "Come with me to Principal Doane's office, Mister Boyle."

Chapter 5

Meet My Mom

Featuring Joe, a handsome freshman boy who is slightly taller than average and muscular, with sandy hair and hazel eyes



On a hot and humid Saturday afternoon in late September, Joe briskly walked the two miles from his house to his date's home. He grumbled to himself about the unfair system that always required boys to ask girls out on a date. 'Why don't girls ever ask boys out?' The first telephone call to a girl's home was always torture. This is especially true when her father answered (*Who* are you? *Why* do you want to talk to Daddy's little angel?). Asking a girl to go on a date with you was nerve-wracking! There was always the risk of feeling like a fool because she turned you down flat or gave you a silly excuse why she was unable to go out (I have to wash my hair). She might even laugh at your audacity and then mock you to her friends. They would laugh at you behind your back (*Why* would she ever go out with *him*?). Then there was that awkward moment the boy had to suffer when he arrived for the date and met the girl's parents. They always looked at you as if you were an axe murderer, or worse, a pervert. You never knew what was going to happen.

Girls were lucky. All they had to do is sit at home and just wait for the boys to call. Then they get to choose who to date and who to ignore. The system was unfair.

Joe thought of Samantha and immediately his mood lightened. He was nervously excited about his upcoming date because Sam was different. He met her on his first day at Donna Simpson High when she sat next to him in Homeroom. He was unsure why, but there was an instant spark between them. When he anxiously phoned her Friday night after school and asked her out, her acceptance left him amazed. She even claimed that she had hoped for his call!

He hustled on towards Sam's house and found the address without trouble. Her home was a yellow two-story cape with white shutters and a detached garage. Obeying her instructions to knock on the back door, he walked up the driveway past a lime-green Plymouth station wagon with faux wood panels on the sides that seemed familiar to him. 'Where have I seen that before?' he wondered. He gathered himself, took a deep breath... time to meet the parents... and knocked. The door opened immediately – so quickly that he had the unsettling feeling that he was being watched.

"M-Mrs Olsen!" he gasped when he recognised the fortyish woman who answered the door. She

was the randy office manager from Donna Simpson High! “I didn’t know you were Sam’s mother,” he explained his surprise.

She laughed. “Hi, Joe! Didn’t Samantha tell you? I remarried, but she still has her father’s last name. Won’t you come in?”

She led him through the kitchen and out to a patio behind the house. She offered the boy a seat on a teak loveseat with beige cushions. “I’m afraid Samantha isn’t here,” she apologised.

“She’s not!”

“It’s my fault. I thought you were going to see the late matinee, so I rescheduled her piano lesson.”

“Oh,” he said disappointedly, and then added diplomatically, “That’s okay, Mrs Olsen. I’ll go home and come back later.” He started to stand, but she gripped his shoulder and stopped him.

“You don’t need to go,” the older woman suggested. “Sam will finish her lesson in about an hour, and we can pick her up on the way to the Bijou. You can see the late matinee, and to make up for my mistake, I’ll buy you guys an ice cream before the movie. Is that all right?”

“Umm... Okay...” he said uncertainly.

“Meanwhile, you and I can get better acquainted,” Mrs Olsen said brightly. “You look hot. Do you want a glass of lemonade?”

“Yes, please,” said Joe as he tried to absorb the news that Sam was related to Mrs Olsen. Even more surprising was the older woman’s appearance. This was a different Mrs Olsen than he knew from school! In the administrative office, she always seemed stuffy and formal with her hair in a bun, wearing drab business dresses that partially camouflaged her figure. At home, her dark-blond hair cascaded around her shoulders and curled at the ends. At 5’5”, she was only slightly taller than Sam was, but her breasts were much fuller and swelled under a silk athletic jersey from Donna Simpson High. It was blue with yellow sleeves. Emblazoned across her chest in large yellow letters was the name of the DSH athletic teams: COUGARS. He wondered if she had worn anything underneath, because all he saw below the jersey were her tanned legs and bare feet.

When his date’s Mom returned a moment later, she handed him a snowflake-decorated glass of icy lemonade. “Here you go, Joe!” she said cheerily

“Thank you, Mrs Olsen.”

The soft and curvaceous woman sat uncomfortably close to him on the sofa. She had one foot underneath her, with her knee pressing against his thigh, and the other foot on the floor. One arm curled over the back of the loveseat and rested on his shoulder.

“What movie are you going to see?” she inquired. Her grey-blue eyes looked deep into his.

“A... uh... new one that just came out called... umm... uh... Sounder.”

“I’ve heard of Sounder; it’s supposed to be good. That’s the one with Cicely Tyson, isn’t it?”

He grinned sheepishly and shrugged his shoulders. “I have no idea. All I know is that it’s about a dog, and Sam wanted to see it.”

“You’re funny!” she laughed as she reached over and squeezed his knee.

Joe almost dropped his lemonade. When Mrs Olsen laughed, she had parted her legs, and now he

saw a hint of bright-yellow panties underneath the jersey.

As she continued to chat with her daughter's date, Mrs Olsen leaned towards him and peered into his eyes, listening closely to what he had to say and occasionally touching his knee or his thigh. The close-attention from this mom-aged woman made Joe feel uncomfortable. This was especially when that delta of yellow fabric tempted him to look down.

When Joe finished his lemonade, she squeezed his shoulder and asked, "Be a dear and help me water my plants?" She gestured towards a trellis that held almost a dozen hanging plant pots overflowing with red and white flowers.

"Sure," he agreed, relieved that the tense situation was finally over. He followed her to a gardening shed and then helped her move a stepladder beside the trellis.

"Would you hand me that watering can?" she asked, indicating a large green one near a faucet on the side of the house. He walked across the lawn and hefted it with a grunt. The plastic watering can was large, full of water, and heavy.

When Joe turned back towards the trellis, Mrs Olsen was near the top of the ladder, bending forward, picking dead leaves and flowers from one of the planters. Her position made the short jersey ride up, and he saw the curves of her yellow panty-covered bottom. He averted his eyes as he approached her. The moment he set the can down beside the ladder, she said, "Thanks, Joe, I'll take it now," then gripped the trellis and leaned down for it.

"Oh, okay." With another grunt, Joe lifted the heavy watering can again and looked up as he raised it. As Mrs Olsen reached for the can, a breeze caught her jersey, and it ballooned out from her body. Joe suddenly found himself gazing up her shirt, and he saw everything from her yellow panties to the bottom of the white brassiere cupping her breasts. She had a flat stomach and a cute bellybutton.

"Whoops!" she chuckled as she smoothed her shirt down.

Flustered, Joe blushed and quickly looked down. He said, "Umm, here you go," and handed the can up while keeping his eyes pointed down.

She giggled like a little girl. "Thank you!"

'No, thank you!' he thought, remembering the view of her body. Joe gallantly took a couple steps away from her, where the thought of peeking again no longer tempted him, wondering, 'Does she know I looked up her shirt?'

Mrs Olsen looked back over her shoulder and asked, "Joe, please hold the ladder for me? It's rocking, and I'm afraid it might tip over."

"Okay..." he replied uncertainly. He walked behind her and grasped it with both hands. "Do you want me to do that, Mrs Olsen?" he offered.

"How nice of you to ask! No, I'm fine. I feel much safer now that you're keeping me steady." She looked down and smiled at him, then returned to her work.

Joe tried to glue his gaze to the back of her head. Even with his peripheral vision, he saw the crotch of her bright yellow panties hovering over his head. When Mrs Olsen spread her feet to brace herself and leaned towards another planter, he was unable to resist a peek. His eyes probed the sensual area where the silky yellow cloth moulded the contours of her vulva. The voyeuristic examination gave him a heavy feeling in his groin. Remembering himself, Joe quickly shifted his gaze to the back of her head again

just as she looked down at him. She almost caught me looking! Then again, maybe she did, because she grinned and kept working.

A couple minutes later, after Joe succumbed to another quick look at her panty-clad pussy, she said, “These are done. We’ll have to move the ladder to do the rest. Would you take the watering can?”

Joe stepped to the side of the ladder and reached for it. He tried to keep his eyes averted, in case her short jersey blew open again. Then something went wrong during the exchange: the can tipped upside-down and the water poured all over Joe!

“OH, NO!” cried Mrs Olsen. “I am so sorry. The can slipped.”

Recovered from the shock of the cold water, Joe chuckled. “No problem, I’ll just run home, take a quick shower and change clothes, then come back.”

“There is no need to go to all that trouble. My oldest son has an apartment in the basement with a full bath. You can take a shower while I launder your clothes.” She strode towards the house followed reluctantly by Joe.

“That’s all right, Mrs Olsen. It’s just water. I’ll dry!”

She stopped and turned towards him, looking serious. “No, I mixed it with plant food and some insecticide. You need to wash it off. Besides, you want to look nice for your date with my daughter, don’t you?”

I almost forgot about that! “Yes, I do,” he admitted.

Mrs Olsen refused would take “no” for an answer. She led him into the house. She paused at a linen closet and withdrew a blue-and-white striped bath towel. “This way,” she said as she opened a door and descended an uncarpeted stairway. She walked right through a small bedroom to an equally small bathroom. Crowded into the room were a sink, a hamper, a lavatory, and a standard bathtub with a shower faucet. “This is the best place for your towel,” she said as she placed it on the closed toilet cover. “It will be easy to reach from the tub.”

“I wish you wouldn’t go to all this trouble, Mrs Olsen.”

“It’s no trouble, and the least I can do for dousing you in cold water.”

She walked back to the bedroom and instructed, “Now, take off all your clothes, Joe, and I’ll put them in the washer while you shower. My son’s away at college,” she added over her shoulder as she searched in a clothes closet. “Umm; oh, there it is.” She retrieved a maroon robe. “You can wear one of his robes until your clothes are dry.”

She grinned at him, because Joe had not unbuttoned a single button. “Shy, huh?” she teased. She shrugged her shoulders playfully. “Oh, well, I’ll go away and come back for your clothes when I hear the shower running.”

When Sam’s mother left, Joe stripped down to his tighty-whiteys as quickly as possible and draped the rest of his clothes on the bed. His underpants had stayed dry, and he felt too vulnerable to be naked in a strange house. He felt especially so when the only other occupant was a lusty older woman! He grabbed the robe and returned to the bathroom. After closing the door, he locked it – just to be safe – stripped off his underpants, and hung them and the robe on a hook.

Joe used the lavatory then stepped into the tub and pulled the opaque blue shower curtain closed.

The shower had a good sprayer. The water was plenty hot and, he had to admit to himself, felt nice after the cold shower he received from the watering can. He washed his hair, rinsed, and then began cleaning the rest of his body. As he washed, Joe's thoughts returned to Sam's mom and his glimpse of her body when she was on the ladder. What a view! He hadn't realised that a woman her age can look so good. Now he regretted that he hadn't taken a longer look when her shirt had blown open.

He was horny – no doubt about it. He was looking forward to his date with Sam. I'm going to put my arm around her in the theatre, he promised himself, and then try to slide my hand down to her breast. He began washing his penis. If she still doesn't protest, I might even sneak my fingers inside her blouse. He remembered how taut Mrs Olsen's breasts appeared to be, suspended in her lacy bra. Imagine how firm her daughter's boobs must be! His cock was growing, and now he unconsciously stroked it. I wonder if Sam would let me touch her nipple? If things worked out between the two of them, he might soon be comparing the sexual folds in Mrs Olsen's yellow underpants with the mysteries inside her daughter's panties.

Joe suddenly woke up from his daydream and realised that he masturbated in the Olsen's house. Oh, shit! He was hot and hard. Getting back to business, he turned the hot water down so the spray was cool and continued washing. By the time he finished, his penis had already started to relax. Joe shut the water off, drew back the shower curtain, reached for the towel, and...

Looked directly into the amused eyes of Mrs Olsen, who had sat on the closed toilet seat cover, still dressed in the blue-and-yellow jersey. In the next instant, her eyes moved down and locked on his cock. Joe yelped something that sounded like the name of a wild ox, "YAK!" She grinned mischievously. He scrambled to cover himself. She continued to stare at his penis. He slipped and fell backwards against the wall, with his hands outspread to catch himself. She leaned forward and grabbed his moist waist to steady him. He regained his balance. She chuckled to see his flopping cock. He finally hid his semi-erect penis behind his hands. She gave him a lusty look. It all happened in seconds!

"Mrs Olsen! How did you get in here?" He looked at the open door.

"Oh, that lock hasn't worked in years, dear."

Joe looked at the hook. "Where are my clothes?"

"I threw your underpants into the washer with the rest of your clothes."

"What about the robe?"

"I forgot that Robby already wore that one the last time he was home on vacation. I'll find you a clean one in a minute." She reached underneath her bottom and said, "Here's your towel."

"May I have some privacy while I dry off?" he requested as he dripped in the shower with his hands hiding his genitals.

"No," she replied, "We need to talk."

"Now?"

"No, after you finish drying. Hurry up."

Joe turned his back to his audience and dried the front of his body. He sensed Mrs Olsen's eyes ogling his backside while he worked. She IS randy! Too embarrassed to towel his excited penis in front of her, he skipped it. When he reached behind to dry his back, she snatched the towel from his hands.

“I’ll do your back,” she insisted.

He hid his penis with both hands again, but Sam’s Mom started buffing his back so vigorously that he had to brace himself against the back wall. Her hands groped his bottom through the towel. “You missed a spot!” she teased and immediately began drying his cock! Her fingers encircled his member through the towel. She gave him several exploratory squeezes and strokes before she was satisfied.

“There, all done!” She opened the hamper and made the towel disappear.

Now facing her again, with his hands clutched protectively over his crotch, Joe inquired hopefully, “May I have a robe now?”

“Not yet. Step out of the tub and face me.” When he had nervously complied, she placed her hands on his hips and positioned him directly in front of her seat. Her hands moved to his wrists and pulled, but he was too strong for her. “Let me see you,” she demanded.

“Aww, come on...,” he whined.

“You are not getting that robe or going on a date with my daughter until you show me your penis.”

“But Mrs Olsen...”

She tugged on his wrists again.

Joe sighed and relaxed his grip. ‘I can’t believe this is happening!’ His date’s mom held his hands away from his body as she gazed at his erection. Her towelling technique had returned him to full hardness. Mrs Olsen’s sitting position meant that the tip of his stiff cock was right in front of her eyes. She looked him over from top to bottom.

“I like your penis, Joe,” she pronounced. She sat back, scanned him from head to toe, and added, “You’re cute! I can understand why Samantha likes you.”

She released his hands, and Joe immediately covered himself again. “Please don’t hide it,” she begged. “I like seeing all of you.”

He relented and dropped his hands to his sides. He did not know what to say.

“Now that you’ve shown me your penis, I have something to show you,” she said.

The stark naked boy’s eyes opened wide when Mrs Olsen reached towards her throat and grasped the zipper of her jersey. He held his breath as she began slowly pulling the zipper down. It revealed the shadowed hollow at the base of her neck. He looked into her grey-blue eyes – she watched him – but his gaze irresistibly returned to the descending zipper. The silky jersey opened more and revealed the broad plain of her shoulders. Her skin was flawless. Joe felt his stiff cock throb at the first glimpse of the white-lace edge of her bra, and still the zipper went lower. When she revealed the delightfully rounded tops of her breasts, the zipper stopped.

Mrs Olsen slid two fingers inside the left cup of her bra, over her heart. Joe watched, mesmerized. Suddenly, she pulled out a yellow plastic package and waved it in front of his nose.

“I found this condom in your wallet,” she announced accusingly, “and I expect an explanation. Were you hoping to have sex with my daughter?”

“N-no, Mrs Olsen! No!” he vehemently denied. “My dad makes me carry one, at all times. He says it’s for emergencies.”

“Really?” she asked sceptically.

“Honest, Mrs Olsen. I’ve never even used one.”

She stared into his eyes for a long moment, then smiled and said, “I believe you.” She glanced at the little yellow square and then back into his eyes. “Do you know how to put a condom on, Joe? Do you want me to show you?” she offered.

‘YES! YES! YES!’ yelled his excited penis, but his trembling mouth said, “N-no, that’s all right.” (Later that night, alone in his bedroom, he wished he had listened to his penis).

“Okay.” She sounded disappointed. He watched her slide it back inside her bra. “There will be no ‘emergencies’ with Samantha today. I will keep it here for safekeeping until she has returned back home.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

She pointed at his erect penis. “You can’t take that with you on your date either!”

“Huh?”

“I want you to take care of that before we leave.”

“What do you mean? You want me to take a cold shower?”

“No, that’s not good enough, Joe. I know what boys are like: five minutes after you get out, you will be ready to go again. I want you to play with yourself.”

Joe’s face turned pale. He searched his mind and the room for an escape and found none. “Will you leave the room so I can do it in private?”

“No, I want to make sure you take care of the problem and don’t just pretend.”

He slowly reached for his penis and then dropped his hand. “I can’t!” he whined.

Sam’s mom sat forward and reached for him. “Do you want me to do it?” she asked eagerly.

He took a quick step back out of her reach. ‘YES! YES! YES!’ yelled his penis, but his mouth said, “N-NO! I’ll do it.” (Another decision he would regret later!)

Taking a deep breath, he raised his hand and wrapped his fingers loosely around his stiff cock. He began to move his hand up and down slowly, and then started going faster.

“There you go,” Mrs Olsen encouraged. He was facing her, and her bright eyes watched unceasingly as his little train went in and out of the tunnel.

This had been the most sexually exciting day of his young life, and his penis needed hardly any priming. He quickly started getting weak in the knees and knew he was getting close. So did Samantha’s mom. She gripped his waist with both hands and angled him towards the bathtub. Joe’s hand was a blur as he went faster and faster. He felt Mrs Olsen slide one of her hands from his waist down to his bottom.

She squeezed one of his butt cheeks and cheered, “Now, Joe!”

That was all the encouragement he needed. With a grunt and a sigh of relief, Joe spattered the wall behind the tub, and then continued stroking until he was done.

Sam’s mom patted his bottom and chuckled, “Good job, Joe!”

He sighed and released his sticky penis.

“Now I want you to take another shower, and make it a cold one, while I check on your clothes.”

☺ ☺ ☺

A short time later, when Joe had finished dressing, Mrs Olsen said, “I want to give you a quick tour before we go.” She led him into their living room at the front of the house. In the far corner of the room, Joe immediately spotted a large, gilded straight-backed chair with red cushions. Above the chair was a drawing with a curious motto printed in bold letters:

Bad!

Boys!

Bare!

Butts!

“One of my girlfriends drew this picture for me,” she said, “and I wanted you to see it.” With a hand on his shoulder, she led him closer. His eyes widened when he discovered that the drawing depicted four women sitting in gilded chairs like the one below the picture. Each one was spanking a naked boy draped over her lap, and the boys’ bare bottoms were the red B’s that started each word. After each word, there was a drawing of the boy now standing in a corner, with his head down, his arms at his sides, and his underpants around his ankles. The red exclamation marks were their erect cocks!

Mrs Olsen turned him and looked into his eyes. “You seem to be a nice boy, Joe. I enjoyed our time together! But if you get fresh with Samantha or otherwise upset her,” she warned, “you will end the day over my knee with your pants and underpants around your ankles. And you will spend an hour in this corner, looking like these boys.” She pointed at one of the big red question marks. “If a spanking is necessary, my three neighbourhood girlfriends and Sam will be watching to make sure you are suitably punished. Do you understand?”

He gulped. “Yes, Ma’am.”

“Good!” she chirped cheerfully. “Let’s go get Samantha.”

Chapter 6

Shirts and Skins

Starring:

Jimmy: Short and slender, with dark brown hair and gold wire-rimmed glasses framing his brown eyes

Featuring the following students:

Doug: A muscular, athletic six-foot-tall boy with dark brown hair and eyes

Gina (The Flirt): Medium height and curvaceous, with black shoulder-length hair and dark-brown eyes behind black glasses

And introducing new players:

Brett: Slightly less than medium height and slim, with auburn hair and green eyes

Kristen (The Tomboy): A bit taller than medium height and curvaceous, she has grey eyes and short brown hair with light highlights

Terri (The Cheerleader): Petite with a perfect figure, golden-blonde hair, and blue eyes

Bobby: almost six feet tall and burly, with brown hair and eyes

Toni (The Lisper): Medium height, athletic, and small breasted with light-brown hair and eyes

☺ ☺ ☺

Jimmy arrived at the gymnasium for his physical education class, the girl's gym teacher, Coach Fox, greeted him. The name suited her. She was a thirty-year-old vixen, beautiful and athletic, who did not tolerate disrespect.

"Coach Boyle isn't here today," she said without further explanation. "You boys will be joining my class, so go get changed and meet me back here."

He gave her a questioning look but her demeanour told him that it was useless to ask about Coach Boyle. He just said, "Yes, Ma'am," and headed for the locker room, where Doug, Bobby, and Brett were already changing.

"Where's Coach Boyle?" Jimmy asked.

Bobby shrugged.

“I don’t know,” said Brett.

Doug knew. “Gina told me Miss Anderson caught him in the girls’ locker room.”

The answer shocked Jimmy. “Why would he be in there?”

“He was probably looking for makeup tips,” was Doug’s sarcastic reply.

Brett and Bobby chuckled. Jimmy scowled at the taller boy.

“Did she fire him?” asked Bobby.

“He’s suspended while the School Board investigates.”

“I won’t miss those naked line-ups,” said Brett.

The other boys nodded their agreement.

When all of them had changed into their blue gym shorts and white t-shirts, crew socks, and trainers, they entered the gym and joined the mob of twelve girls gathered around Coach Fox. The students exchanged friendly greetings and joking comments about their attire. The schoolgirls were dressed in the same outfits as the boys, but the tight clothes looked much better on the girls!

“Okay, listen up! I want two lines,” said Coach Fox. “Girls over here on the centre line facing me and the boys at the top of the key facing the girls.”

The students quickly obeyed.

Bobby nudged his best friend, Doug. Nodding towards the girls’ coach, he whispered, “I’m getting horny already.”

Doug’s suppressed laugh came out as a snort. He ogled Miss Fox. She had large, brown eyes, silky light-brown hair pulled back in a ponytail, and a swan neck. Her taut gymnast’s body was encased in a long-sleeved blue leotard with a small DSH Cougars logo over her perfectly shaped left breast.

“The girls have been working on their basketball skills,” she said. “With the boys joining us today, I want two practice games: one at each end of the gym. But before we get started, I need four volunteers to play against the boys.”

All twelve girls raised their hands.

Coach Fox grinned. “I guess I’ll have to choose. Umm, let’s have Terri... Kristen... Toni... and... umm... Gina. Come over here and join the boys.”

There were cheers of triumph, fist-pumps, and high-fives from the winners as they lined up beside the boys.

The coach handed blue armbands to Carol and said, “The rest of you girls, go to the other end of the court, pick sides, and start playing.”

The disappointed girls straggled down the court. They were soon playing basketball, with four of the girls wearing blue armbands to distinguish between the teams.

Coach Fox addressed the remaining eight students. “You’ll be playing Shirts and Skins. Please take your shirts off, guys, and we’ll get started.”

Doug, Brett, and Bobby quickly stripped off their t-shirts and enjoyed the flirtatious glances from the schoolgirls.

Jimmy hesitated. He was shy about his short stature. His body was less developed than the other boys' were. "Why do we have to play Shirts and Skins?" he complained. He pointed towards the other end of the court and asked, "Why can't we use armbands like them?"

"We only have two armbands left," she explained. "We normally only need six for the girls' gym classes."

"Well, why do we need to take off our shirts, anyway?" he persisted. "I think we can tell the difference between boys and girls with our shirts on."

She glowered at him. "Be very careful what you say, young man," she warned. "Unless you want to spend an hour in the Assistant Principal's office after school, I suggest you be quiet and get that shirt off."

As Jimmy reluctantly pulled his t-shirt over his head, one of the boys mumbled, "Next time the girls play Skins."

Gina giggled.

"Who said that?" snarled Coach Fox. When no one confessed, she warned, "One more wisecrack and all of you boys get detention in Miss Armstrong's office. Now, let's play ball."

☺ ☺ ☺

Later in the day, during a boring study hall, Jimmy left the classroom with a hall pass in his pocket and walked towards the boys' restroom near the administrative office. Bobby was already in the hallway heading for the same place waited for him to catch up.

"Got your hall pass?" Jimmy reminded him.

"Never leave Homeroom without it," Tommy joked as he showed him the pass in his shirt pocket.

They were speaking quietly, because hallway disturbances while classes are in session were also punishable by a visit to Miss Anderson's office. They said nothing more until they walked by the girls bathroom. That's when the door suddenly swung open and clobbered Bobby's elbow. "OW!" he yelped, and his loud cry echoed through the hall. He was angry until he saw his assailant.

"Oops! Sorry, Bobby!" Gina giggled quietly. She looked delicious in a tight blue-and-white mini dress, sheer pantyhose that made her legs glisten, and shiny black shoes.

Jimmy was snickering.

Bobby rubbed his sore spot and admired the dark-haired beauty. "Hi, Gina," he chuckled. "Nice bumping into you."

She giggled again and flashed him a grin. "I'd love to chat, guys, but I've got to get back before Mrs Dearborn has a conniption fit. You know how she can be."

They nodded their understanding, and Bobby rolled his eyes.

"Bye, boys!" she chirped. Gina wiggled her hips for them as she walked up the hallway. She looked back once to make sure they were watching. They were watching, so she waved and kept wiggling.

“Wow,” breathed Bobby reverently after The Flirt entered a classroom. “What a doll.”

Jimmy grunted his agreement, then inquired, “How’s your elbow?”

“Better now!” Remembering how Gina’s breasts had jiggled when she giggled, he commented, “I’d love to see her playing basketball without a shirt on!” He immediately regretted his little joke.

“It’s not fair that we have to play with our shirts off,” Jimmy whined.

Here we go again, thought Tommy. He turned and walked towards the bathroom, trailed by his disgruntled friend.

“Doesn’t it bother you?”

“Nope, doesn’t bother me. Why does it bother you so much?”

“It just does,” was his unsatisfactory reply.

The boys entered the bathroom and stood side-by-side at the two brand new urinals the school had installed after it went co-ed. Jimmy unzipped and fished in his tighty-whites for his small penis. As he worked his member out of his pants, the bathroom door opened. The sink counter creaked as the new arrival leaned against it and waited for them to finish.

“The stall is free,” Jimmy suggested, hoping that whoever was behind them would move along. When the newcomer ignored his advice, he thought, probably that idiot Doug. His penis had stage fright, and he had trouble starting to pee. He took a deep breath to relax. Just as his water started to flow, he released a loud fart.

“Feel better?” Bobby chuckled.

Jimmy ignored his remark and said, “I hope Coach Boyle is back soon.”

“I doubt it. He’s probably been fired.”

“You mean we’re going to continue having gym class with the girls?”

“Looks like it. You’d better get used to playing basketball without a shirt.”

Jimmy cursed. “I’d rather put up with The Beast’s naked line-ups.

The visitor continued to wait quietly behind them.

As he peed, Jimmy grumbled, “I think Coach Fox is just trying to take advantage of us. Probably gives her a thrill to see boys with their shirts off.”

Bobby laughed aloud and shook his penis to help the last drops drip. “Why does it bother you so much?” he wanted to know. “Is it because you’re the shortest?”

“No,” Jimmy lied, “It’s just stupid. If everyone played basketball with their shirts on, couldn’t you tell the difference between me and Gina?”

“Of course. She’s got longer hair,” Bobby quipped as he stowed his penis away, then added wistfully, “But I sure would love to see her playing without her shirt.”

“Maybe Coach Fox is just too stupid to tell the difference between girls and boys.”

Bobby did not respond. He turned as he zipped up his fly, and then suddenly gasped a guttural, “UH!” and nearly fell backwards into the urinal.

“What’s wrong?” Jimmy glanced sideways and saw a shocked expression on Bobby’s face. When he turned to see what had alarmed his friend, he almost peed on the wall. “MISS ANDERSON!” he exclaimed.

The Assistant Principal leaned against the sink’s counter with her arms crossed. She pointed at Jimmy’s penis and warned, “If you miss, you will be the one cleaning it up.”

He gulped and quickly turned his back to her, returned his member to his tighty-whites, and zipped up. He blushed when the Assistant Principal glanced down and he realised there was a tiny wet spot on the front of his pants. Both boys scrambled towards the exit.

“Wash your hands!” she barked. While they hurriedly used the sinks, she said, “Coach Boyle has not been fired. He has been suspended while the incident in the girls’ locker room is under investigation. Principal Doane and the faculty will be determining an appropriate punishment for him.”

“I hope he isn’t fired,” said Jimmy as he dried his hands. He threw the paper towel in the trash and started for the door again.

Miss Anderson held out her hand. “Hall Passes,” she demanded.

Both boys surrendered their permission slips.

She looked disappointed that they were both in compliance with the school rules. Before she returned the passes, she looked at them sternly and said, “I know boys will be boys, but I do not want to hear any more loose talk about Gina or any of the other girls. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, Miss Anderson,” they mumbled.

“You will also respect and obey Coach Fox as you would Coach Boyle. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Jimmy, I will talk to Coach Fox about the Shirts and Skins games. Maybe we can make some other arrangement.”

“Thank you, Miss Anderson. I would really appreciate that,” said Jimmy sincerely.

She returned their hall passes, and as the boys exited the restroom, Billy entered. He already had his fly down and was fishing inside his pants for his penis when he spotted the Assistant Principal. “OH!” he cried. He tried to pull his hand out but was stuck on the zipper.

“Hall pass,” Miss Anderson demanded.

Reaching into his shirt pocket with his left hand, he withdrew the pass.

She gave a disappointed grunt. “Hurry up and do your business, then get back to class.”

“Yes, Miss Anderson,” he replied, relieved to see her exit the room.

☺ ☺ ☺

Two days later, when the boys emerged from their locker room in their gym clothes, they were surprised to see the Assistant Principal chatting with Coach Fox.

‘They must be talking about the Shirts and Skins games!’ thought Jimmy hopefully.

Eight of the girls were already taking turns playing one-on-one basketball at the far end of the court. Terri, Kristen, Toni, and Gina, in their tight gym clothes, were lined up and waiting for the boys.”

“Line up facing the girls,” said Coach Fox. She placed the opposing lines about ten feet apart, facing each other.

Miss Anderson, looking like the Wicked Witch of the West in a dark charcoal dress and black shoes, slowly walked between the lines of girls and boys. “I have heard complaints about these so-called Shirts and Skins games,” she addressed the students. “I take any and all complaints seriously.”

When she reached the end of the lines, she moved behind the girls and walked in the opposite direction. “Some of the boys believe it is unfair that they have to take their shirts off in front of the girls.”

A stern “Shush!” from Vice Principal Anderson quieted a titter of giggles from the schoolgirls’ line. “This is a serious complaint.”

Jimmy held his breath as he watched the hook-nosed crone reach the end of the girls’ line. She ambled back to the middle and walked between the lines again.

“There is speculation that Coach Fox is trying to humiliate the boys, or that maybe she cannot tell the difference between boys and girls unless the boys remove their shirts.”

A spectre of doubt haunted Jimmy’s mind.

Miss Anderson reached the end of the lines, and this time she moved behind the boys. As she strolled behind them, she continued, “One boy in particular bravely brought this matter to my attention.” She stopped behind Jimmy and placed her hands on his shoulders.

The boy did not dare move a muscle.

“Thank you, Jimmy,” she said. “I have discussed your concerns with Coach Fox, and we have agreed that you do not have to play without your shirt today.”

Tim relaxed. A miracle! “Thank you, Miss Anderson,” he sighed sincerely.

“Do you agree, Coach Fox?”

Jimmy watched the sexy coach’s brown ponytail swing like a pendulum as she approached and stopped in front of him. She wore the blue leotard again. The small circular protrusion of her nipples capped each of her perfect breasts.

“I agree,” she concurred. “Jimmy can leave his shirt on today.”

“Thank you, Coach Fox.” Jimmy had newfound respect for her. “I am sorry if I was rude to you during the last class.” She grinned mischievously, and Jimmy sensed that something was not as it seemed. His eyes narrowed, and he looked at her quizzically.

Behind him, Miss Anderson stepped closer, and then slid her hands down his arms and gripped his wrists.

“What’s going on?” Jimmy blurted as he looked down at his captive hands.

He suddenly felt panic as the lovely gymnast took a step forward and knelt in front of him. Behind him Miss Anderson declared, “Instead of playing without your shirt, you will play without your shorts. Coach Fox, take them off for him.”

“What? NO!”

While the Assistant Principal held him in place, Coach Fox carefully lowered his gym shorts, making

sure that his tighty-whiteys stayed in place. When his shorts were clear of his underpants, she pulled them down to his ankles, and then both women helped him to step out.

“You will get these back when practice is over,” Coach Fox mocked him, waving his shorts like a flag as she walked to the coach’s office.

Jimmy was stunned. What just happened? I thought I was winning! Now standing in only his t-shirt, tighty-whiteys, crew socks, and trainers, he stared in horror at the line of girls, who were looking him over in shocked silence. He felt like crying. The two women had made a fool of him. He struggled to accept this new reality. I have to play in my underpants!

When the sexy siren in the blue leotard returned from her office, Miss Anderson, who continued to hold Jimmy’s arms, asked, “Aren’t you forgetting something, Coach Fox?”

The phys. ed. teacher regarded the Assistant Principal innocently and asked sweetly, “Whatever do you mean?”

“The game is called Shirts and Skins.” She looked down over Jimmy’s shoulder. “I don’t see enough skin. Do you?”

“You’re right,” agreed Coach Fox. “I can remedy that.”

Jimmy pushed back against Miss Anderson, hard, as the girls’ instructor knelt in front of him once more. His captor was unmovable. “No! Please don’t,” he begged, but they were not listening. The foxy coach stretched the elastic waistband of his tighty-whiteys to its limit and yanked his underpants down to his ankles. She grinned as she took a good, long look at his genitals and helped him step out of his clothes. “Now I won’t mistake you for a girl!” she said derisively.

Coach Fox stood and waved his underpants in his face. “Say goodbye until after practice,” she chuckled as she walked away.

The schoolgirls immediately had an unobstructed view of their classmate’s stark nakedness. All four stared below his waist while Jimmy struggled and pleaded with Miss Anderson to release his hands and let him cover up. She cackled in his ear and held on.

Jimmy’s limp penis bounced and wiggled for the girls as he struggled with the Assistant Principal. ‘Oh, no, make it stop!’ he thought as time stubbornly stalled. He regretfully surveyed the four schoolgirls who would forever know that their friend and classmate, Jimmy, had a rather short penis that was not circumcised, a small scrotum, and only wispy hints of pubic hair.

Terri was at the left end of the line. She was a girl he had met five years ago when her family moved to town. She was flawless: fine golden hair, clear blue eyes, a radiant smile with bright white teeth, and the most perfectly proportioned body of any girl at DSH. She even looked breath taking in her blue shorts and white t-shirt! Terri was born to be a cheerleader, and she shook her pom-poms at every game. Jimmy tried to date her on several occasions, but she refused his advances. However, she did not refuse to watch his cock flip and flop as he struggled with Miss Anderson.

Next to Terri, directly across from him, was Gina, the raven-haired beauty with the black glasses. He met Gina on the first day of school at Donna Simpson High. She seemed nice and was good-looking, but she preferred the taller boys and mostly ignored Jimmy. He wished she would ignore him now! His new acquaintance looked into his eyes and giggled, then continued to stare at his penis.

Then there was Toni, the girl who had broken his heart. Why did Toni have to see me like this?

When he first met Toni three years earlier, she had long, tangled brown hair; large, thick glasses that hid half of her face; a boyish figure hidden under nondescript clothes; and an annoying lisp. For some inexplicable reason, this homely girl had an instant crush on Jimmy, but he was not interested.

That summer, Toni transformed into a butterfly. She cut her hair to a bob, added light-brown highlights, and replaced the thick glasses with contacts. Jimmy discovered she had playful brown eyes under arched eyebrows, high cheekbones with delightful dimples – including a dimple in her chin, a cute nose, and kissable lips. Her nondescript days were over, and she showed off her budding woman's figure with girlish styles. Suddenly, even her lisp seemed sexy! Jimmy pursued her, and they dated a couple times. He always relished the lavender and baby powder scent of her when they slow-danced. Unfortunately, the more his passion for Toni grew, the more her interest in him waned. They no longer dated, and he rarely saw her. She saw him now, all of him! She had a curious smile on her face as she looked at what she had missed. Jimmy had always hoped to be intimate with Toni, but being stripped naked in front of her was not what he had in mind!

Last in line was his old buddy, Kristen. They had been inseparable as youngsters growing up, when she had been just one of the guys. She was able to run faster and climb trees quicker than any boy in the neighbourhood, including Jimmy. She never hung around with the girls, only with the guys. She even used to accompany them to their favourite swimming spot on the lake. Although she always wore a one-piece suit, all the boys unashamedly swam and frolicked naked. Jimmy wondered if the top of her dresser still held the old framed picture of them: Kristen in her bathing suit surrounded by a half-dozen neighbourhood boys showing off their warm smiles and their cold dicks.

Kristen had changed over the last few years. Her body was still slender, she wore her brown hair in a short pageboy, and she knew baseball statistics better than anyone did. That is where any resemblance to her and boys ended. He had watched her grow into a Woman with a capital W. She had sprouted wonderful bumps and curves that grew more interesting every day. Kristen was round everywhere in a way that made boys' cocks stand up and take notice. She was looking him over, as he stood there without shorts or underpants, with an introspective expression on her face. She's comparing my penis today with her old photograph! She noticed he was watching her and gave him a slow, lustful smile that made his cock twitch. Yes, Kristen was all woman now!

Miss Anderson finally broke the tense silence. "Are there any other boys who want to complain?" she inquired.

Total silence.

She released Jimmy's wrists, but when he moved to cover his exposed genitals, she ordered, "Hands at your sides." She ambled around in front of the boys and made a show of viewing Jimmy's bareness, then scanned the faces of the boys. "Would anyone else like to play bottomless today? I am waiting for an answer."

Doug, Bobby, and Brett quickly said, "No, Ma'am."

"I didn't think so." She smiled her wicked witch smile. "The rest of you can take off your shirts, and let's get this game started."

