

Shelly, the Sports Reporter

by

Captain and Mrs. Quixote

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Preface

This story was written and posted by Captain and Mrs. Quixote on the asstr message boards. The original text can be viewed at [the Asstr site](#). There are two versions of this story. Both are in English, but one is written in [American English](#), the other in [British English](#). This is the American version. If you prefer the other version, you can click the link in the previous sentence to get it. Those links will can also be used to get the latest version that will reflect any changes or additions. This version is as of May 6, 2020.

Chapter 1

The First Interview

Having struggled to become the number one sports reporter for the school newspaper, Shelly had proven that she could write a better story than anyone else who wanted the position. Her interview skills were better than anyone else's and she knew more about every sport in which Prellis High competed. She knew more about the school's sports history. Nancy, the newspaper's editor in chief, had been uncertain, but no one seemed anywhere near as knowledgeable as Shelly, not even the boys. So the job was hers. When anyone asked her why she wanted to be the school's sports reporter, she said it was because she was passionate about athletics. As true as that was, it wasn't the real reason she wanted the position.

Following her appointment as the paper's sportswriter, she had spoken to the vice principal, Miss Hartick, at length and had convinced her that it was important that she be able to get locker room interviews, just as female sportswriters in the professional world do. Miss Hartick's reputation was to favor the girls and their place. Even still, it surprised Shelly that she would agree to let her into the boys' lockers. She had thought. Barely able to believe it, Shelly was about to venture into the boys' private territory. Late winter meant it was baseball season, and the Prellis baseball team was filled exclusively with hunky, heart throbby, hotties, giving her high hopes. Unsure exactly how much she would see, it would be more than any other girl in school would.

What she didn't know was that Miss Hartick took her claim as a journalist seriously. Miss Hartick felt it important to prove to the school that the girls could do anything, and that the boys treat Shelly with total respect, and that society learns from this example. She also felt it important to be there herself. That was her one condition to Shelly. She wasn't certain it was a good idea to send her down into the locker room, surrounded by boys, all on her own. Since Shelly needed a chaperone, who better to go along than Miss Hartick herself? She would make sure that the boys acted responsibly. As an additional unacknowledged benefit, she would also get to see everything Shelly would see. Although unable to admit that motive to herself, she felt her pulse rise every time she thought about being there around those muscular, well-formed bodies. She was similarly unwilling to admit to herself that the idea of joining Shelly played a role in weighing the benefit that Shelly would get against the boys' required sacrifice in order to allow it.

While the team knew that Shelly was the sportswriter, they did not expect Vice Principal

Hartick to allow her in the locker room though. “Hey!” “What are you doing in here?” “Miss Hartick, are you serious?”

Despite their complaints, Shelly strode right around them. With Miss Hartick at her side, she could freely ignore their protests. Only she didn't ignore them. She couldn't help but smile broadly as she looked around as the boys had been undressing. Some were halfway there; some had been in just their jockstraps, while several were entirely naked!

She found the boy she was looking for, Kent, with not a stitch on. He looked around helplessly for a moment. He had his hands over his privates, but there was nothing else for him to do. The towels were stacked at the shower entrance. He had already put his uniform in his locker. He cowered there bare as he said, “Miss Hartick, what's going on?”

“What do you think? Shelly is here for an interview. She plans to do a series of interviews of the baseball team and thought she'd start with you.”

“But this is the boys' locker room! Get her out of here! I'll talk to her when I come out!”

Starting to show some irritation, Miss Hartick said, “You'll talk to her now as you would any journalist. Show some pride and act like a professional. She certainly is.”

“She's not a professional! And she's staring at me!”

“She's only waiting for you to show some decorum.”

“What?”

“Kent, you're being entirely unfair. Relax.” When he didn't react right away, she made it clear, “Kent, I want you act as though this is perfectly normal. Stop crouching like that. Stand up straight. Move your hands for goodness' sake.”

“What? No way! She's a girl!”

“She's not a girl. She's a sportswriter. She is showing considerable courage coming here to do this, and I won't have you making her feel uncomfortable.”

“You think she's uncomfortable?!”

“Yes, you're making her feel unwanted, and it looks as if you don't take her seriously. Now, let me make this clear, I can suspend any athlete from any team at this school. If you don't treat Shelly with respect, then you'll be off the team. Move those hands.”

Almost in disbelief, Shelly hadn't expected this. Just getting into the locker room and at least seeing some guys, Kent in particular, with just their hands covering themselves was already more than she had ever hoped for. It was going to happen though. At Prellis High, sports were huge and the boys lived for it. She would get to see his dick since he had no choice but to show it to her! “Kent, I didn't come down here to get a peek at you. I just want to do my job. Please cooperate.” If she had been a wooden puppet, her nose would have grown several inches.

“There,” Miss Hartick said, “you see. She's not even interested in your anatomy. Now, what did I say before? Show her some respect and move your hands.”

Kent couldn't believe it. He could tell that in Miss Hartick's twisted mind it made sense that failing to show off his penis was the same as showing disrespect. What could he do though? He couldn't bring himself to look either of them in the eye as he set his hands at his sides. He

heard a sharp exhale from Shelly though, clearly approving. In spite of himself, he looked right at her and he wished he hadn't. She didn't look at his face; rather, her eyes moved up and down his body, lingering on his manhood. There was a light in her voice when she asked, "After this first practice, do you get the impression that the team will work together well?"

"W-well, I guess so. It's hard to tell right away. I trust Coach Grady. I don't know where he is right now."

"He's not allowed down here while Shelly's in the locker room," Miss Hartick said. That explained a lot.

Shelly asked, "I noticed you were a bit slow getting off some throws. Many of the players were as well. I know it's only your first practice, but how long do you expect it to take before you can play as a team?"

"I, uh, I guess, uh," He had a hard time answering because he knew his embarrassment was only starting. He looked back and forth between Shelly and Miss Hartick. Neither of them seemed a bit interested in averting their eyes. They seemed interested in his body, one part in particular. Miss Hartick was a good-looking woman, even if she was somewhat scary. Shelly was cute. Kent had always noticed her. Now they both checked out his bare penis! He could feel his reaction to that. He didn't want to react, but he could feel a tingling. He tried to pretend it wasn't happening. "I'm – I'm confident in my teammates. I know we'll get the hang of it fast."

By the time he'd finished that, his penis's growth was evident Shelly's eyes were wide with fascination. She made eye contact with him as she asked her next question. Then she immediately looked back down. She knew he saw where her eyes went, but she liked it. She enjoyed the way he sounded so flustered as his dick moved on its own. It pointed straight out when she started her next question. She couldn't help but smile and even giggled slightly. She was worried that Miss Hartick might stop this, but when she glanced at her, it was clear that the vice principal was just as enthralled as she was! Kent's embarrassment forced him into a state of total arousal. He reached a full erection quickly; it was stiff, tall, and pointed at the ceiling. Shelly kept her voice steady as she asked her questions. Kent's voice faltered and stuttered. He breathed hard as they stared at him. Shelly looked him over, especially that wonderful dick. She made certain to look him in the eye though. She wanted him to know that she knew how embarrassed he was. After running out of questions, she improvised a few just to make it last a little longer.

"Well, that's all this time, Kent."

"You see," Miss Hartick said, "that wasn't bad at all, was it?"

"Do I have to answer?" he said. He begrudgingly let Shelly shake his hand.

She said to him, "Thanks for being so cooperative. By the way, you look great naked and you're adorable when you blush."

Kent was stunned at that. He watched her walk away happily. "This is going to be a hard year."

Chapter 2

A Simple Slap

Kent was only the first. Shelly wasn't going to miss an opportunity. She was ready to invade that locker room again right after the next day's baseball practice. Not knowing how hard it would be to convince the vice principal that she needed additional interviews, she was unsure she would get to since Miss Hartick had to be with her. As it turned out, it wasn't hard at all. "See, I thought that rather than include a single interview for any article, if I had a series of quotes from the players, it would be better. I didn't know how busy you would be though."

"Well, Shelly, what you're doing is important. I'll make certain that you get as much time as you need. I'll make the time, and when I can't, I'll get another escort for you. If you want to, be there following every practice and after every game, that's what will happen."

Shelly hoped for several more trips to the boy's locker room, but Miss Hartick just offered up that she could be there following every practice and every game. This was much more than she could dream for and couldn't help smiling. That was acceptable since Miss Hartick took it as enthusiasm for the work. It was a funny situation. Not even Shelly could think for a moment that it was important for her to interview naked athletes as much as possible. However, Miss Hartick did, which made it so much better. Shelly had loved forcing Kent to bare himself, and would love to do that again if she could. Miss Hartick didn't do this for the nudity though. She crusaded for girls' rights. That meant Shelly wasn't just making the boys do what she wanted, but she also took advantage of the situation. It was the rules that forced the boys to give her a show, and those rules were there for a reason even if it was a stupid one. If Shelly had just created this situation, then it would be a power trip. That would have been nice, but this was even better. This wasn't about her being able to do as she pleased, rather it was about invading the boys' privacy, whether they wanted it or not, that they had no choice.

Her next victim, err, subject that is, was Philip. He was the shortstop and he was great. Shelly loved watching the sport. She loved the skill and the prowess. After watching sexy Philip move with grace and speed, she would get to see him dishabille.

In the locker room, she strutted along with Miss Hartick behind her. At a certain row of lockers, she spotted Philip, already stripped down to his jockstrap. Between her and him were some other boys who had been undressing. Seeing Shelly, they panicked. Greg was the only one entirely naked, so he spun around to keep Shelly from seeing his goods. There was that

fabulous butt of his, though. On impulse, Shelly gave it a little pat.

“Hey!” Greg spun back around with his hands over his crotch. “Miss Hartick, she touched me!”

“I saw, Greg. Calm down.”

“Calm down?! She put her hand on my butt!”

“Greg, I told Kent what I’ll tell you. You need to act as if you’re completely comfortable with Shelly here, because you should be. So move your hands.”

He stared at her. She meant it. All she had to do was give him that look. He already knew what the situation was. If they didn’t go along with this craziness, she might kick them off the team. With shaky fingers, he let his arms drop and bared his privates to Shelly and Miss Hartick. Shelly was already looking him over, especially his penis. He felt completely humiliated, being forced to do this right after what Shelly had done. “Miss Hartick, she put her hand on me.”

“Oh, she didn’t hurt you, Greg. She’s just trying to keep things casual, as they should be.”

“What?”

“Not another word. Shelly, are you ready to talk to Philip?”

Philip’s shoulders sagged. He was next. He was already fuming, and it showed in his face. Shelly walked up and shook his hand as if nothing was out of the ordinary. “Thanks for the time, Philip. You’re already doing excellent out there.”

“Yeah, Thanks.”

Miss Hartick interrupted before they could get started. “Now hold on a moment. Philip, what were you doing before we came in?”

“Huh?”

“Obviously, you were undressing.”

“Well, yeah.”

“So get on with it.”

“Excuse me?”

“Philip, Shelly has put herself to the task of breaking down some barriers here at Prellis High. You’re going to help her with that. You wouldn’t be shy around a reporter who was a boy, so you shouldn’t be just because she’s a girl. Down here, she’s just a reporter for the school paper. So act as if it’s no big deal and do what you ordinarily would.”

“Miss Hartick!”

“Get that underwear off!”

He wanted to say that he wouldn’t have done that even if Shelly hadn’t been a girl, but he could already tell that it wouldn’t do any good. This thrilled Shelly, as it was better than she expected. When she saw that Philip still had his jockstrap on, she didn’t think she’d get to see him naked. She had no idea that Miss Hartick was actually going to order him to strip for her! This was better than she could have hoped for! A moment ago, Philip was upset, but proud.

Now he was suddenly shy and speechless as he peeled away the last of his dignity. She said, “I know it’s only the second practice, but does it seem that the team is coming together yet?”

Philip’s voice shook as he answered. He had to stand there, penis bare for this girl. “Uh, y-yeah. Things are, are going g-great.” He felt a flush of heat, having never been more embarrassed in his life. He reflexively put his hands over his pride and joy, but he shot a look over at Miss Hartick. It wasn’t a good idea to preserve his modesty at all, so he let them look. He was forced to do it, and it was clear they both enjoyed the sight.

As Shelly kept up the interview, she shot a glance over at Miss Hartick. That serious, strong woman stared right at this high school boy’s embarrassed dick! She might have been there for the idealism of it, but she also loved the flesh. How could she help that though? Philip was attractive, well built, and now that she could see his tool, she knew he was well equipped. His wasn’t as big as Kent’s was but it was every bit as easy on the eye. It was also already growing!

Philip’s face and his body language showed just how shocked he was to be forced into this. His penis, however, gave the most positive reaction. Shelly couldn’t help but giggle a little when it reached half-mast. Philip shot her an enraged look, but that was all he could do. His voice broke more and more as he rose up. He even had some twitches and shivers of embarrassment. It was bad enough for them to force him to strip naked for this girl, but she would get to see him at his stiffest!

Another question and he was there, so erect that it almost hurt. Shelly let out a sigh of contentment. Even Miss Hartick did nothing to hide her smile. Philip’s shoulders slumped, but his penis kept up its perfect posture.

“You do keep in shape, Philip,” Shelly said. “Could you let me have a better look at that physique? I’d love to write about it. Turn around?”

Philip looked to Miss Hartick. Surely, she wasn’t going to let this happen. She was. Miss Hartick took Shelly’s comments at face value. He turned to let them see his nakedness from the other side. He would have been grateful to hide his erection if it hadn’t meant capitulating to Shelly’s lust. It was worse than that, even. Emboldened by the earlier moment, Shelly gave Philip’s butt a quick squeeze. “Great muscle tone.”

“You-!” He didn’t finish his thought. He just turned back around obediently when she asked him to. After several more questions, it was over. Shelly shook his hand. She said to him with a terrible smile, “Thanks for trying to be comfortable, Philip. It means so much to me to see your... *dedication*.”

Shelly was in heaven. She had no idea she could get away with that much. She was always careful to thank Miss Hartick for the opportunity. How even Miss Hartick could rationalize this was beyond Shelly, but she would take as much advantage of it as she could. She wasn’t going to miss a single practice. Which buff baseball boy would she pick next to be her unwilling eye candy?

Chapter 3

An Accomplice

“Miss Hartick?”

“Hello, Shelly. Are you planning another interview today?”

“Like I said, I want as many as I can get. If you have time to go with me.”

“Of course.” Whatever it was Miss Hartick had been working on, it wasn’t as important as this. She was more than happy to set it aside to help Shelly get into the locker room. “Last time I told you that I might need to find another escort for you, in case I ever do get to busy.”

“Right.”

“So we’ll have to make a quick detour to Miss Devasquez’s room. I spoke to her about it a little while ago. We’ll bring her along so that you have someone else to go to if you need the help.”

“Sure.” Shelly wasn’t sure at all. Miss Hartick would let her get away with anything. Would another ‘escort’ be that helpful?

An English teacher fresh out of college, Miss Devasquez was young and pretty, which is something Shelly wouldn’t have cared about at all if it weren’t for the fact that she knew it would help stiffen up any boy she interviewed. Shelly didn’t say a word. Miss Hartick only had to say, “Miss Devasquez? Are you ready to come along with us?”

“Certainly. Hello, Shelly.”

“Hello,” Shelly said. She was nervous again. It was a delightful nervous since she knew that she would be treated to the sight of naked athletes again.

As they walked, Miss Devasquez said to Miss Hartick, “You didn’t tell me what you needed me for. I know that there’s never been a female sports reporter here at Prellis High, but why the need for an escort?”

“It’s just to make sure that Shelly can do her job effectively. If I hadn’t been along, the boys wouldn’t have been cooperative at all.”

“Really? Why would that be?” Then they were at the door that should have separated them from a private world. Miss Devasquez saw Miss Hartick push the door open as if it was the

most natural thing to do. She had to ask, "We're not going in there?"

"But of course we are. That's where the boys are."

Despite her shock, Miss Devasquez managed to keep her voice level. Her eyes were certainly wide though. "But this is the boys' locker room. You're not telling me that you're going to bring this girl in there?"

"Miss Devasquez, what's wrong with you? I'm not taking her on a field trip. I'm helping her to do her job as a reporter. This is why we come along. You can imagine how the boys might behave if Shelly came here alone. Young boys are terribly sexist."

"They're sexist? You're going to watch them undress, and you think they're sexist?"

Miss Hartick shook her head at Miss Devasquez's naïveté and she strode right into the locker room with Shelly behind her. Miss Devasquez was still too stunned to argue, so she followed as well. She had no idea what was about to happen. She expected Miss Hartick to announce herself, but she didn't, and gave the boys no warning. Surely, the boys knew that they were coming, though. They had to have some advance notice. Miss Hartick wouldn't just walk right in on them would she? Surely not, especially with a female student along.

Miss Devasquez stopped suddenly at the sight. There was the boys' baseball team in the midst of changing, half dressed, nearly naked, and some were already completely naked! They walked right in as if they were expected! One of the boys wailed, "Oh no, not again!"

Miss Devasquez realized that she was staring at the boys, so she quickly caught up with the other ladies. She tried to avert her eyes. The boys looked so completely abashed and embarrassed. How could this be happening?

Miss Hartick stopped short. "*Ron and Ted*, just what are you doing?"

They had cowered behind some open locker doors, and Miss Devasquez could see why. The poor things had nothing on! They stood there stark naked with two women and one of their female classmates right there. The boys fumbled over their words. They couldn't even manage to look in the direction of the three females in the room. Miss Hartick sounded like the authority she was. "You boys know better than that, don't you? We've been down here twice already. I don't want to have to say it every time. You will respect this girl by making her feel wanted and comfortable. Treat her with the respect she deserves. She is a reporter, and you will be completely at ease while she is here. Do I make myself clear?"

The boys both said, "Yes, Miss Hartick."

"What are you waiting for? Stop hiding. You don't have to hide yourself from us."

The boys very, very reluctantly stepped out and started to walk away. Miss Hartick wasn't having that. "Wait one moment, you two. Don't just stop. Pay attention. That means turn around. Now!"

Miss Devasquez's eyes were wide open. She almost thought she was dreaming, but this was actually happening. For Ron and Ted, it wasn't enough to have to pretend everything was normal. Miss Hartick made them stand there right where the women could see them. Miss Devasquez wasn't surprised to see Shelly's eager young eyes move over those fit, naked bodies. Both of the boys moved their hands as if they wanted to cover, but they didn't. They just stood

there with their boyhoods on display, and blushed furiously. Miss Devasquez felt so bad for them. This was clearly a humiliating experience for them both. As shocked as she was, she didn't even realize that she could look away. Instead, she just stared at these two bare boys. Miss Hartick was much more even toned now that the boys were behaving. She told them, "Don't you owe Shelly an apology?"

Ted muttered something, but Ron's voice was clear. "Yes, Miss Hartick."

"So say it."

The boys forced themselves to look at Shelly while she beamed at them. They could hardly get out the words. "Sorry, Shelly." "Yeah, I'm sorry."

They weren't quite off the hook. Miss Hartick said, "What are you sorry for?"

Ron stared at the floor. Ted looked angry for a moment, but they both surrendered. Ted spoke first. "I'm sorry that we disrespected you Shelly." Ron added, "We should have acted naturally. It doesn't bother us at all..." He had to force out the next words one by one. "It doesn't bother us for you to be here."

Shelly couldn't help but rub it in. "Not even while you're naked?"

Miss Devasquez hadn't thought she could be any more amazed. Shelly not only got away with this, but the vice principal encouraged her! The boys' embarrassment only got worse with their natural physical reaction. Three pretty women staring at them had started to raise their morale, so to speak. Ron's dick had barely started to lift, but it was evident all the same. Ted's was halfway up, and pointed straight at the women. Ted had to get away fast, so he blurted it out, "Being naked in front of you doesn't bother us at all. Can I go shower now?"

Miss Hartick would have preferred his courtesy a bit more genuine than that, but she waved him on. The two boys quickly turned and walked away. Miss Devasquez finally had a hold of herself. She realized fully that she was watching two fine bare asses walk away, but she couldn't turn from the sight. In spite of herself, she wished she could follow them to watch them as they showered.

None of the other boys had moved during Ron and Ted's embarrassment. They knew that Shelly was able to come and go as she pleased, but they just couldn't get used to this idea. Having seen it happen to other boys that way only told them that they could be next. Shelly walked along confidently. When she came near the almost naked Kent, she gave a quick squeeze to his butt. Miss Devasquez started, "Shelly!"

Everything stopped. Shelly glanced over at Miss Hartick. As expected, her benefactor was unmoved by Kent's discomposure. Kent saw that look in Miss Hartick's eye, so he said what he had to. Through gritted teeth, he told Miss Devasquez, "It's all right. She's only keeping things casual." Miss Devasquez looked at Miss Hartick. Her approval of both Shelly's actions and Kent's answer was unmistakable. How far could this go?

Shelly just moved along until she got to Mark. "Here he is," She said happily. Mark's shoulders fell when he realized that she had chosen him for the next interview. All he had on at that moment was his jockstrap and his unbuttoned jersey. It horrified Miss Devasquez that Shelly would single him out while he was half dressed. She was also enticed by that athletic body. She couldn't help it. He was so attractive, and the space between the sides of his shirt

showed a very fit body, great abs and pecs. Mark looked at Shelly and he wished he hadn't. She was smiling already. He asked Miss Hartick, "Do I – Do I have to..."

For a moment, Miss Hartick wasn't sure what he asked. Then it occurred to her. She spoke as though she was talking down to him, as if it was ridiculous for him even to ask. "Don't be nervous, Mark. No one here will even notice." He didn't move right away. She had to urge him on with a little wave. "Get on with it. You were undressing when we got here."

He blushed instantly as he slowly started to peel off his jersey. Miss Devasquez's jaw dropped for two reasons. He was such a gorgeous sight, but also being shocked, yet again. What was Miss Hartick thinking?

Shelly started the interview as her lusty eyes took in the slow strip off. "I've noticed that you seem more confident at bat this year."

Mark undressed as slowly as he possibly could. He heard an impatient sigh from Miss Hartick, but she said nothing, so he barely had one arm out of his jersey when he answered, "Well, we haven't been in any games yet, but I've been hard at work since last season."

He had stripped to his underwear, nearly naked. Miss Hartick started to look satisfied with his obedience. Shelly had that evil half smile as she looked him over. He glanced at Miss Devasquez. The whole situation clearly made her uncomfortable, but not enough for her to look away. Mark hoped she would say something to stop this.

"Mark?" Shelly said.

"Yeah?"

"I asked about curve balls. You had a hard time hitting them last year. Have you improved enough to make a difference?"

"Uh, uh, yeah. I guess so." He kept stammering, trying to answer the question. It was so hard to do. If he didn't start stripping off his underwear, he knew he would be in trouble. Somehow, he managed to keep his mind focused on his words as he began to peel off the last thing between him and total humiliation.

Miss Devasquez's eyes were huge. This was really happening! Miss Hartick forced this boy to strip naked right in front of them all! Her head twitched as she tried to look away. Then Mark stood back up, fully nude. She could see everything! He was a fabulous specimen. She realized that she should look away from him, but that was easier said than done. Instead of continuing to stare at his dick, she gazed upwards to see the shame on his face as he tried to keep up the interview. He constantly stumbled over his words. He made eye contact with Shelly while she asked a question. Then, when he needed to answer, the girl's eyes roamed down to his privates. He followed that look, staring down at himself. All he could say were the words, "That's up to the team." He glanced over at Miss Hartick. Both he and Miss Devasquez were surprised to see that stern woman's eyes move over his nakedness. He looked over at Miss Devasquez. She tried to give him an encouraging smile. Her eyes flicked down to his goods. She didn't mean to do it, but it happened. Mark's hands instinctively moved to cover his pride and joy.

Miss Devasquez was ashamed of herself at that moment. She saw Mark look over at Miss Hartick. All she had to do was shake her head slightly, and his hands returned to his sides. He shivered a moment as his penis returned to view.

Then something wonderful happened. Just as the other boys Shelly had interviewed, and just as Ron and Ted a moment ago, Mark started to erect. Every female eye was on his slowly growing member. His heart was in his throat and his stomach sank. He couldn't believe how embarrassing this was. He was undressed once before when Shelly had walked in, but then she had moved right past with just a glance at him. This time they forced him to stand there on display, and the emotion brought his hormones into effect.

Shelly got ready to wrap up the interview. However, she saw the early signs of him erecting, and decided she wasn't finished yet and would see the interview on until the end.

Strangely enough, those hormones helped keep his voice level as Shelly asked a couple more questions. Feeling his dick rise up so gradually was agonizing. "I won't worry about any games until it's game night," he said. He was a bit more eloquent with this new, developing humiliation.

He might have kept that up, sounding as if he didn't care about his exposure, but he snuck a peek at Miss Devasquez. She had tried so hard to ignore how hard he got. When he glanced at her, she was unable to maintain eye contact. She had to look away, and her reflexes forced her eyes down to his penis again. He was just barely below a halfway raise. It almost looked as if he might manage to keep it that low. Seeing sexy Miss Devasquez sneak another peek ended his willpower though. The moment he saw her look down, he lost control. In a moment, he erected completely. In spite of herself, Miss Devasquez giggled. Mark covered his rod as best he could for a moment, then he remembered that they didn't allow him to do that. He moved his hands away again, and allowed the ladies to stare at his totally stiff testament to teenage urges.

He stayed that way for the remainder of the interview. Shelly's voice remained calm and even for Miss Hartick's benefit. She was great at pretending that her position as a reporter was more important to her than that magnificent penis's position. Mark kept stumbling over his words. He couldn't keep the stutter out of his voice or the blush off his face any more than he could keep the happy female eyes off his manhood.

Over the loudspeaker the school secretary said, "Miss Hartick, please report to your office."

That stopped the dreamlike scenario for a moment. Miss Hartick cursed. "Darn it. Um, Miss Devasquez, could you stay here with Shelly while I go take care of this? I've been expecting this call."

Miss Devasquez stuttered now. "Uh, uh, uh, you want me to stay here? In the locker room? With Mark?"

Miss Hartick didn't even understand the question. She just took it as a yes. "Thanks." She strode off, leaving a very happy young Shelly and a very confused teacher. Once Miss Hartick was out of sight, Shelly started in with her questions and her staring.

Miss Devasquez couldn't take it though. "Shelly, I do have some things to get to, so if you could hurry this along."

Mark was grateful, but not as grateful as he would have been if Miss Devasquez could only have kept her eyes off his stiffy. Shelly knew that she had taken this about as far as she could, but there was one last thing she couldn't resist. With Miss Hartick gone and Miss Devasquez not knowing just what was and wasn't expected, Shelly could try something she had been aching to do. She sidled up close to Mark. "You have gotten into shape really well, haven't you Mark?"

It's impressive." As she said this, she put her hand on his shoulder, feeling the muscle there. Her hand moved down to get a grip on his bicep. "Can you tell us how you keep in shape?" Her hand moved down to his forearm, and then it wandered over to his stiff standing cock. She gently wrapped her fingers around it for a moment while Mark could only sputter. Miss Devasquez's mouth dropped open. Was this part of "keeping it casual?" Was she supposed to say something or do something?

Shelly was smart enough to end the interview right there, without waiting for an answer. She just said, "Never mind, Mark. I guess you need some secrets to keep your edge. Thanks for the show! You're gorgeous." She walked away with Miss Devasquez following uncertainly. On their way out, Miss Devasquez saw Shelly grab one boy's butt and pinch another.

Out of the locker room, she finally caught her breath. "Shelly, can you come with me? Just in here. I need to sit down."

Shelly barely contained a giggle. "It does take a bit of effort to stay on your feet during that kind of interview doesn't it?"

Miss Devasquez finally managed to drop her awe. "You think this is funny?"

"Well, it's not supposed to be funny." Miss Devasquez's seriousness suddenly worried Shelly.

"That was terrible. How can you live with yourself?"

"Miss Devasquez, I'm just doing my job as the school sportswriter."

"Don't pretend with me. Miss Hartick may be crazy or something, but I'm not. There's no reason for this. You're deliberately abusing your authority to treat these boys as if they're objects. You even enjoy their embarrassment." Miss Devasquez shut her eyes and rubbed her temples while she made her decision. "Shelly, listen to me very carefully."

"O-okay."

"What you and Miss Hartick are doing is wrong. It's entirely wrong. Those boys deserve more respect than that, and you know it. The way you treat them is horrible. This isn't some victory for young girls. This is just one perverted girl getting a peep show, and you know it. But I want you to know that you can count on me whenever you need an escort to the boys' locker room."

"Excuse me?"

"Shelly, it was terrible, but also wonderful! Oh, Mark is such stud. Tell me, do they always erect like that?"

Shelly grinned from ear to ear. Now she not only had authority to abuse the rules, but to help, she had an accomplice. "Well, I've only been down there two times before this, but they've gotten hard after they've had to show me their goods. They're not enjoying it at all, so the embarrassment must drive them upwards. That's my favorite part."

"Mm-hm. Mine too. Do you always get to touch them that way?"

"Actually, I hadn't done that before."

"You sneaky little minx! Oh, I envy you that. Shelly, promise me one thing; don't interview Reggie unless I'm there to see it. Oh, I'd love that."

“Sure thing, Miss Devasquez. I promise. It’s good to have you on board.”

Chapter 4

A Protest

Shelly headed to Miss Hartick's office the next time she had the opportunity to interview the team. "Miss Hartick? Oh, hello, Miss Devasquez."

"Hello Shelly," Miss Devasquez said with a great big smile.

Miss Hartick asked her, "Are you planning on another interview today?"

"Certainly. If the two of you can spare the time."

Miss Hartick was all business. "Well, I want to support your career, Shelly, but you don't need to take up my time and the time of a teacher. I'll go. Miss Devasquez, you don't have to worry about it this time."

For a moment, Miss Devasquez was horrified. She wanted so badly to go to the boys' locker room again and see some naked boys. What could she say though? She certainly couldn't tell Miss Hartick the real reason she wanted to go. There was a simple idea though, and it would even help feed Miss Hartick's delusions. Miss Devasquez told her, "Actually, I'd like to accompany you this time. I wish you had told me what you were planning the first time. I wasn't expecting that. I felt a bit awkward, you understand."

"I suppose I do. I suppose I owe you an apology for springing it on you that way. I hadn't considered it from your point of view."

Miss Devasquez nearly burst out laughing. The only people Miss Hartick owed an apology to would be the unfortunate young men that she was intent on humiliating. If she could, Miss Devasquez would apologize to them. It made her feel so bad and so good at the same time, remembering Mark's naked embarrassment. She managed to keep a concerned expression on her face though. "I do want to help Shelly, of course. It's important to advance girls' rights in this school. I just wasn't expecting all that. It would help me to be more comfortable with the situation if I could go again today now that I know where we're going."

"All right then," Miss Hartick said. "It's settled. Let's go and visit the team." Miss Hartick set the pace, very steady and serious. Behind her, Shelly and Miss Devasquez could hardly contain themselves. They had to keep themselves from sprinting ahead. Miss Hartick felt nothing but pride as she opened the locker room door. Shelly was glowing inside. Miss Devasquez nearly trembled with excitement. She had to concentrate to keep from squirming. However, when

they got in there, there was nothing to see but lots of boys in uniform. They weren't undressing or showering. They were standing around lazily, fully clothed, completely disappointing Shelly and Miss Devasquez. Miss Hartick wasn't disappointed though; she was furious. "What is going on here?"