The Assistant Principal left the gym as Coach Fox had them take turns playing one-on-one basketball. The girls gawked and giggled to see Jimmy's penis whirling and twirling. It did not take long for the schoolgirls from the opposite court to discover that a half-naked boy was in the room, and soon they were finding excuses to dribble out to half-court. Coach Fox allowed them a look and then shoo them

back to their own side. Jimmy blushed bright pink as his prancing penis performed like a maniacal monkey for the schoolgirls.

Then something almost miraculous happened. For the first time in his life, Jimmy found himself to be the centre of attention – in a good way. All the girls were ignoring Doug, Bobby, and Brett and focusing on him! Gina never sought his company at school, but today she started a conversation every time they were on the sidelines together! Terri, who had almost scornfully refused to go out with him, began flirting! Toni, his former girlfriend – or maybe *not* his former girlfriend – asked him to call her! Every time he glanced towards Coach Fox, she was looking at him. She always gave him a grin, words of encouragement, and advice on how to improve his basketball techniques.

The other boys were jealous! Jimmy could tell that Doug did not like the special attention that Gina was giving him. Bobby tried his full repertoire of jokes, but the girls saved their best laughs for the antics of the half-naked boy's dangling genitals.

Kristen started the silliness that eventually got them all laughing, even Coach Fox. One time when Jimmy dribbled up the court, Kristen pretended to grab for his penis from the sidelines. He swerved to protect his family jewels but lost the ball to Toni.

“Thanks, Kristen!” she said as she dribbled away.

“Hey!” he protested good-humouredly, “Isn't that against the rules?”

Coach Fox chuckled, “Sorry, Jimmy, that isn't covered in the rulebook.”

This prompted all the girls to make a grab for him. Jimmy had to watch out whenever he got close to a schoolgirl on the sidelines, because inevitably she would tease him with a quick snatch for his pecker.

“Almost had it that time!” Gina exclaimed after a close grab.

Toni lisped, “That's the first time I saw anyone bouncing three balls at the same time!”

“Terri, he should be on your cheerleading squad,” Gina suggested.

“Why?”

“Look how he twirls that baton!”

When he was on the sidelines, they talked with him. When he had the ball, they playfully reached for his penis. “Ow!” he yelped once when Kristen caught him and did not let go until he stopped. All the girls giggled. Coach Fox chuckled.

Towards the end of the period, Jimmy was one-on-one with Toni. He was behind her, defending, with her familiar lavender and baby powder scent teasing his nose. She dribbled the ball and tried to move in closer to the net by playfully pushing her bottom against his hips. Her attempt to force him backwards failed; he did not budge. She tried again, continuing to bump and grind her soft bottom against his bare cock, until the rubbing of her silky gym shorts led to the inevitable result.

Gina laughed and quipped, “Look out, Toni, he is putting up a stiff defence!”

Toni glanced towards her questioningly, Gina pointed, and they both giggled when Toni spotted his erection. The distraction allowed Jimmy to win the match.

When he was back on the sidelines again, Gina sidled up to him and started chatting about the latest school gossip. While they talked, she kept sneaking peeks at his hard-on. Doug noticed. He played one-

on-one with Kristen. However, the animated conversation between Gina and Jimmy jealously distracted him. Kristen easily won their match.

Now it was Bobby and Terri's turn to compete. As Bobby ran out to take the basketball from Doug near the half-court line, the distracted boyfriend missed the exchange. In his haste to break up the flirting between Jimmy and Gina, he somehow tripped Bobby, who went airborne. Bobby crashed hard onto the boards and slid into Carol, who dribbled with her back to him on the other court. His body tripped her legs out from under her, and Carol also went down hard.

As the resounding crash of the accident echoed in the gym, everyone else stopped and stared in shock. Did that just happen? Bobby and Carol were motionless and groaning. Abruptly, the others woke up from their trance and ran to help the victims.

Both students were stunned by the impact and groaning. The worst damages to Bobby were a cut under his chin where Carol kicked him, a floor-burn on his upper arm, and a bump on his head. He had also re-injured the elbow that Gina had struck with the bathroom door a couple days earlier. Carol bled from a cut on her upper thigh, another on her knee, and still another on one elbow.

Coach Fox was relieved to see that the damage was minimal. She immediately began rattling off orders. "Doug and Brett, help Bobby to the nurse's office. Kristen, help me with Carol. Jimmy, your clothes are on the desk in my office. While you're there, call Nurse Dolly and tell her we're on our way. Everyone else, hit the showers and get ready for your next class."

All the students followed her orders in shocked silence.

Chapter 7

Injury Timeout

Featuring the following students:

Bobby: almost six feet tall and burly but not fat, with brown hair and eyes

Carol (The Scholar): Tall and full figured with short dark-blonde hair and blue eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses

☺ ☺ ☺

Soon after the collision in the gymnasium, Bobby found himself alone in the examination room with Nurse Dolly and Carol. He was slouched on a brown leather couch along one wall, feeling weak and woozy. In front of him was an examination table, on which Carol stretched out with her feet towards him. She was still wearing her DSH-issued Cougars-blue shorts, white t-shirt, bobby socks, and trainers.

Nurse Dolly fussed over them both. “You poor dears,” she worried. “I’ll have you fixed up and feeling better in no time.”

Bobby smiled. He pretended to doze, with his eyelids half shut, while watching the attractive nurse prepare bandages, antiseptic wipes, sprays, and ointments. She had nice, muscular legs under sheer white pantyhose that he thought would look much better in high heels rather than the clunky, white shoes she was wearing. Her white nurse’s dress was short, but longer than the miniskirts the schoolgirls wore. ‘I wish she showed more thigh,’ he thought. She bent forward to retrieve something from a lower cabinet drawer, and the tight dress moulded the hills and valley of her shapely bottom. Nice! The pantyhose smoothed her figure, so that Bobby was unable to tell whether she had worn a bikini or briefs. Probably briefs, he decided. Tell-tale lines on her back confirmed that she had worn a bra. The bodice of her dress was modest, with only a shallow V that stopped well north of her breasts. Beautiful breasts! They would be a good handful for his large hands.

Bobby smiled again as he watched Nurse Dolly’s blonde ponytail swing hypnotically while she quickly worked to prepare the magical potions to cure them. She is so caring, he thought. She had a worried look of concern on her sweet face: a short worry-line across her brow, red lips almost pouting, and bright blue eyes that were now sad.

“First, I’ll take care of that cut on your thigh, Carol,” she decided.

Bobby sat up on the couch to get a better view as the beautiful nurse bent over Carol and carefully raised the leg opening of the schoolgirl's gym shorts to expose the wound. Although the cut was lower on her thigh than the hemline of the skirts Carol normally wore, Nurse Dolly looked towards Bobby and pulled the schoolgirl's pant leg back down.

"Uh-oh, we have a Peeping Tom," she said. She nodded towards the boy on the couch. "Maybe we should finish patching you up behind the privacy screen," she suggested.

Carol rolled her eyes down towards the couch and saw Bobby watching. She blushed. "Could we?"

She started to sit up, but Nurse Dolly said, "No, stay there. You don't have to move." The nurse dragged the privacy screen out of the corner and positioned it between the couch and the examination table. "Why don't you lie down and rest?" she suggested to Bobby.

Now with nothing to see but the blue screen in front of his face, the injured boy shrugged and complied. After a couple minutes of lurid thoughts about Nurse Dolly and what he wanted to do to *her* behind the screen, he fell asleep.

☺ ☺ ☺

A short time later, Nurse Dolly shook him and said, "Wake up, Bobby! It's your turn."

When he opened his eyes, Carol was looking down at him and grinning. She appeared to be much healthier and happier than the last time he saw her. Still dressed in her gym clothes, she now had white bandages covering the cuts on her thigh, knee, and elbow.

"Let's get you up on the table," said the nurse. Bobby stood, but a dizzy spell made him wobbly. With the nurse holding him on one side and Carol on the other, he managed to climb up to the examination table and lie down. From flat on his back, he watched the tall schoolgirl return to the couch and sit down. That's when he realised that the privacy screen was back in the corner.

Bobby was still half-asleep while Nurse Dolly bent over him. She cleaned and bandaged the cut under his chin, then tut-tutted with her tongue when she took a closer look at the floor burn on his arm. "I need to take your shirt off to get at the whole wound," she said. "Raise your arms."

He sat up and spotted his blonde classmate watching with interest. "Do we need the privacy screen?" he joked groggily.

Nurse Dolly winked at the schoolgirl and said, "Close your eyes, Carol!"

The classmates laughed.

Bobby dutifully raised his arms while the nurse carefully pulled his t-shirt off over his head and set it aside. He lay flat again as she treated the floor burn, checked the bump on his head, and determined there was nothing she could do for his bruised elbow.

When Nurse Dolly began gathering her leftover supplies and returning them to the shelves and cupboards, Bobby inquired, "Are you all done with me? Can I get dressed and go back to class?"

"Not yet, dear. Just lie back and relax."

Bobby dozed again. "This is much better than Mrs Dearborn's English class!" he thought blearily. He was still dozing a couple minutes later when he suddenly felt Nurse Dolly grasp the waistband of his shorts and underpants and start pulling them down! What the...? He was instantly wide-awake.

Grabbing his clothes with both hands to hold them in place, he cried, “Hey, what are you doing?”

Nurse Dolly smiled comfortingly. “Don’t be alarmed, Bobby,” she soothed. “While you’re here, I’m just going to check to see how your boy-parts are developing.”

He thought of the rumours about Billy’s flu shot, and all the blood drained from his face. “Do you have to?”

“Yes, it’s important.”

He looked down by his feet and directly into Carol’s expectant blue eyes. “Let’s do it behind the privacy screen,” he stated, nodding towards his grinning classmate.

Nurse Dolly winked at the schoolgirl and said, “Close your eyes again, Carol!”

“No, I’m serious! I don’t want her to see me. Why can’t we do it in private?”

“Don’t be silly!” the nurse replied as she played tug-of-war with his clothes. “Boys don’t need privacy. Now let go.”

Bobby did not let go.

Nurse Dolly glanced towards the couch. “Carol, would you help me, please?”

The schoolgirl was by her side in an instant. “What can I do?”

“Go around to the other side. See if you can hold his hands while I get his clothes off.”

“No! Stop!” he demanded.

Bobby was too strong for the two women to control. No matter how much they tried, they could only wrestle one of his hands free of his clothes at a time. “NO!” he kept shouting as he fought them. “I *don’t* want Carol to see me!”

“Calm down,” Nurse Dolly ordered as she struggled with him. “Behave yourself, Bobby.” She yanked at his clothes but was unable to budge them.

“No! *Not* in front of Carol!”

“Stop fighting us!”

Abruptly, there was a loud knock on the door. Principal Doane and Assistant Principal Anderson strode into the room. “What is going on?” the Principal demanded. “We could hear the ruckus from my office! Is there a problem, Nurse Dolly?”

“Sorry for disturbing you, ladies. I am trying to examine Bobby, but he refuses to let me undress him.”

The Assistant Principal glowered at the disobedient boy. “Why won’t you let the nurse exam you?”

“I don’t want Carol to see me,” Bobby explained calmly. “I will cooperate if you’ll send her back to class.”

Miss Anderson frowned but suggested, “If the nurse is done with you, perhaps you should go back to class, Carol.”

The schoolgirl’s sharp brain scrambled to find an excuse for her to stay and see her classmate stripped. “Can’t I stay?” she pleaded, “This will be very interesting for me... because...um... I’m... well... thinking

of going into nursing.”

Nurse Dolly was pleased. “Are you, Carol?”

The schoolgirl nodded.

“That will be wonderful! Nursing is an excellent career. Of course you may stay, as long as Mrs Doane agrees. This will be a good learning experience for Carol,” she coaxed the school Principal.

“Yes, she probably will learn a lot from the experience...” said Mrs Doane as she considered the suggestion.

CAROL, YOU BITCH! Bobby fumed. He was furious that she was so easily conniving her way into watching his humiliation. Everybody knew she had no interest in nursing. She always bragged about becoming an astrophysicist like her hero, Carl Sagan.

The Principal nodded and came to a decision. “This is exactly what the School Board had in mind when they admitted boys to DSH,” Mrs Doane explained excitedly. “Dealing with the boys’ shenanigans is a small price to pay in exchange for the enhanced educational benefits for our schoolgirls. I think we should take every opportunity to give our budding medical students hands-on training with the boys. Don’t you agree, Miss Anderson?”

The Assistant Principal grinned at the horrified expression on Bobby’s face. “I think that is an excellent idea,” she cackled. “We will give you one last chance, Bobby. Are you going to cooperate?”

“*Not* in front of Carol,” grumped the bashful boy who still clung to his clothes.

“Then you give us no choice. Nurse Dolly, it is time to try out those restraints we added last summer after the School Board announced their decision.”

Restraints!? Bobby panicked as he desperately gripped his gym shorts. He tried to resist, but his stubborn determination was no match for the combined strengths of Nurse Dolly, Mrs Doane, Miss Anderson, and Carol. They forced his left arm above his head and fastened a cloth binding around his wrist. The opposite end attached to a leg of the exam table, and the restraint immobilised his left arm. His right arm soon followed. He struggled furiously but futilely with the restraints; he was unable to break them or slip his hand out of the binding.

Now helpless to prevent the women from doing anything they wanted to him, Bobby resorted to pleading. “*Please* don’t pull my pants down,” he begged. “I don’t want Carol to see me naked.”

They ignored him. While the two school administrators held his legs still, Nurse Dolly and Carol tugged his pants and tighty-whites down his hips, exposing his belly almost to the base of his cock. They paused to catch their breath.

The frantic boy knew that after another couple of tugs, and his blonde classmate will see... everything. He tried one last desperate attempt to convince them. “This isn’t fair, you know. I should have a say in who gets to see me without my clothes on.”

The women laughed at his unintentional joke as Nurse Dolly and Carol yanked and pulled until his clothes were around his thighs. Carol gawked at his bared body.

“No! No! Noooo!” Bobby’s inner voice cried. His tall classmate bent over his waist, stared at his formerly secret parts: a flaccid, circumcised penis, about five inches long, and a compact scrotum covered with peach fuzz pubic hairs.

As Bobby's classmate continued to memorise his limp genitals, Nurse Dolly slid his clothes over his knees, down his legs, and then pulled them free of his ankles and feet. After separating his underpants from his gym shorts, she placed them on the couch. When she turned back to the table, Mrs Doane and Miss Armstrong already had his feet in the lower restraints. They separated his legs, wide open, so that each foot was resting on an edge of the table. Bobby was immobile and stark naked except for his white trainers and crew socks.

The mortified boy struggled to free his hands and cover his exposed parts. He could tell by Carol's lusty grin, and the way her distended nipples pressed against her t-shirt, that she enjoyed his helplessness. "Go away, Carol. Stop looking at me!" he demanded. "Stop staring at my cock!" he wanted to shout.

His tall classmate laughed and kept looking.

"You stop it, Bobby. Stop your struggling," Miss Anderson demanded.

"You might as well calm down," reasoned Mrs Doane, "Carol has seen everything now."

Bobby surrendered and stopped fighting. He closed his eyes in a vain effort to blot out the sight of Carol gleefully gawking at his genitals.

"That's more like it," said the Principal. "We'll be in my office if you need us again, Nurse Dolly," she added as they left the room.

"Thank you for your help, ladies," she said. "Carol, come over and stand beside me as I examine him."

"No! Oh, pleeeez, nooo!" the voice in Bobby's head begged. He kept his eyes closed and tried to stay calm. Suddenly, he felt the soft touch of fingers on his ankles. He opened his eyes in surprise and saw Carol standing between his wide-open legs, adjusting one of his crew socks. She looked up and grinned into his eyes. "The *bitch* is taunting me!" he realised. As she adjusted his other sock, she made him feel more naked than if he wore nothing! Then she leisurely looked the length of his body before meeting his eyes and giving him a triumphant, self-satisfied smirk.

'BITCH!' his inner voice spat. He glared at her as she walked up to Nurse Dolly near his waist. Carol had a good body – large breasts, long legs, and a nice, rounded bottom – but she was too arrogant and too pushy for his taste. He was one of the few boys as tall as she was, and for two years, she had pursued him. Carol had dropped several obvious hints for him to ask her out and seemed to think he was too stupid – or too oblivious – to recognise what she wanted. The bitch is getting everything she wants today! He knew she was angry with him for ignoring her suggestions and refusing to date her. It's payback time, he realised.

He stared at the ceiling when Nurse Dolly reached for his genitals. He felt her lift his cock.

"Would you say he has a *big cock*?" inquired Carol curiously.

"Nurses say penis, dear," the nurse corrected.

"Oh, sorry. Does Bobby have a big penis? It is longer than Billy's penis."

While Nurse Dolly stretched his plump cock towards the ceiling and considered the question, Bobby rolled his eyes down and gave Carol a malevolent stare. The tall schoolgirl leaned forward and intensely studied his penis as if trying to comprehend the complexities of the male anatomy. She sensed he was watching, turned her head fractionally, and flashed him a mischievous grin before transforming back into a nursing student again.

Bitch!

The nurse lectured, "I would say Bobby's penis is longer than average, especially for his age. It has plenty of girth – what you call 'circumference' in Geometry class. You never know exactly how large boys' penises are until they get excited."

"Will he get excited?" she asked hopefully. "I remember how excited Billy got when you examined him!"

"We'll see. Boys react differently to having their genitals touched."

'Sorry, Carol, you are *not* seeing me with a hard-on,' Bobby vowed. He started counting the ceiling tiles, desperately trying to ignore the sensation of Nurse Dolly gently pinning his penis against his stomach with one hand and then carefully fondling his balls with the other. He was up to tile number twenty-two when there was a knock at the door. He rolled his head to the side in time to see Miss Parsons open the door slightly, lean forward, and stick her lovely face into the room.

"Nurse Dolly..." she began.

"Yes, Miss Parsons?"

The eighteen-year-old secretary grinned when she saw the naked boy. She immediately straightened up and walked in, followed by another young woman. "Hi, Carol!" she said. "Having fun?"

"Hi, Miss Parsons!" The schoolgirl's lusty grin and exuberant head nod silently answered the question.

'This can't be happening!' thought Bobby. While the nurse continued to juggle his balls in one hand and hold his penis with the other, he watched Miss Parsons approach the table. He scanned her young breasts beneath a frilly pink blouse, then down to her rose-coloured miniskirt that left her lovely legs bare from her thighs to her white high heels. She had long, silky brown hair down her back. Her pink lips were stretched into a delighted grin that dimpled her cheeks. Her shiny brown eyes looked him over from head to toe.

She stopped beside the table and placed a warm hand on Bobby's bare shoulder. "Everyone, I'd like to introduce Miss Fairchild," she said, gesturing towards the second young woman.

"Hi," said Miss Fairchild as she stepped forward and stopped beside Bobby's waist.

"Hi," said Bobby self-consciously. While the young secretary's wide-open eyes stared at his pink boy-parts in Nurse Dolly's hands, their owner scanned her body. She was about the same age as Miss Parsons and just as pretty and petite. Her long, dirty-blonde hair reached nearly to her waist, and she looked very sexy in a rose-coloured mini dress.

After Carol and the nurse greeted the newcomer, Miss Parsons explained, "Miss Fairchild is a new temp who is learning the ropes. She's here to cover for my upcoming vacation but might be permanent if everything works out. Sorry for the interruption, Nurse Dolly. There is a phone call for you from Dr Bonney. I was going to ask if you wanted to take it now..." She glanced down at the nurse's hands. One pointed Bobby's plump pink penis towards his bandaged chin, and the other caressed his fuzzy balls. She chuckled, "...but I see you have your hands full at the moment. I'll tell her to call back later, if that's all right with you."

"No, please tell her that I will call her back," instructed Nurse Dolly.

“Okay, I’ll let her know,” acknowledged the attractive secretary. She squeezed the boy’s bare shoulder and teased, “Nice seeing you, Bobby!” She took another glance at the contents of the nurse’s hands, and then the two girls exited the office.

“She’s so nice,” said the nurse when Miss Parsons was gone. Her fingers relentlessly chased Bobby’s balls around until both of them had been thoroughly caressed and assessed. He felt her pulling down gently on his balls right before she reported, “The good news is that both of your testicles have descended, and there are no unusual bumps or lumps that might suggest trouble. They are perhaps a bit smaller than they should be, especially considering the advanced size of your penis...”

“Is that a serious problem?” the boy asked worriedly.

“Oh, no, many boys your age have diminutive testicles.”

From the other side of Nurse Dolly, Carol leaned forward and flashed him another smug smirk.

Mind your own business, Bitch!

“They should gain the needed volume over the next few years. Don’t worry; I will keep close tabs on them to make sure they continue to grow properly. Now, let’s have a look at your penis.”

Bobby glanced over at Carol, who had her nurse’s face on again and was watching closely as Nurse Dolly turned her attention to his cock. When the boy felt the nurse’s fingers stretch and then begin rotating his penis, he stared at the ceiling and started counting tiles again. Miss Parsons and Miss Fairchild had made him begin to break his vow of flaccidity – his cock definitely gained volume – but Nurse Dolly’s warning about his testicle problem had distracted him. This time he only made it to nine tiles, however, when he heard another knock on the door. He rolled his head to the side in time to see the office manager burst into the room.

“Excuse me for interrupting,” Mrs Olsen apologised as she approached the naked boy.

Not again! Bobby grumbled to himself. The middle-aged office manager looked drab in a medium-line-up dress, taupe pantyhose, and sensible black shoes. Her dark-blonde hair was pinned in the usual bun. He watched her grey-blue eyes perform a cougar-scan of his bare body.

“Yes, what can I do for you?” the nurse inquired.

“Miss Parsons told me you were busy,” she explained, “and I wondered if you needed to postpone lunch. We were going to discuss the upcoming senior outing.”

“Oh, yes, the outing,” Nurse Dolly repeated quietly as she smiled mysteriously. While she paused to consider the question, she gazed down at Bobby’s cock and changed her grip. Her fingers glided down his shaft and then raised his penis so that it pointed towards the ceiling. She had his semi-hard cock standing at attention like a little soldier with a shiny helmet.

What the...? Nurse Dolly seemed to be displaying him for the randy office manager’s pleasure! Bobby looked up at Mrs Olsen, as her eyes hungrily glued to his propped-up cock. ‘If only I could at least close my legs!’ he thought. His splayed thighs and bared cock made him feel absolutely e-x-p-o-s-e-d.

He watched Mrs Olsen exchange a lascivious look with Nurse Dolly, who flicked her eyebrows up and down once to send a clandestine message to the other woman.

“Yes, I will need some extra time to examine Bobby properly,” she decided.

Mrs Olsen flashed her a grin and then ogled the boy’s little pink soldier again. “I understand,” she

agreed and gave the nurse a quick wink. “Just let me know when you’re done.”

By the time the office manager left the room, Bobby was back to counting ceiling tiles. Having his cock so blatantly exhibited for the three women – and the way they obviously enjoyed seeing him that way – was seriously endangering his vow to stay soft. He was halfway to giving Carol her ultimate prize.

With Bobby’s penis held upright, Nurse Dolly and Carol boldly stared at his most sensitive and private part. After an embarrassingly long examination, she let go, and his penis slowly relaxed and plopped to the side.

“You are growing nicely,” reported Nurse Dolly. “but I will keep an eye on your testicles in the future to make sure everything continues to go well.”

“So I can finally get dressed,” Bobby stated sarcastically. He gave Carol a gloating stare. ‘Sorry, Bitch, you’re never seeing this cock hard!’

His classmate immediately trampled on his triumphal moment. “Dolly, is it okay if I try examining Bobby?” she requested. “I think it will be instructional for my future career.”

Nurse Dolly smiled. “Great minds think alike. I was just going to suggest that!”

‘No! No! NOOOOO!’ that angry voice screamed in Bobby’s head. He struggled with his bindings again and protested, “I don’t want her touching me!”

“Just lie back and relax,” scolded Nurse Dolly. “You should feel honoured to help a young woman reach her dreams of becoming a nurse.”

He was unable to resist any longer. “She doesn’t want to be a nurse!” he blabbed. “She only said that to see me naked. She actually wants to become an astrophysicist.”

Nurse Dolly rarely lost her temper, but he had finally pushed her too far. “LIE BACK AND BE QUIET!” she demanded. “Unless you want me to ask Miss Anderson to join us again?”

This was not an empty threat, and Bobby knew it. He immediately lay still again.

“You have *no way* of knowing Carol’s future aspirations,” the nurse continued her tirade. “And to suggest one of our girls would lie in order to see you with your clothes off...” Her mood changed, and she chuckled. “You have an exalted opinion of your anatomy, young man!”

Bobby cringed. His inner voice was silent.

“Go ahead and touch him as much as you want, Carol,” said Nurse Dolly as she switched places with the schoolgirl. “Let me know if you have any questions.”

Bobby felt Carol lift his penis. Her long fingers pointed it towards the ceiling and then slid down the shaft. The exciting sensation made him shift his hips.

“Does it matter whether you examine his cock; I mean penis or his balls first?”

“Call them testicles, Carol, not balls. No, it doesn’t matter, although normally we examine a boy’s testicles first and then his penis.”

His inner voice was back. ‘It’s as if I’m not even in the room!’

“In that case, I’ll check Bobby’s balls... I mean, testicles... first.”

Carol slid her hand back up his shaft, and then brushed her thumb over the opening on the tip of

his penis. Bobby flinched as a sudden jolt of pleasure rocketed through his body. ‘Did she do that on purpose?’ he wondered. He shifted his head and looked towards her. He couldn’t be sure; she still had her serious nurse’s face on, but with a self-satisfied smile.

She flopped his penis against his belly so that it pointed towards his chin. Then she pinned it in place as Nurse Dolly had done. The fingers of her left hand began gently twiddling his testicles.

“They are very soft!” Carol gushed.

Nurse Dolly smiled and nodded.

“What exactly am I feeling for?” she asked as she played with her classmate’s balls.

“You want to know if there are two of them. If not, that means one of his testicles has yet to descend into his scrotum.”

Bobby felt Carol’s fingers separate his balls. “Okay,” she said. “What else?”

“Feel all around them, one at a time, for any lumps or bumps. Testicles should be perfectly egg-shaped.”

Bobby felt Carol’s fingertips grasp his left testicle. “Ssss!” he hissed as she squeezed too firmly.

“Not so hard, dear!” instructed Nurse Dolly. “You’re hurting him.”

“Oh, sorry Bobby,” she apologised sincerely.

He received another zap of pleasure when the thumb of her right hand brushed the tip of his cock again. Bobby looked at the nurse, but she had not seemed to notice.

While Carol continued to feel up his balls, Nurse Dolly said, “Well, while you’re doing that, I am going to do some paperwork.” She walked to the door, opened it, and said, “Miss Parsons, did you finish typing those medical forms?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“When you have a minute, bring them in so I can sign them?”

Bobby heard a quick rustling of paper, and Miss Parsons was at the door with a clipboard full of forms, followed once again by Miss Fairchild. Their eyes opened wide when they noticed that Bobby was still bare-naked and now with Carol fondling him.

“Have a seat, Miss Parsons,” Nurse Dolly offered as she sat on the leather couch.

“I’d rather stand, if that’s all right,” said the attractive secretary as she handed over the clipboard.

The blonde nurse glanced up and smiled. Miss Parsons ogled Bobby. “Of course,” she agreed.

Bobby’s eyes had followed pretty Miss Parsons and Miss Fairchild across the room. Nice tits! Gorgeous legs! By rolling his eyes down, and looking past Carol’s hands playing with his balls, he saw them standing at the end of the table, framed by his wide-open legs. He felt a twinge in his groin, seeing such lovely young women unashamedly staring at his body. Miss Fairchild’s smile grew to a grin when their eyes met. He blushed, shrugged his shoulders, and grinned back! What else could he do?

Bobby saw Carol glance towards Nurse Dolly, who was intently reading the clipboard’s first form. The blonde schoolgirl turned and stared into his eyes. With an impish grin, his classmate picked up his penis and started stroking him – long and fast, full-length strokes that she meant to arouse him with.

She grinned to see the reaction in his eyes. They were opened wide in startled surprise! Bobby's cock responded immediately. He narrowed his eyes to another murderous stare, took a deep breath, and opened his mouth to snarl at her.

Carol responded by brushing her thumb across the tip of his penis again. In Bobby's excited state, his reaction was as if she had used defibrillator paddles on his chest. He gasped loudly, and his whole body jerked violently.

Miss Parsons and Miss Fairchild giggled, Carol quickly released his cock – which now pointed towards the ceiling on its own, and Nurse Dolly looked up from her paperwork.

Spotting Bobby's rigid penis, she reassured Carol, "Don't worry about that, dear. If you become a nurse, you'd better get used to seeing boys' erections." She noticed that Bobby's crew socks had come down again. "Miss Parsons, would you pull his socks up, please?"

"Certainly, Nurse Dolly!" she happily agreed. The lovely secretary's fingers fumbled against Bobby's ankles as she adjusted his left stocking. At the same time, Miss Fairchild pulled up his right sock.

Bobby's cock throbbed. Stripped almost naked, with his arms and legs spread wide apart, the feeling of two young women's fingers tickling his ankles was amazingly erotic!

Carol feigned curiosity and asked innocently, "Nurse Dolly, why does Bobby get a hard-on when he's in class?"

The question immediately prompted the two secretaries touching his ankles to stare at his cock again.

"Don't say hard-on, Carol. Call it an erection."

"Oh, sorry. Well, why does his cock... I mean, penis get an erection during class? I've noticed him a few times trying to hide a bulge in the front of his pants."

Billy stared daggers at her again, but she had her head turned towards the nurse. The secretaries were grinning as they gawked.

"Lots of things excite boys his age," Nurse Dolly explained. "It could be something he thought about or something he saw. Even his penis rubbing against his underpants can get him excited. Who knows? Maybe he thought about you, Carol!" She smiled and returned to her paperwork.

Carol grinned excitedly into his eyes. You *wish*, Bitch! Before Bobby could shout his denial, he groaned in pleasure as she wrapped her long fingers around his cock and began stroking again. Up and down. Fast. Her hand was a blur. She began fondling his balls with the other hand. Miss Parsons and Miss Fairchild still grinned as their gaze moved from his eyes to his masturbator's hands and back to his eyes.

When Nurse Dolly signed the last form, the schoolgirl stopped stroking and pretended to be just holding Bobby's penis and studying the head. The nurse gathered the signed forms and glanced at the examination table. "You had better stop, dear," she advised. "You're getting poor Bobby a bit too excited."

"All right," was Carol's disappointed reply as she released her classmate's penis. It now stubbornly pointed towards his chin.

Nurse Dolly stood and took a closer look. Bobby breathed rapidly, his face was flushed, and his hard cock was bright red and throbbing. The scarlet tip was wet with leaked fluid. His penis grudgingly

started to relax. "When you become a nurse, Carol," she instructed, "you have to be careful to avoid over-exciting the boys."

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm sorry."

Nurse Dolly combed her fingers through Bobby's damp hair. "I know. Now that you've gone this far, you have to keep going. It's not fair to leave poor Bobby like this."

Bobby woke up from his pleasure-induced coma. Huh? What did she say?

"I'll turn these forms over to Mrs Olsen. While I'm gone, why don't you girls find some way to relax Bobby."

Carol gave her a questioning look. "Do you mean that it's okay to..."

Nurse Dolly gave her a wink. "But why don't you give Miss Parsons and... I'm sorry; I forgot your name, dear."

"Miss Fairchild!" the young secretary said excitedly.

The nurse smiled at her enthusiasm. "Yes, why don't you give Miss Parsons and Miss Fairchild a chance, Carol."

Now Bobby was grinning. The nurse brushed his hair once more and said, "Have fun!" and left the room.

Carol reluctantly took Miss Parsons' place near his feet, while Miss Parsons exuberantly swapped positions with her.

The attractive secretary looked down on Bobby and exchanged grins with him. "Lie back and relax," she instructed, "while Nurse Parsons gives you treatment. I promise this won't hurt a bit!"

He gasped when she gently wrapped her cool fingers around his hot cock. "Shhh," she hushed him as she began slowly gliding her hand up and down his penis. She was so much gentler than Carol, and her leisurely strokes were heaven compared to his classmates rough and frenzied pumping. He involuntarily arched his back towards her and kept his eyes locked onto her sweet face. Her long, straight hair hung to one side, because she had tilted her head slightly. She studied his penis with her lovely brown eyes as her soft fingers continued their work. She glanced his way, grinned reassuringly, and then concentrated on her rising and falling hand.

While Miss Parsons pleased him, Miss Fairchild asked, "Do you girls get to see all the boys naked?"

Carol giggled, her happy mood restored. "I got to see Nurse Dolly exam Billy a few weeks ago. She stripped him bare in front of three of us girls!"

Miss Fairchild was incredulous.

"Then earlier today in gym class, Miss Anderson and Coach Fox made Jimmy play basketball without his gym shorts or underpants! Of course, now we're getting to know Bobby here. I'm hoping to see them all by the end of the year!"

Miss Parsons paused her pumping and said, "I doubt you'll see all the boys, but even just seeing a few is nice!"

"How many have you seen?" inquired wide-eyed Miss Fairchild.

"Only two. Mrs Olsen let me have a peek at Doug when he was in detention, and of course, cute

Bobby here.” She began stroking him again.

Bobby moaned in pleasure and let his gaze wander over her breasts. Spectacular breasts!

“The boys have to be naked for detention, too!?” Miss Fairchild exclaimed. “I hope I get this job...”

“Relax, Bobby,” coached his sexy caregiver. “Nurse Parsons will make you feel all better.” Her fingers slid up over the head of his cock, then back down to the base of his shaft – over and over – slowly. She was not increasing his excitement; she was sustaining it.

The slow and steady ministrations of his gorgeous “nurse” steadied Bobby’s breathing. He was in no danger of falling asleep! He looked down towards Carol, who was enviously watching from the end of the table. ‘Watch and learn, Carol!’ he thought, but Miss Parsons’ pleasuring was erasing the angry thoughts from his mind. He looked back at his benefactor. She was now using both of her small hands on his cock. Her face was placid as she concentrated on her strokes, but she sensed him watching, gazed into his eyes, and grinned encouragingly.

She whispered, “How does that feel?”

“Mmmmarvellous!” he moaned.

“Can I have a try?” Miss Fairchild asked hopefully.

Miss Parsons reluctantly nodded her assent. Looking disappointed, she released his penis into the care of the new assistant.

Miss Fairchild gave him a dazzling grin as she grasped his joystick. She leaned down, and her blonde hair tickled his shoulder and chest as she whispered in his ear, “Are you ready to cum for me?”

“Yes, Nurse Fairchild,” he chuckled, and then moaned and arched his back as her delicate fingers began stroking him.

“Nurse Parsons, would you comfort the patient by stroking his chest? I think it will help him to relax.”

The senior Secretary stood by his side and began running her fingers over him, from his chest and nipples down to that sensitive area near the base of his cock.

“Nurse Carol, will you monitor the patient’s balls for me during the final procedure?” Miss Fairchild inquired.

Bobby’s tall classmate laughed and walked beside the table. “Certainly, Nurse Fairchild,” she happily agreed, “but in the medical profession, we call them testicles.”

“Well, Nurse Carol, would you monitor Bobby’s testicles while I administer the final treatment to the patient’s cock.”

His schoolmate gently cuddled his scrotum. “Yes, Nurse Fairchild, but in the trade, we refer to that as a penis.”

Nurse Fairchild quickened her pace, making Bobby moan aloud and arch his back again. “Do you hear that, Nurse Carol? Call it whatever you want – penis or cock, prick or dick – this patient is in immediate need of relief!”

“He does seem to be under a lot of pressure,” agreed Nurse Carol as she diddled his balls.

Bobby had never heard women talk so boldly. It added to his excitement.

“Are you ready to finish, Bobby?” Miss Parsons inquired as she tweaked his nipple.

“Yes, please,” he panted.

While Carol fondled his balls, Bobby felt Miss Parsons smooth her hand down his stomach to the base of his cock. She caressed his belly. At the same time, Miss Fairchild began using both hands. With each downbeat, her thumb now rubbed over the business end of his penis. It was sheer ecstasy! It was simply irresistible! Bobby gave a couple of grunts, and then with a loud sigh of relief, “OHHHH!”, he blew a gasket and fired a glistening gooey glob onto his chest. As Miss Fairchild slowed her pace and milked him dry, he heard muffled laughter and clapping from the women in the outer office.

“The pressure in his testicles has been alleviated,” reported Nurse Carol.

“He appears to be much more relaxed,” agreed Nurse Parsons.

“Did Nurse Fairchild cure your ailment?” the secretary asked innocently when she released his dwindling dick.

“Yessss,” he breathed.

The girls giggled.

Nurse Dolly returned to her office. “Get him cleaned up girls, and then Carol and Bobby should be right on time for fifth period.”

‘Yes! Miss Hard-on’s History class!’ he remembered happily while he enjoyed the feeling of Carol, Miss Parsons, and Miss Fairchild washing his chest and wiping his ticklish dick.

As Nurse Dolly removed his bindings, she looked down at the blissful boy. He had closed his eyes and was breathing deeply. His lips sported a contented smile.

“Now aren’t you glad we didn’t use the security screen?” she asked.

Bobby opened his eyes and nodded.

“Maybe next time you won’t make such a fuss.”

‘Next time?’ he wondered.

Chapter 8

Plumbing Problem

With cameo appearances by:

Bobby: almost six feet tall and burly, with brown hair and eyes

Brett: Slightly less than medium height and slim, with auburn hair and green eyes

Doug: A muscular, athletic six-foot-tall boy with dark brown hair and eyes

Jimmy: Short and slender, with dark brown hair and gold wire-rimmed glasses framing his brown eyes

☺ ☺ ☺

It was midmorning on an unseasonably warm October day when Steve H*** parked his panel truck in front of Donna Simpson High, retrieved a red toolbox from the back, and entered the school. He quickly found the administrative office, where an attractive brunette secretary greeted him cordially with a dimpled smile.

“Good morning, Sir, may I help you?”

“Good morning!” he echoed while giving the beauty his most charming grin. ‘She’s a hottie!’ he thought. “I have an appointment with Miss Anderson. I am here to fix your plumbing problem...”

“You are late,” barked a voice from behind him. He turned in time to see a tall, angular woman with dark hair and a hooked nose exit an inner office. She was fortyish and dressed in a dark green-and-grey striped dress that draped almost to her knees. He didn’t find her very attractive, but when she spotted him, she looked him over and grinned in a way that made him feel uncomfortable. Steve H*** was a young man of twenty-eight years, six-feet tall, and ruggedly handsome with dark-blond hair and blue eyes. His muscles bulged under a tight button-down khaki shirt, matching Dickies, and a pair of brown work boots.