As the orchestrator of this plan, Ron stepped forward with a cocky grin on his face. "We knew that you'd be down here again, so we figured this to be more appropriate. We'll undress after the interview."

Having almost expected this, Miss Hartick responded, "Oh will you," with a glint in her eye.

Ron felt uneasy right away, but tried not to let it show. "Well, it can't hurt for her to interview us in uniform, can it?"

"And what difference would it make?" Miss Hartick said.

"Well, you know, we just thought about how we'd be more comfortable."

Miss Hartick was furious. "So you only thought of yourselves? Now why am I not surprised? Why would you be uncomfortable without your uniforms? What are you trying to tell me, that Shelly isn't like other reporters?"

"Well, no, it's just that..."

"How many times do I have to say it? Shelly is a responsible reporter. She's not here to cause you any discomfort. She's here to do her job, and you will not treat her any differently than you would anyone else. Did you think that I would let this sexist protest happen?"

"It, uh, sexist?" Ron didn't know what to say. How could he argue with Miss Hartick when she made no sense?

"Sexist," Miss Hartick repeated. "This is why I made certain to have her chaperoned. I knew that you boys couldn't handle it. I knew that you would mistreat her."

"*We're mistreating her?*"

"Do you have any idea how terrible she must feel now that she knows what you boys think of her? Can you imagine how she must feel knowing that you can't take her seriously? You boys are going to learn that you have nothing to hide. You have no reason to be uncomfortable. I realize that in other circumstances having a girl in here while you're naked might be difficult for you. This is different though. She's here in an official position, a professional position, and you will act accordingly. You are not going to make her uncomfortable by keeping your clothes on. Do you understand?"

"Uh, I, uh, no?"

"**THAT DOES IT!**" Miss Hartick knew that she had to take control of this situation before it got out of hand. "Ron, you and four other boys are going to prove that you can handle this."

"What?"

"You, Ron, and you, and you, and you, and you, Greg. Line up right here along these lockers. That's right. Now, I want you to strip off those uniforms. Get down to your underwear, and stand there. Stand there proud and unconcerned. I'd better not see any nervousness from

you.”

The boys fumbled around for a moment without doing much more than undoing a couple buttons. Miss Hartick shouted, “Now, gentlemen!”

Ron started undressing, but he tried to talk his way out of it at the same time. “Miss Hartick, can’t you respect our privacy?”

“It’s not as though I’m just bringing some girl down here to get a look at you. There’s a purpose to this. Stop dawdling and take off those clothes. You’re not like girls. Girls have body image issues and self-esteem problems. You boys can handle this. You shouldn’t let this bother you.”

The boys managed to do as she told them. All five stripped down until they were nearly naked and blushing. Shelly’s eyes scanned across their bodies. Miss Devasquez did the same, staring at the toned young men, not letting morals interfere this time. She couldn’t help feeling guilty, but they looked so good. In spite of herself, she loved their embarrassment and watching them fidget.

Miss Hartick shook her head slowly. She sounded so very condescending. “Why are you shuffling your feet like that? Why can’t you look us in the eye? Boys, I told you that I didn’t want you to look nervous at all. Why is this a problem for you? I guess you just aren’t used to it yet. I can understand that, but you’re going to have to get used to it because this is the way things are. Now, I want you to get the last of that off, and try to look as if it doesn’t bother you.”

The boys were stunned. They knew this would happen, but they still couldn’t believe the level of her reaction. She lined them up, put them on display, and made them strip naked! A couple of them thought about just refusing, but that would mean sacrificing their spot on the team. It might not help anyway. You couldn’t defy Miss Hartick. She ruled the school. None of them had moved yet though. Miss Hartick didn’t have to say it. She just gave them that famous, angry look. The boys looked at the floor and started to peel down their underwear ever so slowly.

Miss Devasquez was beside herself. Her pulse raced so fast! Five hot young baseball players were going to have to stand there bare-naked for her! The last time she was down here, she was unable to truly enjoy it. This time, she smiled from ear to ear at the buffet of embarrassed skin.

When the boys looked at her, they were furious that she would enjoy this so openly. They expected that from Shelly, but not from a teacher. Speaking of Shelly, the boys also looked over at her. She had that smug half smile. They were going to have to show her their bodies in the altogether, and she didn’t mind letting them know how much she wanted it. She licked her lips as she stared.

Miss Hartick said, “Get it over with, boys. You’re not getting out of this.” It happened; they stripped it off. The boys stood there stark naked for three women. Miss Hartick surveyed them seriously. Shelly and Miss Devasquez grinned openly as they gazed over the exposed dicks. Only one boy managed to stand still while the other four couldn’t help their reaction. They put their hands over their privates to protect themselves. Miss Hartick sighed. “Now, we’re not having any of that. Boys, you’re just going to have to get past this silly shy attitude. I understand how embarrassed you must be, but you have to deal with it. Move those hands and act proud.”

“But you’re just staring at us!” Kent said.

“Well, we can’t help that,” Miss Hartick said. “We’re only human. We’re not here just to get a look at you though. I would never take advantage of you like that. We’re here for a reason. So why don’t you prove that you can accept a female classmate as your equal and act as if nothing’s wrong?” She had tried to be reasonable, but none of them moved, so she became her demanding self again. “You’re not going to embarrass Shelly like this! Move those hands, and let us see you naked!”

That was, without a doubt, the strangest thing anyone had ever said to any of them. Still, they did as she told them. They dropped their hands and their pride, baring their goods to three admittedly interested pairs of eyes. To Shelly and Miss Devasquez it was like magic. When they had come down here, these five boys were proud athletes. Now they were blushing and humiliated eye candy.

The boys could have died of shame. The only thing that made it bearable was that they weren’t alone. At least they were part of a group of boys who were being forced into this. That was small comfort though, considering that these women looked back and forth, taking in every detail.

“See now?” Miss Hartick said. “It’s not nearly as bad as you thought.” Yes, it was, but none of them could admit that. It only got worse, too. All five boys felt a terrible sensation as they began to stir. Ordinarily that felt so good, but now it would be terrible. Miss Hartick saw what was happening to the boys, but she wasn’t about to let them off the hook. She looked to her protégé. “Now Shelly, are you satisfied with the boys?”

Shelly saw that it was in her hands now. She could let these five go on to the showers, or she could keep them here. She wasn’t about to miss the chance to see which one would rise up first. “I think so. Can I ask you a question?” she said to the embarrassed lineup. “Why don’t you want me to be the school’s sports reporter?”

Miss Devasquez chuckled. She knew that Miss Hartick would actually believe that was a real question. What’s more, she would demand an answer. The boys didn’t know what to say. Ron managed to talk, but he could only hope he made sense. “It’s not that. We just don’t want you down here in the locker room. Can’t you interview us on the field?”

Shelly smiled broadly, although not at his answer, but rather at his halfway up penis. The first time she saw him naked, he had only started to lift. If she could keep him where he was, she might get to see him rise up all the way. Fortunately, she had easy answers. All she had to do was say what Miss Hartick wanted to hear. “I’m doing it this way to prove that a girl can be a sportswriter. I can’t do that if I let you put obstacles in my way. MMmmmMm.” She couldn’t help that sound of satisfaction. Kent and David were both all the way there, fully erect and nervous.

Miss Devasquez had to help. “You have to understand why she’s doing this. I’m sure she doesn’t even want to come down here, but she has to prove that she can. Otherwise, how would we know what she’s accomplishing?” Success, one more boy had arrived. Greg sported a full boner, stiff and wonderful. The look in his eyes was great. It was as if he pleaded for them to look away. The only reason the women did look away was to stare at the remaining holdouts, to force them up.

“She’s right, you know,” Shelly said. “I know I’m not normally supposed to be down here. Under any other circumstances, it would just make me a peeping tom. I’m as embarrassed as you are about your nudity. I really am. I don’t want to force you to do this, but if I don’t, then I give up on my dream of reporting. I don’t have any more choice than you do.” The smile, stare, and horrible lies had finished the job. The boys felt completely used, hearing her throw out her rationalizations. None of them could resist their embarrassment. Every one of them had gotten fully hard and risen up for their audience.

The ladies happily surveyed that landscape of erections. Five bare-naked boys were at full-mast just because they had been forced to strip. Even Miss Hartick felt as if she would melt from her urges. She couldn’t keep the lusty flush from her face, but she did manage to sound as if she was unconcerned. “You see boys, no one wants you to feel bad about this. Shelly truly respects every one of you. That’s why it’s so important for me to see to it that you respect her. You’ve done very well today. I will tell you though that it’s evident that you aren’t as embarrassed as you pretend to be. If you were, then you wouldn’t react like that.” She gestured toward their erections as she said that.

Miss Devasquez and Shelly both nearly burst out with laughter. Miss Hartick thought the boys’ natural reaction meant that they weren’t bothered. Shelly and Miss Devasquez knew better. They knew that these erections weren’t because the boys didn’t mind. They were the result of sheer embarrassment, and that only made it that much better. The younger women seemed to draw more satisfaction from the boys’ discomfort than they did from the act of seeing them naked. Miss Devasquez wasn’t sure how long Miss Hartick would make them stand there though. She hadn’t dismissed them yet. No one said a word for a few minutes as the boys stayed there, stiff. Miss Devasquez might have enjoyed the sight, but she had some kind of conscience, even if she wouldn’t let it bother her too much. She said, “All right boys, you can go.”

Miss Hartick asked her, “Are you getting over your reservations yet?”

“Oh yes, most definitely. Hearing the way Shelly talks about this, now I know we’re doing the right thing.” She kept a straight face, though she wondered how. “Shelly, who did you have in mind for today’s interview?”

Shelly sighed as she looked around. She hadn’t said whom she wanted to talk to, so she could decide now. The boys hadn’t made that easy for her since they were all still dressed. Oh, but dreamy Steve was over there, trying to keep from being noticed! “There he is. Steve!” She got her notebook ready and walked over past all the boys who looked relieved that it wasn’t their turn to put on a show.

Miss Hartick stopped and demanded, “What are the rest of you waiting for?” With a few grumbles, the other boys all started to get on with it. Shelly got to Steve, and he tried to relax. Shelly looked him over from top to bottom before she said, “I know that you haven’t started undressing yet, but considering everything.”

He had looked as if he thought he was safe. After all, Miss Hartick’s excuse for demanding a boy’s clothes to come off had been because he had already started undressing. This time Steve was fully dressed. It didn’t matter though. Miss Hartick told him, “Steve, Shelly’s right. Maybe you were a part of this silly protest, and maybe you weren’t, but I’m afraid I have to insist that you prove it.”

“Prove it?”

“I want you to act natural.”

He took a second. “You mean you want me to strip?”

“Well, there’s no need to be vulgar about it. Just pretend that it doesn’t matter, because it doesn’t.”

Steve looked at Shelly. He knew that if she said so that Miss Hartick would let it slide. Of course, Shelly wasn’t about to let him go. She had him where she wanted him. They had dated briefly, and he had broken it off. Now she would get to see his dick. He looked around, and hoped Miss Devasquez might say something. Of course, she waited the same way Shelly did, with a big smile. In spite of himself, he started to unbutton his jersey. “You know, I’ll do what I’m told, but this is stupid.”

Miss Hartick would probably have started to lecture him, but Shelly decided to start the interview instead. “I hate to say it, Steve, but of all the outfielders, your performance is the most disappointing this year.”

“You really care what happens on the field? I thought you only cared what happens in the locker room.”

Miss Hartick said, “That’s enough of that, young man. In fact, that will be a detention, tomorrow after school.”

“Detention because I don’t want to take off my clothes?” Ironically, his jersey came off as he said that. Miss Devasquez’s eyes lit up seeing the young muscle there.

“That’s right,” Miss Hartick said. “If you would only let yourself get past it, you could cooperate with Shelly. You’re only proving my point. You and Ron will both have special detentions, along with anyone else who helped arrange this little protest.”

“Great. Okay. Sorry, Shelly.”

“Never mind Steve. Just tell me how you plan to improve.”

He went on about baseball as the rest of his clothes came off. Piece by piece he became more and more exposed as the three women enjoyed the reluctant strip show. All he had left was his jockstrap, but he just couldn’t bring himself to remove it. He tried, but he couldn’t. Shelly asked a couple of questions that he answered, and answered well, but his underwear stayed on. Seeing that Miss Hartick was about to complain again, Shelly made that unnecessary by eagerly telling him, “I can see you’re having a little trouble with the modesty issue. I’ll help you get that off.”

“What? Wait! SHELLY! Don’t!” She had crouched down and started to pull off his underwear. He looked around with panic. He had managed to act irritated instead of embarrassed, but it was all an act. He couldn’t keep it up now. Surely not even Miss Hartick would let Shelly do this! He saw the look in her eyes though. Miss Hartick stared at his crotch with anticipation. Shelly was right there next to his package. She hesitated the moment she revealed it. She had a good close up view, and it was magnificent. Steve threw his hands over himself. Shelly giggled at that as she pulled down the last of his clothing. After he had stepped out, he was one naked baseballer, hiding his equipment behind his hands. He stepped back and actually danced in

place a moment. “Oh Oh OH!” He cowered in a corner, completely panicked.

Shelly stood and twirled his underwear triumphantly around one finger. “Steve, come on now, don’t be like that.”

“Don’t be like that? Are you serious?”

Shelly took the chance to do what Miss Hartick usually did. She told him, “Move your hands, Steve, and let us see what you look like.”

“You can’t just say that. You’re supposed to interview me, not check me out!”

“I’m not checking you out; not on purpose anyway. I can’t interview you if you let yourself be distracted like that. Come on, it’s just your penis. It’s no big deal.”

“Miss Hartick,” he said, but he saw that look. There was no escape. It didn’t matter how blatant Shelly abused her position, Miss Hartick just wouldn’t see it. He swallowed his pride and he forced his hands to his sides. He stood in a wonderfully awkward way. The women all looked down and up and down and up and down again.

Shelly knew she had to act professional, but she couldn’t help herself. “I said it wasn’t a big deal, but I was wrong. It is pretty big.” She hoped that Miss Hartick would consider that part of ‘keeping it casual’. To make sure Steve wouldn’t have time to complain, she launched back into her job. “So Steve, all else aside, your batting is amazing. Is that why Coach Grady wants you on the team?”

“The Coach. You’ll have to ask him. What was the question?”

“Are you all right, Steve?”

“I don’t know? Can you all just stop staring? Please?”

Miss Devasquez said, “Relax, Steve. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. You look great.”

“What did you say?” He looked at Miss Hartick, the one who wanted this to be legitimate. She could only nod in agreement. There was no way she could look at this hunk and not love it. It wasn’t her fault that he looked so good, that he had to get naked, or that she was there to see it. After all, if the boys could only be trusted to do this right without supervision, then only Shelly would have to be there. Steve’s wide eyes looked back and forth at all the greedy women taking in the sight of his nakedness. He groaned, “Oh no.” It happened to him too! He had seen what happened to the other boys, but he knew that it couldn’t happen to him. He knew that he would end up naked in front of his ex-girlfriend and the teachers, but he didn’t think he would get a hard-on. How could this happen? He wasn’t turned on, rather he was mortified. Apparently, no one told his penis. It seemed to enjoy the attention as it even lifted in a way that looked as if it made eye contact with Shelly. It rose up, pointing just a bit off center, right at her. She couldn’t help a little laugh. Then she said, “You must be pleased with your batting. The pitchers can’t seem to get anything past you.”

“What? I’m sorry Shelly, what did you ask? Can you look the other way?”

He was three quarters of the way there. His dick wobbled in place as it stalled several moments. She said, “God you’re cute. Your batting though, that’s what I asked you about. You can hit anything.”

“Th-th-thanks. Uh, I just don’t know what to say.”

“I guess there isn’t much to say.” She was so happy. There he was, buck naked and now completely hard for her. His eyes were shut tight as though he thought that if he couldn’t see them that they couldn’t see him. Shelly could see him, though. He was a monument, a work of art, a humiliated miracle.

Miss Hartick didn’t want to break away from this, but she said, “I’d better have a talk with a few of those other boys while they’re still here. I want to know whose idea that uniformed protest was.”

“We can handle it from here,” Miss Devasquez said. She was certain that Shelly would love to do the handling, and that would be so much fun.

Shelly made sure to ask another question as Miss Hartick walked away. “Will you do as well at bat in a real game?”

“Sure. Yes. Can I go now?”

“Almost. Just let me have a look at that arm.” She did it as she had before. She put her hand on his body, starting with his chest. He felt warm and tingly where she touched him, even though he would rather have felt nothing. She complemented him and even kept up the interview as her hand traveled to his shoulder, his tricep and bicep, his abs, then down to his dick where she took a quick stroke up and down. He had broken up with her before they got very far, but now she had seen him naked and touched him where no other girl ever had. She let him see the smug look in her eye before she left. “Thanks, Steve, for everything.”

Chapter 5

Detention

Miss Hartick had devised a special detention. She almost regretted the way she had supported Shelly since it turned out to be so difficult. That difficulty was why she had to do it though. She had to teach the boys that the girls were their equals. She had meant to keep it professional and somewhat private, but the boys couldn't seem to cooperate. They all refused to act casual. They wanted to keep Shelly from doing her job. Miss Hartick had to force them past the sexist barriers that kept their clothes on. If that meant taking things further than she planned, then so be it.

Steve was there, but only because of the way he had spoken to Shelly when she had started her interview. Ron was there because it had been his idea for everyone to keep their clothes on. She also had Kent and David with them. As far as she could tell, those two had helped Ron to convince the other boys to refuse to undress. Well, they were going to learn to do as they were told. If Miss Hartick or even Shelly expected them to strip down, then they would have to. It wasn't as though they were being bared for the sake of enjoying it, even if they were a bunch of good-looking young studs. They were being asked to help prove that girls were as important at Prellis High as the boys were. Was a bit of nakedness that much to ask? Because the boys seemed to think so, Miss Hartick would teach them a lesson.

They were in Miss Devasquez's room. She had graciously allowed Miss Hartick to use her classroom for this. It seemed important to use this kind of setting. Of course, Miss Devasquez was there herself. She also insisted that her teaching, aide Mindy, be there with them. The four boys were in desks in the front row, unaware of what made this special detention special. Then Shelly walked in along with Allison and Trudy, two of the school's best students. That was Miss Hartick's idea. It was a reward of sorts for their outstanding academic performance. Neither of these girls knew what they were in for. Miss Hartick worried that this might actually embarrass the girls too much. She would let them leave if they wanted to.

David was a bit confused. "Shelly has detention too? And Allison and Trudy?"

"No, they're here to help you get past your inhibitions."

"Huh?"

Steve, Kent and Ron all understood that. "Oh no." "Seriously? Here?" "Can we just apologize or something?"

"I take it this bothers you a bit?" Miss Hartick said.

"Well, yeah." "Come on, Miss Hartick. It'll never happen again." "Shelly, tell her it's okay. Don't make us do this."

"Do what?" Trudy asked.

"You'll see," Shelly said with a smile.

"Boy, will they see," Miss Devasquez said. "They'll see a lot."

"What's going on?" Mindy asked.

Shelly told them, "Because I am the sportswriter for the school newspaper, I have access to the boys' locker room for interviews. When I was there last time, the boys decided that they would not cooperate."

Miss Hartick said, "Prellis High is going to be an open minded institution. We will not allow sexism to interfere with a girl's right to hold any position she chooses. If that means that the boys are going to have to surrender some modesty, then that's just the price of it."

"Modesty?" Mindy asked. "What do you mean? You mean they don't want Shelly in their locker room."

Shelly told the teacher's aide, "They staged a protest to keep me from getting any interviews."

"That's not what happened!" Ron said.

Miss Devasquez said, "We understand that it's difficult for the boys, but they're just going to have to get used to it. You girls are going to help us with that. These four boys are going to show just how willing they are to cooperate with any school policy that advances girls' rights."

Mindy understood, but she had to ask, "What are you going to make them do?"

Miss Hartick said, "We're not making them do anything other than prove they can get past their inhibitions. Boys, I want you all to stand up." The boys all stood up. "Good. Now line up along the wall there, facing us."

The boys did as she instructed, but they pleaded for mercy, "Come on, Miss Hartick!" "This is too much." "Do all these girls have to watch? Let Shelly stay, but make the others leave." "I don't know if I can do this."

"You don't know if you can do what?" Miss Hartick said. "Boys, I know it bothers you to undress in front of women, but that's only because you let it bother you."

Trudy had to ask, "You're going to make them undress? Right here in front of us?"

Miss Hartick had expected that kind of attitude, but she knew what to say. "Unlike girls, boys don't need the same kind of privacy. The only reason it bothers them is that they've been told that it should bother them. If they could only get past it, then they wouldn't be embarrassed about their bodies at all. They shouldn't be. Now boys, get on with it."

The ladies in the room were all eyes. Trudy, Allison, and Mindy weren't sure they believed this. It was a joke. It had to be. Shelly, Miss Devasquez and Miss Hartick were all ready for another round of enforced nudity. The boys mumbled and averted their eyes as they began to strip off their clothes. They already blushed, and it had just started. They saw the girls' eyes get

big with anticipation. David asked, “How far do we have to go?”

“You’re going to take it all off, but for now you can stop at your underwear. Everything else, take it off.”

Trudy and Allison couldn’t believe they were about to see their fellow students, a group of popular and good-looking baseball players, without their clothes. As the boys’ pants came down and off, the girls realized that this was real enough not to be a prank!

Mindy, Miss Devasquez’s teaching aide, was beside herself with worry. Could she get in trouble for this? What could she do to stop it though? Did it matter? Both Miss Devasquez and Miss Hartick made it happen. Oh, those boys were quite a sight! They stood there, four of them lined up and not wearing much at all. Mindy had noticed all four of them before. There was no way not to. She had tried to keep herself from noticing their bodies, but that was difficult. From now on, it would be impossible. She would not have much to imagine from now on. She thought that maybe she should try to look away, and show these boys a bit of respect. None of the other women in the room did that though. She saw how every woman just stared at these studs. The boys didn’t look happy at all. In fact, they all looked as if they were barely able to hold still. She had never seen any boy blush so much in her life.

Miss Hartick looked across the embarrassed students. She told them, “There now. No matter how much you want to protest, you have to do what’s necessary. And it’s not so bad once you’ve had to do it, now is it?” They didn’t answer. She repeated her question, but it sounded like a real demand. “It’s not so bad; *is it?*”

They muttered, “No, Miss Hartick.” “I guess not.” “I, uh, I, uh, I...” “Oh my God they’re all staring at us.”

Miss Hartick felt that she owed some explanation to the boys. “You know that I’m not doing this to make you boys feel uncomfortable. I know how boys don’t like being told what to do. I know that you especially don’t like a woman or girl telling you what to do. That kind of thinking is unacceptable though. Women’s rights are an important part of society today, so you’ll have to learn to live with it. Starting now. Get that underwear off.”

The boys trembled a moment. Trudy asked, “Is she for real?” Allison squealed, “We’re going to see them naked!” Mindy said, “Are you sure this is a good idea?” Miss Devasquez told her, “It has to be done. The boys have to learn that girls have a real place in the school.”

Mindy didn’t see the connection, but she couldn’t look away. The boys were really going to do it! Each one struggled with it, but they started to peel off that last bit of protection. Neither Trudy nor Allison pretended they didn’t enjoy the show. In fact, they rubbed it in. “Take it all off! Show us your goods!” “Oh, don’t be so shy, boys. We love you.”

Shelly and Miss Devasquez were surprised that Miss Hartick said nothing to the girls. She let them egg the boys on and brag about what was happening. It was no surprise that she had arranged this kind of show, but shouldn’t she at least have told the girls to stop making fun of the boys? She let it happen though. Miss Hartick had admitted already that they were only human. That they couldn’t help but look at the boys and enjoy it. She must have thought it was still appropriate. Shelly already felt that way in her mind. The next time she forced a boy to get naked, she might have a few things to say.

The boys stepped out of their underwear. They stood there totally naked for a room full

of lusty females. For the first time they were not only naked, they were outnumbered. It was almost worse than any other time. No matter where they looked, a woman or girl stood there looking them over. Miss Hartick said, "Greg, you have to move those hands. You know I won't let you disrespect us by covering up like that."

Mindy asked, "That's disrespecting us?" No one answered her. She looked across at the row of four embarrassed cocks of the boys as they quivered. Mindy felt the same way Miss Devasquez did. She felt ashamed of herself for being a part of this. She also felt such a strong attraction to the unwilling nudity that she couldn't look away. In fact, the guilt those two women felt was strangely a part of the pleasure of this whole show. These boys were all so sexy, even if they didn't want to be at the moment.

Since the other girls were so vocal, Shelly knew that she was free to enjoy this openly. She poked Miss Devasquez with her elbow. "Which one will get hard first?"

The boys heard that and they panicked. The nakedness was sickening, but the erections would be so much worse. They couldn't stand the thought that they might have to stand there not only naked, but both naked and stiff. Ron managed to sound entirely diplomatic. "Miss Hartick, we've proven that we can handle this. Can we get dressed now?"

Miss Devasquez saw Miss Hartick nod. The vice principal was going to let them off before the show was over! It made sense. Miss Hartick's values might have been twisted, but she stood by them. She did not do this just to see some embarrassed boys. She tried to teach them a lesson. If she thought they had learned it, then she would be obligated to end it. Well, Miss Devasquez was not about to let that happen. She already hated herself for what she was about to do, because she did feel bad for the boys that she took advantage of. She was not done taking advantage of them though. Naked was not enough. She wanted to see all these boys completely hard while she forced them to humiliate themselves. Before Miss Hartick could say anything, Miss Devasquez said, "Well, boys, you have behaved very well here, but I can't forget the way you were acting in the locker room yesterday. It seems like a rather sudden change of heart, and I'm not convinced." She saw Miss Hartick consider that. Good. She could keep the boys where they were. In fact, that bit of time was all it took. Miss Devasquez said, "David, you can't cover your penis like that. It's just your body. Don't shame yourself by letting this bother you."

The other boys shot a furious look at David. They had almost gotten away without stiffening up for the girls. If only he hadn't gotten nervous for a moment. Miss Devasquez felt a little wobbly with her excitement and her guilt. She steadied herself on the edge of her desk. "What I want you boys to do, one by one, is tell Shelly and the rest of us how much you appreciate the chance to prove yourselves like this."

"*What?*" "You're not serious?" "Come on, isn't this degrading enough already?"

"Degrading?" Miss Hartick said. She came to her senses. This was exactly what she wanted to combat. Miss Devasquez had been right. "This isn't degrading for you. If anything, it's degrading for these young girls to be put into this situation with a bunch of naked boys. I want you to say so. Ron."

Ron's eyes were huge. Did he have to say this? He looked down at his own naked body for a moment and could feel his urges down there. He had never hated his penis before, but right then, it did the worst thing for him. It had only just begun to move, but he saw Trudy and

Allison point as his dick moved on its own. The girls appeared shocked, pleasantly shocked, but it was clear they couldn't believe what they saw. His jaw trembled as he forced out the words, "I'm sorry if I offended any of you, and I'm sorry if this embarrasses any of you. I hope... I don't even know what else to say." He was halfway up. All he could focus on was his penis. It was also all any of the women could focus on.

Miss Hartick waved to the next boy in line. "Kent."

Kent's penis reacted to her calling his name. Every woman stared at him now, and his penis rose up all at once. It was only moments and he was more than seventy-five percent of the way. He heard the girls giggle at him. Through sheer willpower, he managed to speak calmly and even lower his erection slightly. "I never should have caused any trouble for Shelly, and undressing in front of the women and girls of the school doesn't bother me at all. I hope it doesn't bother you." He almost felt as if he would faint as six pairs of eyes stared at his partial erection. He stayed where he was though. The girls ached to see him finish, but his penis stayed at that level and refused to obey their lust by rising any further.

Miss Hartick pointed to the next boy, "David, your turn."

He had lengthened, but he had only barely risen up. He thought he could control it, but didn't know how. It was not that he kept it from rising up; he just did it so slowly. He had to keep himself from looking at any of the faces that stared at his tingling manhood. "I'm, uh, I guess, I should say thanks to Shelly. I'm grateful that she's so professional. Yeah. Is that enough?" He kept coming up, but so gradually that it almost looked as if he might stop at any moment.

His answer did not entirely satisfy Miss Hartick, but she took what she could get for now. It would take time to train these boys. They had been indoctrinated with macho sexism for so long that she knew she couldn't expect them to get past it all at once. There was only one left. "Steve?"

"What?" He gulped. He lifted up too. He pointed right out straight into the room. All the girls stared at his goods while it stared back.

"Steve?" Miss Hartick asked, "What do you have to say?"

He couldn't take it anymore. The indignity was too much. "I'm not saying it! You can look, but you can't make me say that I don't mind it! OH NO!" He glanced down at himself as he shot up. He threw his hands over his exposure, but a shout from Miss Hartick made him drop his hands to let them all see his stiff standing dick. It was at its stiffest. "Oh no, oh no. Stop staring at me, please! I'm sorry, okay? I didn't mean it! Let me put my clothes back on! Miss Hartick, the girls are all staring at me!"

"Well, of course, they are. You've made such a spectacle of yourself. You should show more pride. Look at that," she pointed to his high rise, "you're obviously very proud. Why can't you say so?"

It was too much. The girls laughed openly at the show. The other boys all rose up now too. "Look at them go!" "Stand up straight boys!" "They're all rock hard!" "This is great!" "Shelly do they always do this?"

Miss Hartick berated the boys for their lack of self-respect. The boys all blushed furiously,

and tried so hard to stand still while all the girls took in the sight of their embarrassed boners. The girls giggled and pointed at the result of the boys' humiliation. Mindy sat down and clapped a hand to the side of her face. She had no idea this would happen. She knew that no one would believe this story. Miss Devasquez moved her eyes over the boys slowly, taking the time to make eye contact with each of them. She gave each boy a happy wink when he looked at her. They made the boys stand there naked, stiff, and shivering for the rest of their detention. The girls loved every moment of it. Shelly already couldn't wait for the next practice. No matter how much bare-naked boy she saw, she was ready for more. She had an insatiable appetite. It was so wonderful seeing these boys stay so hard and so embarrassed because of it. Would they ever get used to this? She hoped not.

Chapter 6

Drying Off After a Shower

Locker room time couldn't come fast enough for Shelly. There were so many dicks down there just waiting to lift up for her greedy eyes. This would never get old. She had Miss Hartick with her again. Although she had hoped for Miss Devasquez, she was grateful to Miss Hartick. If it weren't for her weird point of view, she would never have gotten to invade the boys' locker room at all. As much as she appreciated the vice principal though, Shelly knew that Miss Devasquez was a better escort for her. Since Miss Devasquez knew and encouraged Shelly's perversions, Shelly could actually do more with her. Miss Devasquez had seen Shelly grab more than one boy by the cock. What would Miss Hartick say if she saw that? Shelly knew that it would be a risk to try it, but she wouldn't be able to live with herself if she didn't test it out. She knew how she would do it. She thought she had a *legitimate* way to get a hold of a boy's piece. If she did that, then she could say that another feel was just too tempting. After all, they were only human, right?

The moment they walked into the locker room Shelly felt a delightful quiver. The first time she stepped into the boys' locker room, she had felt nervous. This time she felt a warm glow of anticipation, followed by instant gratification. She only had to walk a few steps to see several boys in various stages of undress. She stopped in her tracks a moment to enjoy the sight of all that flesh, especially two boys were stark naked. She decided to interview one of the boys coming from the shower. "He must be in the showers." She walked that way. There were a few boys in the showers already. Shelly leaned in the doorway casually as she watched them soap up and rinse off. She surveyed the boys and decided upon Tommy for her next interview. They turned shy the moment they noticed her standing there. She was calm and confident. They were suddenly nervous. They were careful to keep their backs to her as much as they could, but it was a great show all the same. One of them shouted over his shoulder, "Did you just come down here to watch?"