“You’re the foreman of the new gymnasium and pool facility, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he acknowledged. “My name is Steve H***. My guys are running late on their projects today, so I decided to personally make the repairs you need. Sorry I was late.”

She gave him a lecherous grin. “That is no problem at all. I imagine you are a very busy man, Steve.

May I call you Steve?"

"Certainly." Is she flirting with me?

"I am delighted you are the one here to help us out," she flirted.

Miss Parsons gaped at the Assistant Principal incredulously. She had never seen the old crone show an interest in any man!

He inquired, "What seems to be the problem, Miss Anderson?"

"Please, call me Jane." She gripped his strong bicep and escorted him out the door. "Let me show you personally, Steve."

The office buzzed with whispered conversation after they left.

Jane Anderson held on to the foreman's arm as they rounded a corner, walked a short distance behind the admin office, and stopped in front of the boys' restroom. "We have several plumbing problems, Steve," she explained, "and the first one I want to show you is in here. Please follow me." Without a knock of warning, she quietly opened the door and entered. She stepped beside a urinal and looked down at a short kid who was in the process of peeing with his penis in his hand. "Hurry up and finish your business, Tim," she instructed, "and get back to class."

Poor Tim gasped and seemed to jump a foot in the air. "Y-yes, Miss Anderson," he stammered. He quickly popped his cock back into his pants, zipped up, and headed for the door.

"Wash your hands," she warned.

"S-sorry," said the red-faced boy. As Tim used the sink, the Assistant Principal shook her head, "We have to watch these boys every minute, Steve."

The young foreman was in shock. 'Remind me not to use the bathrooms here!'

Tim dried his hands and practically ran towards the door.

"Didn't you forget something, Tim?" she hinted.

The boy quickly checked his zipper.

"Do you have a hall pass?" she clarified.

The kid reached into his pocket and produced a slip of paper.

Miss Anderson looked at it briefly and gave it back. "Good boy. Now, on your way."

When Tim was gone, the Assistant Principal led Steve H*** to a metal stall with a handwritten "Out of Order" sign. She pushed the door open and revealed a puddle of water around the toilet. "What's this?" she growled and picked up an Archie comic book on the lavatory's water tank. The cover showed a coloured drawing of two nubile teenage girls wearing bikinis on a beach.

She showed the cartoon to the foreman and said, "Do you know what this is, Steve?"

"A comic book?" he answered drily.

"A masturbation aid. Instead of being in class where he belongs, one of our sex-crazed boys has been here looking at these pictures while he played with himself." She looked disgustedly at the floor for any evidence left behind but found none.

Steve thought of suggesting that maybe one of the boys was just reading the comic book while he used the toilet, but he decided to keep his mouth shut.

“I wonder if I should take Mrs Olsen’s advice,” she mused aloud as she tore the magazine to shreds and threw it in the trash. “Perhaps we should start a spanking regimen – just for the boys, of course.” She suddenly remembered what she had been doing before finding the offensive material. “I’m sorry for the interruption, Steve. As you can see, this commode has developed a leak,” she pointed out needlessly. “I’m sure it will take you no time at all to fix.”

“Okay, I will get right on it, Jane,” said the plumber. He stepped forward but she stopped him by grasping his bicep with a bony hand.

“There’s more,” she stated. “Let’s go to the gym.”

She led him out the restroom door and to the end of the hallway, then opened a closed fire door and into another hall that ran perpendicular to the previous one. As they walked up the hallway, she inquired, “How is the new facility coming along, Steve?”

“Very well. It should be ready to open for the second half of the school year, but I am concerned about the boys’ locker facilities. The original plans called for only one locker room – for the girls – but now that DSH has gone co-ed, I did some modifications to allow for boys based on the school board’s recommendation. I do believe they lack enough privacy.

“Don’t worry about that. I doubt the boys will be here in January. The experiment is likely going to be unsuccessful. Even if our foolish school board stubbornly refuses to come to their senses and get rid of them, the boys are going to do without much privacy, at least while I’m the Assistant Principal! Give them a bit of privacy, and look what happens: they waste time reading smut and playing with themselves in the bathroom. Who knows what they’re getting up to in the gym showers, especially with Coach Boyle away! Here we are,” she announced upon their arrival at the old gym. There were two open doors. Between them were a crowded trophy case and a huge blue-and-yellow banner that cheered, “GO COUGARS!”

“We have a couple of problems with the showers,” Miss Anderson explained as she led him into the gym. It was deserted when they entered, and the clack of the Assistant Principal’s heels on the hardwood floor echoed off the walls. “Coach Fox, please you join us?” she called through an open office doorway, and they were immediately joined by an attractive athletic trainer, about his age, looking lovely in a long-sleeved blue leotard.

“Coach Fox, this is Steven H***. He is the architect in charge of the new athletic facility.”

“We’ve already met,” she replied as she shook his hand. She answered his puzzled look by adding, “Well, not actually met, but I attended your presentation to the school board last year.”

He smiled his best smile – the one he reserved for eligible and tempting women. “This place is crawling with hotties!” he thought, ‘and I am stuck with Miss Anderson.’

“Nice to meet you, Coach Fox,” he greeted her sincerely.

“We just finished our second period class, Miss Anderson,” she stated. “The boys are probably in the showers, unless they’ve already started changing. They should be out in a couple minutes.”

“I need to talk with them,” she asserted and immediately strode into the boys’ locker room. Steve and Coach Fox exchanged a surprised look and followed her in.

As the trio entered, a slightly short and naked boy exited the shower room. He immediately gasped and covered his shrivelled genitals with both hands, then tried to scurry past the Assistant Principal. She stopped him with a hand on his damp shoulder.

“Wait, Brett. Are all the other boys still in the shower?” she asked.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Good. Stand here for a minute until the others are done. I have something to say to all of you.”

Brett trembled with his small hands clutched over his crotch. Steve watched and wondered. Coach Fox seemed just as surprised as he was to be in the room with a naked boy.

The next two young men to emerge were Steve’s height. They must have heard the locker room conversation, because they exited the showers with their hands already covering their private parts. Their eyes bulged to see Miss Anderson and Coach Fox waiting for them.

“Good morning, Bobby, Doug,” the Assistant Principal greeted them. “Please stand beside Brett for a moment.”

The line-up of three bashful boys with their hands cupped low waited nervously. After a minute, the water shut off in the shower room, and the last boy emerged. The shortest of the four, he boldly walked into the room with his genitals swinging and made no attempt to cover himself.

This brazen display befuddled Steve. He watched the cute coach’s big brown eyes glance down at the boy’s southern exposure and then back into his eyes. She gave him a warm grin and requested, “Jimmy, please stand over there with Bobby, Doug, and Brett. Miss Anderson wants to say something to all of you.”

Jimmy returned Coach Fox’s grin. Steve could tell the boy liked her; he stared as the boy’s small penis immediately began to lengthen and rise off his balls. The kid still didn’t cover up!

“Good morning, Jimmy,” said the Assistant Principal. “You are looking well.”

“Thank you, Miss Anderson,” he said as he took his place in line. There were now three boys in line with their hands desperately covering their limp cocks, and Jimmy, with his hands clasped behind his back and his legs spread, unashamedly displaying his fast-growing erection.

“I wanted to let you know that Coach Boyle has been reinstated by the school board. As punishment, he has to help us on Friday with the senior outing, but he will be back in the gym on Monday morning.”

The boys welcomed the news with loud approval.

“Please join me in thanking Coach Fox for helping out during his absence.”

She waited for their applause and words of appreciation and then turned to a more serious subject. “Tell me, gentlemen. Have any of you been masturbating in the boys’ bathroom?” She looked into each boy’s eyes as they emphatically – and embarrassedly – denied her allegation.

“I found some smutty pictures in one of the stalls...”

‘Archie Comics!’ thought Steve incredulously.

“...and that suggests to me that somebody was playing with himself in there. Was it one of you?”

She gave Brett a hard look when he blushed. Each naked boy again denied masturbating in the bathroom.

“I will ask the other four boys, but I suspect they will give me the same answer. Be warned: I will be checking the stalls more frequently, and if I catch a boy masturbating in there, I will severely punish him. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“You are dismissed.”

As the boys scrambled to get dressed, and Coach Fox returned to the gym, the Assistant Principal gripped the foreman’s bicep and said, “Come along, Steve.”

Inside the shower room were three metal poles with a number of showerheads protruding around the top, a large rack in one corner stacked high with white towels, and a dirty-towel hamper. “These used to be the freshmen and sophomore showers,” she griped as she picked up a discarded towel and dropped it in the hamper, “but we had to give them to the boys when the school board made us go co-ed. All this room for just eight boys! I’m glad you are equalising the space in the new gym, Steve.”

Mrs Anderson led him to the pole farthest from the door. She twisted a cold-water faucet at waist level, but only a trickle of water dribbled out of the showerheads. Then she turned the hot-water faucet with the same result. “This one isn’t working,” she stated the obvious.

Steve asked, “Mind if I take a quick look?”

“Go ahead. We have a couple minutes.”

The handsome foreman examined the spigots, then put his ear close to the pole and listened while slowly turning the water on and off. He opened his toolbox and withdrew a Philips screwdriver, then opened a panel in the pole and slid out a filter basket. It was stuffed with gunk. After a quick clean-up of the filter, he replaced it, secured the panel, and tried the spigots again. This time the water flowed at full force.

“You are amazing, Steve!” the older woman praised him.

He smiled. “Thanks, Miss Anderson... um... Jane. Just have your regular maintenance guy clean these occasionally, and you should be all right. Do you want me to check the others while I’m here?”

“No, don’t waste your time. I will have a word with our janitorial staff and make sure it is done regularly. There is another pole with the same problem in the girls’ locker room. Do you have time to check it before you get to work on the boys’ restroom?”

“Of course.”

He followed her out of the shower room. The boys’ locker room was empty as they walked through. As soon as they entered the gym, Steve watched a gaggle of sexy young women heading outside, trailed by Coach Fox. He strode across the floor towards the girls’ locker room, unaware that Mrs Anderson had walked in a different direction.

“STOP!” she suddenly bellowed from across the room. “Where do you think you’re going?” Red-faced, she quickly charged towards him and pointed at the bleachers. “Sit over there until I make sure the room is clear,” she growled.

Annoyed by Miss Anderson’s scolding words, the foreman disgustedly walked to the bleachers, thinking, ‘Talk about a double standard.’ She wasn’t concerned about the boys’ privacy. He waited impatiently while the assistant principal chatted with the girls’ coach.

A moment later, as Coach Fox followed the girls outside, Miss Anderson told him to keep waiting and then disappeared into the locker room. A minute later, she reappeared and said, "Okay, the room is all clear. You can come in now."

Steve was surprised to see that the back of a bank of lockers partially blocked the girls' locker room doorway. They had to take an immediate left to go around them.

"These were moved in front of the door when the school went co-ed," Miss Anderson explained. "They prevent any boys from peeking through the open doorway."

"Have any tried?"

"Only Coach Boyle," she admitted, but when he pressed her for details, she only said, "As you heard me tell the boys, he is being punished for it."

The girls' showers were identical to the boys. In this wash area, the centre pole was malfunctioning. Steve checked the filter immediately, but this one was nearly empty. The water still trickled from the showerheads after he cleaned and replaced it. This pole needed further repairs.

Miss Anderson had walked to a corner of the room near the rack stacked high with white towels. When Steve joined her to tell her the bad news, he saw that she was peering at a magazine page the schoolgirls had taped to the side of the rack. It was a photograph from a National Geographic showing three African tribal boys – around eighteen years old – who were knee deep in a river. They all had fishing spears and grinned for the camera. They were also absolutely naked except for a thin leather strap around each boy's waist. Their hanging genitals were prominently shown.

The Assistant Principal smiled at him and explained, "Our girls are very curious about the male anatomy. I should take it down, but I'll leave it for now and let them have their fun."

"Isn't that worse than an Archie comic book?" he asked sarcastically, but his voice was drowned out by the loudspeaker echoing in the tiled shower.

"MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE? WE NEED ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL ANDERSON TO RETURN TO THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE. MISS ANDERSON, PLEASE RETURN TO THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE. THANK YOU."

She smiled. "I'm sorry, Steve, I didn't hear you. What did you say?"

"Oh, it was nothing," he backed down. "Do you have to leave, Jane?" I hope!

She gazed into his eyes as if he had just uttered the most romantic phrase she had ever heard. "Yes, I'm afraid I do, Steve," she said sadly. "I will be back as soon as I can to check on you."

Before she left, Miss Anderson checked her watch and instructed, "You have forty-five minutes to do your repairs while the girls are outside. They will be back at five minutes to eleven."

Steve made sure his watch coincided with the Assistant Principal's watch.

"You must be out of the girls' locker room by ten minutes to the hour, Steve. If you haven't fixed it by then, please sit on the bleachers and wait until the girls leave the gym, and then have Coach Fox make sure the room is empty before you continue. Understand?"

"Yes, Jane."

She gave him that lovesick puppy look again, startled him by grabbing his butt and giving it a

squeeze, and then promised, "I will be back just as soon as I can!" as she strode away.

'Don't hurry!' he thought.

Architect and construction foreman Steve H*** got to work on the plumbing problem. After he disassembled the pole, he found the trouble and had to retrieve a new part from his truck. Time was getting short by the time he replaced the defective part and reassembled the pole, but he managed to finish by fifteen minutes to the hour. He turned the faucets. Satisfied that the shower was now working properly, he picked up his toolbox and headed for the gym with five minutes to spare.

Before the twenty-eight year-old reached the locker room door, it swung open, and his path was immediately blocked by a flood of young beauties who noisily entered the room. All were skimpily dressed in blue gym shorts, white t-shirts, bobby socks, and trainers. They were delighted to see a hunky man waiting for them.

"Hi, handsome!" said a tall blonde with large breasts who blocked his way. "What's your name?"

"Steven... Steve," he corrected himself. The close proximity of her young melons made him stammer. "Ah... Excuse me, I..." He suddenly realised he was staring at her chest and immediately forced himself to look into her blue eyes. She was grinning. "I... yum... need to leave."

"What's your hurry, Steven... Steve?" teased a petite raven-haired lovely with shapely breasts. She pulled his left arm around her shoulders and wrapped her arm around his waist. Her body was warm against his.

"Girls... please... let me go. Jane... I mean Miss Anderson..."

"Jane!" a few girls hooted.

"...warned me to leave the locker room before your gym class was over." He looked at his watch. "Aren't you back early?"

"It's raining outside," explained a honey-blonde hottie to his left, "so Coach Fox told us to hit the showers."

"I'm glad we did!" gushed a thin girl to his right. She had brown hair tied in a bun and gold wire-rimmed glasses.

Flustered by all this female attention, Steve tried to be polite but authoritative. "I'm sorry, ladies," he apologised, "but I have need to leave." He bent his knees and set the toolbox on the floor.

"Nice ass!" a girlish voice behind him commented, followed by giggles from other girls.

Now with one free hand, Steve tried to extract himself from the bear hug of the dark beauty under his left arm, but a young woman with long dirty-blonde hair intercepted his right arm and slipped it around her firm body. "No you don't," she said as she pressed one of her soft breasts against his side. Now he had lost the use of both hands! He was losing control of the situation, fast.

"You must let me go," he insisted. "Miss Anderson could be back at any moment."

"Don't you mean Jane?" a mahogany-maned temptress with small breasts teased. More giggles.

A brunette with a ponytail and brown plastic-framed glasses picked up his toolbox. "Got any good tools, Steven... Steve?" she asked as she opened it.

"At least one!" somebody behind him teased, followed by peals of laughter.

“Oh, you must be here to fix the shower pole!” the girl with his toolbox deduced.

He nodded. “It’s all fixed.”

“Show us!” they demanded.

“No, I must be going.” He tried struggling free of the snuggling females holding him without hurting one of them or touching anything to make the girl cry, “Rape!” It was impossible. With his arms wrapped around two beautiful bodies, and with all thirteen young women pushing and pulling him back into the shower room, Steve had no choice.

He was never exactly sure what happened next. The tall blonde with the large breasts started the chain of events. “Steven... Steve can’t leave until we know for sure the pole is working!” she declared.

“Just turn the faucets,” he instructed. “You’ll see that it’s working and then you can let me go.”

“How can we know if it’s working unless we take our showers?” said a voice behind him.

“I think he should take a shower with us,” a slender girl with dark-brown hair playfully suggested.

The thought of seeing these thirteen nubile schoolgirls in the buff made Steve’s cock wake up and take notice, but he forced himself to be the adult. “No, girls, you are going to get us all in trouble,” he scolded.

“Why? How else do they expect us to test it without taking a shower?” said the tall blonde as she disappeared behind him.

A moment later, he felt something brush his ankles. When he looked down, two pairs of hands were tying his ankles together with white towels. “What are you doing? Stop it!” he demanded. They ignored him. More hands looped towels around his ankles and the pole.

“Tie his arms, girls!” cried the dark beauty hugging him. She helped knot a cotton ligature around his left wrist, but it took a group of them – they were behind him, so he was unsure how many – to pull his arms behind his back. The dirty-blonde helped tie his right wrist, and more girls pulled his right arm behind his back. They tied his wrists and arms together behind the pole with at least two towels. In less than two minutes, the big-boobed blonde had disappeared behind him and tied him helplessly to the pole.

There were a few girls in disagreement. “Let him go!” implored one short, stout girl with mousey hair and thick plastic glasses. The mob ignored her.

Steve growled and threatened until a Shakespeare enthusiast behind him recited, “Me thinks thou dost protest too much!” She walked in front of him – a tall brunette with heavy eyebrows and piercing brown eyes – and stuffed a towel into his mouth. Girls behind him tied his gag around the pole. Now thick cotton muffled his protests.

“I am not taking a shower with him watching,” said a slender strawberry-blonde with an hourglass figure.

“He won’t be watching,” said the busty blonde. She looped another towel around Steve’s head, covering his eyes, and then secured it behind the pole. “He only gets to wish he could see!” she chuckled.

Steve’s sudden blindness made him a bit panicky. He mumbled threats and pleas, but they just laughed at him. He heard them abruptly leave the room, then listened to the muffled sounds of elastics being stretched and snaps and clasps being undone. With squeals and giggles, they padded back into the

shower room. Steve heard the other shower poles running and felt splashes of water as they showered.

A soft hand gripped his arm. "Don't you wish you could see?" she teased in his ear.

Despite his predicament, the sound of naked girls washing their bodies so close to him started to excite him.

"Time to see if he fixed this shower pole," said someone near him that sounded like the tall blonde.

"Wait! He can't take a shower with his clothes on..."

"You're right!" said the tall blonde.

Steve shook his head and struggled with his bonds as fingers began near his throat and opened the buttons of his shirt one after the other. After the last button, hands pulled his shirt back and bared his chest.

"Nice nipples!" said someone as one was painfully tweaked.

Steve felt a girl's hands fumbling with the button at the waistband of his pants. Someone pulled her hands away and said, "You can't do that! You will get us all in trouble."

"Oh."

"Don't be silly," said another voice. "Why should the freshmen girls have all the fun? It's time for us seniors to get in on the action."

"That's right. Cory has been bragging all over school about how she watched Nurse Dolly pull down Billy's underpants and examine him. Carol and Rhonda were there, too. The same thing happened to Greg, only he got stripped in front of Terri, Toni, and Gina!"

"Yes, and Doug had to stand in a corner without clothes on during detention, right in front of Ricki, Nicki, and Gina!"

"He did?"

"Gina has seen Doug and Greg?" exclaimed one girl enviously. "Did she see their...?"

Someone gave an inaudible reply, but Steve heard chuckling and giggles.

"I wonder whose was bigger." That got a big laugh.

"It's seniors' time!" Steve recognised the voice of the raven-haired beauty. She was standing in front of him, and her fingers began fumbling with his pants button again.

He pulled back in protest.

"Hurry up! Pull his pants down," gushed an excited voice.

A moment later, Steve felt the button go and heard his zipper open, followed immediately by his work pants and his grey boxers being yanked down to his ankles. He felt cold air tickling his semi-hard cock and dangling balls.

The locker room was silent except for the sound of running water and Steve's muffled protests. He sensed the presence of thirteen amorous and naked schoolgirls circled in front of him.

"Nice tool, tool man," somebody quipped, and then it was bedlam as the room erupted with noise.

As the cheers and shouts, laughter and wolf whistles died down, he heard someone near him say

quietly, "He's well-hung."

"I wonder if it's bigger than Doug's?" a girl wondered.

"You'll have to ask Gina!"

He felt a soft arm on his shoulder and then a cold stream of water cascaded onto him from above. He grumbled into the gag.

"Don't give him a cold shower, silly. You know what happens when boys get cold showers," said someone nearby, followed by a chorus of more giggles.

He heard a spigot squeak. The waterfall from above was much warmer now.

A lovely behind him smacked his bottom to test its firmness. "He does have a nice ass!" she chuckled.

"Maybe we should wash him, too!"

"Yeah, right."

"Go on, don't be shy!"

A girl squealed, "OH!"

Suddenly Steve felt hands grab his shoulders at the same time two bare breasts mashed against his chest, and two firm hips and a soft belly pressed him against the pole.

"Be careful," she grumbled and before she could scramble away, she breathed, "Whoa!" as she felt his cock instantly erect against her tummy.

As soon as the soft pressure against his erection was withdrawn, Steve heard a snickering, "Now look what you did, clumsy."

"Oooh, he likes you," teased another.

Steve felt some movement near his crotch. "Don't touch it!" someone protested.

"Why not?" said an unrecognizable voice, just as long fingers gripped his cock. "Haven't you ever touched a boy before?"

"None of your business!"

"He is excited," commented the voice of the hand holding his penis. "I can feel it throbbing." She released him and twiddled his balls.

"We have to get to our next class," someone reported, followed by moans and groans.

Steve heard all the shower poles turn off, including the one soaking him, and then the girls began leaving. A few of the young ladies giggled their good-byes.

"Hey, aren't you going to untie him?" asked the girl who had protested the most.

"Not me! We'll let the juniors do it," said the tall blonde. "They have the next class."

A few schoolgirls fondled or bounced his cock on the way by. Some groped his bottom. One intentionally rubbed a nipple against his arm, and then she pressed a very soft and full breast against him as she leaned over and felt his penis and balls. Then they were gone, except for the sound of more elastics stretching, clasps fastening, and excited chatter. Locker doors slammed. Silence.

Steve thought he heard a quiet footfall, and then flinched as someone touched his cheek. The soft hand held his head still while its owner kissed him on the opposite cheek. A moment later, the same soft hand gripped his erect penis, he felt long hair tickle his stomach, and then the same lips planted a kiss on the tip of his hard cock. Just as quickly, she was gone without saying a word.

Steve waited – hot, horny, and helpless. After five minutes, he heard someone enter the locker room. They came closer, and he heard Coach Fox quietly talking to herself near the entrance to the showers.

“You would think by now that seniors know how to pick up... OH!”

He shouted for help, but his voice came out as muffled mumbblings.

“Is that you, Steve?” She was standing in front of him.

He mumbled in reply and nodded his head.

“Oh, no. Oh, no,” she repeated, and then said quietly, “I’ll be right back.”

“Hey! Untie me!” he shouted into his gag.

A couple minutes later, Steve heard Miss Anderson’s voice as she entered the girls’ locker room. “...him to be out of here before the girls returned,” she complained.

Coach Fox said, “I left him just the way I found him.”

They entered the shower room, and the Assistant Principal laughed, “I told you to get out before the girls came back, Steve. This is what you get for failing to follow instructions. Untie his blindfold and gag, Coach, but that’s all.”

Steve blinked in the bright light. “Untie me!” he demanded. “Pull my pants up.”

“Not yet. Soon,” the tall and dark woman promised. She let him watch her ogle his body, especially his stiff cock. She stepped closer and chuckled. “Did you know you have lipstick on your dipstick, Steve H***? It is the same shade as the lipstick on your cheek.”

The attractive athletic director stepped beside her and stared at Steve’s erection. “I think it’s Passionate Pink,” she suggested.

“The lipstick or his penis?” Miss Anderson quipped.

“Both!” joked Coach Fox and they both laughed.

“Untie me this minute or I am going to sue!” Steve threatened.

“Are you angry, Steve?”

“Of course I am fucking angry!”

“Please don’t curse. Funny; you say you are angry, but your penis doesn’t seem to agree. It looks happy to me. Doesn’t it seem happy to you, Coach Fox.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” the trainer chuckled.

“I am going to sue this school for every penny it’s got.”

“No. You’re not,” Miss Anderson stated. “And I will tell you why. The President of DSH is Catherine Donna Simpson White. Not only is she a direct descendant of our esteemed founder, she is also one of the most talented trial lawyers in the country.”

Mrs Olsen arrived to make a threesome of female onlookers. She grinned as she cougar-scanned the tied-up hunk.

“Did you bring it?”

“Yes, Miss Anderson.”

“I can get my own lawyer,” Steve growled. “Now untie me and pull – my – pants – up! Now!”

No one moved to help him.

“Are you prepared to answer hard questions from our prosecutor?” Miss Anderson persisted. “For example, ‘Why didn’t you leave when you were told?’, ‘Were you loitering in the locker room, hoping for the girls’ return?’ or ‘How did a few young girls overpower a strong man like yourself?’”

Behind the trio of women, Steve saw a pair of brunette schoolgirls in miniskirts enter the shower room. They were both startled to see Miss Anderson, Coach Fox, and Mrs Olsen talking with a man tied to the shower pole with his pants and underpants wrapped around his ankles. They saw his cock, and it was stiff! One gasped, “Oh, my God!” and quickly covered her mouth with a hand. The other one leaned out the doorway and motioned to someone in the locker room. A petite blond wearing a red mini dress entered the showers and laughed when she saw the centre of attention.

Miss Anderson turned around and eyed them, then turned back to Steve without saying anything.

“Would you please untie me,” he growled.

“Only after we settle the matter of your suing the school. Do you have the Polaroid, Mrs Olsen?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Another two curious girls entered the showers – a petite one with a short blonde ponytail and a plump, dark-haired schoolgirl wearing a blue-and-white blouse with matching miniskirt. Their eyes bulged, and they quickly asked the others, “What’s going on?” There were whispered conversations. Their bright eyes stared below his waist.

Meanwhile, Miss Anderson instructed Mrs Olsen, “Take some pictures and make sure you get Steve’s face and his penis in the same shot.”

There were now a half-dozen girls gathered in the room, and they giggled quietly when the Assistant Principal said, “penis”.

Their laughter encouraged the Wicked Witch. “We want to make sure the court knows who owned the penis that was in the girls’ shower room.”

After the first photo glided out of the camera, Mrs Olsen handed it to Coach Fox and took another.

The coach grinned and held the photo up for Steve to see. The picture showed him from his knees to the top of his head, red-faced and securely hog-tied to the pole. His white belly was the perfect backdrop for his bright red, ramrod-straight cock, and he could even discern his two large balls pulled up tight to the base of his penis and pushed forward by his thighs.

“Coach Fox, won’t you untie me?” he pleaded as another blonde schoolgirl entered the shower room and gasped.

In reply, she handed his overexposed Polaroid to the nearest co-ed.

Miss Anderson instructed, “Take a close-up of his happy penis with the lipstick.”

The phrase “happy penis” made the eight girls laugh out loud as they were joined by a tall princess with an amber pageboy haircut, wearing a yellow mini dress. She looked worried as she joined the gathering crowd and asked the nearest girl for an explanation.

“Miss Anderson... Jane, I beg you...” said Steve as she gripped his penis and held it away from his body while Mrs Olsen framed his little friend.

“Now to get the lipstick off.” Miss Anderson licked her fingers and then scrubbed the head of Steve’s cock. “That’s better. I want close-ups of his penis, Mrs Olsen,” she instructed. She grasped his shaft again and held it away from his body. “Penises are like snowflakes, Steve. No two are alike. For example, you have a distinctive blue vein running along here,” she slowly traced it with her finger, “and a few marks here...” She teasingly flicked her finger over the top of his cock.

His hips bucked. “Stop it,” he demanded again as her touch threatened to make him spurt in front of... now twelve schoolgirls, who were passing several photos around. “I’m not kidding. I will sue you!” he promised. She was continuing to point out distinctive places on his cock. He was getting too excited!

She suddenly stopped touching him and quelled his excitement. “At trial, I assure you that Catherine Donna Simpson White will present poster-size enlargements of these photographs. Are you ready to have a courtroom of people see you like this?” She held up a close-up of the head of his cock. “She will insist that you pull out your penis to compare it with our photographs. The judge might allow you to present your evidence in private... or, you might end up pulling your penis out in front of a judge, twelve men and women of the jury, the court reporter, the bailiff, the press, and the audience, including your own friends and family members. Are you prepared to show all those people your cock, Steve?”

His face was white. He stated lamely, “No court will ever do that.”

“Are you sure? Do you want to risk it?”

“All right,” he relented. “I will not sue.”

Miss Anderson collected the photographs. “Come along, Mrs Olsen, Coach Fox,” she ordered as she strode out of the room. “Girls, untie Mr Steve H***, please,” she asked the dozen schoolgirls. “See if you can restore his dignity.”

A female feeling frenzy immediately surrounded him.

Chapter 9

Better Safe Than Sorry

Featuring the following students:

Amy (The Dancer): A lithe dancer's body, with a dark complexion, black hair and eyes

Billy: A young man of medium height and weight, with brown hair and eyes

Cory (The Gossip): Medium height, slightly overweight and busty, with short light-brown hair and brown eyes

Greg: An extroverted young man, almost 6' tall and slim, with blond hair and blue eyes

Kristen (The Tomboy): A bit taller than medium height and curvaceous, she has grey eyes and short brown hair with light highlights

Nicki (The Looker): Petite except for her relatively large breasts, with an angelic face, long straw-coloured hair and blue eyes

Toni (The Lisper): Medium height, athletic, and small breasted with light-brown hair and eyes

And introducing a new schoolgirl:

MJ (The Model): Tall and willowy except for slightly large breasts, with honey-brown hair and medium brown eyes



Mrs Larkin, a 36-year-old mother of two, was 5'7" tall with a nice figure unspoiled by childbirth. She had shoulder-length dark-brown hair that framed an oval face graced with warm brown eyes, high cheekbones, and a perpetual smile. Considered a patient and forward-thinking instructor, Mrs Larkin taught Sex Education at Donna Simpson High.

Billy and Greg liked Mrs Larkin. Despite the sometimes-titillating subject matter, they always treated her with respect. She reminded them of a friend's mother or an aunt; a friend's very attractive mother or aunt. On this day, she wore a lime-green ribbed pullover blouse that traced the contours of her 34B breasts and a short emerald skirt with white pumps that showed off her shapely, pantyhose-covered legs.

Both boys loved being the centre of attention in her class. There was always an exciting sexual undercurrent here. Not only was it Sex Education, but also because the classroom held four rows of

four desks, and twelve schoolgirls surrounded the boys. There was Amy, Beth, Cory, Debby, Kristen, Lisa, Lori, MJ, Rhonda, Nicki, Sam, and Toni.

On a Thursday afternoon in October, Mrs Larkin announced, "Nurse Dolly is joining us to assist with today's sex education lesson, 'Better Safe Than Sorry'." After the students greeted the 32-year-old blonde nurse, wearing her usual white uniform, Mrs Larkin began the lecture. "The number of teens having sex is on the rise, and teen pregnancies are a growing problem in this country. In addition to pregnancy, sex can lead to sexually transmitted diseases, such as syphilis and gonorrhoea. Both of these are serious conditions that can have life-changing consequences. Now that we have boys joining us at DSH," she nodded and smiled towards Greg and Billy, "we feel it is even more important that we discuss the best ways of preventing pregnancy."

The classroom was quiet as the students gave the women their rapt attention.

Nurse Dolly continued the lecture. "The absolute best method of birth control is total abstinence. That means don't have sex. We recommend..." She looked towards Mrs Larkin, who encouraged her with a nod, "...that you wait at least until after you graduate from high school before having sex. If you choose to ignore our advice and have sex anyway, you should use the best and simplest method of protection available, the humble condom." She reached into a box on Mrs Larkin's desk and withdrew a small blue wrapper. "A condom is a plastic sleeve that slides over the boy's penis so that when he climaxes, all his semen is deposited inside the condom. This prevents pregnancy. Another benefit is that the boy's penis does not actually come in contact with the girl's body, decreasing the risk of either person transmitting a disease to the other. It is a good idea for boys to keep a condom in their wallets at all times, and for girls to keep one in their purses."

Kristen raised her hand.

Mrs Larkin smiled and encouraged, "I'm glad you have a question, Kristen, but we will have a question-and-answer discussion in just a moment. Please continue, Nurse Dolly."

"Another way for the girl to be proactive and prevent pregnancy is to wear a diaphragm." The blonde nurse opened her black medical bag and withdrew a small silicone cup. "Diaphragms are inserted into the girl's vagina to block sperm from getting to the cervix. They are most effective when used with a spermicide cream or gel." She held up a small tube of cream. "Unfortunately, diaphragms fail to prevent sexually transmitted diseases. Therefore, when having sex with one in place, it is always a good idea for the boy to use a condom as well. This doubles your protection."

"Okay, what was your question, Kristen?" asked Mrs Larkin.

During the frank discussion about contraception that followed, raven-haired Amy asked, "This probably sounds like a stupid question, but how does a boy put a condom on?"

Mrs Larkin smiled. "No, that is an excellent question, and I'm glad you asked. Nurse Dolly and I are going to demonstrate the proper way to put a condom on a boy's penis and to insert a diaphragm into a girl's vagina. We'll start with condoms, since they are more effective than diaphragms."

Mrs Larkin and Nurse Dolly placed two wooden teacher-sized chairs in front of the first row of desks. They centred each chair between two schoolgirls. "We don't need to use our rubber demonstrator this year," Mrs Larkin announced happily, "since we now have two boys in the class. Billy and Greg, please sit in these chairs and take out your penises for us."

The boys gaped at their teacher and didn't move. Then they turned their heads and gawped at each

other. Is she kidding?

A buzz of feminine excitement spread through the classroom as the dozen girls in miniskirts and mini dresses suddenly began whispering and exchanging incredulous looks. They kept glancing at the boys, anxiously waiting for them to follow their teacher's instructions.

"Come on, hurry up boys," prodded Nurse Dolly. "There is no reason to be bashful; this is Sex Education class."

Billy and Greg stood up slowly, like zombies, and sleepwalked towards the front of the room. They were both trembling. Billy sat in the left chair, with his knees almost touching the desks of Ricki and Toni. Greg apologised to Kristen after bumping her desk as he took a seat in the right chair. Beside her, Cory was grinning in anticipation. All four girls leaned forward expectantly, impatiently waiting for the closest boy to pull out his penis.

Nurse Dolly suggested, "Debby and MJ, since you are in the back row, I think you will have a better view from the boys' seats."

The two girls in the fourth row eagerly stood up and moved forward to the second row.

"I know this is embarrassing for you, boys," Mrs Larkin comforted, "but afterwards two of the girls will be equally embarrassed when they have to demonstrate the insertion of a diaphragm."

Now it was the girls' turn to gawk and tremble. The classroom immediately went quiet as each girl worried she might be picked for the demonstration. The spirits of Billy and Greg soared as they thought about seeing two schoolgirls with their skirts up and their underpants down. Greg immediately started erecting. Billy was too nervous.

Mrs Larkin retrieved two condoms marked "small" from her stash. Handing one to Nurse Dolly, she said, "Here's one for Greg, and I'll demonstrate on Billy."

The nurse studied the little blue wrapper. "I'll need the next larger size for Greg."

Mrs Larkin looked at her quizzically. "How do you know that?" she asked and immediately answered her own question, "Oh, that's right, you always check the boys." She withdrew a "standard" condom and handed it to Nurse Dolly. "How about Billy?"

"Small will be fine."

The girls stifled their giggles. Billy wanted to crawl under his chair.

Mrs Larkin suggested, "Why don't we have the boys sit forward on the edge of the seats and then lean backwards, Nurse Dolly."

"Good idea. That gives the girls a better view of the procedure."

Both boys reluctantly slid their bottoms down so that they were half lying in the chairs, with their shoulders and head propped against the backrest. Cory and Kristen giggled when Greg's knees banged into their desks again. Billy gulped. Greg kept expanding.

"Come on, boys," scolded Mrs Larkin. "Open your pants and pull out your penises so that we can get started."

Greg willed his hands to move, but they seemed to have a mind of their own. Being stripped by Nurse Dolly and examined in front of Gina, Toni, and Tina had been exhilarating. Being forced to

stand naked with his hands to his sides for Miss Harding's viewing pleasure was exciting. Baring his own body, literally under the noses of a bunch of staring schoolgirls, was actually frightening!

As he hesitated, Greg was nervously aware of Corey. She was alternately looking into his eyes and down at his hands as she impatiently waited for him to reveal all. He knew that the nosey gossip wanted to miss nothing so that she could tell the racy tale to her absent friends. Greg remembered a few weeks ago, when he had pretended to rummage in his school locker while eavesdropping on a group of girls in the hallway. Cory had given them an embarrassingly detailed account of Billy's flu shot:

"...and when he stood up, she pulled his underpants all the way down to his ankles!"

"Really!"

"What'd he do?"

"He covered up. You never saw a boy's hands move so fast!"

The girls giggled.

"So you got a glimpse of his equipment?" someone had asked sceptically.

"More than a glimpse, much more! Nurse Dolly made him drop his hands and then stand there while Carol, Rhonda, and I had a good long look. He blushed from head to toe. I thought he was going to cry!"

"Poor Billy," one had sympathized. Could you imagine having no clothes on in front of three boys?"

"Chilly!" another replied, and the girls had giggled excitedly.

Trying to regain their attention, Cory had continued, "Then Nurse Dolly started feeling his balls and playing with his dick. I know what you're wondering, so I'll tell you:" In a stage whisper, she disclosed, "Billy has almost no hair down there."

The girls had chuckled conspiratorially, as if their insider friend had just revealed some vital titbit of top-secret information.

Someone whispered a question that Greg was unable to hear.

Cory's answer was easily loud enough to hear, "Before he got excited, it was just a little droopy thingy..."