"I'm waiting for Tommy." She was happy to wait. She watched them clean off, wet and naked. As far as she was concerned, they could take all the time they wanted. A couple boys had to walk past her while she stood there. Because they knew they would get in trouble if they covered up, they treated her to the sight of some bare penis. Alex walked past sheepishly, and she gave his butt a smack when he was close. Next was Kent, the first of her interviews. She was happy to grab his ass when he walked by.

When Tommy was ready, she looked him over, and he had no choice but to let her eyes feast on him. Wet, naked, and angry, he asked her, "Could you hand me one of those towels?" That kept her hands busy for the important moment, so she didn't get to cop a feel of his butt. He wrapped that towel around his waist and walked to his locker. There were other boys around, but Shelly only had eyes for Tommy. He was all hers. He was flustered, so he was uncertain what to do next. Shelly told him, "Here, I'll help you dry off." She pulled his towel off him, which made him yelp. He threw his hands over his intimates and stepped back. Of course, Miss Hartick would not allow that kind of behavior. She said, "Tommy, stop that right now. Calm down and let Shelly do her job." His head dropped, but he stepped to the smiling girl reporter.

Shelly had to tell him, "You have to move your hands, Tommy."

"But! Right. Whatever." He threw his hands aside to give her another look at his goods. He gave her a hateful glare for a moment, but when she just smiled back, he turned shy again. He just couldn't look at her while she looked at him.

"Turn around Tommy." That gave Miss Hartick a great view of his front side while Shelly started to slowly dry off his shoulders. "As we get closer to game time, are you nervous about it, Tommy?"

"Uh, no, not really. I'm much more nervous about this."

That should have made Miss Hartick angry, but she couldn't help a little chuckle instead. Shelly continued to question him while she toweled him off, making certain to enjoy his physique. She dried off his back and his butt while he stumbled over any answer to her questions. He did reasonably well in terms of keeping his composure. At least it seemed that way. The moment Shelly came around to his other side, she saw the effect that she'd had on him. His penis had changed from a dangling gravity toy to an incredible flesh tower. Shelly gazed happily at another gorgeous penis, bared for her viewing pleasure. It stood up at its height. "Oh my." She stopped drying right away, and took several moments just to stare at that wonderful thing while Tommy's blush spread. He didn't know what he was supposed to say. He knew that if Miss Hartick thought he was disrespectful that he could be in for some serious trouble. He said, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I couldn't help it."

Shelly gave a happy girlish sigh. She told him, "Don't worry, Tommy. It is somewhat embarrassing for me, but I guess it's probably a little embarrassing for you too." It was not a little embarrassing for Tommy; it was extremely embarrassing for him to have to stand there totally naked while his penis stood tall for Shelly. She started to dry him off again. As she toweled off his chest, she said, "I know you can't help it. All the boys get hard like that when I interview them."

Miss Hartick said, "Tommy, you should thank Shelly for being so understanding."

How he would have loved to say what he really thought of Shelly. Instead, he swallowed his pride. "Thanks, Shelly, for being so considerate." He hated the situation, he hated Shelly, and he almost even hated himself for bowing to this. She had forced him to give her a naked show. She had rubbed him down with a towel. He thanked her for not being upset by his embarrassing erection. The towel moved down slowly as Shelly asked him, "If you had to choose, which pitcher is the best the team has?"

“I don’t know. Oh. Don’t. Never mind. Uh, they’re all good. They’re all good.”

Shelly knew that any answer from Tommy wouldn’t make any sense while her hands explored his body. She didn’t care. Miss Hartick didn’t seem to notice either. Shelly got down so that she could dry off his lower body. She loved the gasp from Tommy when she started to dry his dick. The towel circled his member and around that, her fingers moved up and down, enjoying his stiffness. All of that Shelly knew she could get away with. If Miss Hartick had said a word, it would have surprised her. Just in case, Shelly had watched Miss Hartick out of the corner of her eye. The vice principal didn’t seem to care one way or another about the towel off. It might have even been that she enjoyed the show.

It was time to see if she could get away with something truly daring though. Shelly dropped the towel to get a good, close up look at that upstanding wonder. She took a grab without the towel. She did it quickly, but her hand moved all the way from the base of his rocket to the tip. Tommy shuddered in horror, but he said nothing. He only gaped down at what she had done. Shelly saw that the vice principal looked a bit concerned, or perhaps a bit confused. For the first time, Miss Hartick sounded uncertain. “Uhm, Shelly, maybe that’s keeping things too casual, if you know what I mean. We don’t want this to be sexualized.”

“Oh! Oh, you’re right, Miss Hartick. I wasn’t thinking. I’m sorry, Tommy.”

Miss Hartick said, “You don’t have to apologize to him, Shelly. Tommy understands. Right, Tommy?”

“What? Are you kidding?”

Shelly said, “Maybe we should cut this interview short.”

“Maybe so,” Miss Hartick said.

As the vice principal turned to walk away, Shelly blatantly ran her fingers along Tommy’s penis again, from the bottom to the top, where she gave it a little tap just to see it bounce in place. He stuttered, but he didn’t say anything. He didn’t know what to do.

Outside the locker room, Shelly caught up. “Miss Hartick?”

The vice principal stopped in her tracks and turned to the girl. She looked truly upset. “Shelly, I’m sorry for that.”

“What?”

“I shouldn’t have said anything. I didn’t mean to stop your interview. I know that you just acted on impulse. I’m just glad it was me, but I’m still sorry that I interfered in your reporting. Can you imagine how Miss Devasquez might have reacted if she had seen that though?”

Shelly managed to keep from laughing. “That’s okay, Miss Hartick. I shouldn’t have done that, I guess.”

“Probably not, but it was a serious mistake to reprimand you like that. We have to show real solidarity if the boys are to take us seriously. I don’t know what I was thinking. I might have just sabotaged the whole thing.”

“I somewhat doubt that, Miss Hartick. Are we still on for the next interview?”

“Of course, of course. We can’t stop now. I’d better go talk to Miss Devasquez.”

“Okay. I’ll see you next time.”

Chapter 7

Refocusing the Interview Parameters

Miss Hartick walked into Miss Devasquez's room, still a bit unsteady after that last dry-off interview. "Miss Devasquez? I'd like to speak to you, if you have some time."

"Certainly."

"Alone, please."

She directed that last comment at Mindy, Miss Devasquez's teaching aide. Mindy said, "Sure, I can take a break." Young Mindy looked at Miss Devasquez, who gave her a nod. Mindy had to take a deep breath. She only took a few steps toward the door before she stopped right in front of the vice principal. "Miss Hartick, before I go, I wanted to talk to you."

"Can it wait?"

It couldn't. Mindy knew she might lose her nerve. "It's about Shelly's reporting."

"What about it?"

"I'd like to volunteer to escort her to the locker room sometime. It would mean a lot to me to help her. It's somewhat inspiring to have a girl reporter who can really do her job. I couldn't have done that at her age."

Miss Hartick was surprised to hear this. It only confused her that much more. The truth was that Mindy, like Miss Devasquez, couldn't care less about a girl sports reporter. She just couldn't get her mind off the young stud that they had forced to strip naked right there in that very classroom. She had discussed it with Miss Devasquez, who had told her what to say. Of course, Miss Hartick believed Mindy. It didn't even occur to her that the young teacher's assistant might have an ulterior motive. "I'll consider it, Mindy."

As Mindy left, Miss Devasquez wondered what was going on since she expected Miss Hartick to jump at the chance to recruit another proud woman into her crusade. Miss Hartick seemed a bit different though. It was the first time that Miss Devasquez had ever seen the vice principal look less than confident. "How can I help you, Miss Hartick?"

"Well, it's about Shelly. I was just down in the boys' locker room with her again."

'Lucky you.' Miss Devasquez didn't say that, but she thought it. "What happened? Were

the boys too much to handle?” That didn’t seem likely.

“No. No, it wasn’t that. In fact, Tommy was cooperative. He was nervous, but he did his best. Shelly was the problem.”

Miss Devasquez had expected something like this eventually, and fortunately had prepared for it. She had a long list of prepared excuses and rationalizations. “Did she do something wrong?”

“She touched one of the boys, the one she interviewed. I don’t mean the way she usually does. It was not playful like that. He was in the shower when we got there. She waited for him to finish, and then when he came out, she offered to help him dry off.”

Miss Devasquez couldn’t stop a little grin. How marvelous. “Did he let her?”

“Oh yes. As I said, he was entirely cooperative. She interviewed him while she toweled him off all over. He got erect, of course, as they always do.”

“Of course.” Miss Devasquez was sorry she missed that. She hadn’t seen Tommy naked yet.

“Shelly dried him off even there, and I didn’t think anything about it. Then she dropped the towel and touched his penis without the towel. She put her hand right on him and, well, she ran it up the flagpole, so to speak.”

Miss Devasquez couldn’t help it. She started to laugh. Shelly was such a little vixen! She just loved to take what she wanted from those boys, and what she wanted was nakedness, embarrassment, hard-ons, and some handy fun. It looked as if she had pushed Miss Hartick too far though.

“It’s not funny, Miss Devasquez. I’ve always supported Shelly, but this was different. Maybe I’ve made a mistake. That’s why I came to talk to you. You said once that you know we’re doing the right thing. I want to believe that, but how can I if Shelly is going to take advantage of the boys like that. What if that’s all she’s been doing this whole time? I might have to replace her or at least bar her from any more locker room interviews.”

Miss Devasquez’s blood ran cold. She couldn’t let this happen. If Miss Hartick shut down this silly experiment, then Miss Devasquez would never be able to force another boy to strip naked again! How could she live with herself if she were to miss all the involuntary stiffies? Shelly might have screwed it all up with this stunt. It was at times like this that Miss Devasquez hated Shelly as much as the boys did. Miss Devasquez envied Shelly so much, and now that impetuous little pervert might have ruined all their fun. Miss Devasquez told Miss Hartick, “You can’t replace Shelly. Will you be able to find another girl in the school who could do her job? I doubt that any other girl would even be interested.” This was an out-and-out lie, as any girl in school would be happy to become a sportswriter if it lets them into the watch the baseball team take off their uniforms.

Miss Hartick believed Miss Devasquez though. “You’re probably right. I can’t just replace Shelly, can I?”

“Besides that, no other girl could do the job as well. Shelly loves sports.” That much was true. It was why Shelly was so good at her ‘job’. “Anyway, even if you could find another girl sports reporter to take her place, you’d never find one who could be both that confident and that well behaved. She hasn’t done anything wrong yet, has she? She’s only asserted herself.”

Miss Hartick was desperate to believe this. “That’s all true. I just don’t know if I can accept that kind of blatant sexuality from her.”

Now Miss Devasquez had her. She was about to lie as she had never lied before, but her future as a peeping tom depended on it. She delivered her outrageous rationalizations so perfectly that Miss Hartick believed them all. “See, you’ve made one very big mistake, Miss Hartick.”

“What’s that? I want to know what I can do differently to avoid a thing like this in the future.”

“You can’t avoid it, and you shouldn’t. In fact, you shouldn’t be the least bit concerned. Think about it. You look at the boys as much as Shelly does when they’re naked. So do I. You’ve said it yourself. We’re only human.”

“Yes, but you and I wouldn’t do that.”

Miss Devasquez would if she thought she could get away with it, and she paved the way right then. “Is it so bad that Shelly should act like a girl? Or that you and I should act like women? You keep telling the boys that Shelly isn’t a girl. She’s a reporter. That’s nonsense.”

“But she has to be professional.”

“Does being professional mean that she should give up being female?”

Miss Hartick’s head shot up at that marvelous realization. “No! No, it shouldn’t.”

“Shelly can’t help it that she loves the boys’ bodies. I can’t even help that, so how can we expect her to? Do you think that she decided to write about sports just to get a look at some naked boys? That’s ridiculous and completely unfair to her.”

“It is. I owe her an apology.”

“You owe her more than that. Miss Hartick, I haven’t said so yet, but your behavior has been less than desirable. Saying that Shelly can’t be a reporter and a girl at the same time isn’t fair to her. It isn’t even fair to the boys. They know that Shelly is checking them out in there. You even encourage it by making them undress. That’s the real reason you do that, isn’t it? So that the boys can get past all that? It’s important for them to accept Shelly’s urges if they have to. She’s a reporter first and foremost, but that doesn’t mean she can’t enjoy the fringe benefits of her job. If you make it clear to her that she is allowed to enjoy it, then you make it all so much easier for her. Also, make it clear to the boys that they have to accept Shelly’s interest in their bodies, and then maybe they can accept her as an equal. We both know that they’ve been resisting that so far.”

“They have. They even staged that stupid protest.”

“See? What were they protesting? They weren’t protesting the interviews. They were protesting the fact that Shelly is a girl. We both know that in the real world, they allow women in men’s locker rooms, and that’s the way it should be. Get these boys used to that. Make them learn to accept women as professionals and as equals at the same time that they accept them as women. There’s only one way to do that, and that is to encourage Shelly’s desires. That’s a big part of what makes her a woman.”

Miss Hartick was confident again. “You’re right! You’re right! How could I have been so blind? Shelly has to continue! I have to help her. I’m going to make sure she knows that if she

wants to put her hands on an erection that she can! The boys will learn to respect her if they have to let her touch them like that, won't they?"

"Absolutely!" Miss Devasquez had a hard time keeping a straight face. "They'll resist it, but they'll have to learn to accept us as an authority and Shelly as a teammate. Because that's what she is. She's as important to the team as any player is. I know the boys will pretend that it bothers them much more than it does, but in time they'll see it's for the best."

"That's right, they will. They can't be as bothered by it as they say if they get all hard like that every time." Miss Hartick was her amazing self again, supercharged with her cause. "How do I handle that though? Exactly how far do I let Shelly go? Oh, this is going to be confusing."

Miss Devasquez could see that Miss Hartick still was not one hundred percent convinced. Since there was another woman who supported her, the locker room journalism would go on, though. "We have to play it by the seat of our pants. We don't want to set any hard rules if we can avoid it. Because then if Shelly breaks those rules, we'd have to deal with it."

"Oh, and that would be bad."

"You're right it would be. If you take Shelly out of that locker room, if you even let the boys keep their uniforms on, then they'll think that they've beaten her."

"We can't allow that. Thank you, Miss Devasquez. I'm sorry that I doubted myself. It won't happen again."

"That's all right, Miss Hartick. Do me a favor though, and let me explain it to Shelly."

"Oh, that would be best. I've already had to apologize to her once over this."

"If it comes to it though, you'll have to explain it to the boys."

Miss Hartick gave that famous scary look of hers. "I look forward to that."

Chapter 8

New Policy in Effect

It was another practice day, another day to see another beautiful body, but things weren't going the way they normally did. When Shelly went to Miss Hartick's office, Miss Hartick had dismissed her quickly, and sent her to see Miss Devasquez instead because there were important things to talk about.

Once she got to her classroom, Shelly said, "Miss Devasquez, Miss Hartick said that I was supposed to come to your room and that you had something to talk to me about?"

"Come on in. Say hi to Mindy."

"Hi, Mindy."

"Hi."

Shelly was not sure at all what was going on. Mindy seemed extraordinarily happy. Miss Devasquez looked serious. "Am I in some kind of trouble?"

"Sit down, Shelly, please." Miss Devasquez gave the girl reporter a strange look. "Miss Hartick told me what happened during your interview with Tommy."

"Oh. Right. I, uh, got a little carried away."

"A little carried away? You almost ruined the whole thing."

"Uh, Miss Devasquez, should we be talking about this with Mindy here?"

Mindy giggled and responded, "I know all about your favorite pastime. Miss Devasquez let me in the big secret."

Shelly asked Miss Devasquez, "Why would you do that?"

"Worry more about the risks you've been taking. Miss Hartick considered replacing you as the school sportswriter."

"No!"

"She considered it. She didn't know what to do when you decided to give Tommy's tommy a pet. Fortunately for you, she came to me for advice."

"So, I can still go to the locker room?"

“More than that.”

“What do you mean more than that?”

“What I explained to Miss Hartick in a nutshell, was that you can’t stop being a girl. She’s decided that it’s important to prove that you can do your job and still be a girl. You know the way she’s always saying that you’re not a girl, you’re a reporter? That’s over. Now you can enjoy all those naked interviews without pretending that it doesn’t matter. In fact, our crazy vice principal said, ‘I’m going to make sure Shelly knows that if she wants to put her hands on an erection that she can.’ and that’s a quote.”

“Miss Hartick said *that*?”

“Right here in this room. You can thank me now.”

“Thank you! Is it okay for me to just – just – just –”

“Manhandle the boys? Or *Womanhandle*, I guess I should say. Miss Hartick is a bit confused about it all. She’s not sure just how far she’ll let you go. You’ll have to be careful. You’ll also have to do your job well if you expect to keep it. If she doesn’t think that being a reporter is more important than seeing naked boys, then you’ll have to find another hobby. Therefore, you’d better put together some convincing articles. Miss Hartick and I also decided that whoever takes you to the locker room would set the limits. You understand?”

“You’re going to tell me what I can and cannot get away with down there.”

“I will, or Miss Hartick will.”

“Or me,” Mindy said excitedly. “Miss Hartick has agreed to let me help chaperone.”

Another one. Shelly smiled, but she wasn’t sure if she liked this. She loved to embarrass the boys, but they belonged to her. She was unsure about sharing them with too many women. Then again, the more women who were in on it, the easier a time they would have manipulating their crazy vice principal. At least she was in the company of women who wanted this as much as she did. “So what can I do, Miss Devasquez? Will you look the other way if I, ahem, take the bull by the horn?”

“I can’t do that.”

“Really?” Shelly said, downhearted.

“I will not look away; I intend to watch. However, do me a favor and make that part somewhat quick. I know it might sound silly, but I’d feel too guilty to enjoy it if I let you just play with the boys.”

“Okay, Miss Devasquez.” Shelly never felt guilty. She supposed she should be grateful to have as much leeway as she was getting. “Are we going now?”

“Right now!” Mindy squealed, unable to contain herself. The sight of all those naked boys during detention had left her amazed. Now she could go and watch the whole team. Mindy walked along at a brisk pace. Miss Devasquez and Shelly chuckled at their newest recruit’s enthusiasm.

Miss Devasquez headed down first, with the others right behind her. While there were groans from the boys upon their arrival, at least they were quiet about it. Miss Devasquez made

everything clear to them, “Boys, if I could have your attention, I’d like you here to listen, please.” She watched them gather. It was wonderful. Two of the boys who had been changing were all the way naked. Well, Alex had his socks on. They made the boys who had been in the shower come out to listen as well, without the benefit of a towel or other covering. “You can get back to cleaning in a moment. This is important.” Six boys had been in there, and now stood out in the locker room, dripping wet and stark naked. Mindy made little sounds of excitement, even more unable to contain herself. Miss Devasquez was about to make it even better though. The nude boys in the room did the predictable thing, covering their units with their hands.

“Boys, you know I can’t let you cover up like that. Hands at your sides.” They did it, which caused a lot of full exposure in the room. Mindy let out another muffled squeal now that she could see so many dicks. Miss Devasquez was more confident than ever, now that she was in complete control. Her voice was completely arrogant and condescending. She still felt a terrible guilt inside, but she also felt that wonderful glow of lust. So what if she knew she did something terrible? Wasn’t it worth it to see these handsome young men in all their glory? “That’s better. I know it must be difficult for you to surrender your modesty like that, but it serves the greater good. Just remember that your privacy isn’t as important as Shelly’s career. I’m sure you all understand. I want you to know how things are going to change though. Miss Hartick has told you repeatedly to treat Shelly no different from how you would a male reporter. She and I discussed it, and we’ve decided that’s too much to ask.”

She saw the look in their eyes. The boys realized that since she made them stand there in the open that they weren’t going to be completely protected, but it sounded as if maybe the women in charge had come to their senses. Miss Devasquez’s next words shattered those hopes. Her voice just dripped with irony as she explained, “Shelly can’t help that she finds you all attractive. That’s not her fault. We can’t let that get in the way of her reporting though, can we? Boys? I want you to answer that?”

Not quite half of them could be heard, “No, Miss Devasquez.”

Miss Devasquez felt incredible. This must be Miss Hartick felt all the time. It was even better than the nudity. Then she looked across the half dressed and naked young men, and she knew how silly that was. Nothing was better than the nudity, especially since three of the naked boys sported boners already. “Shelly may be a reporter, but she shouldn’t have to give up being a girl for that, should she?” Again, the boys mumbled what they knew she wanted to hear. She continued, “So expect you to show complete respect and decorum even if she decides to indulge herself a little. I know you’re wondering what that means exactly. It means that while I’m chaperoning Shelly, she is not expected to restrain herself completely. If she tried to do that, then it would distract her too much to do her job effectively. Therefore, if she happens to touch you, I expect you to grin and bear it. However, I will set one important limit. I won’t let Shelly touch your penises while she is down here.”

For a moment, the boys were almost happy. There was a lot of noise from them. That didn’t last long. Miss Devasquez said, “I wasn’t finished. I mean that I won’t let her touch your penis unless you develop a full erection.” A chorus of groans replaced the happy murmurs. Miss Devasquez loved this. “So, if you want to keep Shelly’s hands off your intimate areas, then all you have to do is refrain from having an erection. That shouldn’t be too hard for you. We will think of your erection as an invitation for her.”

The boys were mortified. When would this end? Would they ever be shown any respect at all? Would Miss Devasquez and Miss Hartick just let Shelly abuse them like that? It seemed so. Miss Devasquez asked Shelly, "Okay, who are we interviewing today?"

"How about Brian?"

"No, no," Mindy said. Brian had come out of the shower, and even though he looked magnificent as he stood there with his staff halfway hard, Mindy wanted the full experience. "He's already naked. Pick a boy that has to take off his clothes."

She was not even quiet about it. The boys heard every word. These three lusty-eyed females were in a circle, mumbling. One of the boys even said, "Are you just going to huddle up and pick one of us out?"

Miss Devasquez should have felt too terrible to answer, but she grinned. "That's the way it works now." She told Shelly, "I've got my rules though. If you pick a boy who hasn't started to undress, then he'll get to keep his clothes on."

Several boys felt a wave of relief. Shelly looked over them all. Eight of them were naked, so they wouldn't make Mindy happy enough. Some were still in uniform, which wouldn't make anyone happy. Her choice was limited. "How about Peter?" All three ladies turned to look at him. He felt like he could just fade away right then. Funnily enough, Peter was not who complained. Zack couldn't take it. He said, "You can't just come down here like alley cats hunting mice!"

Miss Devasquez's resolve almost broke in that moment. She was not certain she could handle his defiance. It was not as though she was as irresistible as Miss Hartick. Besides, Zack was right about them. Could she lead a group of women on a penis safari through a boy's locker room? She almost called it off right then. She would have if she hadn't looked Zack in the eye. He has such beautiful, smoldering eyes, and a body to match. Now how could a red-blooded woman leave that alone? "Zack, that will be a detention. Tomorrow, after school, be in my room."

He groaned, as did several other boys. Miss Devasquez knew she would have trouble sleeping, but she decided to play with these mice a bit more, like the alley cat she was. "If two of your fellow players want to stand up for you though, maybe tell me how much they agree with you, then I might change my mind."

Zack looked around the room. No one said anything. "Come on guys! Someone?" Nope, no one joined him on that menu. "Oh man."

Mindy stared at sexy Zack. He was still mostly dressed. He only had a few buttons undone. "Maybe he should join the interview."

Miss Devasquez shook her head. For her, this was a game, and it wouldn't be any fun if she didn't play by her own rules. "No, Mindy, we don't interview boys as punishment. We take this seriously. That's the point. Right, Shelly?"

"Uh, right, right." Darn. She would have loved to interview two studs at once. Oh well. Maybe next time. She wouldn't even get to watch Zack undress. Miss Devasquez said, "Peter, come with us. We don't want the other naked boys to distract Shelly too much."

"I'm sure I can deal with it!" Shelly said.

“I’m sure she can too!” Mindy said.

“Maybe next time,” Miss Devasquez answered. She enjoyed that too. Shelly had always been in control. Now it was her turn. She knew that Shelly wouldn’t appreciate that, but that was somewhat the point. It may have been Shelly’s party, but Miss Devasquez was the founder of the feast.

In a corner away from the other boys, the interview began. He knew it was useless, but he tried to get out of stripping. “Since I’m not at my locker, can I just keep these on?” He tugged at his pants when he said that. He was already bare from the waist up. The women feasted on the view of his athletic body already.

Shelly looked at Miss Devasquez and would have been furious if that teacher had let him off the hook. She didn’t have to worry, though; there was no way Miss Devasquez would let her power trip go that far. She came down here to strip and shame one of these gorgeous guys, and that was exactly what she would do. “Sorry, Peter, I know how you boys want to pretend that girls aren’t important, but you need to learn how wrong that is, even if it means you have to give up every bit of pride and modesty you have. No sexism will be tolerated in this school, so you have to act natural and take off all your clothes.”

Mindy couldn’t help but giggle. Peter couldn’t believe what he heard, and looked both confused and disgusted. Part of Mindy almost wanted to leave; this was so wicked. Then again, she had more than a bit of wickedness to her too. She told him, “Yeah, Peter, prove that you respect us and show us your dick.”

“Can she talk to me like that?”

Miss Devasquez gave Mindy a little frown. “Well, Peter, she should know better, but that’s why she’s an aide and not a teacher yet. I can’t blame her too much though. It’s hard to stay completely considerate to a half dressed boy with abs like that.” The others agreed. “MMMM-hmm!” “Sexy!”

Shelly started her questions. “I’ve noticed that Coach Grady ran a different set of drills today. Does he have any specific concerns about the team’s ability?”

Peter almost didn’t hear her. This was terrible. They just openly abused their authority this time. What could he do about it though? When he started to undo his pants, he heard Mindy make another of her happy little noises, which caused him to blush. “He thinks that we need better communication on the field.”

“What does that mean exactly?”

Peter didn’t know how to word it. Having to slip his pants off was bad enough, but he didn’t have an answer. “I don’t know. I just do what I’m told.”

“You sure do!” Mindy said. “Oh, I love that!”

He had his pants off. He was a hot, blushing baseball player who wore nothing but his socks and jockstrap. Miss Devasquez knew she had made the right choice. He was quiet, demure even, but he looked like he wished he could be defiant. He had that body. She said, “Shelly, I hate to interrupt your interview so early in, but I do want to make a point here. Peter, you’re the first boy that we’re using for this style of interview. I mean, you’re the first that we’re just openly admitting that we want to watch. As such, I’m asking you to capitulate to that a little,

all right?”

“Uh, no?”

“That’s the spirit! I don’t mind you admitting that you don’t want to do this as long as you let us have our fun. It is heart-warming to know that a boy can accept female desires as a legitimate thing.”

“What?”

Miss Devasquez said to Mindy, “Isn’t that wonderful?”

“Yes! OooooH!”

“What he’s wearing, I mean, the jockstraps that these players wear. They cover up only that most essential bit, and nothing else. It’s great. Peter, turn around and let us see that from behind.”

“What?” He did what she said though as Shelly gave his shoulder a gentle push. He had his back to them, but it didn’t matter that he couldn’t see them. They were there, staring at his body. Mindy squealed again. “Oh, look at that butt!”

“Can I continue the interview?” Shelly asked.

“Go ahead.”

She started with questions about team strategy that she knew Peter would only fumble over. He started to turn around once Shelly started talking baseball again, but Miss Devasquez wouldn’t let him. “No, no, stay like that a moment.” She saw the horrified glance he threw over his shoulder. Mindy squeaked one more time, as she looked him over.

He had to ask, “Could you say that again, Shelly? I missed it.”

“You don’t miss much at practice, though, do you? I’m impressed with how much you’ve improved in a short time.”

“Uh, thanks? Can I turn back around now?”

Miss Devasquez said, “Sure.” But she took a quick grab of his butt before he did.

“HEY!” He couldn’t believe that. Shelly had copped feels regularly, but this was a teacher. He turned around with a look of embarrassed rage. He was completely helpless and these women didn’t care. In fact, they enjoyed it. Miss Devasquez gave him a happy look. He couldn’t stay mad when it didn’t matter. He just turned nervous again as he started to peel off his socks. Trying to do it slowly, he hoped to get through the interview with some dignity intact. He knew it wouldn’t happen and that they would make him strip all the way just so they could get a look at him. He couldn’t help but try to stall to get out of it though.

Shelly kept up her questions as if it was all that mattered. When he glanced at her, he saw her eyes move up and down his body. She almost appeared as if it wasn’t important that she could take advantage of him, and in a strange way that only embarrassed him more.

The moment came, and he ignored one of Shelly’s questions. He managed to sound almost proud as he said to Miss Devasquez, “Look, I’ve done everything right, haven’t I? So can I please keep this on? Just this time? I really don’t want to have to strip all the way.”

Miss Devasquez looked as if she might let him keep his jockstrap on. She easily pretended since she still felt that regret. She couldn't believe herself, as she would think so poorly of any other teacher who behaved this way. It wouldn't stop her, though. Right when she saw Peter's relief, right when he thought he had made her listen, she said, "Nope, get that off."

He slumped pathetically and muttered something that the women couldn't quite hear, but that only made them all chortle at him as he started to remove that last piece. It was terrible. He felt as if he did not just strip off his underwear, but rather as if he removed his self-respect. He stood up with everything on display. Unable to contain herself, Mindy made those silly little high-pitched sounds. "He's naked! He's totally naked!" She tee heed and squirmed in delight. "You're naked, Peter. I can see your penis."

Peter went pale with horror. It was the opposite of a blush, but it was every bit as sweet. He threw his hands over his goods and tried to ignore Mindy's obnoxious girl sounds, but to do that he had focused somewhere else. He looked at the others. Miss Devasquez was quiet, but her eyes were wide with wonder. Shelly had that terrible half smile that the boys had all come to dread. She stepped to him, "Peter, you have to let us look. It shouldn't matter to you that we can see you naked." She gripped his wrists gently and urged his hands away so that they could see it all again. He shuddered, and Shelly couldn't help a laugh. Before she got back into character, she ran her hand across his chest. "Yes, yes, yes."

Knowing he would not go stiff was the only thing that made Peter feel better. He could not feel this way and still harden up. To make sure, he focused on his own humiliation. He looked from one happy female to the next, and watched them watch him. He was not calm, but he sounded as if he was as the interview continued.

Shelly started to get frustrated. She'd gone through four questions and his rod hadn't so much as twitched. While his penis was magnificent, it was also stubborn. It was the first time she had encountered a penis that didn't cry out for attention, and today of all days! "It looks to be hands off this time," she muttered.

Thinking it was another question, Peter asked, "What?"

"I mean if you stay like that I only get to look." She saw something in his eye then; hesitation. She grinned again. She knew how to get what she wanted. "You're proving yourself, Peter. If you get hard, then I get a hand full." Yes! He started to blush again. "So keep pointing to the floor." It worked! He started to grow. It just started, but because he tried so hard to avoid an erection, he would have one! It was like trying not to think of a specific thing.