"He got excited?" one titillated girl blurted.

Greg remembered glancing over and seeing the triumphant grin on Cory's face as her captive audience listened closely.

"He sure did! One moment Nurse Dolly was handling his limp dick, and then, POP! Billy had a big boner. Well, not *big* big. It was about this long," said the gossip as she held her hands about five inches apart, then made a tight circle with her thumb and index finger and added, "and about this big around. Let's see, what other secrets of Billy's can I tell you? Miss Dolly said his balls are a bit immature, he's been snipped, and the tip of his dick looks like a little pink mushroom with a cute smile where he pees."

The girls had laughed aloud but then hushed themselves for fear Miss Anderson might overhear. At this point, they had walked away with Cory continuing to describe poor Billy's most private parts.

Greg's hands felt like lead as he thought about Cory having a similar conversation about him. She would love telling everyone how nervous her tall classmate was when he had to reveal his privates.

While Greg procrastinated, Billy felt like he was in a trance. He tried to avoid looking at the girls, but in his reclined position, his left leg pointed at Nicki's chest, and his right leg took aim at Toni's chest. He barely knew Nicki – she had only recently moved to town – but he loved to fantasise about her top-heavy body when she passed him in the hallway. She was wearing a navy pullover that accentuated her large breasts, which were mashed against the top of the desk as she leaned forward in anticipation. Her blue eyes curiously studied the small bulge in the crotch of his pants.

Next to her was cute Toni. The first time Billy met her was in Junior High, when Jimmy introduced them. The moment the brunette beauty had lispied her throaty, “Nith to meet you, Billy,” and seared his soul with her smoky brown eyes, he fell in lust with her. ‘Why the hell didn't I ever ask her out after she dumped Jimmy?’ he wondered. Now those irresistible eyes were trained on his face, seemingly trying to read his thoughts. She was calm, but the nipples of her small breasts betrayed her inner emotions. They were poking nubs in the front of her white button-down blouse.

Both sexy schoolgirls seemed to be holding their breath in anticipation as Billy's shaky hands unbuttoned his pants and then slowly lowered his zipper. ‘I can't believe I am actually doing this!’ Between the heads of Toni and Nicki, he noticed the faces of Debby and Amy. They were leaning into the aisle for a better view. He pulled the flaps of his pants open wide and took a deep breath. All four girls had curious smiles on their faces as they peered at his hands. Billy swallowed, then closed his eyes, reached into his tighy-whiteys, and withdrew his limp penis and shrivelled balls. He stretched his underpants down so that they hooked underneath his scrotum and reluctantly dropped his hands to his sides on the chair. When he opened his eyes again, the girls were all concentrated on learning his anatomy.

“Greg, do you want me to get your penis out for you?” asked Nurse Dolly.

Kristen chuckled. Greg gulped. Kristen was one unique schoolgirl! She could tell you every starting player, and what position he played, for every Major League Baseball team. Her sports knowledge, and her short, pageboy haircut, suggested she was a boy. A quick scan of her body destroyed that notion! She was wearing a medium blue mini dress with white trim. A triangle of creamy flesh below her throat pointed down towards her luscious breasts. They were slowly rising and falling as she waited. He looked back up and directly into her eyes. She encouraged him with a comforting smile and a nod.

‘Okay, this is for you, Kristen,’ he thought. “I'll do it,” he told Nurse Dolly.

He tried to ignore Cory's wide grin and concentrated on Kristen's face. She had a faint smile as she watched him unbutton his corduroys and then lower the zipper. She flicked her eyes up to his, but he was unable to read her emotions before she looked down again. He was already excited; his penis was trapped in his tighy-whiteys and uncomfortably pointing towards his knees. He actually felt relief when he stretched his underpants down and popped his semi-hard cock free. Unlike Billy, Greg had the waistband on his underwear come back just under his penis to keep his scrotum concealed. Kristen's eyes were big as saucers and staring when he dropped his hands and waited. Cory finally caught his eye and gave him a triumphant, lusty leer.

He could almost hear her bragging to her friends, “...He was so excited about pulling his dick out for me that he was already hard!”

“That doesn't look very comfortable,” said the teacher as she observed the way Billy's scrotum was holding his underpants back. She tugged on his pants and tighy-whiteys until they were around his knees and bunched his shirt up above his stomach. Billy was now bare from his belly to his knees with nowhere to hide from the curious gazes of the gawking girls.

“That’s a good idea,” Nurse Dolly agreed as she tugged Greg’s clothes down to his knees. He tried to keep part of his privates hidden, but it took Nurse Dolly just one tug to show everything. She also pulled his shirt up above his waist, baring him from the belly down for the viewing pleasure of Cory, Kristen, and the other ten schoolgirls. His cock expanded even more.

“Okay, now we’ll open the condoms.”

“I have a little problem here,” joked the Sex Education teacher. She gently turned the palm of her hand to make Billy’s penis stand upright, but when she moved her hand, his limp penis flopped over like a dead fish.

The girls giggled. Billy blushed.

“Normally, when you get to this stage,” the teacher lectured, “the boy will be erect.”

Like a game show model presenting a small appliance, Nurse Dolly waved her hand down the length of Greg’s stiff cock. The girls laughed.

Mrs Larkin glanced at Billy’s flaccid penis. “Do you have any suggestions, Nurse Dolly?” she chuckled. She lifted his cock and let it flop over again.

Cory, the attention whore, said, “Try holding Billy’s penis in your hand with his foreskin pulled back!”

The girls and Greg burst into laughter. Billy turned red and looked like he wanted to murder Cory.

Mrs Larkin’s eyebrows went up. She was about to ask, “How do you know that?” when Nurse Dolly anticipated her question. “Cory watched me examine Billy during his flu shot.”

The teacher smiled. “Oh! Well obviously, that is a good learning experience for the girls.” Starting at the head of Billy’s cock, the maternal woman slid his circumcised foreskin down and gently squeezed his shaft. She immediately felt it pulse and begin to expand. A moment later, Miss Larkin said admiringly, “You were right, Cory!” as Billy’s cock filled her fingers.

Now with both boys’ penises standing erect on their own, the women tore their condom wrappers open. As the nurse explained the procedure, and the schoolgirls leaned forward and watched closely, both women held their little latex rings over the tip of their boy’s penis with one hand, steadied his cock with the other hand, and then used those fingers to roll the condom down to the base of his penis. As Nurse Dolly stroked the air bubbles out of Greg’s condom, he involuntarily moaned. The girls laughed delightedly, and the noise drowned out Billy’s breathy sigh when Mrs Larkin performed the same procedure on him.

“You should never use a condom twice,” instructed Nurse Dolly as she removed Greg’s protection and disposed of it in the trash.

After removing Billy’s condom, Mrs Larkin reached into the box and retrieved two new condoms. “Now it’s the boys’ turn to try,” she said.

Greg and Billy dutifully unwrapped their condoms and followed Nurse Dolly’s procedure to don them. The boys were getting comfortable with the girls curious stares and teasing glances, but handling themselves while a dozen schoolgirls watched was almost as nerve-wracking as presenting their penises in the first place. This time there were no moans or sighs as the boys smoothed out their own air bubbles. After the two women were satisfied that both condoms had been applied correctly, the boys removed them.

Mrs Larkin consulted the classroom clock, and then checked the condition of each boy's cock. "We have time for one more," she announced, "and the boys look like they are good to go again. Does anybody else like to try putting a condom on one of the boys?"

Every schoolgirl in the room immediately shot her hand into the air. Some held them still while others waved them to get their Sex Education teacher's attention.

"Oh, my!" chuckled Mrs Larkin.

"Why don't we let the boys choose," suggested Nurse Dolly. "Greg, which one do you want?"

With a whole roomful of eager schoolgirls pleading with him and his stiff cock to pick them, he quipped, "Only one?"

The girls liked his comment.

"Yes, only one," the nurse chuckled.

"I wish that I could pick everyone," he said gallantly, "but if I have to choose only one, I guess I'll go with MJ."

The beautiful girl with the fashion model looks immediately stood up. She flashed a dazzling grin as she approached Greg's penis. MJ, seemingly much older than her actual age, was an amateur celebrity who modelled trendy dresses at the mall's monthly fashion shows. She was also appearing in a television commercial for the local Ford automobile dealership. Greg almost groaned at the anticipation of those long, supple fingers – the ones she curled around a Mustang's steering wheel on TV – wrapping around his stiff cock.

Always dressed impeccably, on that day MJ wore a pure-white mini dress with a rounded neckline and a hemline that revealed sheer pantyhose from two inches below her crotch to the ankle straps of her silver shoes. "Thanks for picking me, Greg," she intoned with her silky voice.

She knelt beside him. Greg got a quick glimpse of her white panties before she straightened her dress. Brushing her honeyed hair off her face, she breathed, "Are you ready?"

At the same time, Mrs Larkin asked, "How about you, Billy? Who is your choice?"

As the boy looked around the room at all the eager girls in their multi-coloured miniskirts and dresses, Toni's beautiful face was always in his peripheral vision. She kept moving her head in an attempt to make eye contact with him, while he tried to ignore her. His penis was pleading, 'Be brave; choose Toni! You know you want to!' but his brain was too shy. His two body parts compromised on a safer choice. "Amy," he selected.

Toni gave him a theatrical pout when he finally looked into her eyes. "Sorry," he apologised quietly.

As Amy approached, Billy remembered the ballroom dancing lessons his Mom made him take. He was only in the third grade, but she thought it gave him grace and built character. All it gave him was another reason to complain about her choices for him. Like going to DSH! He stopped whining about the dancing, however, the day he met Amy. She had a Polynesian father and an Irish mother. The combination had resulted in a perpetually tanned beauty with black hair and eyes. As a girl, she had been bubbly and cute. As a young woman, she was refined and drop-dead gorgeous.

"Good choice, Billy!" she congratulated him as she neared his chair. Amy was wearing a black V-necked sweater and a dark-grey miniskirt, with grey see-through pantyhose and black low-heeled pumps.

She knelt to his right and accepted the little blue wrapper from Mrs Larkin. After opening it, she grasped the top of his shaft and positioned the condom over his penis. "Are you ready to tango, partner?" she joked.

"Let's do it," he confirmed breathlessly.

Amy's touch was less certain than Mrs Larkin's was. While her fingertips tried to start the condom unrolling, her fingers and thumb inadvertently teased the head of Billy's bare cock. Her pleasurable touch made him tense up, and he held his breath. He felt her silky black hair tickling his hip as she leaned towards him. Amy finally managed to loosen the latex ring, and she quickly unfurled the condom with her fingertips strolling the length of his shaft. Then she began chasing the little air bubbles out of the condom by smoothing her fingers down Billy's penis. The extraordinarily exquisite feel of her touch forced him to chuckle lustily and squirm his hips.

Meanwhile, MJ had no problem unrolling the condom over Greg's excited cock. His air bubbles, however, stubbornly refused to disappear. Always the perfectionist, the beautiful model repeatedly stroked down his cock, with one hand after the other, trying to get rid of the annoying air balls. She looked up once and gave him her Farrah Fawcett grin, then continued using ten fingers to smooth his condom. She was oblivious to the fact that she was quickly sending Greg into orgasmic orbit.

"Maybe you'd better stop," he panted. "MJ, stop."

"Hold on, almost got it," she said, unaware that his breathing was accelerating, his feet were rising up onto his toes, and his hands were gripping the sides of his chair, trying to hold his climax.

Nurse Dolly and Mrs Larkin exchanged an amused look. They knew what was happening and let it continue.

Greg's face was red. With a loud gasp, he sat up, grabbed MJ's hands, and stopped her stroking, but he was too late. As she looked at him in surprise, he began demonstrating for the schoolgirls how a boy fills a condom. While his classmates laughed and applauded Greg's unexpected lesson, he quickly forced MJ's right hand back to his cock. She instinctively gripped his shaft, and he used her long fingers to masturbate himself until he was done, quietly groaning with every spurt. When the plastic baggy was full, he sighed and collapsed back into the chair to another round of applause.

Billy and Amy stared at the drama unfolding in the other chair, and they contributed their share of the laughter and applause when Greg lost control. The excitement over, Amy turned back to Billy. As she prepared to remove his condom, Mrs Larkin suggested, "Why don't you and Billy give the class another demonstration, Amy."

The dusky schoolgirl glanced toward her Sex Education teacher, who smiled and nodded her encouragement. Amy threw a devilish leer at befuddled Billy, wrapped her fingers around the condom covering his shaft, and stroked his full length. His penis immediately responded by getting warmer and pulsating with every pump.

The schoolgirls encouraged her. "Atta girl, Amy!" cheered Cory.

"Fill that condom, Billy!" urged Sam.

"Make him cum!" said somebody who Mrs Larkin was unable to identify as she looked reprovingly at the students.

"Sthtroke him, Amy!" Toni chortled.

Billy panted. He gripped the chair. His thighs spread as far as the underpants around his knees allowed. His hips bucked. He pushed backwards against the seat.

“Come on, Billy,” Amy breathed as she felt him getting close. Her hand was a blur as her pumping quickened. “Don’t hold back!”

All eyes were on the plastic pocket of air over the tip of his penis. With a loud gasp, the first spurt spattered into the bubble. The schoolgirls cheered. Amy slowed her pace but continued to stroke Billy’s hot cock as he squirted and squirted.

A couple minutes later, while Amy and MJ helped Billy and Greg clean themselves up, Nurse Dolly asked for volunteers to demonstrate the insertion of a diaphragm. Only one hand went into the air.

The nurse chuckled. “Sorry, Greg, you can put your hand down. You don’t have the equipment for this particular demonstration.”

Mrs Larkin decided, “Well, since there are no volunteers, let’s have MJ and Amy do it. Are either of you having your period right now?”

“No,” they admitted reluctantly.

“Okay, here are the two hall passes Miss Anderson assigned to me. Please go down to the ladies room and remove your hose and underwear. We’ll get started as soon as you return.” While the girls dragged their heels down the hallway, Mrs Larkin said, “Debby, you can sit at Amy’s desk if you want, rather than the back row. Billy and Greg, you can return to your desks. You both were very brave to do that for us, and you did a great job!”

The Sex Education teacher started another round of clapping, and the schoolgirls cheerfully joined in. There was no hint of mocking – even from Cory. The girls grinned up at their classmates, speaking words of encouragement and thanks. Billy and Greg returned their grins as they moved up the aisle. All twelve schoolgirls now knew what they kept tucked away in their underpants, and it wasn’t a bit humiliating.

As soon as they sat down, the boys immediately started getting excited once more. Greg quickly began erecting again as he waited for Amy and MJ to return. ‘I’m actually going to see their pussies!’ he marvelled. I wonder if Amy’s nether lips are as dark-coloured as the lips of her mouth. Then he had an even more erotic thought: Maybe Mrs Larkin will let me insert a diaphragm! His cock stood on end at the thought of sliding his fingers into MJ or Amy!

The schoolgirls returned with sheepish smiles on their faces, shaking nervously. MJ carried her nude pantyhose bunched into a ball, with just a strip of her white satin underpants showing. Amy held her black bikini underpants draped over her folded grey pantyhose. Both girls dropped their bundles on Mrs Larkin’s desk and removed their shoes per Mrs Dolly’s instructions.

Billy’s cock also began stretching in anticipation. There were two girls in the room wearing absolutely nothing under their miniskirts! MJ’s toenails were painted crimson, and the sight of those delicate toes telegraphed, ‘She’s almost naked!’ to the boy’s brain. His penis got the message as well. I wonder if MJ has any hair down there, he pondered as he scanned up from her naked feet, past her muscular shins, over her dimpled knees, and along her silky thighs. She has fine white hairs! His imagination continued his voyeuristic upward journey beneath her short white skirt.

“Come over here and stand by one of the chairs,” Mrs Larkin directed. “I need the hall passes back,” she reminded them.

The girls surrendered their passes. MJ stood by the chair where Greg had sat, and Amy stood beside Billy's chair. Their faces flushed when they noticed the boys in the second row staring at their legs.

"Here you go, Greg and Billy," said Mrs Larkin as she handed the boys the hall passes. "Go to the library for the rest of the period and study until your next class."

"Huh?" Billy grunted.

"What?" asked Greg.

"You two don't need to see this demonstration, so you can hang out in the library."

The boys stood up like zombies again, oblivious of the girls' grins when they spotted the freshly sprung bulges in the front of their trousers. "Shouldn't we learn how to insert a diaphragm?" Billy whined.

As Mrs Larkin escorted them to the door, she explained, "There is no need for boys to know that, because a woman always inserts it herself."

"Well, it would be very interesting," argued Greg.

When they reached the door, Mrs Larkin lowered a shade over the door's window. "Maybe next time," she replied. "Have fun in the library!"

A moment before she closed and locked the door behind them, the boys heard Nurse Dolly say, "Girls, please pull your skirts up above your waist, then sit on the edge of the seat like the boys did and spread your legs op... <CLICK>."

The two ejected boys, their erections quickly dwindling, looked at each other disgustedly and chimed, "Shit."

Chapter 10

A Senior Outing

Featuring the following students:

Billy: A young man of medium height and weight, with brown hair and eyes

And introducing:

Kate (Billy's Sister): A junior at DSH, she is taller than Brett and slim with small breasts, auburn hair, and grey-green eyes

Mary (The Angel): A senior who is petite and pretty, with dark-brown shoulder-length hair and brown eyes

☺ ☺ ☺

On a sunny but breezy Friday in October, twenty-six senior girls assembled in a paddock on the 200-year-old farm of Mrs Reed, a DSH Math teacher. All the students were dressed casually, most in brief jeans shorts or skirts and various-coloured tops. A few had bare midriffs. They sat on handmade wooden benches facing a four-foot-high staging and waited expectantly for the festivities to begin. They had no idea what was going to happen.

Soon, the Principal of Donna Simpson High, Audrey Doane, walked up a ramp onto the stage and greeted them. The students were surprised to see her, because she normally left the day-to-day school administration and discipline to Assistant Principal Anderson. They were amused by her attire: the 53-year-old woman with short, greying brown hair was dressed as a 19th Century man! She wore a black stovepipe hat, a dress coat, vest, bowtie, and trousers. A fake moustache adorned her upper lip.

Principal Doane spoke informally, "Hi ladies! Welcome to today's Senior Outing. Don't y'all look nice!" The girls chuckled at her contrived Southern accent: she was from Boston, Massachusetts. She switched back to her usual perfect diction. "I know there has been some restlessness among the seniors because of the freshmen boys. This is just a temporary experiment introduced by the school board that doubtless will soon end. I know that many of you are feeling left out, so today, you get to have some fun that the freshmen are going to miss!"

The seniors interrupted her speech by clapping and cheering.

When they quieted down, the Principal announced, "Sadly, there was an unfortunate incident at

the school the other day that we could not ignore. A senior gym class got frisky with the architect of our new gymnasium. That is why a third of your classmates are missing; as punishment, they are spending this beautiful day back at DSH, studying in Miss Anderson's office." Mrs Doane switched back to her fake Southern accent and drawled, "Now, I knows y'all came fer some fun. Without further ado, let's invite Miss Harding on stage to get this here ball a'rollin'!"

Prompted by the Principal, the audience of schoolgirls politely applauded the stunning History teacher as she walked out of the barn and climbed onto the stage. Miss Harding was wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat with her black hair tied into a long ponytail that swept down her back. Her breasts were bursting out of a midriff-baring jeans vest that was unbuttoned halfway down the front. A denim mini-skirt showed off her long legs down to a pair of black sandals.

"Good morning, everyone!" she greeted them cheerfully and then announced, "We are going to re-enact an American farm auction of the early 1800s for you. This old farm has been in the Reeds' family since it was built by Mr Reed's ancestor, Ichabod Reed. The type of events we are re-enacting actually occurred here more than 150 years ago."

There were bored whispers from the students. "Yeah." "Sure." "Okay." "Whatever."

Ignoring the schoolgirls' lack of enthusiasm, Miss Harding continued, "First, let me introduce the group of wealthy squires who will be bidding on the goods today."

The girls laughed and strained to see when a small group of costumed actors appeared and stepped in front of the stage. Dressed as wealthy men in black top hats, dark overcoats, bow ties, and dress trousers were Mrs Doane, Mrs Larkin, Coach Fox, and Nurse Dolly. All of them had fake moustaches! Following them came Mrs Olsen, also dressed in men's clothes, with an ash cane hooked over one arm and a Southern belle holding on to the other. The office manager's attractive escort was Miss Parsons, wearing a sky-blue bonnet and matching ankle-length silk gown. They bowed politely to the audience, and the girls cheered.

Miss Harding continued, "Now we will introduce goods and livestock that were customarily sold at markets during the Antebellum period. Is everyone ready?"

"Anything to get out of class!" came one sarcastic reply from the back, followed by a chorus of chuckles.

"Please bring out the first item, Mr Reed."

The students perked up when Mrs Reed's fifty-year-old husband – dressed in blue jeans, a plaid shirt and a straw hat, with a wooden prod in his hand – came around the south end of the barn, followed by a Guernsey milk cow.

"Awww," said the girls when they spotted a little calf trailing its mother.

Mr Reed led the farm animals up the ramp, walked them in a circle, and then stopped in the centre of the platform. The calf walked to the edge and looked down curiously at the costumed actors. "Bessie is a two-year-old Guernsey cow in good health. She has had one calf, Petunia," he said, nodding towards the little cow, "and gives about 4 gallons of milk per day. How much am I bid for Bessie and Petunia?"

The group of wealthy gentlemen quickly vied for the prize. Mrs Larkin was the highest bidder. Mr Reed pretended to take her money and then turned Bessie toward the ramp. As he walked the cow away, the calf galloped to catch up, and the girls cheered the little fellow.

Stout Mrs Reed, wearing a straw hat, plaid shirt, and overalls, appeared with a wheelbarrow full of corn, which soon became the property of Mrs Olsen. As soon as she took payment and exited the ramp, Mr Reed appeared again with a yoke of oxen. Items that followed included a hogshead of sugar, a sheep, a bale of cotton, two piglets, a horse, a bushel of apples, and a nanny goat.

The girls were getting bored. When the next item appeared, however, Miss Harding watched their stunned reactions. Onto the stage climbed freshman Billy, accompanied by his mother and sister. All three were barefoot. The women were wearing ankle-length dresses made of grey homespun cloth. Billy was shirtless, wearing light cotton pants dyed blue with a belt made of white rope that was knotted in the front. Their wrists and ankles had iron shackles connected with chains, and they had iron collars around their necks.

Although all three were Caucasians, Mr Reed introduced them as “an African woman and her two children for sale.” Using the wooden prod, he forced Brett’s mother to walk in a circle while he described her attributes. “Nellie is an excellent cook and a skilled seamstress. I estimate her age to be about forty, and these are her only children. Her husband is a runaway.”

There was only shocked silence from the crowd.

“Kate is about twenty-one years old,” he described as he made Billy’s attractive sister parade for the crowd. “She is as good a cook and seamstress as her mother, and has learned to read and write.” Kate pretended to be on the verge of tears when Mr Reed added, “I vow that she is still a virgin, but of course, any of you gentlemen are welcome to check for yourself the truth of my claim.”

The girls listened incredulously.

Billy was next. Prodded by the wooden club, he tried to look surly as he walked in a circle. “Billy is about seventeen years old,” the farmer announced. “He is a good boy and has rarely needed punishment. Mrs Reed has taught him how to tailor clothes, and he is strong enough for common labour. He might make a good breeder one day, if that suits your needs.”

A disembodied voice from the back yelled, “SHOW US HIS EQUIPMENT!” Many of the schoolgirls enthusiastically supported her suggestion.

Billy gulped and held his breath. Principal Doane had assured him that today he was not going to be stripped; however, he was quickly learning that at Donna Simpson High, you never can tell. The freshman relaxed when Mr Reed ignored the lusty suggestion and continued, “They are for sale as a group...”

Some of the girls booed good-humouredly.

“...or as individuals. What am I bid?”

After some lively competition, Nurse Dolly purchased Billy but not his mother or sister. “I don’t need more house slaves,” she explained. Nellie and Kate were sold to Mrs Olsen. The trio pretended to weep and wail as they were led away to their new, and separate, homes.

Principal Doane said, “Thank you, Mrs M***, Kate, and Billy for participating. I’ll see you back at DSH. Didn’t they do a great job, seniors?”

The schoolgirls applauded the trio’s acting efforts. Then a buzz of conversation flowed through the crowd. What they had seen shocked many of the students. After a few minutes, the noise died down as the students wondered what would happen next.

Miss Harding took the stage again. “Many farm auctions of the 1800s included human beings for sale,” she lectured. “This was the peak of the slave trade in America, when kidnapped Africans were bought and sold like common livestock. Mr Reed’s ancestors kept a number of slaves for farming, cooking, and cleaning, and slave auctions were actually held here. All the shackles and chains being used today are authentic; they were discovered in this very barn by Mr and Mrs Reed.” She looked towards the ramp and received a thumbs-up from Mrs Reed. “Our next presentation will be inside the barn, where the actors will show you an even more sinister side of slavery.”

☺ ☹ ☹

The old barn was massive. While the seniors filed through the open doors, their heads rotated in all directions as they observed heavy wooden beams, a long row of stalls, some large pens, and a third-floor hayloft. The walls and beams were cluttered with vintage tools, coils of rope and cord, old tires and license plates, horseshoes, pots and pans, metal pails, lanterns, and strange, unidentifiable implements. The auctioned animals filled the stalls and pens, and the other items were scattered throughout the barn.

Miss Harding asked the girls to find a seat on square hay bales near the centre of the barn. Directly in front of them was a raised platform, only two feet off the floor, between two heavy main beams that supported the roof. When everyone had settled down, the beautiful History teacher said, “The production will start in just a couple minutes.” She walked across the floor and disappeared into a storage room at the back of the barn.

The girls chatted quietly and looked around as they waited. A cow mooed, the goat bleated, and pigs grunted. When a horse staled loudly, the girls chuckled to hear how much water he was voiding onto the floor.

Suddenly the schoolgirls heard a scuffle, a sound like an animal grunting, and the jangling of chains coming from the storage room. They looked to their right in time to see two middle-aged men in homespun slave attire struggling with a fettered Caucasian prisoner, who wore a burlap hood over his head, a plain cotton sleeveless shirt, and blue cotton trousers with a rope belt. He was barefoot. There were hobble chains connecting his ankle shackles, and another chain linked his wrist shackles. The schoolgirls snickered at the slave’s bad acting. It was obvious the much younger and stronger man could have easily overpowered his jailers, but he was pretending to be helpless.

Their laughter abruptly ended, however, when Mr Reed appeared behind the slave. He struck the chained man across the bottom with his wooden prod and growled, “Behave yourself, Sampson!”

The slave’s pained grunt seemed genuine.

The girls watched in stunned silence as the men positioned Sampson between the two support beams, facing them. They attached his leg chains to a couple of iron rings hammered into the base of the beams. The chains linking his wrists were threaded through two more iron rings about nine feet above the platform. The men shortened the chains until the slave was bound with his legs spread wide and his hands outstretched over his head.

When the prisoner was helpless, the foremen slaves walked out of the barn. Mr Reed removed Sampson’s hood, and the slave’s dark brown eyes blinked in the sudden bright light. They had shaved his head smooth. He was biting down on a thick rope gag in his grimacing mouth.

As the girls stared, Mary suddenly recognised him. “It’s COACH BOYLE!” she shouted in amazement.

Glaring at the girls with contempt, the 25-year-old gym teacher could only think, ‘What a bunch of pampered princesses!’ They all started grinning when Mary, looking innocently angelic, had identified him. The Angel Bitch had not even received detention for giving her teachers the finger! Yet he had to endure this farce in order to keep his job.

Coach Boyle knew that this sham play was designed to humiliate him in front of the seniors, but if this got him off the hook with the DSH board, he was going to give them an award-winning performance. They had rehearsed the scene a couple of times over the previous weeks: he was supposed to be Nellie’s husband who was going to be whipped for running away and then sold. Fortunately, Mr Reed knew how to crack the lash behind his back without touching him. It looked terrifying, especially with Sampson’s ghastly screams and groans into the gag. ‘I’ll have these princesses peeing their pants!’ he promised himself.

The coach became confused when Mr Reed abruptly strode out of the barn. There was a pause, and then he heard Mrs Reed and Miss Harding enter from the storage room. They aren’t supposed to be in this scene!

“Let’s git Sampson ready fer yer Pa, Pet,” said the Math teacher in her fake Southern accent.

“Yes, Ma,” the beautiful History teacher replied. “Do ya think he’ll fetch a good price?”

“I reckon.”

Coach Boyle chuckled into his gag. ‘I’ll bet the stupid farmer forgot his whip. Talk about an amateur production! The ladies are improvising while he goes and looks for it.’

The coach flinched as a metal bucket clanked onto the platform behind him. Plump Mrs Reed, still in rustic clothes, appeared on his left side and began cutting the course material of his shirt with a wicked-looking curved knife. A moment later, there was another clang as a second metal bucket hit the boards, and Miss Harding, in her eye-popping, midriff-baring jeans vest and miniskirt, began cutting his shirt on the right side.

‘Just like we rehearsed,’ remembered the coach, ‘except Mr Reed was supposed to be doing the cutting. Where the hell is he?’

When the helpless slave was bare to the waist, both women stepped back and looked him over.

“Sampson’s a mighty-fine specimen, ain’t he, Ma?”

“Yer right, Pet,” Mrs Reed agreed, “He’s a first-rate, full-blooded, prime African thoroughbred.”

“He’ll bring in lots o’ money fer the farm, Ma. That’s fer sure.”

“Uh-huh. Well, the squires’ll be here right soon,” said Mrs Reed. “Best get those trousers off.”

“Yes, Ma.”

‘What the hell?’ Coach Boyle exploded into panic mode as the teachers knelt beside him and began cutting the legs of his pants. While the schoolgirls hooted and hollered, he strained at his chains, shook his head, and protested into the gag. ‘They tricked me!’

The women slowly sliced up his leg, past his knees, along his thighs, to his hips. Mrs Reed ignored the slave’s futile struggling and muffled complaints as she untied his rope belt and removed it, then sliced his cotton trousers to the waist. Miss Harding made her last cut at almost the same moment. They both let go, and his ruined pants immediately fluttered to the floor.

The girls cheered excitedly as they gawked at Coach Boyle's eight-inch cock that drooped lower than his beefy ball sack. He immediately stopped struggling and hung his head. 'I don't believe this is happening. How could they do this to me?' In his outstretched X-position, the schoolgirls saw everything, and he could do nothing about it.

Mrs Reed knelt and finished dividing his trousers, then tossed the two pieces aside. The naked slave's eyes bulged when she stood to his left and raised his long penis on the flat of her palm.

To his right, Miss Harding looked down at his member lying flat on Mrs Reed's palm. "He sure is well-hung, Ma," she said.

"Uh-huh. Wish yer Pa's cock was this big."

The girls giggled and then shouted their approval when Mrs Reed held Coach Boyle's penis upright for further examination.

"Woo-Hoo! You go, Mrs Reed!" an excited schoolgirl cheered.

The Math teacher abruptly let go. Coach Boyle's limp penis flopped down over his balls again. "Curse them lazy farm hands," she growled. "They only shaved 'em to the waist. Did they think we weren't gonna notice?"

"Guess you'll have to finish the job, Ma," said the History teacher.

The coach's nervous eyes followed Mrs Reed as she retrieved a straightedge razor from a tool drawer. She used a razor strop to sharpen the blade and then approached him with the wicked-looking tool. The slave strained at his bindings to pull away.

"Better hold still, Sampson," she chuckled. "You don't want me cuttin' off anything vital." He tensed and gasped as she flicked his penis with the dull side of the razor. "Why don't ya start oiling him up, Pet?" she suggested.

While Mrs Reed shaved Coach Boyle from the waist down, Miss Harding dipped her hands into one of the buckets and began slathering baby oil from his head to his waist. When the coach was baby-bottom smooth all over, the older woman returned the razor and strop to the drawer, then dipped her hands in her bucket and began spreading oil on his feet and legs.

"How does that feel, Coach?" a petite blonde teased when Miss Harding began using both hands to spread oil up and down his cock and around his balls.

'Humiliating,' he thought, 'and exciting.' He had to admit that the gorgeous beauty's fingers sliding over his genitals felt damned good. His penis had just started to lengthen and rise off his balls when she moved on to his thighs.

Once the slave was glistening all over, including between the cheeks of his bottom, the two women stood to the sides and admired their handiwork. "Only one thing left 'for we show 'em to the squires," observed Mrs Reed.

"What's that, Ma?"

"Ya can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar."

"What's that mean?"

"The best bait fer breeders is a stud with a big and beautiful, hard cock."

The schoolgirls screamed their approval.

Coach Boyle shook his head. He rattled his chains. “No! DON’T!” he shouted into his gag. “STOP! THIS ISN’T FAIR!”

“I can handle that, Ma!” said Miss Harding. She dipped both hands into the oil bucket, gripped Sampson’s long member as if it was a baseball bat, and began sliding her fists up and down his penis. Her pace was slow, but the slave’s response was fast as she stroked his cock from the base to the tip, over and over again.

“Go! Go! Go!” the seniors chanted in rhythm with her hands.

The beauty queen’s slick fingers were not to be denied. In no time, Coach Boyle’s penis was bright red, throbbing, and fully engorged. It looked like a glistening cherry Popsicle that’s been licked. When Miss Harding stepped back, the girls clapped for her efforts, and she bowed to the audience. “Sampson’s ready fer the showing,” she declared.

Mrs Reed congratulated her. “You done well, young’un. I think ya stretched him another couple o’ inches. Time to welcome the breeders.” She opened a backdoor in the barn and invited the squires inside.

Coach Boyle stared to his right as the women entered and approached. They were no longer dressed as 19th Century characters; they were all dressed in bright-coloured dresses with above-the-knee hemlines. The ladies stopped directly in front of the platform and Coach Boyle, blocking the schoolgirls’ view.

Mrs Doane was wearing a robin’s egg blue dress with white trim that draped to mid-thigh. She turned towards the audience and said, “For the final act of our little show, you are all invited to stand with us. Please gather around girls.”

The students eagerly formed double lines on both sides of the teachers. Outstretched Coach Boyle was soon surrounded by a multi-coloured rainbow of females from his right side to his left. Everywhere he looked were shapely legs, young cleavage, some bare tummies, wide grins, and staring eyes ogling him from his nervous brown eyes down to his bare toes, but especially his large erect penis and dangling balls.

‘What now?’ he wondered as his eyes fearfully scanned his audience.

Following a nod from Principal Doane, Mrs Reed stepped forward. She was still dressed as a 19th Century farmer. “Howdy, ladies, and thanks fer comin’,” she greeted them. She twiddled the sensitive tip of the coach’s excited penis, causing a twitch that rattled his chains. “As y’all can see, our slave Sampson has a big cock.”

The girls laughed. There were nods and words of agreement from the schoolgirls.

“We’re offering him to local slave owners fer stud,” she continued.

Coach Boyle gulped when she grabbed his balls with both hands and displayed them for the crowd while the girls shouted encouragement.

“Sampson’s large balls are filled with liquid gold,” she declared. “Breed ’em with yer homeliest bitch to calm her spirit, or use his pure African seed to fertilise your finest stock. He’ll give yer gals lots o’ offspring.”

“May I examine Sampson’s genitals?” asked Nurse Dolly.

Coach Boyle shook his head, 'No!'

"Help yerself."

Coach Boyle shrank back as the nurse stepped onto the platform. He barely recognised her. Nurse Dolly was wearing a pink mini dress that had black shoulders and short sleeves. Her light blonde hair was loose around her shoulders rather than gathered in its usual ponytail. Her blue eyes smiled into his briefly, before she knelt in front of him and cupped his balls. No need to hold his penis out of the way; it was pointing to the sky. She caressed his scrotum. She fondled his balls. Her inquisitive hands rolled them in her fingers. "His testicles are ripe and mature!" she confirmed.

The girls grinned and giggled.

Nurse Dolly's slender fingers encircled the base of the coach's stiff penis. She teased it by running a finger lightly up and down his cock as she examined the shaft. When she tickled the tip, the coach's body twitched, and then he squirmed as the nurse tracked the contours of his cock head with her index finger. She used both hands to pinch open his urethra and examine the opening. When she finally stood again, she was rubbing her fingers together; they were wet with his juices. The lovely nurse gazed into his eyes and announced, "Yes, I will hire Sampson for stud services. He has a fine, responsive penis and bountiful testes."

The schoolgirls roared their approval of her report.

Mrs Larkin replaced Nurse Dolly on the platform. She was wearing a shiny green dress that went to mid-thigh. The low V-cut neckline gave Coach Boyle a good look at her breasts when she knelt in front of him. She groped his balls and then weighed them in her hands before confirming, "Sampson's testicles are full, aren't they?" The Sex Education teacher enjoyed one leisurely stroke down the full length of his hard-on, then stood and looked into his wide-open eyes. "Very nice! My girls will love to get their hands on Sampson." She made him jangle his chains by teasing the slick tip of his penis and then stepped off the platform.

Helpless Coach Boyle tried to relax, but that was impossible in his vulnerable, spread-eagle position. 'This is so embarrassing,' he thought as his co-workers continued taking turns getting acquainted with his private parts.

Coach Fox went next. She had released her light-brown hair from its usual ponytail, and the silky ends teased her bare shoulders. Her toga-style burgundy mini dress was gathered tight over her breasts and looped around her right shoulder. Coach Boyle watched as his fellow gym teacher cuddled his balls and stroked his cock. She continued playing with him as she made eye contact and said, "I like Sampson's big penis. He will make a very athletic stud for my stables."

Miss Parsons looked lovely in a strapless silver mini dress that barely covered her crotch. "He is amazingly long!" she exclaimed as she slowly stroked his penis. She bent forward and paused with his member grasped in her hand while she took a close-up look at his cock head. "I want him!" she gushed, then blushed. "I mean, Sampson will make an excellent stud."

Mrs Olsen replaced Miss Parsons on the platform, pretending to be a sceptical breeder. Her voluptuous body overflowed a low-cut, extremely short, lemon-coloured mini dress. She quickly diddled Coach Boyle's scrotum and fiddled with his penis. "He's all right, I suppose," she admitted, "but my mother taught me that you should never buy a milk cow until you've seen the milk."

Coach Boyle stared at her. 'What did she say?'

“Be my guest.” Mrs Reed disappeared behind Coach Boyle. When she returned, she handed the office manager a three-legged stool and an aluminium pail.

The girls laughed delightedly. Somebody chuckled, “Uh-oh! He’s in trouble now!”

When the coach saw the implements, he went berserk. He rattled his chains and struggled to get free. “YOU CAN’T DO THIS TO ME!” he shouted into his gag, but no one heard anything but muffled gibberish.

“Hold on to this, please,” said Mrs Olsen, handing the shiny pail to Miss Harding. She set the little wooden stool in front of Coach Boyle’s left foot, sat down, and then turned her back to him. When she faced the helpless prisoner again, her hands were dripping with the gooey oil. “MILKING TIME!” she exclaimed as she reached for his cock.

The schoolgirls clapped, laughed, and cheered.

“DON’T TOUCH ME!” Coach Boyle was furious! He shook his chains and violently thrashed his head while growling and yelling into his gag like a wild animal. “KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF ME!” They were humiliating him in front of twenty-six grinning senior girls, his students! He was helpless to prevent the beautiful office manager from gripping his cock and oiling him up.

“Calm down, Sampson,” she soothed as she slathered his balls. “If you relax, you’ll probably enjoy this.” She lubricated his shaft. “I’m simply making sure you can ejaculate properly,” she added as she greased the bulbous head of his penis and filled all its nooks and crannies. After she sufficiently buttered his genitals, Mrs Olsen wrapped both hands around his stiff member and slowly slid his cock through her fingers, up, and then down, once.

Coach Boyle gasped into his gag. The feeling was overwhelmingly sensual and irresistible. His curvaceous milker stroked him again, slowly. He gulped air. Then, like a steam engine leaving the station, Mrs Olsen glacially increased her tempo, with the oil making an obscene slurping sound as she primed him. Coach Boyle involuntarily panted with pleasure as she played with his penis! His thoughts of anger, humiliation, and embarrassment were forced out of his brain by the exquisite sensation of Mrs Olsen’s slippery hands masturbating him. His cock was slick and hard, bright red and throbbing.

The skilled office manager paused with her oily fingers around his shaft. “You like having your cock stroked, Sampson, don’t you?”

She laughed when he answered by moaning into his gag and thrusting his hips to make his needy cock slide up and down through her fingers.

“Do you want me to continue stroking your big, beautiful penis, Sampson?” she teased.

He slid his oily tool through her fingers again.

“HA!” she laughed triumphantly. She started masturbating him slowly again but quickly picked up the pace. “Have the pail ready, Miss Harding,” she warned. “He can’t take much more of this.”

“YES! YES!” Coach Boyle panted into his gag. He felt so rapturous that he started ogling the young women rather than trying to avoid eye contact. While the schoolgirls watched Mrs Olsen pleasure his penis, he boldly stared at heaving adolescent breasts, muscular thighs, and taut bellies. Their lips were all grinning and their eyes staring at his enslaved cock.

Mary caught his eye. He saw her nipples through her tight white tube top. She noticed him staring and abruptly gave him the finger – just as she did that day in the gym. She looked directly at him and

held her longest finger under her chin! As Mrs Olsen's hands continued slurping up and down his shaft, the coach's eyes narrowed, but then widened when the senior schoolgirl lowered her chin and kissed the tip of her extended finger. After making certain that the naked slave was still watching her, Mary lowered her chin again and began sucking her finger while slowly sliding it in and out of her mouth.

Mrs Olsen's felt him going. "I need the pail!" she warned.

"Milk him good, Mrs Olsen!" a schoolgirl urged.

Miss Harding quickly thrust the metal bucket beside Coach Boyle's throbbing cock as the office manager pointed him towards the pail. The slave's pleasure suddenly intensified as his milkmaid shifted her grip and forced him to climax with a few deliberately, excruciatingly, irresistible strokes. His first eruption hit the bottom of the metallic pail with a loud clank. The schoolgirls cheered! Mrs Olsen moved one hand to the coach's balls and encouraged them to empty while she continued stroking him with the other. She milked him good. When he was finished, she let go of his cock and stepped back, accompanied by applause from the women and schoolgirls.

As Coach Boyle sagged in his chains, Mrs Olsen confirmed, "His equipment is fully-functioning, and he will make an excellent addition to any woman's stable."

Miss Harding handed the pail to the squires, who checked its contents and passed it around.

Now that the masturbatory pleasure was a memory, Coach Boyle's feelings of anger, embarrassment, and humiliation returned. He felt violated.

Principal Doane stepped onto the platform and grasped his bright red and quickly shrinking penis. She ignored his protests as she began stroking his overworked member. Looking at him sombrely, she said, "Remember this lesson, Coach Boyle." She tugged on his sensitive penis to emphasise her point. He grunted into the gag. Slowly playing with his penis again, she explained, "You and the boys have only been at Donna Simpson High for about five minutes."

"That's right," agreed Mrs Reed.

"A woman founded this school, and women have successfully run this school for more than eighty years; without men. *We* are the women of Donna Simpson High," she declared, making a sweeping gesture that included the seniors, "and *we* are in charge. *We* make the rules."

Despite his discomfiture, Coach Boyle was slowly starting to inflate again. He grunted when she painfully tugged his cock.

"Do you understand?"

He nodded.

"You will be wise to remember this lesson. You and the boys *will* treat all the women of Donna Simpson High, faculty and students, with respect, or you will suffer the consequences." She dropped his cock and snickered derisively to see that it was rising again. She shook her head and scoffed, "Men!"

The schoolgirls chuckled in agreement.

"Mrs Reed," said the Principal, "I will be returning to the school. Please thank your husband for me, and ask him to release Coach Boyle when the girls are headed back to DSH." Addressing the students, she announced, "Girls, I need you to be back on the bus in..." she checked her wristwatch, "about an hour. Meanwhile, I suggest you get acquainted with Coach Boyle. Pay particular attention to his cock

and balls,” she added brazenly, “because Mrs Larkin tells me there will be a discussion and quiz about them during your next class.”

The defenceless prisoner whimpered as the schoolgirls eagerly mounted the platform. Mary was carrying the aluminium pail.

Chapter 11

Bad Boy

Featuring:

Doug: A muscular, athletic six-foot-tall freshman boy with dark brown hair and eyes

☹ ☹ ☹

On the following Monday morning, Doug was in Mrs Dearborn's English class, daydreaming about sexy Gina. A loud knocking on the classroom door startled everyone. Immediately, a uniformed policewoman entered without waiting for an invitation. She was dressed in a navy-blue blouse and trousers, complete with peaked cap, polished black shoes, silver badge, handcuffs, and a black baton.

"Sorry to interrupt, Ma'am," she apologised, "I am Officer Sweeney." In her early thirties with short strawberry-blonde hair, the policewoman was athletic, attractive, and authoritative. Her uniform blouse revealed evidence of her beautiful bosom beneath. "Do you have a Doug K*** in your class?" she inquired.

Doug turned white and stood up. "That's me," he confessed.

"Please come with me," said the officer firmly.

Doug was baffled. He had never been in trouble with the police! "Why?" he inquired, "What did I do?"

"Just come with me, Doug," said Officer Sweeney. She placed her hand on his shoulder and escorted him towards the door.

Mrs Dearborn and the students were silent as Doug exited the room. He jumped nervously when the door to the classroom closed behind him with an ominous boom that echoed through the hallway.

He suddenly had a scary thought. "Is my Mom okay?"

"I'm sure she is fine. This has nothing to do with your mother. Show me where your school locker is."

He nervously led the officer to locker number 213. "This is my locker."

Officer Sweeney nodded and looked grim. "Open it and take everything out," she instructed.

“What’s this all about?”

“Just do as I said.”

She searched Doug’s entire locker contents – everything – including the pockets and lining of his windbreaker, the inside of his spare trainers, and the inner recesses of his backpack. The most questionable, and embarrassing, item she found was his secret cache of photo cards showing Barbara Eden in her sexy I Dream of Jeannie bikini. After he stuffed everything back in the locker, she led him to the principal’s office.

‘What did I do?’ he wondered.

DSH Principal Audrey Doane greeted Doug with a frown. Fifty-three years old and dressed conservatively in a grey business suit, Mrs Doane kept her shoulder-length greying-brown hair in a wavy perm. She was tall, slim, and handsome; to the students, however, she was a no-nonsense administrator who detested disobedience. Staring at the young troublemaker, she shook her head sadly and said, “This is a serious matter, Doug. I expected better from you. Your transgression may mean the end of boys attending Donna Simpson High.”

He was baffled. “I don’t understand. What did I do?”

“We found a stash of drugs in your locker this morning,” she replied.

“Drugs! They’re not mine!”

“That’s what they all say,” said the policewoman sarcastically. Officer Sweeney read from the police report, “At 6:54 a.m. today, an administrator at Donna Simpson High School reported that she received an anonymous tip. Based on the caller’s information, Assistant Principal Jane Anderson searched student locker 213 and found a plastic bag containing a suspicious and possibly narcotic substance. You admitted that locker 213 was yours, Doug. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes, Officer, but you saw for yourself, there were no drugs!”

Principal Doane explained, “Assistant Principal Anderson removed your bag of white powder and sent it to the crime lab for analysis. I am happy to hear there were no other drugs.”

‘This is like an episode of Hawaii 5-0,’ he thought. ‘I’m being framed!’

Officer Sweeney reported more bad news. “I have searched your locker, Doug, but now I am required to search you. Please remove your clothes.”

Starting to panic, Doug pleaded, “Can’t we wait for the test results?”

“No. Take your clothes off.”

He felt ill. Turning to the Principal, he begged, “You’ve got to believe me, Mrs Doane! I am innocent.”

The Principal crossed her arms. She was unmoved and had no intention of stopping the strip search or respecting his privacy by leaving the room.

“Isn’t there a police man available?” he asked.

“No, Doug,” snapped the policewoman, growing impatient. “Now get undressed, or I will handcuff you and strip you myself before charging you with interfering with a police investigation.”

“This isn’t fair,” he whined. Standing in the middle of the Principal’s office, with two adult women

watching, he reluctantly and slowly got undressed. Each time he handed Officer Sweeney another piece of clothing, she neatly folded the item and placed it on the Principal's desk. Soon he had stripped down to his tighty-whiteys.

"Is that far enough?" he asked hopefully.

Officer Sweeney shook her head and held out her hand.

Doug took a deep breath and lowered his underpants to the floor. Covering his genitals with one hand, he knelt and retrieved his tighty-whiteys, then handed them to the attractive policewoman. Now covering his crotch with both hands, he watched Officer Sweeney place his briefs on top of the pile of clothes.

She turned back to him and said, "I will search you before I check your clothes."

"Search me!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Where could I be hiding drugs?"

"You'd be surprised," she chuckled.

She started with his head, searching through his hair, in and around his ears, up his nostrils, and inside his lips and mouth. The policewoman pulled his hands away from his crotch and lifted his arms up, exposing his limp penis and ball sack to Principal Doane while she searched his armpits and elbows. "I am also searching for needle tracks," she explained. She carefully checked every inch of his hands and arms, including between his fingers.

"Put your hands on the top of your head," she commanded.

When Doug reluctantly complied, the policewoman and the Principal got to know him very well.

Officer Sweeney eyeballed his throat, chest, and abdomen. Her fingers occasionally stretched his skin or rubbed a spot. Then she disappeared behind him, followed by Mrs Doane. "Spread your legs apart," she instructed. When his feet were as wide as he could stand, she inspected his back, buttocks, and down his legs, from his thighs to his heels. She even had him lift his feet so she could check the soles. She moved around him and repeated her examination on the front of each leg, from his thighs down to his feet and between his toes.

With his fingers linked on top of his head, Doug took a quick breath and held it when the blonde policewoman lifted his penis with her long fingers. The school Principal, her arms crossed and with a frown on her face, took two steps to the side so that she saw around Officer Sweeney's head. There was a tense silence in the room. Doug watched the lady cop's delicate features as she studied his penis; her light-blue eyes scrutinised the length of his member. There was a faint smile on her lips as she rotated his cock to see all sides. She held it upright and studied the head. He was breathing rapidly and starting to elongate by the time she lifted his ball sack and visually searched his scrotum.

Satisfied, Officer Sweeney let everything plop back into place, then stood and instructed, "Turn around, Doug, and bend over the desk. I have to search your rectal cavity."

The blood drained from Doug's face, but he complied. Turning his back to the room, he leaned over the Principal's desk with his hands flat on the surface.

He felt her hands grasp his hips. "Move your feet farther back and spread your legs."

"Yes, Ma'am." He obeyed.

With his exposed rump ready for inspection, Doug tried to ignore the unsettling sound of Officer

Sweeney pulling on a latex glove. He waited, staring at an aerial photograph of Donna Simpson High that hung on the wall over the Principal's desk. When Mrs Doane shifted her weight behind him, he suddenly realised that he saw her reflection in the glass covering the picture. She was staring at his bottom. Suddenly Doug saw new movement in the reflection as someone walked through the open doorway, cried, "WHOOPS!" and quickly exited. 'Who was that?'

"Come in, Miss Fairchild," invited Principal Doane, "Have you finished the report?"

Doug gawped at the reflection as a petite blonde girl returned meekly and handed Mrs Doane a typed document. He started to stand and cover himself, but Officer Sweeney told him to stay down.

Miss Fairchild was in her early twenties, about 5' tall, with long and wavy dirty-blonde hair. Her lithe ballerina's body was dressed in a frilly white blouse and black miniskirt. Doug felt like he was having an out-of-body experience as he watched her reflection. She was waiting quietly for further instructions while gazing curiously at the bared body of the bent-over boy.

"Officer Sweeney, what locker did you inspect?" inquired Principal Doane.

The policewoman checked her report. "Locker 213."

The Principal frowned. "This report mentions 'Locker 231'. This is a typo, Miss Fairchild!" she accused.

The secretary wilted under the principal's savage stare. "I don't think so," she squeaked, "I'm sure that Assistant Principal Anderson told me 'Locker 231'."

"If you want this temporary position to be permanent, you must be accurate," Principal Doane warned as she walked to the doorway. "Jane, come in here, please."

Doug was flabbergasted as he presented his bare bottom to Principal Doane, Officer Sweeney, Miss Fairchild, and just entering the farce, Assistant Principal Jane Anderson, or as the students called her, The Wicked Witch of the West. Tall and thin, she always wore dark-coloured dresses over her bony body. She had black hair, grey eyes, a hooked nose, and a malevolent attitude towards all children. She especially despised boys.

Miss Anderson did not try to hide her vindictive grin when she saw Doug naked and bent over the desk. She smirked and said, "Well, well, caught at last, Doug?"

"I didn't do anything!" he stated unconvincingly, considering his strip-search situation.

"Obviously," she remarked sarcastically. Turning to Principal Doane, she grumbled, "I told them that letting boys into the school was a bad idea. This was bound to happen..."

"That is water under the bridge," the Principal interrupted. "The decision has been made."

"This little incident just might change that decision." She stepped closer to Doug with her hands on her hips and scolded, "No student in the history of DSH has ever brought drugs to school... before you."

"I keep telling everyone," he griped, "They are NOT... MY... drugs."

The Wicked Witch's anger flared at his defiant answer. "You deserve a spanking before you go to jail," she spat. Her arm lashed out and landed a loud smack on his rear.

"Oww!" he yelped.

“STOP THAT AT ONCE!” Principal Doane shouted. “Spanking has not yet been authorized. Miss Anderson, I called you into my office to find out if you found the drugs in locker 213 or locker 231.”

As the Assistant Principal pondered that question, Officer Sweeney placed a hand gently on Doug’s lower back and then introduced two fingers to his rectum. He gasped and breathed hard as she pushed her digits inside of him on her quest for contraband. He was shocked. He had never felt as violated as her fingers wriggled deeper and deeper up his canal! He tried to be calm and ignore the fact that Officer Sweeney’s invasion of his privacy was being witnessed by Principal Doane, Assistant Principal Anderson, and Temporary Secretary Fairchild.

“I am not certain,” the Assistant Principal admitted. “I believe it was locker 231.” She stepped to the doorway. “Mrs Olsen, come in here for a minute?”

‘Not another one!’ Doug whined to himself. He felt like weeping. With two of Officer Sweeney’s fingers doing a deep probe of his bottom, he watched the office manager’s reflection join the others. She was wearing a beige mid-thigh dress that failed to hide her curves. She also failed to hide her wide grin when she saw the naked six-footer getting his rear reamed on Principal Doane’s desk.

“What’s going on?” she chuckled lasciviously.

Miss Anderson inquired, “Mrs Olsen, did I tell you I found the drugs in locker 231 or 213 this morning?”

The office manager left the room briefly and then returned with a memo pad. “I wrote down 231. I was the one who called the police, so that should be the number on the police report.”

Officer Sweeney paused with her fingers deep inside Doug. With her free hand, she reached for the police report on the Principal’s desk. “No, this says 213.”

Principal Doane sighed. “I am sorry, Officer Sweeney. We will also need to question the boy who uses locker 231. Miss Fairchild, find out who he is and what classroom he is in?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” the attractive young secretary replied and left, but after one last backward glance at Doug as Officer Sweeney slowly extracted her fingers from his depths.

Feeling nauseous, Doug started to stand up, but Officer Sweeney held him down with a hand on his back. “Stay down for a minute,” she instructed. She removed the latex glove, tossed it in the trash, and then knelt behind him. Doug flinched when he felt her reach between his spread legs and grasp his penis. She pulled his package towards her, and then he felt her fingertips on the back of his balls.

“Did you find something?” Principal Doane inquired.

The policewoman picked something off the skin of Doug’s scrotum, examined it, but then flicked it away.

“No, I thought it was white powder, but it is just fuzz from his underpants,” she chuckled. “Okay, Doug, you can stand up and turn around.”

Miss Fairchild returned, and this time she had a chance to visually explore Doug’s full frontal nudity as the officer forced him to sit on a cold metal folding chair beside Principal Doane’s desk. She handcuffed him to the chair with his arms behind him.

“Can’t I get dressed?” he whined.

“Only after this investigation is over, and I have had a chance to search your clothes.”

While Doug shivered, naked, in his cold metallic chair, Miss Fairchild returned to the outer office, and Officer Sweeney, Mrs Doane, and Miss Anderson exited the administrative office. As they were leaving, Officer Sweeney asked Principal Doane if someone could watch him while they were out of the office.

Principal Doane asked, "Mrs Olsen, can you keep an eye on him while we're looking in this." Mrs Olsen nodded and approached for a closer look at the helpless, handcuffed boy and said, "Is this worse than detention with me, Doug?"

"Uh-huh," he replied miserably.

Chapter 12

Bad Girl

Featuring the following students:

Doug: An athletic six-foot-tall freshman boy with dark brown hair and eyes

Mary (The Angel): Petite and pretty, with dark shoulder-length hair and brown eyes

☹ ☹ ☹

Following his embarrassing and traumatic strip search, Doug waited impatiently in the Principal's office, naked, and under the watchful eye of Mrs Olsen. They placed him on a cold metallic chair with his hands cuffed behind him. His thighs were parted, and his wilted penis and balls rested on the seat. To his right was Principal Doane's mahogany desk, and to his left was a black leather couch.

After twenty minutes, he heard the outer office door open and Officer Sweeney's voice say, "It appears to be a simple mix-up, Mrs Doane."

"Let's discuss it in my office," suggested the Principal.

Doug watched as Principal Doane, Assistant Principal Anderson, and Officer Sweeney entered the office. Behind them was Mary, an angelic-looking senior girl whose dark, wavy shoulder-length hair and innocent brown eyes he had seen often in the hallways of Donna Simpson High. With a quick intake of breath, the shivering boy quickly closed his legs in a futile attempt to hide his drooping dick.

Principal Doane thanked Mrs Olsen for watching over Doug and dismissed her.

Mary's eyes opened wide when she spotted the naked boy in the office. "DOUG!" she exclaimed in surprise as her face lit up with a wide grin.

"Hi, Mary," he mumbled and then flushed with anger. "Won't somebody cover me up?" he grouched. 'She's staring at my penis!'

"Be quiet," Principal Doane hushed him as she sat behind her desk. "Now, please have a seat, ladies and tell me about the mix-up."

Officer Sweeney sat next to Doug, with Mary on the opposite end and Miss Anderson in the middle. The policewoman explained, "The locker with the suspicious substance was number 231, instead of 213. I am...

“*Now* can I get dressed?” Doug interrupted sarcastically. “I told you they weren’t my drugs.”

Mrs Doane stood, her face suffused with anger.

“This investigation is not over until we receive the police lab results,” the policewoman replied calmly.

“But now you know it wasn’t my locker!”

The Principal gave him a warning stare, then sat again and said, “Please continue, Officer Sweeney.”

“As I said, the suspicious substance was found in locker 231. I’m unaware if Mrs Olsen accidentally reported the wrong number, if the police Sergeant wrote the number down incorrectly, or if the police secretary who typed the report transposed the numbers. In any case, Mary says the white powder that Assistant Principal Anderson found is simply unbleached flour that was left over from her Home Economics class.”

Mary explained, “Mrs Norton asked everyone to bring some flour to school last week. We baked a wedding cake.”

“We spoke with Mrs Norton and she confirms Mary’s story,” Miss Anderson acknowledged.

Getting agitated as the schoolgirl continued to stare, the naked boy muttered, “How come Mary gets to keep her clothes on? If it was her locker, how come she isn’t getting strip searched?”

“DOUGLAS!” exclaimed Principal Doane, shocked that he suggested such a course of action.

“QUIET!” snapped Officer Sweeney at the same time. “I can still charge you with hindering a police investigation.”

Miss Anderson glared at him. “Do you want detention? Apologise to Mary.”

He glanced at Mary and caught her staring at his crotch again. She almost laughed but then tried to look sombre as she quickly looked into his eyes.

“No offense intended, Mary. I know it is not your fault. I am just frustrated by this whole situation.”

The girl smiled sympathetically. “I understand,” she said.

Principal Doane glared at the bad boy and then inquired, “Officer Sweeney, how long before we receive the lab results?”

“We should hear within the hour.”

“In that case, may I offer you lunch in the cafeteria while we wait?”

“That will be nice,” she agreed.

“You can come too, Mary,” offered the Principal as she and the Assistant Principal stood and followed the policewoman towards the door.

“Thank you, but I have already eaten. Could I wait here in your office, Mrs Doane?”

As the outer door closed behind Miss Anderson and Officer Sweeney, the Principal looked warily at the naked boy in the chair. “We need to leave someone to keep an eye on him. I was going to ask Miss Fairchild, but if you’re willing to, I guess it will be all right,” she admitted, “but if he gets fresh, call Mrs Olsen.”

Mary smiled and said, “I’ll be fine.” She nodded towards Doug’s wilted willy and joked, “He’s no

Sampson, is he?"

"No, he's not," chuckled Mrs Doane as she mentally compared Coach Boyle's hot, erect cock with Doug's cold, limp penis.

'Huh? Did I miss something?' wondered Doug.

Mrs Doane, realising that Mary was wearing a flimsy yellow mini dress, asked, "Are you cold, dear? Do you want a sweater?"

"No, thank you."

"What about me?" Doug blurted.

"You... behave yourself."

Mary sat primly on the black-leather couch, as far away as possible from her naked classmate. She retrieved a crossword puzzle book and a pencil from her purse. As soon as the outer office door closed behind Mrs Doane, angelic Mary peeked out to make sure the Principal had gone and then immediately slid to the end of the couch near Doug's chair. She gazed into his eyes sadly and sympathized, "Having a bad day, huh?"

"The worst."

She hooked her right foot around his ankle and pulled it towards her, slightly separating his thighs. He felt the warmth of her leg against his and experienced his first groin twinge since stripping. Mary was petite and pretty. She had delicate features: warm brown eyes, a perfect little nose, and a pair of always-parted pink lips revealed bright white teeth. His eyes lingered on the important elements: nice breasts that he estimated required 32B cups (based on his experience with the brassiere section of Sears' aptly named Wish Book), slim hips, and long, tanned legs made glossy by sheer pantyhose. Her yellow dress was so short that Doug wondered if he saw a shadow between her legs or the crotch of her panties. He reluctantly looked away, but then stared into space while his mind revisited her best parts.

Doug always wondered about Mary whenever he passed her in the hallway. She seemed so pure and innocent, but she dated the biggest jerk in town. Her boyfriend was a bully and a troublemaker, and Doug always jealously wondered what this virginal young woman was doing with an idiot like him.

As Doug stared at a corner of the room, pondering these thoughts, he felt something tickle the tip of his dick. He looked down expecting to shoo a housefly but instead saw the eraser of Mary's pencil tap his penis! 'She touched my cock!'

She grinned at his astonished expression and said, "Now that I have your attention, can you help me with my crossword puzzle?"

With a warm glow kindling somewhere deep in his groin, Doug agreed.

"Oh good! Let's see. One across: James Bond girl in Diamonds are Forever," she read, looking at him hopefully.

"Umm... let me think. I just saw it last spring..."

"I remember Jill St. John played Tiffany Case, but neither one fits."

"Could it be that girl with the low-cut neckline?" Doug wondered aloud. "The one with the big boo..." He blushed, because Mary was looking at him innocently and batting her eyelashes.

“Yes?” she encouraged.

“I mean, big pool where she lands when the thugs throw her out the window. Her name was... ah... Patty... no... Plenty, Plenty O’Toole.”

“That fits, if I leave out the apostrophe – and her big boo... I mean, big pool,” she mimicked playfully as she wrote it down. “Plenty O’Toole! Where do they come up with these names?” She briefly squeezed Doug’s thigh and gushed, “You are so smart to think of that!”

Doug smiled. The warm glow in his lap was getting warmer.

“Three across: country singer Nelson,” she read.

“Willy; you know, Willy Nelson.”

“I was just going to say that!” After writing it down, she said, “Four across: Oscar Meyer product. That will be a wiener, right?”

“As long as it fits.”

“That’s always important.” She squeezed his thigh again. “Yes, wiener fits!” she exclaimed as she wrote down the answer.

Doug was getting suspicious of these crossword answers. He leaned towards her book and said, “Can I see those clues?”

She laughed and turned the book so that he could not see. “You’ll have to trust me. Four across: male chicken.”

“We just did four across.”

She glanced at her crossword book. “Oh, I mean, five across: male chicken.”

“Rooster,” he answered quickly.

“No, I thought of that, but the correct answer has only four letters and starts with a big C.” She grinned at him and batted her eyelashes again.

He laughed. She is shameless! “Let me guess – cock, right?”

“I should have thought of that!” she confessed. She reversed her pencil and flirtatiously flicked his penis before writing the word in the book.

The warm glow in Doug’s groin was quickly becoming a dangerous tingle. He tried to pull away, but her leg around his ankle pulled him even closer.

“Don’t go anywhere, Handsome! I still need your help. Seven across: Detective Tracy.” When Doug refused to answer, she used her pencil to lift his penis off his balls and then slowly rubbed it against his shaft. “You know the answer to that; it’s ‘Dick!’”

“Come on, stop that,” he admonished good-naturedly, wondering what happened to angelic Mary. She was purposely trying to get him aroused. It was working. He could feel his penis gaining weight. She let his penis plop back in place and wrote down the answer.

“This is a tough one. Eight across: spherical bodies.” She looked at him expectantly.

“Balls,” he said resignedly. She tickled his testicles with her pencil before pretending to enter the word.

“Ten across. Oh, you’ll like this one: feline.”

“Cat?”

“No, it has five letters: blank, blank, S, S, blank.”

He shook his head at her boldness and answered, “Pussy.”

She grinned into Doug’s eyes. “I’ll bet you’d like to know more about those!” Her pencil rubbed the length of his cock, only this time she did not have to lift it. His penis was rising on its own.

“Hmm, where were we? Oh, eleven across.”

“Aren’t you going to write the last one down?”

“Sorry, you distracted me,” she claimed, giving his penis another tantalising tease with the barrel of her pencil. “What was the answer again?”

Doug grinned. “Pussy.”

“How could I forget?” She pretended to write it down and read, “Ten, I mean, eleven across: Folk song, The House of the (Blank) Sun. Do you know the answer to that one? You should!”

Confused, he suggested, “Midnight?”

“No, silly!” She used the eraser end of her pencil to jiggle his semi erect penis and explained, “The House of the *Rising* Sun.”

She checked the clock, then pouted and said, “We only have time for a couple more. Twelve across: male sex organ.”

Doug said nothing, just smirked at her as she looked at him expectantly, like an innocent angel with fluttering eyelashes.

“I’ll give you a hint,” she said. This time she reached over and grasped his penis with her hand, gave it a squeeze, and then began stroking the tip with her thumb.

“Stop it!” he chuckled. “You are a bad girl.”

Her touch made Doug’s hips squirm, and his handcuffs clanged against the steel chair. Mary gave a deep-throated laugh but continued to arouse him. “I won’t stop until you say the word,” she promised. “Male sex organ. It begins with pee.”

“Penis,” he surrendered breathlessly.

She giggled, gave his cock a parting squeeze, and wrote the word in her book. She gazed at the stiff cock in his lap while she thought for a moment, and then said, “Okay, last one, but this is a toughie. Fourteen across: urban construction.”

Probably because all the blood had abandoned his brain and travelled to his groin, Doug was unable to think of a sexual answer for ‘urban construction’. “I don’t know,” he admitted. “Skyscraper?”

“That’s good!” She congratulated him cheerfully, “but wrong. I’ll give you a hint.” She used the pencil to force his stiff cock downward, and then released it. His penis immediately sprang upright again.

Doug gave her a blank look. “What was the clue?”

“Urban construction,” she replied and bounced his penis again. She looked at him expectantly and then popped his cock a third time.

He finally figured it out. “Oh, erection,” he declared.

“That’s right! You win the prize,” Mary announced.

He looked at her questioningly as she set the crossword puzzle book and pencil aside, and then stood with her legs between his thighs.

Mary unexpectedly bent forward, cradled his head with her left hand, and gave him a long, lingering, hard kiss on the lips while slowly caressing his tight balls and pulling his excited penis. Her inquisitive tongue slithered into his mouth. Doug moaned and shifted his hips as her fingertips fondled the damp tip of his drooling dick and their tongues got acquainted. After a too-short moment, Mary left his cock quivering as she gathered her belongings and moved back to the far end of the couch. She sat primly again, retrieved a tissue from her purse, and prissily wiped his juices off her fingers.

When Mrs Doane, Miss Anderson, and Officer Sweeney returned a couple minutes later, Doug was still embarrassingly rigid and dark pink.

As soon as the Principal spotted Doug’s erection, she quickly asked, “Did he abuse you, dear?”

His tormenter innocently answered, “No, Doug was a perfect gentleman. In fact, he helped me finish my crossword puzzle.” She smiled sweetly.

Principal Doane threw Doug a suspicious look and then said, “Well, you can go back to class, Mary. The police lab has confirmed that the suspicious substance was only flour. Sorry we interrupted your day.”

As she left the office, Mary called, “Bye, Doug! Thanks for your help.”

When the schoolgirl was gone, Doug tried not to sound insolent when he asked, “What about me?”

The two women looked at him and his excited penis with disgust. Officer Sweeney said, “I should arrest you for lewd behaviour!” She let the threat hang in the air for a moment and then added, “I still have to search your clothing. You can get dressed as soon as I’m finished.”

As she inspected Doug’s clothes, the policewoman asked, “By the way, who took the anonymous call?”

“I did,” replied the Assistant Principal.

“Do you have any idea who it was?”

“No, only that it was a male voice.” Principal Doane suggested, “It was probably one of our new students playing a practical joke.” She stared accusingly at the bare boy with the pointy pecker. “Was it you?”

He returned her stare with a disgusted look. “No,” he said, this time trying to sound insolent.

“Were there any other clues to his identity, Miss Anderson?” inquired Officer Sweeney. She was rifling the pockets of Doug’s pants.

“He mentioned a name, but it was meaningless mumbo-jumbo. I think he was trying to confuse me.”

The policewoman paused. “What did he say?”

“Just before he hung up, I heard him mumble something like, ‘just this for Delilah’ or ‘justice for Delilah’. I checked the DSH rolls, and there are no students or faculty members named Delilah.”

“Maybe it’s a family member?” offered Mrs Doane. “What’s Mary’s mother’s name? Does she have a sister?”

“I’ll check,” said the Assistant Principal as she walked out of the office.

“I don’t know anyone named Delilah,” Officer Sweeney stated. “The only Delilah I know is the one in the Bible, the one who betrayed Sampson...”

“*Sampson!*” Principal Doane exclaimed.

“That’s the second time I have heard the name today,” thought Doug. ‘Who’s Sampson?’

“Yesss,” said Officer Sweeney slowly as she studied the shocked expression on the Principal’s face. “Delilah betrayed Sampson, and her betrayal led to Sampson’s downfall, when the Philistines shaved off all his hair and enslaved him... You know who the caller was, don’t you, Mrs Doane.” It was stated as a fact.

The Principal took a deep breath. “I think so,” she said, paused while she thought for a moment, and then lied, “One of the new students is the son of a clergyman. Some of the schoolgirls call him Sampson.”

‘Who is she talking about?’ Doug wondered.

“He is a troubled young man,” she continued. “Since he is a minor, my preference is to keep this quiet and handle it internally, if that is all right with you, Officer. I’ll speak with his parents.”

“I think that will be the best way to deal with the matter,” agreed the policewoman.

“Who’s Sampson?” Doug inquired.

“None of your business. Thank you for your cooperation in this matter, Officer Sweeney.”

“I’m just glad to close the case so easily. There’s been no harm done.”

“What about *me*?” growled the naked prisoner. “I’ve been stripped and searched and humiliated just because somebody wrote down the wrong locker number.”

Both women looked at him suspiciously. To them, his Mary-induced erection was proof that he must be guilty of something.

“You didn’t find anything incriminating in his locker?” asked the Principal doubtfully.

“There is nothing worse than some I Dream of Jeannie photo cards.”

Uh-oh, thought Doug with foreboding.

“Do you mean he has photos of Barbara Eden in her skimpy genie costume?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

Mrs Doane stared at Doug’s stiff cock and then nodded her understanding as she scowled into his eyes. “As soon as you are done here, I want you to bring those pictures to me, *all* of them. I know what boys think about when they watch that scantily clad siren cross her arms and blink her eyes. She’s always conjuring up something to bait her Master.” She shook her finger at him. “Well, there will be no Master baiting in this school, young man!”

Officer Sweeney chuckled.

“But... I...”

“Your behaviour today has convinced me that we need more discipline at DSH. As of right now, I am approving Assistant Principal Anderson’s spanking program for the boys.”

Officer Sweeney nodded her support.

“I will be watching you in the future, Douglas,” Mrs Doane warned. “See that you don’t get into any more trouble.”

Doug bowed his head and sighed. “But I didn’t do anything wrong,” he repeated quietly, but no one was listening.

Officer Sweeney unlocked and retrieved her handcuffs. As she was walking out the day, she said to Principal Doane, “Just call if you have any other problems.”

Principal Doane replied, “We’ll do that. Thanks for coming and sorry about the confusion.” She picked up Doug’s pile of clothes and handed it to him, almost throwing them at him. Once he got his clothes back, as quickly as he could he started to get dressed again. Before he could get started, Principal Doane stopped him, “You can take care of that out there,” as she kicked him out of her office.

She forced Doug to leave her office, still naked, and get dressed out in the lobby area of the administrative offices. All the women working there stopped what they were doing to watch as he got dressed.

Chapter 13

Playtime is Over

Featuring the following students:

Bobby: almost six feet tall and burly, with brown hair and eyes

Brett: Slightly less than medium height and slim, with auburn hair and green eyes

Doug: A muscular six-foot-tall boy with dark brown hair and eyes

Jimmy: Short and slender, with dark brown hair and gold wire-rimmed glasses framing his brown eyes

MJ (The Model): Statuesque, slightly larger-than-normal breasts, with waist-length straight brown hair and grey eyes

Rhonda (The Lamb): Medium height with a curvy figure, long wavy black hair, and dark eyes

And introducing two new schoolgirls:

Dale (Her Plumpness): Plump and soft, with dirty-blond hair and light-brown eyes

Lori (The Blonde): Slightly less than medium height and curvaceous, with shoulder-length, very light-blond hair and ice-blue eyes

☺ ☺ ☺

When Brett arrived at the gymnasium for his physical education class, he was surprised to find that Coach Boyle was still absent. He and the other three boys quickly changed into their gym uniforms of blue shorts, white t-shirts, trainers, and crew socks and then joined the rest of the class near centre court. As usual, the sexy girls' coach asked the four boys to line up facing the twelve similarly dressed schoolgirls.

Coach Fox, wearing her usual long-sleeved blue leotard, faced the boys and announced, "Principal Doane has informed me that Coach Boyle has submitted his resignation to the DSH School Board."

There were gasps of surprise from many of the students, of both genders, who exchanged perplexed looks and whispered questions. Everyone was talking at once.

"Okay, settle down, people," said the coach.

As the chatter subsided, Jimmy asked, “Why did Coach Boyle resign?”

“Mrs Doane did not specify the reason. Until the Board can find a replacement, the boys will continue to have classes with us.”

There was a scattering of applause and a few words of approval, but most students were still trying to comprehend that Coach Boyle was not returning.

Coach Fox took roll call for the boys, marking down each one as present. As she turned towards the girls, Brett’s gaze immediately focused on her bottom. Her suit had bunched into the crack of her behind, and her glistening, untanned flanks were exposed. She immediately reached back and slid two fingers under the leg opening to adjust the crotch of her bodysuit, as if she had sensed that four voyeurs were staring there.

When she finished roll call, the attractive, pony-tailed coach said, “Like last week, you will be playing one-on-one basketball. I want everyone to concentrate on practicing jump shots from the foul line and behind the three-point line. Just for today, any layups or baskets made closer than the foul line will not count. Are there any questions?”

“Who gets to play with the boys?” MJ inquired.

“She can play with me anytime,” Bobby whispered to Brett, who chuckled quietly. Thanks to gossipy Cory, everyone knew about the condom-filling lesson that MJ had given to Greg.

“We already picked last week: Gina, Kristen, Terri, and Toni play the boys.”

“That’s not fair!” Carol whined. “Why can’t we rotate players?”

“Couldn’t we have four different girls play against the boys every week?” suggested Lori.

So many schoolgirls were in agreement, that Coach Fox relented. “Okay, this week we will have, let’s see, MJ... Lori... Dale... and Rhonda.”