Shelly almost couldn't hear her own question when she asked him about his running speed. She certainly couldn't hear his answer. Pointing to his dick, she said, "Looks as if you're getting there after all." The ladies were enthralled as always. This had been suspenseful. They almost thought he could escape without a stiffy. He kept rising though. Mindy's sounds stopped in favor of awed silence. Miss Devasquez was the one who giggled when he rose above the halfway point.

Peter looked in shock at his rebellious penis. He stole a glance at Shelly, and he saw her nod to his soldier. It was funny because it bobbed in place a moment as if it nodded back. That got Shelly laughing at him. She and the other women were always ready to giggle at a naked boy, but this was the first time she let loose and just laughed. In reaction to that, his penis moved up

a bit more. Miss Devasquez and Mindy couldn't help it and joined in the humor. Peter hadn't thought he could be more ashamed than he already had been, but now he stood there naked and more than halfway hard while three women laughed at him. He covered his face with his hands as his cock rose all the way up.

Shelly moved his hands again. "Peter, the interview isn't over. I'm sorry I laughed at you. Sincerely, I'm sorry." She really was sorry, and they could all hear it. She had never felt even a bit of guilt about any of this before, but this was a little different. She felt some self-recrimination for laughing at him like that; however, it was not enough to keep the smile off her face. It was not her sinister half smile any more either. She had a broad grin as she looked at him. He almost felt encouraged for a moment, but then he felt her grab his rod. "Oh!"

She turned smug again. "Oh, that's right. I can do this now." She moved her hand down and up once before she let go and stepped back. As though that interlude hadn't meant anything, she started in on her questions again. She wrote his answers on her notepad. She kept that up another minute or two. Finally, Peter's ordeal ended. Shelly held out a hand for him to shake. He almost didn't, but what good would that do? He shook her hand and even said, "Thank you." in a quiet voice. Predictably, Shelly took another feel of his boner the moment she let go of his hand. He watched her stride away triumphantly.

Miss Devasquez said, "Thanks, Peter. You've proven that this team can take a girl seriously."

Miss Devasquez also walked away. Before she followed, Mindy stood right in front him, looked him over with elevator eyes, and then she took herself a fast fondle of his extremely embarrassed erection. After all the girls left, Peter trudged to the showers. His penis finally started to sink again. "About time," he told it, "couldn't you have done that earlier?"

Chapter 9

Zack's Detention

"Here he is," Mindy said happily as Zack arrived for his detention. Zack looked around. The only people there were Miss Devasquez and Mindy. He knew about the "special detention" that Miss Hartick had put together, and he had expected that he would have to go through the same thing. It didn't look that way though. He was glad about that at least. He even let himself expect that this might be a regular detention. He asked, "It's just us?"

"It's just us," Miss Devasquez said. Playfully, she added, "What were you expecting?"

Then the classroom door opened again as Shelly walked in. "Am I in time? Hi, Zack." Zack groaned.

Miss Devasquez was not having that though. "Shelly, why are you here?"

"Aren't we going to, uh, isn't Zack going to have to?"

Miss Devasquez couldn't help but enjoy this. "Zack could learn a bit about respecting women. This isn't an interview though. I can handle this."

"But! Wait, what do you mean?" Shelly didn't want to tiptoe around it. She shut the door behind her so that she could talk. "If you're going to strip him down, then why can't I watch?"

Zack said, "Is this necessary? You can do whatever you want to us in the locker room. Do you have to pull us out of there to humiliate us?"

"You should have thought of that before you decided to call us alley cats," Miss Devasquez said. "Shelly, Zack will be uncomfortable enough with just Mindy and me here to see him."

"So what? Who cares how uncomfortable he is? I want to see him naked too."

"Come on!" Zack said.

Miss Devasquez said, "You'll just have to interview him sometime then." She led Shelly to the door.

Shelly complained, "Miss Devasquez! I haven't even seen Zack naked yet! You have to let me stay! Please?"

Miss Devasquez ushered her out and made sure to lock the door so that the three of them could have some privacy. She knew that she should have let Shelly stay. It could do no harm

except for Zack's pride, and Shelly was right about that not mattering. Miss Devasquez couldn't help it though. She couldn't help that any more than she could help but give into her desire to watch the boys undress. Shelly was able to embarrass and fondle these boys more than anyone else. Miss Devasquez couldn't help being just a little jealous. She decided that this time she would be the first to see a boy naked. Speaking of that, she turned a lusty eye on the unfortunate young man. Feeling like the main course already, he stuttered a bit. "Uhm, uhm, uhm, you're not going to just make me... I mean, this isn't the locker room. Do I, do I, have to, uh..."

Mindy nodded her head and said it, "We're gonna see your dick!"

Miss Devasquez said, "Mm-hmmm. It doesn't seem entirely fair, but that's somewhat the point. See, I want you boys to get used to the idea that you have to do this. You pretty much have to do this whenever we want. It could be in the locker room, here in my classroom, or wherever."

Using her own twisted logic, Zack tried to argue, "But why? I mean, why here? I'll do a locker room interview. I never said I wouldn't!"

"You weren't exactly considerate when we were down there last time. In fact, you were down right insulting. I'm not doing this to you to punish you. I'm doing it so that you can get used to it. I'm doing you a favor."

"You're crazy!"

No, Miss Hartick was crazy. Miss Devasquez just played her part. She lied about her motives, of course. All she wanted was to get another hot young baseballer butt naked. There was something else this time though. Zack had rattled her confidence for a moment. When he had complained in the locker room, he almost made her consider leaving the locker room without getting a show. She still felt guilty about it all and just couldn't get past that. So she did this not only to put him in his place, but by stripping away his inhibitions, she thought she might also strip away hers. It was at his expense, of course, but that made this the fun part.

There was also the issue of his defiance. Not many of the boys had the heart to openly insult the ladies when they were in the locker room. Zack had though. If he managed to get the other boys on board, he might mount a rebellion, so to speak. Miss Hartick could handle that surely. Not even Coach Grady got in her way. However, Miss Devasquez doubted that she could handle the boys if they started talking back. Therefore, she would see to it that Zack couldn't interfere and set an example to dissuade any other boy from similarly rebelling.

"Let's get on with it, shall we? Zack, I want you to stand right there at the front of the classroom. Good. Now I will not lie to you. We will get you completely naked, we'll ogle your body, and if you blush or fidget, then we'll just enjoy it that much more. Now tell me honestly, will it bother you if we can see you totally naked?"

"Honestly? Yes."

"Good, good. Keep being that honest, Zack. Would it bother you to take your shirt off?"

He figured that if she wanted honesty, he'd give it to her. "Only because you're such perverts."

"He thinks we're perverts. Mindy, are you a pervert?"

“Nope!” she said happily. “It’s normal for me to like looking at naked guys.”

“That’s right,” Miss Devasquez said. “It is normal isn’t it? He doesn’t want to take his shirt off, so why don’t you do it for him?”

Mindy made one of her funny little happy noises. Zack said, “No wait! I’ll do it, just, oh no!” Mindy had pounced on him before he could start. She unbuttoned his shirt while he struggled to stand still. She had it off him fast and squealed loudly when she was finished. “Oh my god, he’s hot! Look at his body! EeeeEeeEE!” She had to have a feel. She put her hand on his chest, and gave his muscle there a squeeze. Then she did the other side. She stepped aside so that Miss Devasquez could get a good look. She didn’t leave him alone, though. Mindy was right there next to him, and ran one hand all over his chest, abs, and arms. She whispered to him, “You might be my favorite.”

Zack tried to keep up his macho front, but his voice cracked a bit. “Are you just going to let her do that?”

“It’s only natural,” Miss Devasquez said.

Mindy’s hands fondled Zack’s chest again while she asked, “Can I take his jeans off now?”

Miss Devasquez asked him, “Do you want Mindy to take your jeans off?”

“I’ll do it myself.” He started to unbutton them.

“Good job. That’s much better. Don’t you think he’s showing his respect now, Mindy?”

She had backed off enough to see him lose his pants. “I feel very respected! You must respect us if you’ll take off your clothes for us like this.”

He was beet red, after she teased him like that. He couldn’t pretend any more. Not one bit of pride showed on him now. He trembled with humiliation. “Can I please stop now? I know you’re not going to let me, but can’t you think about it? You’re going to see it all eventually anyway. Can’t I at least wait until Shelly interviews me?” He saw Miss Devasquez consider that. He knew it was just an act. She was so convincing, it looked as if she might spare him the indignity. He didn’t want to beg, but he couldn’t help it. “Please? I respect you as equals. I respect your urges. What else do you want to hear? Just don’t make me take everything off.”

“I don’t know Mindy, what is it you want to hear?” Miss Devasquez asked her colleague.

“Want to know what I’d like to hear? I’d like to hear the sound of his underpants hitting the floor,” she answered.

Miss Devasquez gave a little chuckle at Mindy’s bluntness and asked her, “What do you think? Do you think he means it?”

“Hm. I don’t know. If he respected us, then it wouldn’t bother him to show us his dick. He should show us his whole body.”

“I agree. Zack, get it off, we want to see you naked.”

“Totally naked!” Mindy said.

“Completely naked,” Miss Devasquez said.

“Bare naked!”

"Buck naked."

"Stark naked!"

"Butt naked."

Zack shouted, "OKAY! Okay. Here!" He practically tore off that last bit. He stood there straight, tall, and proud again.

Mindy squealed. "Oh my gosh, look at that dick! What did they do to make sure every boy on the team had such nice equipment?"

Zack blushed again. Miss Devasquez smiled at him. "I'd recognize the boys on the team if all I could see was their penises. I don't know why they're so shy. Zack, that is one fine work of art you have there."

"SHUT UP!" he shouted. He clapped a hand over his mouth. He knew he'd made a mistake. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

Miss Devasquez loved this. "What are you sorry for?"

"I just got carried away. This is so, so, so..."

Mindy said it for him. "It's humiliating, isn't it? I don't feel bad though. I feel good. Because I can see everything you've got." She saw his eyes turn to the floor. She couldn't help but tease him some more. "You're naked, Zack! You're naked, you're naked! I have to save this for posterity. Say cheese!"

"What?" He had been embarrassed, but now he was completely aghast. "A camera? Come on, you can't do that!" He covered his dick with his hands and turned to the side as Mindy continued to take pictures.

She tee-heed as she always did. "Move your hands, gorgeous. I want another picture of that rod. You might as well. I've already got one good picture of it."

He told Miss Devasquez, "Come on, not even you can get away with this."

"Maybe not, but we're not going to tell anyone, and you aren't either. Not if you don't want these photos getting out to the whole school."

"You're kidding!"

"Move your hands, Zack."

"NO!"

"Move your hands or I'll tell Miss Hartick that you refused to cooperate with us. That would cost you your baseball career and she'd make the rest of the school year hell for you. You know it."

He couldn't refuse. Just the mention of Miss Hartick's name had him intimidated. No one knew why that woman was so commanding, but no one could do anything about it. He trembled, dropped his hands, and felt horrible as Mindy happily clicked more pictures of his indignity. "Turn around," she directed. As he did, she squealed again. Once she had a few butt shots, she put the camera aside. Zack flinched when he felt her hand on his shoulder. She said, "If he respected us, he'd be hard by now." She turned him around. He only barely grew, but

Mindy solved that. She moved her hand over his muscles again. “His chest is so hard!”

Zack couldn't help it. He'd practiced so that he could prevent an erection, but Mindy pawed at him, as would a cat on a scratching post. He was not prepared for that. She started to giggle uncontrollably as he rose up, little by little. He almost managed to keep it halfway there, but when she started to squeeze his butt, he lost control. Just as all the other boys subjected to this sort of attention, he got completely stiff. He had never been more embarrassed. Not even Mindy's hands all over his body had been as bad as getting this unwilling erection for their greedy eyes. Making it worse, she didn't leave it alone! Mindy took his tool in hand, and felt every inch of it! He was so distracted that he didn't even notice Miss Devasquez had the camera and took more pictures until Mindy stepped away. They had it. They had stark naked pictures of him, some with his penis standing all the way up!

Miss Devasquez sounded perfectly sweet as she said, “From now on, you'll behave in the locker room? Right?”

“R-right. Oh, don't do that!” He couldn't believe that Miss Devasquez had joined in. She was hot, so why did he feel so terrible having his dick in her hand?

Once she'd gotten a good feel, she told him, “You can get dressed now. I'll even cut your detention short. See you tomorrow.”

They stared at him as his clothes came on. He couldn't look either of them in the eye as he walked out.

Chapter 10

Miss Hartick's Rules

Would it ever end? Miss Hartick brought Shelly back into the locker room, which still horrified the boys. She heard a few moans and whines from the boys. Shelly loved it. Every moan and groan reminded her that they belonged to her. They weren't boys; they were just toys, toys waiting to be stripped naked. She had been there six times already, but they hated it as much as they hated it the first time. They just weren't as surprised as before. Shelly grinned at them. If even one boy had smiled back as if he didn't care, then it might have ruined her whole day. That didn't happen though. They wore their scorn openly. Shelly chuckled to herself. Hell might have no fury like a woman scorned, but Shelly didn't have fury at all. All she had was lust.

When Miss Devasquez had explained the situation to the boys the first time, it hadn't been enough. Miss Hartick would have to lay down the law. When she set the rules, no one would defy them. Miss Hartick loved that. She also lusted after the boys, so she was happy that she could finally admit it. For her, though, it still was not about stripping the boys or even embarrassing them. "Now cut out that muttering, boys. I want you all to stop and listen. Are you all here?"

"Yes, Miss Hartick."

Shelly said, "No one's in the showers?"

"We just got down here."

Shelly didn't mind that. It would have been nice to force some naked boys out of the water to stand there for her, but this was good too. No matter whom she chose, they would have to take something off. There were boys without shirts. There were boys in just their jockstraps. None of them were naked though, at least not yet. She would change that, for the simple reason that she could. Every time she thought about it, she just floated with excitement. She had her pick of the hunky boys, and they could do nothing about it. She looked around casually to make her selection.

Miss Hartick started. "Boys, I know that Miss Devasquez explained all this last time, but I want to make sure you all understand. When she explained the rules, she spoke for me. You all know that I encouraged Shelly to become our sportswriter. When I brought her down here, I thought that you would be courteous and respectful. I knew it might take a little getting used to, but I thought that you took yourselves and your sports seriously enough for this. I can't

believe how wrong I was. However, it's partly my fault. Yes, I mean that. I just did not give Shelly nearly enough leeway to enjoy the fringe benefits of her position. I expected her to set aside her femininity and that was wrong of me. That wasn't fair to her, and it wasn't fair to you. I apologize to you all for trying to convince you that Shelly didn't want to see you naked. It's no wonder you couldn't accept her like that. Therefore, things will be different now. From now on, Shelly will be both expected and encouraged to enjoy her visits to the locker room as both a sportswriter and as a girl. I know that in the past, this has been your territory, and no girl was allowed in here. There were reasons for that, but none sufficient to keep a girl from pursuing her goals. We have to be realistic though. Shelly can't walk through a room full of boys who are half-naked or fully naked without enjoying it. That's just ridiculous. Henceforth, she may ogle you, and you will accept that. Understand?"

The boys all murmured, but it was hard to tell what they were saying. Miss Hartick let that slide for the moment because she wanted to make it all clear. "From now on, when she interviews you, you will be expected to strip nude. We will allow Shelly to enjoy the show. That will allow her to keep focused on her job. In fact, to keep your bodies from distracting her, I am allowing her much more liberty to put her hands on you. I know that some of you might be uncomfortable with that, but you'll have to learn to accept it. It's only fair to her. Right?"