Carol grabbed the armbands from Coach Fox and sulked to the opposite court with the other seven disappointed schoolgirls.

“Okay, guys, you know the drill, the girls will be Shirts, and the boys are Skins. Unless I hear any objections...” she smiled at Jimmy, who remained quiet, “let’s get those t-shirts off and start playing.”

Bobby, Doug, and Brett immediately pulled their t-shirts over their heads. Jimmy didn’t complain about having to take his shirt off, but he did hesitate. The four schoolgirls were watching the boys strip down, and it was unnerving. He sighed, removed his glasses and folded them, then held them in his hand as he reluctantly pulled his white cotton t-shirt up, baring his stomach and narrow, hairless chest. As the bashful boy struggled to pull the shirt over his head, Bobby joked, “This is how Jimmy usually plays Shirts and Skins, girls,” and immediately yanked the boy’s shorts and tighty-whites to the floor.

There was a muffled, “HEY!” from beneath the t-shirt.

MJ and the boys laughed, Coach Fox chuckled, but Rhonda, Dale, and Lori just stared at Jimmy’s limp penis with mouths agape. Jimmy stumbled around for a moment with his danglers dancing while he tried to extricate himself from his shirt. “BobbEEK!” he yelped as he tripped over his clothes and almost toppled over, but Doug and Bobby grabbed his shoulders and held him up. When he finally managed to free himself, he tossed the shirt aside, then quickly knelt and pulled his shorts and underpants up. His face was beet-red, from anger as much as embarrassment.

Jimmy scowled at Bobby, who grinned and japed, “Sorry, my mistake! I thought you were going to stick with bottomless basketball.”

“Now that everyone is finally ready,” smirked Coach Fox, “let’s play ball.”

As soon as Doug and MJ began competing one-on-one, Coach Fox wandered to the opposite end of the court to check on the other eight schoolgirls. Jimmy was still fuming as he stood on the left side of the court beside Brett and Bobby, watching the action. Dale, Lori, and Rhonda lined up on the right side facing them. After Doug and MJ both scored two points, they swapped places with Jimmy and Lori.

While he waited for his turn, Brett wondered how he’d feel if he were stripped in front of three schoolgirls. What would it be like to have his penis exposed to them? Embarrassing and mortifying, he decided, but exciting nonetheless. With his hands clasped behind his back, he fantasised while looking across at the three girls facing him. Rhonda, with her doe eyes and wavy black hair, Dale with her slightly overweight body but brilliant smile, and MJ with her steady grey eyes and ready grin. Their dorky uniforms could not hide their feminine forms. The large breasts of all three schoolgirls filled-out their white t-shirts to perfection; particularly MJ’s, whose beautiful boobs were rapidly rising and falling after her heated competition with Doug.

His thoughts were interrupted by Bobby, who called, “Hey, MJ!” across the court.

“What?” she replied with a grin.

Bobby suddenly gripped Brett’s slim wrists in one of his large hands. As Brett glanced at him in surprise, Bobby exclaimed, “Brett wants to try Jimmy’s technique!” and immediately used his free hand to yank Brett’s shorts and tighty-whiteys down to his thighs, then allowed them to drop to the floor.

‘Nooooooo!’ Brett’s inner voice screamed. “Nooooooo!” his outer voice protested as the terrible reality slammed into his consciousness: ‘I am bare – ass naked!’ Horrified and embarrassed, Brett struggled to free his hands. Now it was the auburn-haired kids turn to gyrate his genitals for his gawking classmates. His fantasising about MJ’s chest had made him semi-hard, and his rubbery cock whirled for the girl.

MJ’s eyes twinkled as she giggled, Dale stared agape again, and compassionate Rhonda admonished, “Stop it, Bobby. Let him go.”

‘They’re all staring at my penis!’ panicked the struggling boy. Brett noticed that even Lori, the blonde bombshell, had stopped and now stared.

Bobby abruptly gave Brett’s wrists a shove as he released him. The naked boy stumbled forward, giving his schoolgirl classmates an even closer look before he could scramble for his clothes and restore his modesty.

“Come on, boys,” scolded Coach Fox mildly as she strolled over to see what all the commotion was about. “Stop fooling around and get practicing.”

The one-on-one matchups continued, with different combinations of students competing against one another. Towards the end of gym class, athletic Bobby opposed plump Dale in an uneven matchup. He quickly blocked a shot by Dale and boasted, “Don’t worry, Dale, I’ll take it easy on you and only try for three-pointers.”

Coach Fox’s lovely brown eyes watched Bobby as he dribbled to half-court and then moved in for

the kill. The tall boy feinted right, faked Dale into committing in that direction, and then bolted left towards the sidelines. As Bobby halted and lined up his shot, Brett and Jimmy quickly moved up behind him. With a mighty leap, Bobby sent the basketball arcing towards the net. With a mighty yank, Brett and Jimmy sent Bobby's clothes sailing towards the floor. Bobby literally jumped out of his clothes! MJ and Lori clapped and cheered in appreciation to see his rebounding cock and balls flip upward as his body travelled back downward. Now stark naked except for his socks and trainers, with his hands clasped over his private parts, Bobby turned on his strippers and demanded his clothes back.

Brett and Jimmy quickly moved in different directions. "Toss them to me, Jimmy!" cried Brett. The blue shorts, with Bobby's underpants trapped inside, sailed through the air. Bobby made a futile attempt – with one hand – to catch them and missed.

MJ laughed and giggled to see the boy's beautiful bare bottom running around chasing his clothes. "Throw 'em to me!" she encouraged. Brett tossed them her way; she caught them, and then snickered to see Bobby trot towards her with his hands desperately trying to keep the schoolgirls from seeing his secrets again.

"Give them to me, MJ!" he demanded.

"Show me your goodies and I will," she teased.

"No!" Bobby refused. When MJ passed his clothes to Lori, he whined, "Coach Fox, make 'em give them back!"

"Give them to me," she ordered.

"Yes, Ma'am," Lori meekly complied.

Coach Fox held them out towards the bashful boy. "Here you go, Bobby. Let this be a lesson to you."

"Thank you," he said in relief, but as he reached for his clothes, she snatched them away and tossed them behind her back to Brett.

"Too slow!" she taunted him.

"Coach Faaaa-ox!" he complained.

"Well, you started it," she reminded him with a chuckle.

"Yours, Doug!" cried Brett as he tossed the clothes.

Doug wanted no part of the game. He was in enough trouble with the principal's office and did not want to give them an excuse to spank him. "Count me out," he said as he walked away and lined up beside MJ.

Bobby's shorts and underpants fell to the floor, so he quickly scooped them up and got dressed with his back to the schoolgirls, all of whom encouraged him to turn around and booed his bashfulness.

"Everyone, wait here," instructed Coach Fox. "I want a word with you before you hit the showers."

As the coach walked to the opposite court and dismissed the other eight schoolgirls, Brett saw Principal Doane, Assistant Principal Anderson, and Nurse Dolly quietly enter the gym behind the line of schoolgirls and Doug. 'I wonder what this is about,' he worried.

Just then, MJ teased, "What's wrong, Doug, feeling left out?" She abruptly tugged his shorts and

tightly-whiteys to the floor, then moved behind him and stepped on his clothes before he could bend over and retrieve them.

“Let go! Get off them, MJ!” he griped while struggling to pull his clothes up with one hand. The other was protectively shielding his crotch from the gawping schoolgirls.

MJ ignored his protests. She played the bongos on his bare bottom while singing, “BABALU, BABALU AYE-YAY,” like Ricky Ricardo on *I Love Lucy*.

Everyone was laughing. Brett noticed that even the new arrivals were watching and chuckling.

Doug was furious at being made to look like a fool. He managed to wrestle his clothes away and quickly pulled them back up. “Let’s see how you like it!” he growled at MJ as he swung around and grabbed for her gym shorts. She laughed and spun away, but he managed to hook a finger underneath her waistband. As she twisted, the back of her shorts stretched down and revealed her rounded bottom under a pair of silky pink panties. Then Doug’s finger slid out, and her shorts snapped back into place.

Doug made another grab for MJ. By this time, the Principal and Assistant Principal were on the warpath. “DOUGLAS!” snapped Mrs Doane.

“STOP THAT AT ONCE!” demanded Miss Anderson, who snatched him away from MJ.

The students rapidly tried to explain:

“MJ pulled down Doug’s shorts first!” blamed Dale.

MJ gave her a scathing look and then explained, “Bobby started it by pulling down Jimmy’s shorts!”

“That still didn’t give Brett and Jimmy the right to pull down my shorts,” whined Bobby.

“What are you complaining about?” growled Brett. “You yanked my shorts down first!”

“Yeah!” agreed Jimmy.

Mrs Doane shouted, “QUIET! Come over here and gather around me.” When they had surrounded her, she said, “Everyone take two steps back and form a circle. Lori, change places with Brett. Dale, you swap with Bobby.” Her moves left them in an alternating boy-girl circle, with a clockwise order of Doug, MJ, Jimmy, Dale, Brett, Lori, Bobby, Rhonda, and then around to Doug again. Miss Anderson and Nurse Dolly watched from outside the circle.

The Principal immediately got into Doug’s face. “Is this the thanks I get for being lenient with you, Douglas? I should have spanked you for the *I Dream of Jeannie* photos in your locker...”

MJ chuckled but quickly suppressed it when Mrs Doane gave her a malevolent glance.

“...but instead, I let you off the hook. I thought you had suffered enough over the locker mix-up. This is what I get for mollycoddling you...” She shook her head disgustedly. “Making an indecent attack against a schoolgirl. I am disappointed in you, Doug, truly disappointed.”

“But I tried to stay out...”

“I don’t want to hear any excuses!” The Principal stepped back to the centre of the ring. “Gentlemen, clasp your hands behind your backs and leave them there,” she instructed.

Brett warily complied. ‘What now?’

“Boys, turn to your left. Girls, face the boy to your right.” When the students had obeyed, she

continued, “Well girls, it seems that the boys prefer to have their gym shorts and underpants around their ankles. I think we should oblige them, don’t you?”

Doug stared daggers into MJ’s clear, grey eyes, which seemed to twinkle under the bright overhead lights as she looked back with amusement. They both glanced down at the same moment he felt her thumbs slide under the waistband of his underpants and her fingers grasp his clothes. He gazed at her lovely face, haloed by her honey-brown hair as she knelt and slid his clothes down to his ankles, then paused to check out his genitals at eye-level before standing again. Her face beamed with pleasure.

Rhonda looked questioningly towards Mrs Doane.

“Yes, Rhonda, I am giving you permission to strip him,” she confirmed.

Rhonda’s dark eyes gave Bobby an apologetic glance. Then she watched the irises of his brown eyes open wide as her hands slid down his sides and glided under his underpants. Bobby looked down in time to see her thumbs hook over his waistband and felt her palms travel the length of his legs to his ankles as she knelt and guided his clothes down to the floor.

At the same time, Lori gave Brett an impish grin before stripping him. Her technique was to walk them down by stretching the back of his clothes until his bottom was bare, and then she lowered the front until she exposed his genitals, and finally slid them down his legs. She was grinning and admiring his penis when she stood again.

Jimmy held his breath as Dale hesitated. “Her Plumpness” lived in the house next door to his family’s house in their suburban neighbourhood, and he had known her all his life. Her ego had always been as large as her pudgy body. During one sultry summer when they were twelve, she discovered that she was able to get him in trouble by simply claiming that he had called her “Fatty”. The first time was at a crowded State beach, when he refused to let her play with a new toy boat his Dad had bought him. She immediately ran to his Mom with crocodile tears and cried, “Jimmy called me a fatty!” while he trailed her and denied the allegation. Calling someone “Fatty” was a sore spot with Jimmy’s mother, because she had been overweight as a child and teased mercilessly. Much to Dale’s delight, his Mom immediately stripped off his bathing trunks right in front of the neighbour girl – and the other beachgoers – and spanked his bare bottom until he cried. She repeated the scene twice more that summer, until his mother finally got wise to Dale’s lies.

Over the past year, Dale’s body had been changing. Her height was starting to overtake her weight, and every week she seemed to grow less plump and more buxom. Boys were starting to take an interest in her developing body as ample portions of her extra body weight were moulding into voluptuous curves. She had brilliant white teeth that gave her a stunning smile, and she displayed all of them for Jimmy as he felt her fingertips underneath the waistband of his tighty-whiteys.

Still, she paused as she gazed triumphantly into Jimmy’s eyes. ‘Just like the old days!’ they taunted as she hesitated. His eyes narrowed. ‘She’s toying with me,’ he knew, ‘prolonging the moment like a cat tormenting its prey.’

“Go ahead, Dale,” encouraged Mrs Doane, “You have my permission to pull his pants and underpants down.”

As if the Principal’s words had ended the trance, Dale rocketed his shorts and underpants to the floor. Kneeling in front of him, she peered at his penis, and Jimmy watched her mentally comparing his cock to the less mature genitals she remembered flopping around at the beach while his mother had spanked him. After a moment, she stood and grinned into his ashamed eyes.

“I said ‘clasp your hands behind your backs and keep them there,’” Principal Doane growled when Brett tried to hide his parts from Lori’s excited stare. After Dale had stripped Jimmy, Mrs Doane made all the students face the centre of the circle again. As the girls’ eyes compared their classmates’ cocks, Mrs Doane exited the circle and began pacing around them.

“Playtime is over, ladies and gentlemen. There has been far too much laxity at Donna Simpson High lately. Any misbehaving student will receive the usual punishment of detention or extra homework, at the teacher’s discretion. In addition, for certain transgressions that include gross disrespect towards a classmate or faculty member; vandalism; disobedience; and smoking, drinking, doing drugs, or masturbating on school grounds, the school board has authorised me to develop a plan to spank boys who misbehave.”

Doug stared straight ahead. The other three boys exchanged incredulous looks. Spankings!

“Miss Anderson will be experimenting with different methods and levels of spanking. The first person to participate in this program will be Doug...”

He gasped.

“...for gross disrespect to MJ.”

“But I was only...” explained Doug.

MJ tried to come to his defence, “He didn’t really...”

“QUIET!” the Principal snapped and then smacked Doug’s bare bottom with her hand. “Also, Nurse Dolly has agreed to take time from her busy schedule to supervise the boys’ locker room. She will be monitoring your activities and reporting any roughhousing or other inappropriate behaviour to Miss Anderson. Based on what’s reported, she will determine suitable punishment for the miscreants. Additionally, I have instructed Nurse Dolly to check each boy, after his shower and before he gets dressed, for evidence of recent or excessive masturbation.”

While the schoolgirls giggled, the boys quickly glanced at the nurse, who was unsuccessfully attempting to hide her grin.

“If she finds evidence that one of you has been touching yourself inappropriately, she will inform Assistant Principal Anderson, and that boy will be severely punished – especially if I suspect he has been playing with himself on school grounds.”

The girls giggled again. The boys stared in shocked silence.

“Nurse Dolly, now is as good a time as ever to start this policy. Please enter the circle and inspect them.”

There were gasps and gulps from the boys. In contrast, the girls watched expectantly.

The nurse squeezed between Doug and MJ, and then knelt between them. Doug clenched his hands behind his back and stared stonily straight ahead as she lifted his limp penis and inspected his cock. Beside him, MJ watched with amusement and Rhonda peered down in shocked surprise. The nurse’s body blocked Lori’s view, but Dale viewed his intimate examination with interest.

Across the circle, while he watched the nurse closely examining Doug’s cock, Brett was turning white as a sheet. Last night he had discovered his older brother’s October 1972 edition of Playboy magazine! The centrefold was a goddess named Sharon Johansen spread out on a countertop. She had long golden-

blonde hair, large breasts, and a shapely tummy with golden pubic curls. He had masturbated in bed while looking at Sharon's photo and soon climaxed while mentally lying on top of her and nestling his hard cock between her long, spread-apart legs. He tried to imagine the feeling of the length of their bodies touching. His daydream continued with him kissing her excited nipples while he slowly guided his eager penis through her warm and wet love passage. 'Oh, Brett, it's so *big!*' she exclaimed in wide-eyed wonder.

"Is there something you want to confess, Brett?" Miss Anderson inquired.

Her question awoke Brett from his lurid daydream. The girls turned his way and grinned when they looked below his waist. The Assistant Principal was peering over Lori's shoulder and staring at the same place, but she was scowling. 'IDIOT! YOU'VE POPPED A BONER!' his inner voice screamed.

"Umm, n-n-no, M-ma'am," he stuttered ashamedly and blushed all over. Nurse Dolly was now kneeling in front of Bobby. She held his penis upright and closely inspected its rounded pink surfaces. "There is no way I'm going to pass this test!" Brett agonized. His body trembled. He had masturbated a second time last night while flipping through the Playboy and then again today before school! The head of his penis had been sore this morning in the shower because of all the stroking it had endured!

"Hi, Brett," said the nurse as she knelt in front of him.

He tried unsuccessfully to smile. He did not dare speak! His body shook.

"Don't be nervous," Nurse Dolly assured him as she gently held his penis and studied the tip. She immediately glanced up and gave him a coy look.

'Oh, no!' he panicked. She knows already!

She leaned in, and Brett gulped as her petite nose paused inches from his cock. He watched nervously as her blue eyes roamed all the regions of his rod. Despite his anxiety about what Nurse Dolly might find, her close inspection was making him even hornier! Especially when the blonde nurse placed her index finger on the back of his fatty cock head and gently pulled down to get a better look at his most private place! He sensed Lori and Dale gleefully staring at his sides. His heart was pounding by the time the masturbation inspector released him and knelt in front of Jimmy.

When Nurse Dolly finished, she let go of Jimmy's semi-aroused penis and reported, "I saw no evidence of recent masturbation, Miss Anderson."

All four boys began breathing again.

Looking disappointed at the news, the Assistant Principal commanded, "Okay, Doug, bend forward with your hands on your knees. It is time for your spanking."

The naughty boy took a deep breath and obeyed.

Miss Anderson's first mighty blow caused Doug to stumble forward. He made no a sound, but the force of her hand on his bare bottom pushed him away.

"Hold him in place, girls," she instructed Rhonda and MJ.

The schoolgirls at his sides gripped his upper arms before the next swing landed with a sharp SMACK!

Doug let out no wince in pain, nor did he cry out, or even grunt! The Wicked Witch was unhappy. She smacked him again, harder, with the same result. She landed a flurry of blows: SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Not a peep! Harder still: SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Although Doug's bare bottom was blushing crimson, he had neither moved nor cried out. He had not even protested! He just stayed bent over, with the girls holding him in place, waiting patiently for the next spank.

Miss Anderson gave up. "I guess that is enough punishment for today," she growled.

"You can dismiss them, Coach Fox," said Mrs Doane.

"Wait a minute! What about MJ?" griped Brett.

Mrs Doane's eyes narrowed. "What about MJ?" she asked sinisterly.

"I saw you watching when she yanked down Doug's pants. Doesn't she get a spanking?"

MJ started to feel a bit nervous that Brett might be able to convince them to spank or discipline her just for playing around.

The Principal and Assistant Principal glared at him. "We do *not* spank girls at Donna Simpson High," Mrs Doane barked in righteous indignation. "Doug got what he deserved. Now mind your own business, young man, or you will be getting a spanking as well."

MJ realised she was not going to be punished or suffer any repercussions for her actions. It almost made her start to feel invincible

"Yes, Ma'am," he squeaked.

The students scattered for their separate locker rooms. The boys grumbled about the unfairness of the new system. They chuckled to see Miss Armstrong flexing her wrist and rubbing her hand as she left the gym. "The spanking seemed to hurt her more than Doug!" they gleefully realised.

"Didn't it hurt?" they asked him.

The punished boy grinned. "Did you ever go ice skating and fall on the ice?" he asked.

The boys nodded. "Yeah...?" prompted Bobby.

"That hurts worse than Miss Anderson's hand!" he chuckled, and all the boys laughed in relief.

Later, as Brett exited the shower and walked towards his locker, Nurse Dolly stopped him with a gentle hand on his bare shoulder and asked, "Would you mind staying after school for a couple minutes tonight, Brett? I'd like to use your muscles to move some heavy boxes in my office."

He grinned. 'She said I have muscles!' "Of course, Nurse Dolly!" he cheerfully agreed, flattered that she had asked him instead of Jimmy, Doug, or Bobby.

She grinned as she watched the bare boy strut proudly back to his locker.

☺ ☺ ☺

Brett arrived at Nurse Dolly's office after the final bell. The beautiful blonde caregiver closed the door behind him and then locked it. "I don't want anyone disturbing us," she explained mysteriously.

'What's going on?' he wondered.

"Please have a seat on the couch, Brett. Is your penis sore?"

"Huh?" He grunted in surprise and flopped down onto the couch.

“When I examined you in the gym today, I noticed your penis was chafed.” She sat next to him on the couch. “I know that you’ve been masturbating quite a bit lately,” she informed him matter-of-factly.

He gasped and turned pale.

“Don’t worry,” she assured him quietly, “it will be our secret. Meddlesome Miss Anderson doesn’t need to know.”

Brett relaxed and smiled. He loved Nurse Dolly from that moment on.

“May I take a look at it? I have some cream that should make you feel better.”

“I don’t mind,” he consented nervously and immediately started fumbling with the button of his pants.

She stopped him. “First, let’s spin you around so you are more comfortable.” She helped him to lie partially down with his left leg stretched along the back of the couch beside her and his right leg on the floor. “Now, just lie back and relax.”

Brett leaned back against the plush leather armrest and watched Nurse Dolly unbutton his pants and unzip his fly.

“Please help me pull these down,” she requested.

Brett happily raised his hips off the couch and guided the front of his tighty-whites over his sore cock as Nurse Dolly tugged his pants and underpants down to his thighs. His heart started pounding and his penis began stretching the moment she exposed his genitals.

She smiled to see his arousal. “You get excited easily, don’t you, Brett,” she observed as her cool fingers encircled his enlarging cock.

“Yeah, I guess, Nurse Dolly,” he had to admit, considering that the irrefutable evidence was quickly growing in her hand. ‘Especially with you holding my dick, Nurse Dolly!’ he wanted to say.

“There’s nothing wrong with getting aroused quickly, Brett. In fact, I promise you that someday you will fondly remember these days at DSH when your penis erected so effortlessly.” She brushed the tip with her index finger and he hissed in pain. “Oh, sorry!” the caring nurse apologised. “It’s sore, huh? Let me get my cream.”

Brett’s gaze followed her slim figure as she walked to a cabinet and rummaged in a drawer. She was only gone a moment. When she returned, his cock was fully engorged and pointing towards his chin. He grinned sheepishly.

She returned his grin. “That just makes it easier to treat!” she kidded.

She sat between his thighs again and squeezed white cream from a small tube onto her fingers. She slid her other hand between his belly and his penis to lift his member. She held him steady while lightly spreading the cooling cream over the head of his cock. “There you go,” she soothed while carefully working the greasy lotion into his chapped skin. “This should make you feel much better.”

He squirmed, and she immediately stopped touching him. “Oh! Am I hurting you?”

“No, sorry, I’ll try to hold still, Nurse Dolly.”

She squirted more cream onto her fingertips, and then smiled to see the boy squirm even more as her touch aroused him.

“Sorry,” he apologised again and desperately tried to hold still.

“I’m almost done,” she promised.

“Don’t hurry!” he said too quickly, and then mentally kicked himself. Idiot!

Nurse Dolly’s twinkling blue eyes looked into his, and she grinned amusedly. Brett felt a warm glow of love for her course through his whole body. He regretted the moment when her soft fingers stopped soothing his penis.

“That should do it,” she said, then startled him by drawing in a large breath, leaning forward, and blowing on his penis! It felt amazingly erotic!

‘Oh, please, Nurse Dolly, do it ag...’ She blew on his penis a second time! ‘I love it!’ he sighed to himself.

“Why don’t you let your penis dry for a while before you put it away,” she suggested. “Otherwise, your underpants might rub off all the ointment.”

‘Whatever you say, Nurse Dolly!’

For the next couple of minutes, Brett and his newest passion chatted companionably while the tip of his pampered penis dried in the conditioned office air. As they talked, Nurse Dolly’s gaze occasionally shifted from his eyes to his penis and back again.

“You love to masturbate, don’t you, Brett,” she stated.

“Yes,” he admitted shyly. “Sometimes I get so excited that I just can’t stop myself.” He was nervous and excited to be having such a frank conversation with an attractive adult woman.

“Most boys your age enjoy playing with themselves. It’s natural and nothing to be ashamed of or worried about. You need to be more careful. Try to avoid chaffing your penis so much.”

“Yes, Nurse Dolly.” Please say ‘penis’ again, Nurse Dolly!

“Do you use a cloth or just your hand?”

“Just my hand.”

“That’s good. Cloths irritate the skin more than your hand does. Do you ever use lotion?”

He paused to gather his courage, gulped air, and replied boldly, “No, Nurse Dolly, I only use my bare hand to stroke my penis.” Saying ‘penis’ aloud to an adult woman was one of the most exciting acts he had ever done!

She sensed his excitement and smiled. “You should try using Vaseline – or any hand or body lotion will do – especially when your penis starts getting sore.” She started to get up. “Do you need some lotion?” she asked.

She said ‘penis’ again! “No, we have plenty at home.” ‘I’ll be using it tonight and thinking of you, Nurse Dolly!’

“The lotion will keep your sensitive parts from chafing, and I think you will like the way it feels when you stroke your penis.”

The serious discussion had actually relaxed him, and his erection was beginning to ease when Nurse Dolly took his penis into her hands one last time and then verified, “Okay, I think you can put this away

now.”

“Thank you, Nurse Dolly,” he said sincerely as he eased his healing penis into his underpants.

Chapter 14

Smoking is Bad for your Health

Featuring schoolgirls:

Gina (The Flirt): Medium height and curvaceous, with black shoulder-length hair and dark-brown eyes behind black glasses

Samantha (The Pixie): A petite 5'2" tall freshman with a dark blonde bob-style haircut and grey eyes

And introducing a new schoolboy:

Mark: An exchange student from England who is barely 5' tall and slim, with curly black hair and dark eyes

☺ ☺ ☺

On a cool Saturday in December, when a cold breeze foreshadowed a frigid winter, Mark and Samantha were strolling towards Donna Simpson High School when Gina overtook them on her blue banana-seat bike. "Hi, Sam! Who's your cute friend?" she asked as she hopped off beside them and began walking her bicycle.

"Good morning, Gina. This is Mark."

"Hi Mark!" said the raven-haired beauty, giving him a quick wave.

'She's a bit of all right!' he thought as he observed the vivacious girl: wavy, black hair brushing the shoulders of her white jacket, dark brows and eyes partially obscured by a pair of black-rimmed glasses, cheeks flushed from the cold, a dazzling smile, and a body that showed promise despite the jacket's concealment. "Happy to make your acquaintance, Gina," he said as he politely shook her hand.

"Oooh! I love your British accent," Gina gushed and then giggled. "Where are you from?"

"Wrotham Heath, in Kent, England."

"Is that anywhere near London?"

Mark smiled. Every American asks the same flippin' question. "Yes, Wrotham Heath is less than thirty miles southeast of London."

An icy wind gusted into their faces, and they all shuddered under their heavy jackets and blue-dyed jeans. "You Yanks have bloody cold weather," the British lad observed, putting his hands deeper into the pockets of his bush jacket.

Sam, looking cute in a red ski jacket from the Sears Catalogue, chuckled. "This is nothing. Wait until it starts snowing."

He shivered.

"Are you two related?" Gina inquired.

"No, Mark's an exchange student. He's staying with my family and will be spending the rest of the year at Donna Simpson High."

Gina grinned broadly and shared an amused glance with Sam. "Does he know anything about DSH?" Samantha shook her head, and they both laughed.

'What is so amusing?' he wondered. He felt like he had been insulted. "I know you are building a first-class pool facility," he informed them, "and that is why I chose DSH. I enjoy swimming and look forward to improving my skills. I hope they have a diving board!"

When the students reached the school, they meandered around the perimeter. While peering through the windows, the girls pointed out highlights to their foreign friend: the Administrative Office, the Cafeteria, the familiar freshmen-sophomore wing, the mysterious junior-senior wing, the old Gymnasium, and finally the imposing, nearly-completed Pool and Gymnasium Facility.

"Blimey! That is an impressive building!" Mark exclaimed. "When did they say it will open?"

"In a couple of weeks, after Winter Break," replied Sam. She shivered. "Speaking of winter, let's go to the other side to get out of this wind."

"What a cracking view!" Mark observed as they rounded a corner of the building. Behind the new gym was a recently added access road. It led to a winding, rural thoroughfare that travelled through groves of trees as it ascended the hill where they stood.

Gina and Sam turned around and glanced briefly at the landscape before facing him again. "It is nice, I suppose," Gina commented. "I don't even notice any more."

"It reminds me of home. I am going to enjoy my stay here. As I said, I hope the pool opens soon. I loathe swimming at your YMCA."

"Their pool's no good?" asked Sam as she leaned her bike against the building. She withdrew a pack of cigarettes from a jacket pocket and offered one to Gina and Mark.

"It is adequate, although a bit ancient."

Gina accepted the proffered cigarette, but Mark politely declined. "I normally abstain," he explained.

"Oh, go ahead, Mark, you're in America now!" Sam coaxed him. "You know: the land of the free, and home of the brave!"

"Yeah, don't be such a Mary Poppins!" Gina added.

"Well, all right then," the exchange student relented as he accepted a smoke. "Suppose I had best uphold our international relations." He waited for the laugh, but neither girl realised he was joking. He shrugged. "The pool at your Y is tolerable, but their preposterous rules get my wind up!"

“Get your what up?” snickered Gina.

Mark rapidly ranted, “I was gobsmacked when I exited the lift and had my first peep at their natorium. Nothing but lads in the nuddy! All bloody starkers!”

Gina giggled. “Is he saying what I think he’s saying?”

“I’m not sure...” replied Sam with a twinkle in her eye.

“My apologies, ladies,” he said more calmly. “Frightful habit: switching to vernacular when roused. What I mean to say is, imagine my chagrin when I discovered that your YMCA requires boys and men to swim while naked!”

Sam laughed, then choked on her smoke

“They do?” chuckled Gina delightedly. “And that bothered you?”

Mark looked horrified at her light-hearted attitude. “Of course! Where I come from, it is improper for gentlemen to be seen naked by other gentlemen, especially of different ages. Oh, perhaps when necessary for medical purposes or to punish a lad, but that is all. It is indecent! What is more, their cockamamie reason for requiring public nudity is that fibres from swimsuits clog their pool filters. What a load of bollocks! I beg your pardon, ladies; I mean a pack of lies.”

“I see,” said Gina seriously, but she was unable to hold her serious expression as she burst into giggles again.

“You may laugh,” he said, “but as for me, I cannot wait until your pool facility opens and I can return to sanity.”

“Oh, you are going to love Donna Simpson High,” Sam promised.

Mark inhaled, abruptly coughed and choked, then roared with laughter. “Am I dreaming, or are we in Hollywood?” he gasped and then began coughing again. He couldn’t catch his breath, so he just pointed behind the girls.

Gina and Samantha turned but saw nothing hilarious or even amusing. They turned back to the English lad with puzzled expressions on their faces. “What’s so funny?” Sam inquired.

Somewhat recovered, Mark replied breathlessly, “There’s a lady riding up the hill on a bicycle with a basket on the front, but she is behind that grove of trees right now,” he tried to explain, pointing out a clump of maple trees near where the access road met the thoroughfare. “She’s a hook-nosed old biddy that looks like that nasty crone in *The Wizard of Oz*; the one who steals Dorothy’s dog, Toto, and later becomes the Wicked Witch of the West!”

The schoolgirls looked at each other with foreboding. “It can’t be,” said Gina. “Not on a Saturday.”

Before they could move, Assistant Principal Anderson turned the corner and pedalled directly towards them. “Drop your cigarette, Mark!” Sam warned, putting her hand behind her back and dropping her smoke on the ground behind her. She nonchalantly stepped on it to extinguish the flame.

Mark and Gina quickly dropped their cigarettes, but it was too late. Miss Anderson pointed a bony finger at them and warned, “Don’t any of you move! I see you, my pretties, and your little friend, too. Smoking on school grounds... *Again!*”

The girls looked guilty. Mark was gobsmacked.

The Assistant Principal stopped her green bike next to Gina's, dropped the kickstand, and dismounted. "I thought you girls had learned your lesson the last time."

"But there's no school today," Sam defended.

"What does that matter?" asked Miss Anderson acidly. "Do you think it is okay to burn the school down just because the students are home? Who's this boy?"

"My name is Mark, an exchange student from England," he confessed. "I start classes here on Monday."

"Oh, yes, Mrs Olsen told me about you. She thought you would be an asset to our line-up of miscreant boys. Obviously she was wrong." She suddenly gripped the collar of Mark's jacket and began quick walking him to the main school building. "Come along, girls," she ordered, "Follow me. Saturday or not, you are all going to be punished."

Mark tried to reason with his unreasonable captor as they entered the school and she propelled him towards the administrative office. "Begging your pardon, Ma'am, but I had no idea that smoking on school grounds, on a weekend, was forbidden. This is all just an unfortunate misunderstanding."

"Ignorance of the rules is no excuse," she parried.

"It was my fault," Gina confessed. "I brought the cigarettes, and I talked him into having one."

"It's irrelevant whose fault it is. The fact is that the three of you were smoking on school grounds, and all three of you will be punished." When the group reached the Assistant Principal's office, Miss Anderson snapped, "You girls find a seat at one of the desks. I will deal with you in a few minutes."

Gina and Sam removed their jackets and sat in two of the front-row seats. Gina was wearing a pink cotton sweater that accentuated her breasts, while Sam had on a black-and-grey wool pullover that hid her curves.

"As for you, young man, take off your clothes," she announced while rummaging inside a cupboard beside her desk. "I have a new tool I want to try out, and this is the perfect opportunity! You are going to be spanked for your role in this breach of the DSH rules."

"A spanking! I am too old for a spanking. It is just not done on boys my age."

She turned with a nasty-looking rattan cane and swished it menacingly. "Get those clothes off, young man, unless you want even more strokes than you are going to get."

"No!" he refused. "Ow!" he yelped when she spun him around and rapped his bottom with the cane. "Not in front of the young ladies." She rapped him again, harder, and he yelped "Oww!" again, louder.

"Come on, Mark," Samantha urged. "She is going to continue until you obey."

With a sniff and a look of sheer misery on his face, the boy removed his jacket, placed it on Miss Anderson's desk, and then began unbuttoning his shirt. "This is not fair," he mumbled. "I didn't even want a ciggie."

From their vantage point across the room, the girls watched with interest as Mark bared his narrow chest and slightly rounded belly. Starting to sob, he turned his back to them and pulled down his trousers, revealing tighty-whiteys covering a cute little behind.

Miss Anderson immediately spun him a quarter turn and forced him to bend over her desk, then pulled his underpants to the floor.

Mark gasped and tried to cover his privates, but a strong hand on his back and a barked, “Don’t move!” stopped him. He heard the cane swishing ominously behind him. SWISH! SWISH! The bent-over boy trembled. ‘I haven’t been caned since I was twelve!’ he whined to himself, ‘and that was over my trousers.’

SWISH! SWISH!

Gina and Sam watched with wide-eyed stares while Miss Anderson warmed up. The boy’s bare bottom was a tempting target! ‘What is it about a boy’s naked butt that makes you want to smack it?’ Sam wondered. Both girls were disappointed that they were unable to see Mark’s penis or scrotum; his right leg and the desk blocked their view.

SWISH! SNAP! “UH!” Mark grunted as Miss Anderson’s first full-strength blow slapped across his bottom. He reached back to protect the target but she made him keep his hands on the desk. He began sobbing and trembling as he awaited the next stroke.

SWISH! He sighed. Another practice stroke.

“Come on, Mark, take it like a man!” Gina shamed the bawling boy.

“But it hurts,” he whimpered.

SWISH! He tensed, but this one failed to land as well.

“Doug got spanked a dozen times,” Sam observed, “and he didn’t cry or yell once.”

With tears rolling down his face, Mark gritted his teeth, determined to remain quiet after the next strike. He held his breath...

SWISH! SNAP! “AAOOOWWWW!” he screeched. The second one stung worse than the first and magnified the pain. Mark bawled. He bounced his bottom. His ass was on fire!

“Your bottom is blushing,” teased Gina. It was! His backside had two angry stripes across it and became bright red. She giggled as he jiggled it.

“Ow! Ow! Ow!” he wailed as he writhed.

SWISH! But no impact.

“PLEASE stop,” he begged. “I will never smoke again.”

SWISH! The Assistant Principal began to worry about the angry red welts and Mark’s unexpectedly strong reaction. A whisper of doubt crossed her mind. ‘Maybe this is more painful than I thought.’

Samantha liked the way he was wiggling his cute butt. “Come on, Mark, stop crying like a baby!” she belittled him. She had never felt a hand or a paddle on her bottom, and had no idea how painful or humiliating it was to receive a spanking.

SWISH! SNAP! “AAA OOOOWWWW!” Mark screamed. He reached back and desperately tried to rub away the pain. “Please, PLEASE stop, I can’t take any more!” he pleaded.

Shocked by the technicolor bruises appearing on the boy’s bottom, Miss Anderson agreed at last, “I think that will be enough spanking for today. Now, I want you to stand in the corner for the rest of the hour.”

When Mark turned around, he was still crying and rubbing his sore bottom with both hands. The girls' eyes immediately sought his penis, and they both laughed. Despite his crying and carrying on, Miss Anderson's spanking left Mark extremely aroused! His cock extended to its full three inches, standing stiff, pink, and proud.

The Assistant Principal led him to her punishment corner and had him face the lovely schoolgirls, with his trousers and underpants still around his ankles. "Mark, I want you to stand there and think about what you did and why you were punished."

Mark was crying too hard to answer. He continued to rub his sore bottom with both hands. Samantha and Gina still chuckled as they stared at his excited cock.

Miss Anderson was relieved when she realised how aroused he was. She smiled. 'Maybe the cane was not as bad as I thought.'

Mark suddenly realised their attention was centred on his crotch. 'They're staring at my biggie!' he whined to himself, using the British slang term for an erection. He lowered his head, cupped his genitals protectively, and blubbered, "Stop looking at my biggie."

The three women guffawed.

"Biggie?" gasped Gina. "Looks more like a smallie to me!"

Now the women were crying, but with tears of laughter. Mark cried harder.

When she had regained her composure, the Assistant Principal returned to her scowling self. "Hands to your sides, Mark," she instructed. "Naughty boys don't get to cover themselves."

Mark complied while continuing to stare at the floor. His crying subsided to wracking sobs.

"As for the two of you," Miss Anderson suddenly turned on the schoolgirls, "this is the second time I have caught both of you smoking on school grounds. The last time, I let you off with an hour of studying after school. Not this time. Mark has been punished, and now it is your turn."

Mark sniffed and raised his head. 'She's going to spank them?' he wondered. As much as he wants to see the girls' bare bottoms, that would be indecent! It was rude enough to strip a lad in front of girls, but undressing girls in front of a boy was unthinkable! On the other hand, they had gotten him into this mess. He hadn't wanted to smoke, but they insisted. He wasn't normally a vengeful person, but they deserved this humiliation more than he did. He watched with interest as Miss Anderson returned the cane to her cupboard and rummaged for another evil torture tool. Naturally, being girls, they will be spanked with something less severe.

The schoolgirls were curious but didn't seem nervous.

'They should be!' he thought. What is she looking for? A ruler? A paddle? There is *no way* Miss Anderson will bare their bottoms in front of me. Will she??

"Come over here, girls," the Assistant Principal commanded.

Mark watched Gina and Sam timidly approach the Assistant Principal's desk. The pile of his clothes was a reminder of what their fate might be. He waited and hoped for the "Strip!" order.

When Miss Anderson finally turned around, she revealed the girls' punishment for smoking. "This is for you, Gina," she said as she handed the dark-haired beauty a feather duster, "and these are yours," she told Samantha as she presented her with a can of furniture polish and a cloth. "While you are waiting

for Mark to finish his punishment, the two of you must clean my office. You had better do a good job, because I will be inspecting the room afterwards.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” the schoolgirls grumbled as they began serving their sentences.

Mark’s frustration and disappointment boiled over. “You’re not going to spank them!” he exclaimed irritably.

The Assistant Principal scowled. “Of course not,” she scoffed. “Not being spanked is a female privilege at DSH. We never have spanked a schoolgirl, and we never will.”

Mark sobbed at the unfairness of the system.

For the rest of the hour, Gina and Sam performed their gruelling work, dusting around the naked, sobbing boy in the corner with his hands to his sides and his excited little biggie on display. Whenever the Assistant Principal wasn’t looking, Gina tickled Mark’s penis with the feather duster, just to make sure his English lion remained rampant.

☹ ☹ ☹

Mark’s initiation to Donna Simpson High continued the following Monday. After a rousing Shirts and Skins game in gym class, he jogged to the locker room, where he was shocked to find a woman in a white nurse’s outfit!

“You must be Mark,” she greeted him and shook his hand. “From England, right?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he replied as he looked at her suspiciously. What is she doing in the boys’ locker room?

“I’m Nurse Dolly,” she introduced herself. “It’s nice to meet you.”

Mark started to reply but was dumbfounded when Bobby walked by on the way to the shower room. He was naked, and his dangling cock was swinging free. Nurse Dolly smiled as she watched him and kept smiling when Jimmy and Doug soon followed with their packages on parade.

“Hurry up and take your shower,” she advised. “You don’t want to be late for your next class.”

A minute later, he passed Nurse Dolly on his way to the showers with his hands bashfully held over his genitals.

“Mark, wait!” she stopped him. Holding him in place, she knelt behind him and examined his rear end. His backside had three angry red stripes, with bruises that were red, blue, green, and yellow. “What happened to your bottom?” she asked him with sincere concern in her voice.

“Miss Anderson caned me for smoking on school property.”

“She did! Does your bottom hurt, Mark?”

“It used to, but its feeling better today.”

“Okay, go take your shower. I’ll have a word with Miss Anderson. Maybe we can find something less brutal than a cane for her to use.”

In the shower room, all the boys gathered around Mark and asked about the bright marks on his bottom. They were all frightened by the ugly evidence left by the Assistant Principal’s newest disciplinary technique.

When his shower was over, Mark was perplexed by what he saw. Doug, Jimmy, and Bobby were waiting in a queue facing Nurse Dolly, who was sitting on a wooden bench in the middle of the room. From behind him, Brett explained, "We all have to see Nurse Dolly before we can get dressed."

Perplexed and with his hands held protectively over his crotch, Mark stepped forward when the nurse finished with Bobby. He almost swallowed his tongue when Nurse Dolly abruptly pulled his hands away and said, "I need to check your penis."

'What kind of school *is* this?' he wondered incredulously as the lovely woman's fingers gently encircled his shaft and raised his cock! She took a glance and then looked up at him with a mysterious smile he didn't understand. When her attention returned to his member, she leaned forward with her bright blue eyes focused on his pinkest part and inspected him. She began unintentionally arousing him by using the fingers of her free hand to peek into his most private places! 'What in bloody blazes is she looking for?'

After she finally released his penis, but before she dismissed him, the sexy blonde nurse requested, "Would you mind briefly staying after school tonight, Mark? I have some heavy boxes that need to be moved, and I could use your muscles."

"Certainly, Nurse Dolly!" he happily volunteered.

As Mark strutted back to his locker, the nurse looked up into Brett's grinning face. She gave him a wink and said, "Those boxes won't move themselves." As she lifted Brett's penis and began inspecting him, she whispered, "Oh good, I see the lotion is working. Your penis looks much happier today."

When Brett returned to his locker a few minutes later, he was feeling envious of Mark.

Chapter 15

Peek-A-Boo Plaza

Featuring the following freshmen:

Billy: A boy of medium height and weight, with brown hair and eyes

Cory (The Gossip): Medium height, slightly overweight and busty, with short light-brown hair and brown eyes

Greg: An extroverted boy, almost 6' tall and slim, with blond hair and blue eyes

Joe: A boy slightly taller than average and muscular, with sandy hair and hazel eyes

Sam (The Pixie): A petite girl, about 5'2" tall, with a dark blonde bob-style haircut and grey eyes.

Tim: A shy boy who is barely 5'2" tall with brown hair and eyes

And introducing the following junior schoolgirls:

Jody (The Demure): Petite with small breasts, shoulder-length brown hair framing her oval face, wide-set brown eyes, and a few freckles on her small nose.

Rosemary (The Face): Medium height with a slender and nubile body, long brown hair, arched eyebrows, brown eyes, a slightly bulbous nose, a small gap between her two front teeth, and dimples in her cheeks and the centre of her chin.

Susan (The Instigator): Medium height with large, shapely breasts; long, dark-blonde hair; a slightly large nose; and plump lips.

☺ ☺ ☺

A few days before the beginning of Winter Break, Billy and Greg left history class with a song in their hearts and a bulge in their pants. As usual, Miss Harding had raised their spirits with her provocative clothes and teasing manner. Tim, however, deflated their elevated morale.

“Looks like they’ve hired another Coach Boyle for us,” the short boy griped.

“What do you mean?” asked Joe quickly, at the same time Billy demanded, “Why? What have you heard?”

Greg blurted, “Not another Coach Boyle!”

“The new coach’s name is Joe Bronson.”

“Not another one,” worried Billy.

All the boys were apprehensive.

Greg observed, “Joe Bronson. Sounds like the kind of guy that could make Coach Boyle look like a wimp.”

“How did you find out, Tim?” inquired Joe sceptically.

“I overheard Principal Doane and Miss Anderson in the hall. Mrs Doane said that the school board has hired Joe Bronson to be Coach Fox’s assistant, and that Coach Bronson will help with the lessons and take charge of the boys’ discipline and hygiene.”

‘Discipline and hygiene. Discipline and hygiene.’ The words echoed in Billy’s head as his mood sank. He was picturing some macho jerk gripping his cock and checking for signs of masturbation. ‘Just when things were starting to go well! This... just... sucks.’

His gloomy thoughts were interrupted by Coach Fox. She opened the locker room door and said, “Let’s go, guys! We have much to cover today.”

☹ ☹ ☹

When the four boys and eight girls of Billy’s gym class had changed into their blue shorts, white t-shirts, trainers, and crew socks, Coach Fox announced, “Since this is the last week before vacation, we are having an extended gym class today.”

The students groaned.

She smiled. “It’s not what you think. We will be touring the new facilities before starting our usual one-on-one basketball practice. To get things started, I want to introduce the architect and foreman of Donna Simpson High’s new pool and gymnasium complex, Steve H***.”

The students applauded politely as the handsome 28-year-old contractor, with dark blond hair, blue eyes, and bulging muscles, stepped in front of them. He was wearing a dark-grey pinstripe suit with a red tie. “I’m not big on speeches,” he admitted, “so let’s just get started. If you’ll follow me, I’ll walk you over to the new building.”

Billy hung back with the other boys and trailed the pack of girls as they passed through the rear gymnasium door. The group stopped between the new facility and the old gym, where Steve turned and gestured expressively towards the obsolete building. “Starting next spring, your old gymnasium will be torn down. If you can picture this, there will be two extensions. One will lead from the freshmen-sophomore Wing to the swimming pool, and one will connect the junior-senior Wing to the gymnasium. Between the two wings, where the old gym stands today, will be a multipurpose field that will include a running track. If you can stand the cold for another minute...”

Joe nudged Billy, then nodded towards Coach Fox and quietly quipped, “I noticed it was getting a little nippy out here.”

The thirty-year-old athletic instructor was wearing her usual long-sleeved blue leotard with the DSH Cougars logo. Billy snickered, because her distended nipples were threatening to pop right through the front of her bodysuit. He glanced around, and all the schoolgirls he saw were suffering from the same

stiff-nipple syndrome under their white t-shirts. For the umpteenth time he thought, Oh, it's good to be a guy, at Donna Simpson High!

Billy did not hear the end of the architect's statement, but he followed the pack as they walked around to the front of the building. He listened to their guide explain, "This will be the main visitor entrance to the facility. The construction road to Route 12 will be improved, and a parking lot will be added. Please follow me inside."

The group passed through one of four pairs of glass doors. As Billy entered, he heard the girls oohing and ahing in front of him. He looked up and immediately added his own, "Wow!" The front lobby was impressive, with a glassed, three-story cathedral ceiling and a huge "Home of the Donna Simpson High Cougars" sign emblazoned on the wall above a ticket counter.

"This is the main lobby," Steve H*** informed them. "Ahead of us is the registration desk and ticket office that also serves as a coat room. To our left is the swimming pool, and to our right is the new gymnasium. Let's start in the gym."

They walked across the lobby and through a doorway where two oak doors were locked open. Even before they entered, Billy could smell the pungent aroma of fresh paint, lacquer, and polish. The boys joined the girls in oohing and ahing as they looked around. The gym was two-stories high with rows of bleachers on two sides of a lustrous basketball court. Over a stage at the opposite end was a "Go DSH COUGARS!" banner. From six ribbons arched over the court, draped small triangular pennants with alternating blue and yellow "DSH COUGARS" pennants. Large lamps hanging from the ceiling illuminated the room, and a huge electronic scoreboard hung over centre court.

"Isn't this spectacular!?" exclaimed Coach Fox.

The students agreed and applauded without further prompting.

Steve H*** beamed with pride. "I thought you'd like it!" he chuckled. He led them along the basketball court. On this side, the first row of bleachers was eight feet above the playing surface. Rows of chairs for the players lined the sidelines below the bleachers, and at half-court was a double doorway marked 'girls' locker Room'. Steve led them inside.

The place was a palace! A lounge and meeting room filled the centre space with burgundy leather chairs and three matching couches facing a podium in front of a large chalkboard. Steve guided them around a wall lined with pine equipment-racks to their right and through a maze of almost six-foot tall, double-stacked lockers that were DSH yellow with blue trim. For every ten lockers, there was a long polished pine bench.

"How many lockers are there?" asked Billy.

Their guide explained, "The locker room has capacity for two hundred and fifty girls." After exiting the locker area, he crossed the room between the podium and the leather chairs, then led them into an adjacent shower room.

Steve stopped in front of a floral couch and two matching plush armchairs that sat at one end of the room. He paused while the amazed students surveyed their surroundings. Against the inside wall were twelve pristine sinks below twelve large mirrors, with full-length mirrors between every other sink. Along the opposite wall were twenty individual shower rooms. All their doors were closed, but each had an inlaid green disk indicating they were unoccupied. The hunky architect showed them that when they locked a door, its disk switched to red. He held the door open and let all of them look inside.

“I’m going to enjoy showering here!” exclaimed Cory when she took a peek.

‘I’ve never seen anything like it!’ thought Billy. Each room was efficiently furnished with a shower stall, lavatory, small pine bench, full-length mirror, and a clothes cupboard with extra towels!

“Gosh!” gushed Tim. “Are the boys’ showers like this?”

Steve pretended not to hear. He walked to the end of the room opposite the floral couches and pulled aside the doors of a large cupboard. Inside was a clothing rod crammed with one-piece bathing suits of varying sizes. “Schoolgirls will be fitted for their own custom-made DSH bathing suits, of course, but visitors must wear one of these suits or purchase their own DSH suit.”

“How come they can’t bring their own bathing suit from home?” asked Sam curiously.

“The School Board does not want us playing morality cops,” Coach Fox explained. “To avoid arguments over the appropriateness of bikinis and other revealing costumes, they decided that all visitors must wear a one-piece suit supplied by the school.”

Sam nodded. “That makes sense, I guess.”

Steve led them out of the shower room and towards a door opposite to the gymnasium door where they had entered. The students immediately smelled chlorine as they followed their guide into the commodious swimming pool facility. Light streamed into the room through two-story floor-to-ceiling windows. The pool was Olympic size, with a huge DSH COUGARS logo below the water. A diving board and diving platform were installed at one end, and the opposite end had starting blocks for racers. Long rows of bleachers on both sides of the pool stood fifteen feet back from the edge, and in one corner of the space was a large hot tub.

“That ends the tour,” announced Steve. “I hope you liked our new facility.”

Some of the students began applauding, but Greg asked, “What about the boys’ locker room? We haven’t seen that yet.”

The architect glanced at Coach Fox, who nodded her consent. He shrugged and said, “It is right back here.” He led them towards the back wall, the one nearest the old gym. In the centre facility that housed the girls’ locker room, at the opposite end from the ticket booth, was a room with glass walls. “This is the Coaches Office with auxiliary administrative workspace,” Steve explained. “It has windows that look out on the pool and gymnasium as well as the back corridor.”

When they turned the corner, Billy immediately spotted a public shower area opposite the coaches’ office, and beyond it were two doors marked MEN and WOMEN.

“I’ve seen these at other public pools,” Cory boasted. “If you have to leave the pool to use the restroom, you are supposed to take a quick shower before going back in the water. Is that right?”

“Yes, that’s right,” said a suddenly unhappy-looking Steve. He took a deep breath and explained, “My original designs called for a facility to be used only by schoolgirls. Donna Simpson High was an all-girl school, so there was no need to make allowances for boys.”

‘Tell me this is a joke...’ Billy hoped as they approached the public showers.

The students listened and stared in stunned silence.

“By the time the DSH School Board decided to admit male students,” Steve continued, “there was no time to substantially change the plans. The Board decided that this public shower area, with a few

modifications, was sufficient as a boys' locker room."

The space was about twenty feet long by ten feet wide and paralleled the corridor. The "shower room" consisted of six nozzles, spaced every three feet, protruding from the outside wall over a three-foot-wide drainage floor. The "locker room" was a twenty-foot by six-foot strip of skid-proof flooring with four pine benches and a line of twenty double-stacked, grey cube lockers. Both ends of the space were open, and the boys' only semblance of privacy was afforded by the row of four-foot-high lockers that separated their "locker room" from the corridor connecting the pool and gymnasium. Any schoolgirl walking by could easily look right over the top!

The girls continued to stare at the area in stunned silence as they contemplated the openness of the space. The boys went into panic mode.

"There is *no way* I am going to change and shower in here!" Billy bitched.

"Come on! Are you serious?" griped Joe incredulously.

"I'm sorry, guys," said the architect. "I tried to reason with the Board, but they insisted that this was all you needed."

"I can't shower here!" Tim gestured towards his female classmates in their tight gym uniforms and whined, "They'll be able to see me."

"How about if we use the girls' locker room after they're done?" Greg asked constructively.

"Couldn't we at least have another row of lockers?" Billy suggested.

Sam pointed over the coaches' office and asked, "What's up there?"

"That's your new health facility," said Steve, who was relieved to change the subject. "The Nurse's Office will now be located up there, along with an extensive health clinic and a classroom for pre-health vocational training. Unfortunately, I can't show you that today, because they have started classes already."

Billy looked up and saw Mrs Anderson and a scowling, middle-aged woman with a bulldog face gazing down at them through a large window. Billy immediately realised that the women had a perfect birds-eye view of the boys' locker room! "This is getting worse and worse!" he thought. We might as well be changing and showering right in the middle of the gym! As Billy watched the women over his head, he saw Miss Parsons arrive. She handed the Assistant Principal a green folder, then grinned and waved down at the students before walking away.

"Coach Fox, isn't there something you can do about this?" Joe pleaded. "How come the girls get a huge palace and all we get is this... this... peek-a-boo plaza?"

Cory chuckled. "More like a peek-at-boys plaza!" she quipped, and all the schoolgirls laughed.

A young workman in dark-blue coveralls abruptly arrived and rested his arms on top of the lockers. "Excuse me, folks," he interrupted. Holding up a blue sign with yellow writing, he inquired, "Steve, where do you want me to hang these?"

While Steve gave him instructions, Billy and the other students started reading:

RULES OF THE DSH POOL

All swimmers must take a cleansing shower using warm water and soap and must thoroughly rinse off all soapsuds before entering or re-entering the pool enclosure.

NO animals allowed
NO yelling or other loud noises
NO running, pushing, or other dangerous horseplay
NO eating or drinking in the pool area
NO students in the pool without adult supervision
NO spitting, urinating, or masturbating in the pool
NO long hair without a bathing cap
NO unauthorised bathing suits for girls allowed
NO bathing suits of any kind for boys allowed

Cory was the first girl to finish the last line, and she hooted lasciviously, “Hoo!... Hoo!... Hoo!”

Billy didn’t understand what was so funny until he got to the last item on the list. *No* bathing suits for boys!? He felt nauseous.

The schoolgirls began excitedly giggling, snickering, and whispering. They turned to see the boys’ reaction, and what they saw were ashen faces, gawping stares, and shuddering bodies.

Tim was wringing his hands and appeared as if he might cry.

“Tell me that’s a typo,” Greg griped, pointing at the last item on the list.

“No,” Coach Fox dashed their hopes, “Boys will be prohibited from wear bathing suits in the pool.”

“I was looking forward to the swimming lessons,” Joe grumbled disappointedly. “Now there is no... way I am going to sign up.”

He almost jumped out of his skin when the Assistant Principal, who was suddenly standing right behind him, said, “Oh yes you are! DSH spent a lot of money on this facility. Swimming lessons are mandatory for *all* students, starting in the new semester.”

“But Miss Anderson...” Tim whined.

Greg was getting angry. Scowling, and with his hands on his hips, he demanded to know, “Why can’t boys wear bathing suits?”

“Fibres from the suits clog the pool filters,” Steve explained incomprehensibly, “and this leads to expensive repairs. The YMCA has been battling with the problem for years.”

“I don’t understand. Don’t the girl’s bathing suits clog the pool filters, too?”

“Yes, but...”

“That is enough discussion,” Miss Anderson ended the argument. “If you have a problem with the School Board’s decisions, gentlemen, you are welcome to take it up with them.” Changing the subject, she asked, “Coach Fox, would you mind if the boys skip the rest of your gym class?”

“I guess not. Why?”

“The juniors in Mrs Braxton’s health class are complaining that half the year has gone by and they haven’t met any of the schoolboys yet.”

“Sure, all right. We were only going to play basketball again.”

“Thank you. Follow me, boys,” the Wicked Witch ordered.

The dazed quartet shambled along behind her.



A few minutes later, the four shocked boys found themselves on the second floor with their backs to a wall-to-wall blackboard, nervously facing a dozen junior schoolgirls behind desks. The girls were all wearing white short-sleeved uniform dresses with mid-thigh hemlines and the DSH logo over their left breasts. Behind them was a buff-coloured wall with four windowless doors.

The lady with the bulldog face introduced herself as Mrs Braxton. She was dressed in a white uniform identical to the schoolgirls, except that her dress reached below her knees. A plump woman approaching sixty years old, Mrs Braxton had short, permed grey hair and brown eyes behind tortoise-shell pince-nez glasses. Her voice and words did not match her fearsome countenance. “We’ve heard many good things about you, gentlemen,” she greeted them pleasantly. “It is such a pleasure to finally meet you, isn’t it, ladies?”

The grinning schoolgirls applauded and cheerfully welcomed them.

“Please tell us your names, starting with this handsome young man,” she said, touching Greg on the shoulder.

“I’m Greg,” said Greg distractedly.

“Billy,” said Billy, who was still trying to comprehend the Peek-At-Boys Plaza.

“Tim,” said the shortest boy, who was visibly trembling.

“And I’m Joe,” declared Joe.

The lovely schoolgirls were all leaning forward, grinning and nodding their encouragement as the boys spoke their names.

“Would you gentlemen mind helping us out today?” Mrs Braxton asked. “We are studying therapeutic massage, and the ladies wondered if they could practice on you.”

The schoolboys looked frightened. ‘Let me guess; we have to be naked,’ Billy assumed.

The teacher seemed to read their thoughts. “Don’t worry; you will not be abused like you have been by certain people at Donna Simpson High.”

The boys all looked at her in surprise.

“Oh, yes, I have heard about the shameful ways some of you have been treated. I think it’s disgraceful. No, while you are in my classroom, you will be treated respectfully. The ladies know that I am intolerant of any abuse. While you are being massaged, we need your shoes off before you get onto the tables. You can take your socks and shirts off or leave them on; it is up to you...”

The boys started to relax.

“...and everything else stays on.” She glared over her glasses at the schoolgirls. “Do you hear me, ladies?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” they glumly agreed.

“Anyone who breaks that rule will be punished.” She let the threat hang in the air for a moment, and then continued, “Gentlemen, you will also have a towel draped over your waist at all times while the girls work on you. Did I convince you to stay and help us?”

The boys smiled bashfully and agreed. Even Tim!

“Okay, ladies, go to your exam rooms and get ready.”

The schoolgirls boisterously disappeared into the rooms. Mrs Braxton chatted with the boys for a few minutes and then led Greg through the first door at the back of the classroom. Two minutes later, she reappeared and beckoned Billy to follow her into the second room.

Billy trembled as he walked through the doorway. Although he had agreed, it was still nerve-racking. Behind the door was a typical exam room, with various medical devices scattered around, cabinets with drawers, and a long therapy table in the centre.

Mrs Braxton said, “Billy, I want you to meet Jody...”

‘She’s cute!’ Billy smiled and nodded to a petite schoolgirl with shoulder-length brown hair that framed her oval face. She had wide-set brown eyes, a few freckles on her small nose, and thin lips that were parted in an ebullient grin. A furtive glance from Billy disclosed that she had small breasts.

“Rosemary...”

‘What a knockout!’ Rosemary was medium height with a slender, nubile body. Her long, silky brown hair was parted severely in the middle and tucked behind her ears. She had arched eyebrows over playful brown eyes, a slightly bulbous nose, and a sexy grin that revealed a slight gap between her two front teeth. She also had dimples in her cheeks and the centre of her chin.

“and Susan.”

‘Nice tits!’ Billy forced his gaze back up to her dark-blue eyes. Susan had long, dark-blonde hair pulled back into twin ponytails, a slightly large nose, and plump lips spread in a wide grin. But her best feature, as far as Billy was concerned, were the two pop-out peaks under her uniform.

“Nice to meet all of you,” he said with a shy smile.

‘Nice to meet you, Billy.’

“You’ll have to take your shoes off,” directed the teacher.

Billy removed his shoes and his crew socks.

“Do you want to keep your shirt on?”

He grinned – if he wasn’t here, he would be playing Shirts and Skins with the girls in gym class! He quickly pulled his t-shirt over his head.

“Lay face down,” advised Mrs Braxton as she helped him onto the table. When he was in place, she covered his gym shorts with a white cotton bath towel. “Go ahead and get started, ladies,” she directed.

When their teacher was gone, Susan, who seemed to be the leader of the threesome, said, “Relax and close your eyes, Billy. I’m going to start on your thighs, while Rosemary and Jody massage your arms. Let us know if we hurt you or make you feel uncomfortable.”

The boy smiled and obeyed, then moaned appreciatively as Susan began kneading the tops of his thighs, just below his bottom. The proximity of her hands to his genitals, and the thought of her lovely breasts, gave him an exciting tingle in his penis. He could hear Mrs Braxton's muffled voice in the next room as Rosemary pulled his left arm forward and Jody pulled his right arm forward, so that his hands draped over the top of the table. "That feels good," he encouraged them as they began squeezing his biceps with their fingers.

"You have strong muscles," Jody flirted with him.

Smiling, with his eyes closed, Billy was feeling a pleasant pressure in his penis as the girls worked on him. He began drifting towards sleep and vaguely heard Mrs Braxton leave the room next door. A moment later, he heard the fourth door open and close. 'Enjoy yourself, Joe!' he thought dreamily. This sure beats gym class.

"Are you ready, girls?" asked Susan behind him.

'Is it time to turn over already?' he wondered. Maybe I fell asleep.

Billy was surprised when Jody and Rosemary suddenly gripped his arms, then startled by the feeling of Susan's hands reaching under the towel as her fingers fumbled with the elastic waistband of his shorts!

"What are you doing?" he queried them a second before Susan dragged his gym shorts and underpants down to his ankles. He quickly freed his arm from Jody's grasp and grabbed for his clothes, but he was too late: they had disappeared into a cabinet drawer. Billy reached for the towel but realised, 'Oh shit! The towel's gone, too!'

The freshman boy didn't want to get the junior girls into trouble over their sophomoric prank, so he quietly demanded, "Come on, Susan, give me back my clothes."

"I don't think so," she replied. "Cory says you have a cute butt, so we decided to find out for ourselves. What do you think, girls?"

"Definitely a nice ass," said Rosemary brazenly.

"Cory was right," Jody agreed.

"Girls... you're going to get into trouble," he warned. "You heard what Mrs Braxton said."

"Couldn't we just look for a little while, Billy?" Susan begged irresistibly. "You do have a cute bottom, you know." She began massaging his derriere as she added, "I promise it will feel good, and I'll put the blanket back on before Mrs Braxton comes back."

Billy relaxed while the pressure in his groin mounted. "I guess it's all right," he grudgingly agreed and closed his eyes again.

"You're so nice!" gushed Jody, who began massaging his shoulders.

"This is nice of you, Billy," said Rosemary as she moved to his legs and began kneading the muscles of his calves.

A few minutes later, when they heard the teacher exit the fourth room, they quickly draped the towel over Billy's waist. When she knocked on the first door and entered, whoosh went the towel onto the floor again. Susan massaged down his thighs to his knees, Jody was still working on his back, and Rosemary decided his bottom needed more work. He moaned contentedly as their fingers fondled him.

Not long afterwards, Mrs Braxton exited the first room and knocked on their door.

“Come in!” said Susan when the towel was in place.

“How is it going, Billy?” inquired the teacher. “Are they behaving themselves?”

The girls stopped breathing.

He turned his head towards Mrs Braxton and gallantly replied, “I have no complaints! They are doing a fantastic job.” He smiled reassuringly.

The schoolgirls exhaled.

“Excellent! It’s time to turn over.”

The clandestinely unclothed boy gulped. “Turn over?”

“You can move on to the next room,” Susan suggested, “while we help him flip over. We can handle it.”

“No, I want to watch. Remember, ladies, in a therapeutic setting your patient might be undressed...” (she didn’t notice the quick glance between Susan and Rosemary)... “and you need to divert your eyes when you lift the towel so that he or she won’t be embarrassed. Go ahead and try it.”

His three mischievous masseuses gave Billy a pleading look. ‘Please don’t tell on us!’ their eyes begged.

They stared at their teacher as Susan lifted one side of the towel, blocking Mrs Braxton’s view of Billy, while the stark naked boy rolled over. The teacher watched the schoolgirls to make sure none of them peeked. When the towel was back in place, the girls stared aghast at the beginnings of a bulge pressing against the towel.

“Don’t worry about that, ladies,” Mrs Braxton chuckled, “It happens sometimes when a boy is being massaged. I’m glad to see you’re enjoying yourself, Billy. I’ll be back later.”

“Oh, thank you, Billy,” said Jody with relief after the instructor left the room. “You were nice to say nothing.”

Susan, who had moved near his head, began massaging his pectoral muscles. He gazed up at her beautiful mounds hovering over his face. “Now do I get my clothes back?” he wondered aloud. “I think I earned them.”

“Nope!” said Rosemary as she ripped off the towel and flung it on the floor.

All three girls got a glance at Billy’s semi-erect penis before he yelped “HEY!” and nimbly folded his member down with his hands and clutched his genitals.

“IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT IN THERE?” shouted the teacher from the next room.

Susan took a breath to reply, but before she could think of an excuse, Billy called, “SORRY, MRS BRAXTON! ONE OF THE GIRLS JUST HIT A SORE SPOT.”

“BE CAREFUL, LADIES,” she admonished them.

“You are *such* a good sport!” Jody thanked him. “Won’t you take your hands away for us? Just for a few minutes?”

“Pleeease?” begged Susan.

“Pleeease?” echoed Rosemary.

Billy took a deep breath, then sighed and complied.

The girls stopped massaging him and moved near his waist. They ogled his penis, which sprang up towards the ceiling when he moved his hands.

“It’s beautiful,” Jody complimented him.

Trying to encourage him to keep his hands down, Rosemary flattered, “You’re a handsome boy.”

Susan chuckled.

“What’s funny??” asked Jody.

“I just remembered something Cory said. She claimed it looked like a little pink mushroom with a cute smile where he pees!”

“It *does!*” Jody giggled.

The three schoolgirls laughed while Billy blushed from head to toe. His lovely masseuses began kneading his thighs and belly – as close as they could get to his genitals without actually touching them – while they studied his penis. Meanwhile, Billy’s cock continued its journey towards full engorgement.

When Mrs Braxton returned fifteen minutes later, the girls quickly covered him again. Unfortunately, there was no hiding the levitation trick Billy’s hard cock performed with the towel, nor the distinctive ready-to-launch missile-shape of his enlarged penis. The instructor peeked under the towel and gasped.

Looking over her pince-nez at the frightened girls, she demanded to know, “*Where* are his clothes?”

“In here,” said Susan timidly as she opened the drawer.

“I promised these boys they will not be abused,” she growled furiously and pointed down at Billy, “and you went and did it anyway.” Her angry face was turning crimson. She lowered her glasses and let them dangle from a chain around her neck, then clenched her meaty fists and pressed them against her hips. “If Billy had done this to you, he would have gotten detention, a spanking, and probably expelled! Do you expect to get away with this without being punished?”

“No, Ma’am,” the girls chimed. They wilted under Mrs Braxton’s angry stare.

“Turn-around is fair play, I always say, so all three of you are going to get a spanking.”

The girls’ faces turned white and a tear trickled down Jody’s face.

This isn’t right, thought Billy. His DSH indoctrination had taught him that he should respect schoolgirls at all times.

“But Principal Doane and Assistant Principal Anderson said that nobody spansks schoolgirls at DSH,” reminded Susan.

“Look around. Do you see them in this room?” she asked nastily. “Maybe they think you have some sort of female privilege that prevents you from being spanked, but I don’t. Susan, I order you to pull down your underpants and bend over Billy’s legs.”

Susan sniffled and hesitated.

Billy’s mind was churning. ‘What can I do to stop this?’ he puzzled. No one has the right to

humiliate or embarrass DSH girls, especially in front of a boy. Schoolgirls deserve to be on a pedestal.

“I am waiting, Susan,” snarled Mrs Braxton impatiently.

The room was silent as the busty schoolgirl bent forward and began reaching under her dress.

Suddenly, Billy gathered his courage and shouted, “WAIT!”

Startled, everyone looked down at his face.

“Mrs Braxton, it was not the girls’ fault,” he lied. “Remember how I was getting excited earlier?”

“Yes...” she acknowledged.

“My... umm... well, it was pinching. It got so uncomfortable that I asked the girls if they minded if I took off my clothes. They didn’t think it was right, but I rather insisted. Don’t worry; they all looked away while I undressed.”

“Are you just defending them?” she asked suspiciously. “Why didn’t you say something earlier?”

“I was afraid you would spank me. I can’t just keep my mouth shut and watch you punish them for something I did. If anyone is going to get a spanking, it should be me.” He gave her a sad, puppy-dog look that melted her heart.

She ruffled his hair and assured him, “I’m not going to spank you, Billy. I have a feeling you are just protecting the girls...” she scowled at Susan menacingly... “However, I’ll let it go. You can continue the massage, girls, but I warn you, do *not* abuse the situation.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” they all agreed. Jody sniffed and dried her tears.

After Mrs Braxton left the room, the girls grinned at Billy for saving them from a spanking and preserving their dignity. Jody squeezed his arm. Rosemary stroked his thigh.

Susan cheerfully announced, “Someone is going to get a happy ending!”

“What’s that?” ‘Whatever it is, it sounds nice!’ thought Billy. He looked at her questioningly but then grinned when she whipped the towel away again and moaned when she began stroking his cock. For the next quarter-hour, the schoolgirls ignored Mrs Braxton’s warning. The beautiful coven abused him mercilessly, one after the other, and poor Billy suffered the torments of orgasmic ecstasy as their hands inflicted their evil influence on his magical wand.

Susan gazed into his eyes while she pleased him, watching his reactions. He was happy to stare back, although occasionally he was unable to resist looking down, past his pulsing penis, at her twin peaks that were now capped by stiff nipples. Meanwhile, Rosemary was massaging his shoulders, and Jody was running her fingertips from his groin to his chest and back again, as she watched his penis being pleased.

When it was Rosemary’s turn, she squirted lotion onto her hands before grasping his excited penis and sliding it rhythmically between her fingers. Once his cock was sufficiently slathered, she grinned into his eyes and increased her tempo.

A few minutes later, Rosemary reluctantly surrendered his meat stick to Jody. This petite princess paused with his penis in her hand while she inspected it. She explored the curves of his cock head with a fingertip while she stared with wide-eyed wonder. The feeling almost sent Billy into a catatonic coma. He squirmed on the table.

“Come on, Jody,” urged Susan. “We’re running out of time. Finish him off!”

“Yeah, Jody,” Rosemary encouraged, “Make him cum!”

While the oval-faced angel with silky brown hair began masturbating Billy, the nubile schoolgirl with the beautiful face explored his balls with her fingertips.

Susan picked up his right hand and kissed it. “Thank you, Billy,” she said sincerely, then surprised him by guiding his hand to her left breast. She pressed it into her pillowy mound and left it there while she massaged his arm.

Billy had never felt anything so soft! He gently squeezed her boob, and then moaned in rapture as Jody stroked faster and Rosemary gently kneaded his scrotum. Susan grinned down at him when she felt him exploring her hard nipple with his thumb.

Finally, the three schoolgirls’ abuse of him came to an explosive climax as Billy grunted and began spurting his gratitude all over his chest. In his excitement, he accidentally gripped Susan’s breast too tightly, and she yipped in pain. “Sorry,” he whispered breathlessly while his cock continued firing.

Susan grinned down at him while moving his hand to its twin sister.

Later, after they had cleaned him up and he’d gotten dressed, he reassured Mrs Braxton that his trio of masseuses had treated him very well. “I’ll be happy to volunteer any time you need some help!” he promised sincerely.

Chapter 16

Meet Cubby the Cougar

Featuring the following students:

Brett: Slightly below medium height and slim, with auburn hair and green eyes

And introducing the following Varsity Cheerleaders:

Candy (Cheerleader One): a cute girl with a brown pageboy haircut and brown eyes

Susie (Cheerleader Two): a sexy stunner with long, wavy black hair and dark eyes

Vicki (Cheerleader Three): a longhaired blonde with light-blue eyes

Jackie (Cheerleader Four): a lovely schoolgirl with shoulder-length black hair and grey eyes

Kim (Cheerleader Five): a longhaired blonde goddess with blue eyes

Laurie (Cheerleader Six): a petite beauty with short, golden hair and light-brown eyes

Gayle (Cheerleader Seven): a mahogany-haired babe with dark-green eyes and big breasts

Karen (Cheerleader Eight): a dazzler with shoulder-length dark-red hair and hazel eyes

Lisa (Cheerleader Nine): another long raven-haired cutie with black eyes

Lynn (Cheerleader Ten): a nubile heartbreaker with short brown hair and brown eyes



Sitting in Miss Larkin's Homeroom on the next-to-the-last day of classes before Winter Break, Brett was in a foul mood. He had been looking forward to vacation, but now – like the other eight boys – he was trying to comprehend the idea of showering and dressing in full view of every woman at Donna Simpson High, and then swimming naked with his female classmates. "There *must* be some way out of this!" he thought grimly.

His desperate pondering for a solution was interrupted by the usual morning announcements on the school's PA system.

"MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE?" requested Mrs Olsen's voice. "THE PRINCIPAL REGRETS TO ANNOUNCE THAT MRS BRAXTON HAS DECIDED TO RETIRE. MRS DOANE HOPES EVERYONE WILL JOIN HER

IN EXPRESSING THEIR SADNESS TO SEE HER GO.”

‘Who’s Mrs Braxton?’ Brett wondered. He heard the rustling of papers, and then, “WOULD THE FOLLOWING STUDENTS PLEASE REPORT TO THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE TO BE FITTED FOR YOUR NEW SWIMSUITS: CAROL C***, TERRI C***, TONI D***, MJ E***, AMY L***, CORY L***, GINA M***, RHONDA M***, DALE N***, KATHY O***, KRISTEN R***, and LORI S***.”

The schoolboy watched grumpily as Toni, MJ, and Kathy left the classroom in cheerful anticipation of their new bathing suits. ‘They wouldn’t be looking so happy if *they* were the ones swimming naked.’ he thought. ‘It is *not* fair!’

As if Mrs Olsen read his thoughts, the Administrative Manager made her final announcement: “WOULD THE FOLLOWING STUDENT PLEASE REPORT TO THE PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE IMMEDIATELY AFTER SCHOOL THIS AFTERNOON: BRETT B***.”

‘Who? Me!’

Brett spent a nightmarish day wondering what he had done wrong.

☹ ☹ ☹

He was in the Principal’s office after school. A sombre-looking Mrs Doane asked Brett to have a seat on the leather couch in front of her desk.

“Thank you for coming, Brett,” she greeted him. “I spoke with Coach Fox yesterday, and she informed me that...” RRRRIINNNGGGG! “Excuse me for a moment,” she said as the black rotary phone on her desk rang again. RRRRIINNNGGGG! She raised the handset and then depressed a square acrylic button that was blinking with an amber light. “Principal Doane.”

The worried schoolboy wondered, ‘Why would the Principal be talking to Coach Fox about me?’

“Oh, hello, Nurse Dolly... Fine, thank you, but I am looking forward to a few days off. How was your day?”

‘*Everybody* bitched about the new locker room,’ griped Brett to himself. ‘Not just me.’

“I know it will be a hardship for you,” Mrs Doane spoke into the phone, “however, you only need to cover her classes for a few days... I already have a replacement in mind... Yes, a former student... I can’t say until she accepts... Yes, it was rather sudden, but I had no choice but to ask for her resignation.”

‘Maybe Coach Fox complained about the time I pulled down Bobby’s gym clothes. But she didn’t seem mad at the time, and that was weeks ago.’

“According to one of the students involved, she threatened to spank three girls.”

Brett forgot his own problems and listened to the Principal. ‘Spanking schoolgirls! At Donna Simpson High?’

“I would rather not divulge her name right now,” said Mrs Doane as she glanced at Brett, “because there is a student in the room with me... Yes, I checked out her story... Yes, even the boy involved in the incident verified their account. He told me that he had even admitted that it was his fault, but... No, she did not spank him!... I’ll tell you why not: she said that girls need more discipline than boys do! Did you ever hear such nonsense?”

There was a pause as the Principal listened, and then she replied, “Oh, yes, I tried to reason with her, but she was adamant. She said that girls needed strict discipline, while boys only required gentle reminders... Yes, that is exactly what she said, ‘gentle reminders’! I had no choice but to let her go. I told her – in no uncertain terms – that I would not tolerate a double standard at DSH... Nurse Dolly?... Did I say something funny?... Oh, well, you had better take care of that cough. Talk to you later!”

After hanging up the phone, she looked sombrely at Brett. “Sorry for the interruption. Let me start again. Nancy B*** is leaving Donna Simpson High. Her father is in the army and has been transferred to Fort Dix in New Jersey as a specialist instructor for troops heading to Vietnam.”

“That’s too bad,” he sympathized. ‘Who is Nancy B***? And how does her leaving affect me?’ he wondered.

“You are probably wondering how Nancy’s leaving affects you,” Mrs Doane guessed with frightening accuracy. “I spoke with Coach Fox yesterday, and she recommended you as Nancy’s replacement.”

“Huh? I don’t understand. Replace Nancy how?”

“Oh, I thought you knew. Nancy was the DSH team mascot, Cubby the Cougar. Coach Fox says you are the perfect height to fit into the costume, and you also have the athletic skills and self-confidence to handle the job.”

Brett’s mind was spinning. He was dazed by the compliments from Coach Fox and the suddenness of the offer.

“There are certain sacrifices and perks that go with the job,” explained the Principal. “For example, you have to attend the Varsity cheerleading practices, but you get to mingle with the senior cheerleaders. Your peers will be jealous! You also have to perform at all the girls’ basketball games. If you accept, you can travel to away games on the team bus and will enjoy special locker room privileges during practices and home games. Being Cubby the Cougar is a great honour at Donna Simpson High! Can we count on you? Will you do it?”

‘Special locker room privileges? That can only mean one thing: I get to use the girls’ locker room with the senior cheerleaders!’ “YES!” he enthusiastically agreed.

“I am so glad!” said Principal Doane with unusual candour. She walked around her desk and shook his hand, then put an arm around his shoulders as she slowly ushered him towards the door. “Brett, you are the most promising boy here at DSH. The teachers talk glowingly of your accomplishments, you have good grades, and you have not been in trouble since you got here. Being the team mascot is going to earn you even more accolades in the future. Just imagine: you will be the first boy and the first freshman on the Varsity Squad!”

“Thank you, Mrs Doane,” he gushed. Now his head was really spinning!

“The senior cheerleaders are managed by Miss Kelly. You’ll like her. Can you be here an hour early tomorrow morning to meet her and the rest of the squad?”

“Yes, Ma’am. I guess so.”

“Ask your parents, to make sure it’s all right, of course. The squad will be meeting in the new gymnasium. They are also introducing a replacement cheerleader, so you won’t be the only new person. They will let you try on the Cubby costume, show you where your new locker is for cheerleader practice, and... confidentially... Miss Kelly usually holds a little welcoming party with punch and a cake.”

☹ ☹ ☹

The next morning, Brett nervously entered the new gym. It was empty, except for a senior schoolgirl sitting on the bleachers across the court, leafing through papers on a clipboard. She was dressed in a yellow-and-blue tracksuit and had honey-blond hair swept back from her attractive face into a long ponytail. As Brett tentatively approached, he checked out her breasts. Around 34B, he guessed, based on hours of researching his father's not-so-secret cache of Frederick's of Hollywood catalogues.

The schoolgirl sensed his presence. Looking up, she gave him a dazzling smile. The overhead lights made her dark-blue eyes sparkle as she greeted him warmly. "Good morning! Are you Brett?"

"Yes. I am here to see Miss Kelly."

"That's me!" she exclaimed and grinned at his obvious surprise. "I was the Cheerleading Captain last year and came back to manage the squad part-time while I'm in college. Thank you for volunteering to be the team mascot. I didn't know what we were going to do when we heard Nancy was moving away. We will start you off slowly, with some basic moves like waving and high-fiving the girls, and then work up from there. You can add your own moves as you become accustomed to the Cubby costume. Let's go try it on."

As she led him towards the back of the gym, a boisterous body of senior cheerleaders suddenly burst from the girls' locker room and surrounded them. "Girls, I'd like you to meet our new mascot. This is Brett!"

The closest cheerleaders patted his back or shook his hand, while the rest grinned and greeted him. Brett's senses were overwhelmed by the ten sexy seniors wearing short, pleated skirts and uniform tops. The costumes were bright yellow with blue accents and a blue DSH monogram across the chest. When one cute cheerleader reached up with a ribbon to tie her blonde hair back, her short top rose and bared her midriff.

"You'll meet all the girls a little later, Brett. Right now, Candy," she said to a cute brunette, "take them through the usual cheers while I introduce Brett to Cubby."

As the girls jogged towards centre court, Miss Kelly continued past the girls' locker room. Near the windows of the coaches' office was a single door marked, "VISITOR'S LOCKER ROOM". She led him inside.

Brett was flabbergasted! This was a miniature version of the girls' locker room, with thirty yellow-and-blue lockers, a small meeting area, and a washroom with ten individual shower rooms. "Wow! The boys could use this locker room!" he declared joyously.

"Sorry," she burst his bubble, "DSH has reserved this for schoolgirls from opposing teams when they are in town. During home games, we'll move your costume to the girls' locker room, and you will change and shower before the cheerleaders."

Brett was aghast. 'If the other boys ever found out about this...'

"By the way, not a word of this to any of the other boys. Mrs Doane wants to keep this a secret from them. She said that she trusts your discretion in this matter."

Brett was disgusted. Talk about a double standard! DSH boys don't even rate as high as girls from other schools do!

Attractive Miss Kelly led him to a locker with a Cubby the Cougar decal on the door. "This is your

Cubby costume,” she announced as she pulled out a one-piece suit with tawny fur. “You’ll need to strip down to your underpants before you try it on, because I’m afraid it gets hot inside.” She paused and waited for him.

“You mean now?” Brett asked nervously. “In front of you?”

“Yes!” She showed him a long zipper on the costume’s back that started just above the cougar’s tail and explained, “You will always need help getting in and out of Cubby. When I’m not available, one of the girls will do it.” She smiled kindly while watching him bashfully take off his clothes.

‘I can’t believe I’m doing this!’ he marvelled as he undressed.

Miss Kelly folded his clothes as he took them off and placed them inside the locker. As soon as he stripped down to his tighty-whiteys, she helped him to don the costume. He slid his legs in first, his arms went into the furry sleeves, and then Miss Kelly pulled the suit around him and raised the zipper from the small of his back to the back of his throat. Next, she helped him don matching furry gloves and slippers.

‘She’s right – it *is* hot in here!’ he realised. He watched the young woman retrieve the final touch, a fanciful cougar head. It was covered with the same tawny fur, with white ears, white eyebrows over black eyes, a tawny nose with pink nostrils, and an open mouth with rubber fangs and a pink tongue. After she helped him place it over his head, he peered through the black eyes, which reminded him of looking through sunglasses.

“Perfect!” she declared. She shook his paw and then guided him back to the gym.

☺ ☺ ☺

After a forty-five-minute practice, Miss Kelly accompanied him into the guest locker room and helped him out of the suit. When he was down to his tighty-whiteys again, she looked him up and down and teased, “I could get used to this job!”

She grinned when Brett blushed. “Wait for me on the bleachers after you shower and dress.”

A few minutes later, the new team mascot, now dressed in a dark-grey polo shirt, navy corduroy pants, and brown penny-loafers, was sitting on the first row of bleachers opposite the girls’ locker room. When the door opened and Miss Kelly emerged, his eyes almost popped out of his head. She was wearing street clothes: a red mini dress with white polka dots, nude pantyhose, and white pumps. Freed from the restrictive ponytail, her blonde hair now cascaded around her shoulders.

She smiled and beckoned him with a wave. “Come on over! We’re having a welcoming party in the girls’ locker room, and you are one of our guests of honour.”

He grinned and followed her in. All the girls were now in their school clothes, either miniskirts or mini dresses. Nine of them lined up in a typical cheerleader formation, with their hands on their hips. One girl, with short brown hair wearing a lime-coloured miniskirt and jade button-down blouse, faced the line-up.

Miss Kelly introduced her. “Brett, I want you to meet our newest squad member, Lynn.”

They exchanged shy greetings, and then the veteran cheerleaders introduced themselves one after the other. Each one stepped forward, took a different stance, spoke her name, and then stepped back into her place in line.

“CANDY!” exclaimed the cute captain with a brown pageboy haircut. She was wearing a dark-blue mini dress with white highlights.

“SUSIE!” said a sexy stunner with long, wavy black hair dressed in a black blouse and black-and-red plaid miniskirt.

“VICKI!” cheered a longhaired blonde in a dark-red mini dress.

“JACKIE!” announced a lovely with shoulder-length black hair wearing an ivory dress.

“KIM!” proclaimed another longhaired blonde, looking scrumptious in a red-and-white striped blouse and white miniskirt.

“LAURIE!” called a petite beauty with short, golden hair wearing a dark-pink mini dress.

“GAYLE!” declared a mahogany-haired babe whose sizable breasts threatened to pop out of her black mini dress.

“KAREN!” chirped a dazzler with shoulder-length red hair wearing a yellow blouse and matching miniskirt.

“AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST... LISA!” shouted another raven-haired cutie, dressed in a form-fitting tan blouse and brown miniskirt.

Brett greeted all of them by name, but there were too many for him to memorize! He immediately forgot their names, except for the new girl – Lynn, the captain – Candy, and the one with the biggest breasts – Gayle.

“I have some cherry punch and a cake for everyone, but first, we need to get our newest members initiated,” Miss Kelly announced.

Lynn and Brett exchanged a worried glance. ‘Initiation? Mrs Doane didn’t say anything about being initiated!’

“Don’t worry, it’s nothing,” she assured them. “First, our longest-serving members – Candy, Susie, and Vicki – will initiate Lynn.”

The three senior schoolgirls stepped forward. Brett watched as Candy stopped in front of Lynn, while Susie and Vicki stood on either side of her and wrapped her arms around their bodies. Helpless to interfere, the newest cheerleader gasped as her new captain began unbuttoning her blouse.

“What are you doing?”

“Don’t worry, dear,” soothed Miss Kelly. “It’s just part of the initiation.”

“Can’t we do it without Brett here?” she suggested.

“No, he’s part of the squad now.”

Brett stared as Candy unfastened the last button and opened Lynn’s blouse. Although Vicki’s curvy body partially blocked his view, he saw the white bra-covered tips of Lynn’s breasts and her reddened face. Even though her bra was probably revealing less than typical bikini top would, the intimacy of it still excited Brett and his penis immediately sprang to action stations. He heard the sound of tiny tinkling bells as Miss Kelly produced a silver chain with four silver jingle bells attached. The cheerleading captain threaded the chain between Lynn’s breasts, clipped the bells to the bottom of her bra, and then asked Susie to hold on to the chain while she re-buttoned Lynn’s blouse. Finally, she used a sliding clip to

adjust the length of the chain so that the end opposite the bells hung outside of Lynn's blouse above her breasts. The final touch was to add a small oval broach to the chains.

Miss Kelly said, "Brett can be the first one to try it out."

The cheerleaders turned the still red-faced girl towards him, and Brett read embossed lettering on the broach. It said, 'Ring in the Good News!' He gave the broach a gentle tug and saw Lynn's blouse bulge out slightly below her breasts as the bells jingled.

"You have to wear this for the rest of the day," said Captain Candy, "and for a week after Winter Break. Whenever anyone rings your bells, you have to shout, 'I am a Varsity Cheerleader!' Try again, Brett."

He gave the broach another tug. Jingle! Jingle!

Lynn chuckled. "I AM A VARSITY CHEERLEADER!" she declared.

The entire squad cheered and applauded her, including Brett, who was grinning broadly. His penis was still ramrod stiff as he remembered his glimpse of Lynn's bra-covered boobs. Being the school mascot *does* have its perks!

"Congratulations, and welcome to the DSH Varsity Squad!" said Miss Kelly. "You may take your place beside Lisa." When Candy, Susie, Vicki, and Lynn had joined the queue, the coach instructed, "Jackie, Kim, and Laurie, please initiate Brett."

Kim and Laurie stood to his sides. The longhaired blonde bombshell named Kim, showing acres of silky legs beneath her white miniskirt, pulled his right arm around her body and held his hand on the top of her hip. He gripped her warm skin. Petite Laurie hugged him on the other side and held his left hand against her soft pink mini dress just below her left breast.

"Sorry, I left my bra at home!" he joked.

"I guess we'll have to go a bit lower," Jackie fired back as she knelt in front of him.

With his arms filled with two beautiful cheerleaders Brett looked down nervously as the raven-haired angel in an ivory mini dress reached for his pants. He gulped.

Spotting the bulge in his cords, she looked up into his eyes and grinned. Using her best Mae West imitation, she quipped, "Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?"

Brett blushed as the cheerleaders cheered, then stopped breathing as Jackie unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his pants, and unzipped his fly. "You're going to clip it to my underpants!" he guessed as she quickly lowered his trousers.

"Nope! Luckily, boys have their own built-in bell hangers. Ladies, meet Cubby Junior!" she announced and immediately stretched the front of Brett's underpants down below his balls.

The boy gasped as a rush of cold air suddenly tingled his exposed genitals. The schoolgirls clapped and cheered. A few of them shifted positions to get a better view of his privates, and Lisa blew a loud and prolonged wolf-whistle.

"Maybe we should call him Clubby the Cougar," quipped busty Gayle as she ogled his stiff cock.

Jackie lowered his underpants to his thighs and asked, "Kim, would you hold him steady for me?"

The gorgeous schoolgirl under Brett's right arm brushed her blonde hair off her face, then bent

forward and grasped his penis near the base of his shaft. Jackie looped the silver chain around his cock, just below the head, with the little bells hanging below. She fitted the chain tight around his member with a silver slide, and then released him.

Kim wagged his cock, and the little bells went Jingle! Jingle! Jingle!

“Perfect!” said Miss Kelly.

With Laurie holding the chain up, Jackie pulled his underpants back into place and raised his trousers. Soon they had Brett all back together, with a Ring in the Good News! broach hanging in front of his zipper.

“You can be the first to try it, Lynn,” said the cheerleaders’ manager.

The shapely senior smiled at him and reached for his pull-chain. He felt the back of her hand brush against his hard-on as she clasped the broach, then flinched when she gave his chain two gentle tugs. Each time the Jingle! Jingle! sounded, the tip of his cock rubbed stimulatingly against his underpants!

“You also have to wear this for the rest of the day,” instructed Captain Candy, “and during the week after vacation. When someone rings your bells, you must shout, ‘I am Cubby the Cougar!’ Give him another jingle, Lynn.”

The schoolgirl’s hand brushed Brett’s erection again right before the Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! sounded and Lynn’s cock-tugs stroked the tip of his penis against his tighty-whiteys. “I AM CUBBY THE COUGAR!” Brett announced loudly

The lovely cheerleaders cheered and applauded him.

“Congratulations, Brett, and welcome to the DSH Varsity Squad,” said Miss Kelly. “Now let’s have some punch and cake.”

Before classes started for the day, every one of the leggy cheerleaders had given Brett’s tallywhacker a tug at least twice. Karen was the first to discover that the motion aroused his cock and gave him a hard-on. Through trial-and-error, the schoolgirls soon learned that seven pulls were all that were needed to put a blissful bulge in Brett’s briefs.

Chapter 17

Queue the Swimsuits

Featuring the following students:

Bobby: A jokester almost six feet tall and burly but not fat, with brown hair and eyes

Doug: A muscular, athletic six-foot-tall boy with dark brown hair and eyes

Gina (The Flirt): Medium height and curvaceous babe, with black shoulder-length hair and dark-brown eyes behind black-rimmed glasses

With special guest appearances by the following DSH freshmen schoolboys and girls:

Billy: A quiet boy of medium height and weight, with brown hair and eyes

Brett: A promising boy, slightly below medium height and slim, with auburn hair and green eyes

Greg: An extroverted boy, 6' tall and slim with blond hair and blue eyes

Jimmy: A shy, short, and slender boy; with dark brown hair and gold wire-rimmed glasses over his brown eyes

Joe: A boy slightly taller than average, muscular, with sandy hair, and hazel eyes

Tim: A bashful boy who is only 5'2" tall with brown hair and eyes

Amy (The Dancer): A lithe dancer who is medium height with a dark complexion, black hair, and eyes

Carol (The Scholar): Tall and full-figured with short dark-blonde hair, and blue eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses

Kristen (The Tomboy): A sporty girl of medium height and attractive; short brown hair with light highlights, and grey eyes

Lori (The Blonde): Slightly less than medium height and curvaceous, with shoulder-length, very light-blonde hair, and ice-blue eyes

Rhonda (The Lamb): Medium height with a curvy figure, long wavy black hair, and dark eyes

Sam (The Pixie): Petite, about 5'2" tall, with a dark blonde bob-style haircut, and grey eyes

Terri (The Cheerleader): Petite with a perfect figure, golden-blonde hair, and blue eyes

Toni (The Lisper): Petite, athletic, and small-breasted with light-brown hair and eyes

And introducing the following junior schoolgirl:

Karen (The Shutterbug): A graceful junior of medium height, slim hips, and comely breasts; with dark-brown hair and eyes

☺ ☺ ☺

September 7, 1999 By Jackson Hamilton of the Daily Herald

DSH – As the new school year begins, Donna Simpson High is under close scrutiny following the egregious allegations levelled by three former students. Calling the school, “Double Standard High”, the young men claim to have been repeatedly and humiliatingly abused sexually by the female faculty and students.

Donna Simpson High opened in 1889 as a private school for girls and over the years has received many prestigious awards and laurels for its revolutionary teaching methods. Simpson has many famous graduates including Elizabeth Katherine “Katy” Eagleton, the famous soprano; Margaret Carroll, the first woman elected to the state legislature; and Beverly Chase Nesbit, founder of the Nesbit Manufacturing Company.

This esteemed scholastic institution first admitted a handful of freshmen boys at the start of the 1972 school year. I recently spoke with one of the original eight, an extremely successful businessman, who preferred to remain anonymous. He admitted “there was somewhat of a double standard in the way boys were treated as compared to girls, but I enjoyed my years at DSH. Their faculty gave me the education and discipline I needed to get started on my career. I met my wife at the school, and our son and daughter are attending Donna Simpson High. I would not consider moving them to a different school.”

Another one of the original eight, who also spoke with me on condition of anonymity, had a much different story to tell. “My first two semesters at Donna Simpson High were not too bad, with only one or two ‘double-standard’ incidents. Conditions got much worse starting in January 1973. That’s when the new gymnasium and pool complex opened...”

☺ ☺ ☺

January 1973

Doug was not happy. Winter Break was only half over when his Mom received a call from Assistant Principal Anderson ordering him to report to the Donna Simpson Sports Arena (its new, pompous name) for something called Swim Class Orientation. He complained that Miss Anderson was just on a power trip, but his parents insisted that he go.

That is how, with still another week of vacation left, Doug found himself in the new gymnasium, mingling with the eight other grumpy boys. There were also nine disgruntled schoolgirls and Coach Fox, all awaiting the arrival of the Wicked Witch of the West. Miss Anderson and her meddlesome hooked nose soon showed up and immediately took charge. Dressed in a knee-length black dress that matched

her dark hair, she climbed onto the first row of bleachers and glanced over the unhappy crowd with a self-satisfied look.

“Welcome, students! I hope you are enjoying Winter Break.” She snickered as their faces turned sour. “Girls, your new swimsuits have arrived.”

The flock of schoolgirls chirped excitedly.

A rare smile cracked Miss Anderson’s dispassionate face. “You will find them hanging on your lockers. Go and get changed into the blue suits after you shower and then meet us beside the pool.”

The girls were quickly in flight towards their lavish birdcage, followed by Coach Fox.

The boys waited uneasily. This was the moment they had been dreading.

Miss Anderson’s smile transformed into a frighteningly sulphurous grin. “As for you, boys, it is time to get acquainted with your new locker room. Meet us beside the pool for roll call after you take your showers. Remember the pool rules.” She chortled at their anxious faces and walked towards the lobby.

Tim, Jimmy, Bobby, Doug, Mark, and Billy were the first to use the six nozzles. The boys showered quickly while glancing anxiously towards the window overlooking their locker. Since the school was closed for vacation, the window was dark and no one was watching. After drying themselves, stark naked Tim and Jimmy huddled behind the “privacy” wall of lockers with their hands over their privates while they waited for the others. Billy finished third and joined them in the same bashful pose.

After Doug dropped his towel in the hamper, he opened his locker and dressed in his tighy-whiteys, blue gym shorts, and white t-shirt.

“Hey, Doug, we’re not supposed to wear anything,” reminded shivering Jimmy. He pointed at the Pool Rules sign and read, “*No* bathing suits of any kind for boys allowed.”

“I’m not wearing a bathing suit,” Doug countered, “and the rules say boys can’t wear suits in the pool. It doesn’t say anything about beside the pool during roll call.”

Jimmy and Tim looked worried, but Bobby chuckled, “You’re right!” and proceeded to put on his underpants, gym shorts, and t-shirt.

“If you guys are wearing gym clothes, so am I,” declared Tim, who quickly began to dress.

“I would not bother with your stockings or trainers, chaps,” Mark suggested.

“My what? Trainers?”

“He means sneakers,” Greg explained.

Soon all nine freshmen boys were dressed identically in gym shorts and t-shirts. They padded out of the Peek-A-Boo Plaza on their bare feet and entered the pool facility, where they were met by the Wicked Witch’s scowling face, staring down at them from the third row of bleachers.

“Form a line in front of me,” she directed nastily. “Face towards my left.”

‘I was right!’ thought Doug gleefully. She can’t say anything, because the rules don’t say that boys can’t wear clothes outside the pool!

Brett stood the closest to the bleachers and their fearsome Assistant Principal, while Doug was closest to the pool. Between them were Jimmy, Billy, Joe, Greg, Mark, Tim, and Bobby.

Doug spotted Coach Fox as she exited the girls' locker room and felt an instant wave of arousal travel to his groin. The girls' instructor looked scrumptious in a yellow one-piece sleeveless swimsuit with a circular DSH logo over her shapely left breast. The tight material hugged all her bulges and curves and left her arms and legs bare.

The girls' coach looked surprised when she noticed that all nine boys were wearing their gym clothes, but shrugged it off and called behind her, "Okay, girls, the guys are ready to check out your new swimwear." A queue of sexy schoolgirls followed Coach Fox into the poolroom, all dressed in sleek, form-fitting blue bathing suits.

Doug's groin tingled with desire as he watched. The new bathing suits enhanced each girl's best feature: Carol's large breasts, Amy's long legs, Rhonda's shapely bosom, Kristen's cute bottom, Lori's lovely blonde hair and flawless skin, Sam's petite curves, Toni's prominent nipples, Terri's perfect figure, and Gina's flirtatious stride. The girls lined up facing the boys, not more than ten feet away, with Carol the closest to the bleachers and Gina nearest the pool, directly across from Doug.

The last to exit the locker room was a young woman whom Doug did not recognise but wanted to know better. She was in her early twenties and reminded Doug of Mary Ann from the TV show, Gilligan's Island, right down to the dark hair in twin pigtails. She was wearing a bright yellow suit with a blue DSH logo over her plump left breast. The swimsuit did not leave much room for Doug's imagination! She smiled sweetly as she joined Coach Fox and Miss Anderson on the third row of bleachers, looking down on the opposing rows of students.

"May I have your attention, please?" Miss Anderson requested, and then growled in frustration, "BOYS, LOOK AT ME!"

The schoolboys reluctantly turned their ogling eyes away from their sexy classmates and towards their ugly Assistant Principal.

"First, I want to update you on this past week's meeting of the School Board before turning you over to Coach Fox." Miss Anderson cleared her throat and glanced at some notes in her hand before continuing, "The DSH School Board has added an Article to the bylaws that mandates the use of corporal punishment by faculty and staff members. The new rule specifically exempts schoolgirls while granting permission to spank schoolboys as long as the punishments are justified, not excessive, and not done simply for personal gratification."

Miss Anderson reached for three Ping-Pong paddles by her feet. She handed a blue one to Coach Fox and a green one to Mary Ann while keeping a red paddle for herself. "I am issuing one of these paddles to every teacher in the school, along with a list of offenses. The new bylaw grants teachers authority to spank boys. They may apply up to five spanks on a boy's bare bottom in front of his classmates. It goes on to permit a period of time not to exceed the length of the class during which the boy will remain in a corner facing the classroom with his clothes around his ankles and his hands on top of his head.

The boys exchanged anxious glances.

She continued, "Boys will be spanked if they are caught lying, cheating, being disrespectful or disobedient and not stopping when told, masturbating or otherwise touching themselves inappropriately, fighting, harassing a schoolgirl, spitting, swearing, smoking or taking drugs on school grounds, drinking alcoholic beverages, vandalising school property, and any other offense that I decide is punishable by a spanking."

Doug felt all the excitement caused by the parade of scantily clad schoolgirls wilt away.

“The School Board has also ruled, quote, ‘that no male of any age who approaches within ten feet of the swimming pool may wear clothing of any kind for fear of introducing clogging fibres to the pool filters,’ unquote. I have been patient, gentlemen, while you have held your little protest. Now I order you to return to your locker room, undress, leave your underpants in your lockers, and then carry your gym shorts and t-shirts back to me.”

“Why do we have to give you our clothes?” Joe bravely inquired.

“To prevent you from trying this prank again,” she answered. “You will not need them during your swimming lessons, and we will see if you get them back afterwards.”

The boys slowly returned to their Peek-A-Boo Plaza. ‘This is *so* not fair,’ grumbled Doug to himself. He felt as if he was dreaming as he undressed, and then followed the other bashful and bare boys back to the pool where a dozen women awaited. All the boys held their bundle of clothes in front of their crotches. A buzz of excitement ran up and down the schoolgirls’ queue when the naked boys returned. They got a glimpse of each classmate’s bare backside as he turned and dropped his clothes on the pile, then ogled their front sides as the schoolboys lined up with their hands coyly cupped over their chary cocks.

The cold made Doug shiver, while his stripped condition made him tremble. He stared over the schoolgirls’ heads but could sense Gina, across from him, looking up and down his body. Just like that time in detention.

“That’s better,” gloated the Wicked Witch to the line of modest boys. “But you are all breaking one of the new rules. Boys are prohibited from touching themselves inappropriately. That means: hands to your sides, gentlemen.”

“But Miss Anderson...” whined Tim.

“You heard me,” she rebutted.

All nine boys took a deep breath and then made their private parts public knowledge. Immediately, the schoolgirls’ flashing eyes began roaming at cock-level as they compared their classmates’ assets and learned about the wide variety of penis sizes and shapes. A few of the girls looked shocked, most looked pleased, but none of them looked away. While the girls gawked, Miss Anderson talked.

“Let me remind you, students” she said, “that the School Board has expressly forbidden the spanking of any schoolgirls at DSH. If you hear of anyone threatening to break this rule, you are required to inform me or another member of the faculty or staff immediately. This behaviour will not be tolerated at Donna Simpson High.”

‘So *that* is what happened to Mrs Braxton,’ thought Billy, suddenly feeling guilty about his part in her abrupt retirement.

Bobby nudged Doug with his elbow and joked quietly, “Terri’s checking you out!”

Doug glanced over and felt a twinge in his groin when he caught the sexy golden-haired cheerleader staring at his cock. She blushed when she realised he was watching and quickly looked towards Miss Anderson. Meanwhile, he returned the favour, ogling Terri’s young breasts, her womanly hips, and her long, bare legs.

“If you see anyone, boy or man breaking the rule about wearing clothing in the pool vicinity,” lectured Miss Anderson, “you should inform the person they are breaking the rule. If they refuse to cooperate

and remove the offending clothing, you must inform a member of staff immediately. In addition, the School Board requires students to remove any unauthorised garments from the offender if possible. We are also encouraging the girls to report any of the boys they observe breaking any of the rules.”

‘Wow! They are *serious* about the no clothes for guys rule,’ thought Doug.

At that moment, a young woman arrived with a camera bag and a Nikon 35mm camera. She was slender and sexy, with dark-brown hair and eyes, wearing a white turtleneck sweater and beige slacks. “Sorry I’m late,” she apologised as she climbed onto the bleachers beside the Assistant Principal.

“That’s all right, dear,” said Miss Anderson. “Students, this is Karen W****. She is a junior and a member of the DSH Camera Club.”

As the freshmen greeted her, Karen’s eyes and grin widened when she spotted the row of nine naked schoolboys displaying their delightfully dangling dicks. She immediately brought her Nikon to her face and began shooting.

The boys’ faces ranged from red to white as the attractive co-ed captured their likenesses. Doug felt another warning twinge from his penis.

“The School Board has just approved an upgrade to the school newspaper, The Cougar Companion,” Miss Anderson explained. “From now on, each issue will include colour photographs taken by the camera club members as they roam the byways of DSH, looking for good shots. They have permission to go anywhere in the school.”

‘Pictures of us... like this! In the school newspaper!’ Brett felt nauseous as the lens focused on him.

“I also have a new member of staff to introduce to you,” Miss Anderson informed them. “You have probably been wondering who she is.” Taking Mary Ann’s arm, she said, “This is Coach Fox’s new assistant, Coach Bronson, who will be assisting with swimming lessons and supervising the boys in their locker room.”

The attractive woman grinned sweetly and said, “My name’s Joanne, but I prefer to be called Jo.”

‘Not Joe Bronson! *Jo* Bronson!’ Doug realised with relief. ‘He-he! She looks like a pushover.’

“Forgive me, Coach Bronson, but here at DSH the students are allowed to call you Coach Bronson or Miss Bronson, but never by your first name.”

“Oh, sorry!” she blushed.

Bobby whispered to Doug, “She has quite a smile, don’t you think?”

He nodded. “She seems nice.”

Bobby chuckled. “Not that smile, stupid. Look lower!”

Doug’s eyes travelled down Coach Bronson’s body, over the pleasing mounds of her chest and down to her crotch. He immediately noticed a vertical ‘smile’ between the young woman’s thighs where her tight yellow suit outlined the soft curves of her vulva. The sight sent waves of tingling warning messages from Doug’s cock to his brain. ‘Look away and think of something else!’

“I am going to assign each of you a swimming buddy,” said the lovely instructor. “You will help each other to improve your swimming while ensuring at all times that your partner is safe. I have gone through your student files and paired you according to your comparative heights and swimming abilities.”

“Terri is checking you out again,” said Bobby quietly.

“Shut... up!” Doug gave him a whispered warning. He could not stop himself from glancing at the sexy cheerleader. Yes, Terri was staring at his cock again! She sensed him watching, looked into his eye, and smiled, then resumed staring below his waist. His penis surrendered to temptation. Instead of sending more warning messages, it began to erect.

“Starting nearest the pool, Carol, you will be Doug’s partner, so please line up across from him.”

Doug groaned as Carol swapped places with Gina and began ogling his semi-erect cock. The know-it-all made a point of making eye contact with him, flashed him her annoyingly triumphant grin, and then made sure he saw her staring. Despite his discomfiture, his penis rose higher.

Meanwhile, after Carol displaced her in line, Gina quickly crossed the neutral zone and stood beside Doug. She clasped her hands behind her back but then, with a quiet giggle, secretly moved her left hand and fondled the naked boy’s bottom.

“Kristen, you will be paired with Bobby.”

“Lucky bastard,” whispered Doug, who then turned to his right and said, “Gina, stop!”

She gave him a squeeze and a giggle, and then continued fondling his right butt cheek.

After Kristen, the sexy tomboy, moved from the opposite end of the line, she was able to get a closer look at Doug, Bobby, and Tim. Her gaze roamed back-and-forth between their cocks, comparing Tim’s small, limp penis with the other boys’ five-inchers. Bobby’s cock was resting peacefully, but Doug’s excited member was lengthening and rising.

Gina squeezed his bottom and whispered, “Kristen’s measuring you with her eyes.”

Doug glanced over and watched Kristen’s grey eyes stare at his erection, and then she glanced over at Bobby’s penis before continuing to track his progress. Carol was still staring and grinning. Doug gulped and kept stretching. ‘I can’t stop it!’ he knew. Thinking about something else was useless, especially with Kristen’s irresistible breasts looking squeezable in her tight blue swimsuit, and Gina groping his ass!

“Sam, you will be Tim’s partner.”

Cheerful Samantha moved across from Tim and gave him a warm smile, which turned into a broad grin when she spotted Doug’s rising excitement. Like Carol and Kristen, she looked into Doug’s eyes to try to read his emotions.

Mortified, embarrassed, and flabbergasted. Dismayed to be erecting so publicly in front of a line of his lovely classmates. And incredibly excited! Doug clenched his fists at his sides as he desperately fought the urge to grasp his penis. He could not ignore the feeling of his cock straining upward as it engorged. It begged to be touched! If only Gina would...

The lovely teaser at his side abruptly wrapped her arm around his bare waist and said, “Say CHEESE!”

“Huh?” He looked down at Gina just as a strobe flashed. In his horny haze, he hadn’t noticed the cute cameragirl aiming her nosy lens over the shoulders of Carol and Kristen. He looked up in time to see Karen lower the Nikon and chuckle, “That’s a keeper!” She grinned and eyed his erection in case he misunderstood her meaning.

“Oh, shit!”

Gina giggled.

Bobby laughed but abruptly stopped and whispered, “Uh-oh!”

Doug suddenly realised that Coach Bronson was walking between the rows. Her kindly brown eyes were looking directly at him. With her hands clasped behind her back, her shapely breasts thrust forward. The boy with the erection could not resist glancing down for another quick peek at the rolling outline of her pudenda as she approached.

When the young coach reached him, she stopped and said sweetly, “Gina, I am pairing you with Mark. Please take your place opposite him.” After the playful schoolgirl giggled away, Coach Bronson asked the excited boy, “What is your name, dear?”

“Doug,” he replied.

“Well, Doug, I need you to stop daydreaming and *PAY ATTENTION!*” With that, she abruptly smacked the head of his erect cock with her green paddle!

“Ow!” he yelped. The pain and surprise immediately deflated his hard-on. He clutched his sore penis.

As Miss Anderson barked one of her infrequent laughs, Coach Bronson reached behind Doug and paddled his bottom. “Hands to your sides!” she ordered. When he complied, she checked his wilted pecker and added, “That’s better! Now, pay attention.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

The line of girls snickered and giggled as Coach Bronson returned to the bleachers. The boys gaped incredulously.

The attractive disciplinarian then paired Greg with shapely Rhonda, Joe with blonde Lori, Billy with sultry Toni, Jimmy with dancer Amy, and Brett with lovely Terri.

“Before each swim class,” said the deceptively sweet-looking instructor, “I want you to line up facing your buddy while I call the roll. Let’s do that now, so that I can learn all your names.”

☹ ☹ ☹

They never *did* swim that day. When they were finally dismissed, the boys returned to the Peek-A-Boo Plaza. Watched by Coach Bronson, they quietly grumbled as they showered.

Suddenly Tim said, “Oh, shit!” and pointed up towards the health clinic, where the school photographer was grinning as she snapped pictures of the naked boys as they showered. Tim quickly turned his back to her.

Coach Bronson stepped behind Tim and smacked his bottom with her paddle. “Watch your language!” she warned.

“Ow! Yes, Ma’am.”

When the first guys finished their showers, she cheerfully instructed, “Please line up in front of me, boys. Since Nurse Dolly is not here, Miss Anderson asked me to check your genitals.”

As the first unlucky boy in line, Bobby sheepishly stepped in front of her.

“Show me,” she instructed vaguely.

“Huh?”

She smiled sweetly. “Hold your penis up for me, Bobby, so I can look at it.”

Bobby gulped, then grasped his cock and held it upright.”

The young athletic coach leaned forward. Placing a soft hand over his, she slowly guided his fingers down his shaft. Looking up into his eyes, she explained, “I need to move your hand, Bobby, so that I can get a good look at the head of your penis.”

Bobby gulped again as she leaned in. Her close scrutiny was making him horny. As he watched the pony-tailed brunette bending over his equipment, she commanded, “Now stretch your penis up, Bobby, while I examine your testicles.” When he had blushed and obeyed, she cupped his balls and raised them, then moved his scrotum left and right.

“No sign of masturbation and no jock itch. Good. Next!”

Billy tried to ignore the camerawoman aiming down at him from the health clinic window as he stepped forward, lifted his penis, and displayed his private parts for Coach Bronson.