Again, the boys couldn't be heard. Miss Hartick expected this. She had tried to give them the chance to be gentlemen. She wanted to give them the chance to do this willingly for the school's girls. She didn't think they would. They were just too set in their old-fashioned, sexist ideas. Well, they were going to grow into responsible, unprejudiced young men no matter what she had to do. "Let me be clear. A girl has hormones, just as you boys do. She has urges. That's what makes her a woman. You can't expect her to give that up, can you? From now on, you will surrender your bodies to her urges as much as is necessary so that she can do her reporting. It's just a small sacrifice and it's only fair to her, right?" Again, they didn't answer and she quieted down a bit and asked, "Maybe you think I'm asking too much. Give me a show of hands. How many of you think I'm unfair to you?"

It took a few seconds, but the boys responded. Almost every one of them had a hand up. Shelly noticed that sexy Zack kept his hands down and wondered what Miss Devasquez did to him. He was one of only a few boys who didn't admit that the new policy was unfair.

Miss Hartick looked around at all the young men who showed their dissent. "I see. Almost all of you do. Don't you see how that proves my point? If so many of you are against a girl, then it only shows that you think she's not good enough."

The boys looked at each other with confusion. Did that even make any sense? One or two of them even put their hands down because they couldn't figure it out.

Miss Hartick pointed to one of them. "Dean, you have your hand up?"

She didn't sound upset, but there was that look in her eyes. Some boys started to call her Medusa, because once she gave you that look, you were helpless. Dean didn't know what to do. Being part of a group was one thing, but being singled out was another.

Miss Hartick said, "Dean, why is your hand up?"

"Uh, I think that maybe I just didn't understand the question."

"I see. Well, put your hand down then. While you're at it, take a step forward. Good. Now

pull your underwear down and show Shelly your penis.”

“Wh–what?”

“You heard me, young man. I’ve explained it already. Shelly will enjoy her visits to the locker room so that she can do her job. And that starts right now.”

She was serious. She was demented, but she was serious. Dean looked around for support. No one said anything. The other boys were only glad that it was not them. Dean looked at Shelly and he saw that horrible, confident half smile that they had all come to hate. Then he looked at Miss Hartick and her beautiful but scary Medusa eyes. He lowered his head and he did as she instructed. He slid his jockstrap down, and bared his goods. Shelly gave a perfect wolf whistle, just as she had rehearsed it.

While Dean stood there with his underwear down around his thighs, Miss Hartick pointed to another boy. “Arthur. You had your hand up?”

“Uh, yeah, but I kind of put my hand up by mistake.”

“Is that so? Well, you can show us your penis too. Get your pants and your underwear down to show us what you’ve got. That’s right. Keep going. Not so slow, young man. You have no secrets from Shelly. That’s better. Now stand there with your schlong on display.”

Shelly chuckled. Did Miss Hartick just called that a *schlong*? She never used any slang for penis. She got into this. Shelly just ached with happiness at this. This was not even “take off your clothes”. This was just “show us your dick”. Dean and Arthur looked so completely humiliated. Both of them had covered themselves a couple times and were caught when Miss Hartick turned back to look at them. Miss Hartick said, “You two, I won’t have that. I didn’t put your johnsons on display just to have you hide them. Put your hands behind your back. That’s better. Now then, Philip, you had your hand up too, and Shelly’s even already interviewed you.”

Philip went white. It could have been anyone. Why did Miss Hartick have to pick on him? What was he supposed to say? “I only put my hand up because all the other boys did.”

Miss Hartick nodded. “Now I believe that.”

Philip smiled for a second and breathed with relief. Miss Hartick told him, “The other boys raised their hands, so you did too. Well, these other boys have dropped their pants, so why don’t you as well. Get that jockstrap down.”

“But, but I told the truth.”

“And it was an ugly truth. You admitted that you all believe it’s still a ‘boys against girls’ world. It’s time to get past all that. You can start by giving Shelly what she wants.”

“But what if she doesn’t want it?”

That might not have sounded too smart, but Philip was too panicked to think of anything else to say. He already had his hands over his jewels as though the women could see through his underwear. Miss Hartick thought it sounded reasonable though. She asked, “What about it, Shelly? Do you want to see this young man’s penis?”

“Oh yeah! Philip, give it up. I saw you naked before, and I’m just dying to see that thing

again.”

“You bi—” He caught himself in time. Shelly heard it though. While he may have meant for it to make her feel bad, it had the opposite effect. She got that tingly feeling because his reaction, more than anything else, affirmed that she bossed him into doing what she wanted regardless of what he wanted. He would have been in trouble anyway if he hadn't done as he was told. He yanked his underwear down to give Shelly a good look at his fabulous treasure. Without even being told, he put his hands behind his back. There he was, tall, sexy, and bare, but not even naked. He just had his goods showing. Shelly grinned from ear to ear. She wanted to give these boys her wicked half smile instead, but she was just too in love with the moment. They looked so coy as they tried to avoid eye contact while Shelly studied their anatomy. Of course, all three of them felt the call of female attention. Dean was completely hard and Arthur would be there in a moment. Philip had just started to grow in response to his embarrassment, but it wouldn't take much time for him to join the other two boys in a state of total, high standing humiliation.

Miss Hartick looked back and forth at the young erections. “You see, you boys want to pretend that this bothers you so much, but your bodies give you away. You're not that embarrassed. That's just your imagination. So get over it. Now, Shelly, since the boys seem to need to learn, we'll help them. I want you to choose a boy to interview. Then choose three more boys, any at all, who will also come along and strip for you.”

“Really?” Miss Hartick took this seriously. That would give Shelly some extra helpings of humiliated hunks. She shivered in delight as she looked around the room. Dean, Arthur, and Philip were all hot, but she would leave them out of the interview part. Since their penises were already out, she didn't want to waste her choices on guys who were already naked. She wanted to put four additional dicks on display while she had the chance. “Okay, let me interview Brian. Zack, Ted, and Chris can all come too.” All those boys groaned and grumbled. Their imaginations went wild with fantasies of fire alarms and earthquakes. They wanted anything that could get them out of this. They already felt that dark spot of terror in their stomachs. They would have to do it, to strip down for this awful girl.

Shelly was a bright ray of sunshine. “Where's your locker, Brian?”

“This way.” He sulked along with three of his fellow players who dragged their feet behind him. Shelly was in heaven. As she walked along, she kept it casual with a few boys who couldn't quite keep out of reach. She ran her fingertips casually along Arthur's cock before he got it put away. The other two managed to get away before she could get a walk by feel. She did get to pinch a couple butts on the way though. She just loved the little yelps when she did that.

Her four boy toys were all furious with her when they got to Brian's locker, but she didn't mind that at all. In fact, she loved to watch proud anger turn into bashfulness when she forced a boy to strip. She surveyed her kingdom briefly. Brian was fully dressed. She had seen him naked before. The last time she was in the locker room, Miss Devasquez had made him walk out of the showers. Shelly had even gotten to see him halfway hard then. This time she'd get the full show. First though, Miss Hartick told him, “Brian, you can wait to start undressing for

a few minutes. Before you do that, I want to get these other boys naked, one by one.”

Miss Hartick could still surprise Shelly, whose eyes were wide with wonder. Her mentor would make this excruciating for the boys. She expected Miss Hartick to give the boys their orders, but instead the vice principal asked, “Shelly, which one should strip first?”

Shelly’s heart leaped. Not only would she see them naked, not only was she the reason for that, and not only did they all know it, but she got to say it! “Ted, remove those clothes and show me everything you’ve got.” A scant two weeks ago, she only fantasized about the possibility of getting to enter the boys’ locker room and maybe seeing some boys in their jockstrap or maybe one of the boys naked. Now, in reality, not only is she regularly in the boys’ locker room, but she gets to choose which boy or boys she gets to see naked, but also is afforded the power to command them to strip for her, for her viewing pleasure.

He flared for a second, but he was in her power and he knew it. He already had his pants off when they got there, so all he had on at that moment was his cap, jersey, and jockstrap. One by one, they disappeared. While he divested his pride, Shelly bragged, “I saw you naked that one time, remember? However, you got away when you were only half way up. Will you get all the way stiff this time, good lookin’?” He didn’t say anything. What could he say? He just slipped off his jockstrap and stood, bare penis naked while Shelly looked him over happily. “Very nice,” she said. “Yes, very nice. Now how about you, Chris? All you have on is your jockstrap anyway.”

Chris had also been one of the boys that Miss Devasquez had gotten out of the shower, so Shelly had seen him naked too. He’d been one to go all the way hard that day, so she’d had a full treat from him. He was such a soft spoken, shy sort of boy that it was almost a shame to do this to him. It was not Shelly’s fault that he was so cute though or that he had such a wonderful package. He was so completely ashamed the moment Shelly had said his name. Now he was ashamed and naked. She couldn’t make eye contact with him because he stared to the side. “You’re such a sweetheart, Chris. Do you have any idea how many girls at this school have a crush on you? And here you are stark naked.” She chuckled. Then she turned to the last one. “Zack. Pretty boy Zack with the buff body. I didn’t get to see you naked in detention. I get to see it all now, though, don’t I?”

She looked him over as his uniform slipped off slowly. “Take it all off. Oh my, what a body. Damn! No, don’t stop! Get it all off! I want to see your dick!” Shelly could hear him mutter things beneath his breath. Whatever it was he called her or said about her, she loved him for it. That macho grumbling vanished when his underwear did, though. He couldn’t bring himself to keep that up while Shelly stared at his rod. He tried very hard to keep his cock down. He had done it with Mindy and Miss Devasquez until Mindy’s body fondling had forced him up. He couldn’t do it any more though. This time he started to rise the moment he aired his business for Shelly. She heard him whisper. He said, “Oh no, no, no, no. Come on, stay down.” She giggled. He rose up faster than the other boys did.

“Well, well. It looks as if you’re just eager to prove yourself, aren’t you?”

Miss Hartick said, “See boys? Why can’t you be honest and just admit that you don’t mind this? It would be so much easier for you if you did. I know that you’ll never like it, but there’s no reason for you to be this embarrassed. If your penises can demand attention like that, then there’s no reason for you to shy away from all this.”

Chris actually had the audacity to answer her. He was the only one who resisted the urge. You could tell that he grew a little, but only a little. Even without a rising call for attention, just being naked had him so nervous he could barely talk. "It's, it's, it's not th-th-, it's not th-that. We, we, we, we, don't," he put his hands over his goods. "We don't get hard because we don't mind it. We," then Shelly moved his hands for him so that she could see his package again. "Awp! We, we, we, it isn't because, because we don't, don't, oOooOh! We get, I mean our p-p-p-p-p-penises get," he covered up again. "We don't get hard because we don't mind it. Our penises-

"Hold on," Shelly said. This was too much. When she gently took his wrists, she felt him quiver. He knew that she was about to expose his manhood again. She didn't even need to force his hands away. She could just barely urge his hands, and he would allow it. There it was, a gorgeous hibernator of a cock, just starting to get out of bed. If Shelly hadn't been looking closely, she wouldn't have been able to see that it was just a bit up. "Keep talking, Chris."

"Oo-o-oo-okay. I'm, I'm sorry that that, that, that," she put his hands back where he wanted them. "I'm sorry that I'm so nervous. I was saying that we don't get hard because we don't mind it. We get hard becAWZE!" She had moved his hands again to get another look. "We get, we get, we get, h-ha-ha-h-hard b,b,b,because, oh, thank you, Shelly." He thanked her for putting his hands back over his microphone.

She stood up and giggled. "Oh, that's adorable. He can talk clearly when we can't see his pecker. When we can see it, he stutters."

Miss Hartick couldn't help it. She started laughing softly.

Shelly said, "I've got to do that again. Chris, go ahead and say what you have to say. But start over." She had his wrists again.

While he tried to make himself understood, Shelly kept moving his hands over his penis, then away, with the result that he was articulate, and then stuttering. Covered penis, "I was saying that we don't," bare penis, "get, get, get, get, hard, h-har-h-hhard," covered penis, "because we don't mind it. We get," bare penis, "GET get get get, we get hhhHhaArd, be-be-be-" covered penis, "we get hard because we hate it. It's like a," bare penis, and this time he had finally risen to where it was evident, so it bounced up from behind his hands when they moved. "OH! It's, OH! It's like, li-li-li-like," he couldn't hold still. He bounced in place, and that made his cock bounce up down delightfully.

Shelly and Miss Hartick couldn't help laughing aloud. "Oh, that's too much!" "Oh, Chris, you're wonderful!" As the women got it under control, Chris blushed deeper than ever. Miss Hartick managed to get it down to a soft chuckle as she said, "I'm sorry, Chris. Shelly let the poor thing cover his johnson a moment while he has his say."

Chris put his thing away as best he could, but it had grown enough that it was difficult. He got his words out finally with just a few little bumps along the way. "We get hard because we h-hate it. Our bodies can't help it. It's as if it's a moth to a flame."

Miss Hartick and Shelly were quiet again. Shelly said, "You know, that's a lovely metaphor. I hope that's true."

"It doesn't change anything though," Miss Hartick said. "Even if you're telling the truth, which I still doubt in spite of your poetry, this isn't about you boys. This is about Shelly. She

needs to fill her role, and that means she has to get some of what she wants. You can live with it. I can assure you that even if you think you're embarrassed, that Shelly is more embarrassed. Yes, I know, she likes it, but it is still embarrassing for a young woman to be exposed to a young man like that. It's much more embarrassing than what you go through. She's the real moth to a flame. Do you understand how much she is doing now?"

The boys were dead silent. Nothing could convince this madwoman. As though nothing had been said, Miss Hartick told Chris, "You can move your hands again. That's good. That's so good."

"Yes, it is," Shelly agreed. Chris had finally gotten to total arousal. He pointed up like an obelisk. So was hottie body Zack and so was good looking Ted. Shelly's eyes moved across the hard-ons, taking in the sight lovingly. Chris had already been such entertainment, that she let him be. Zack was a good choice. But then again, Ted had been lucky to get away without showing his full stiffy the first time she saw him naked. Now she had him. She put her hand to his cock. "All the way hard this time, huh, Ted?" She moved her hand up and down his rod a few times. "Mm. You just stand there with this stiffy while I interview Brian, okay?"

She turned to hot Brian. His head dropped down as he finally became the specimen of the moment. He was the tallest boy on the team. Shelly had seen his dick once before, so she knew it was not the biggest, but it was big enough for sure. Even the boys who were small by the team standards weren't small. It was amazing how much wonderful cock was in this room.

Shelly turned into the dutiful reporter she was supposed to be. "Brian, Coach Grady has you practicing both as a pitcher and infielder. Where will you end up during a game?"

Brian unbuttoned his shirt. His voice had venom that he couldn't hide. "If we knew that, then I'd just be doing one or the other."

"I suppose so. If you had to choose right now, though, where do you think your real talents are? Nice arms, by the way."

"Yeah. I don't know. I love to pitch." Shelly kept asking questions and he kept grumbling his answers. He was not arrogant, embarrassed, smug, or even angry. He was just cranky, and it started to piss Shelly off. He had his limits, though. When he slipped his pants all the way off after an agonizingly slow strip, he finally turned shy. Once he was down to only his underwear, with almost everything showing, his voice was a little quieter and he kept looking at the floor. It was not how much of him she could see that had him bothered. It was that there was only that one thing left covered and he was about to uncover it.

Because he had annoyed her, Shelly decided to drag this out a bit. "Hold on. Let's take a moment. Before you get those off, turn around, and show me your butt."

His face colored so fast. "Turn around?"

"Brian, I've already seen you naked. What's the big deal?"

He didn't know. It didn't matter what she had already seen. This was still phenomenally embarrassing. It was the exposure and the fact that he was forced to do it. Not to mention that sadistic smile of hers or those hungry eyes that just ate up the view of all his exposed skin. He turned around for her as he was told. She said, "Very nice. Let me have a look next to the other boys." She glanced over at the other three. She had gotten involved in her interview

and in Brian's stripping, so she hadn't spared a glance at them for a bit. All three of them had declined. None of them were soft yet, but they weren't much more than halfway up now. Shelly didn't mind the view of three nice pointers thrust out into the world. "MmmM! I love my job." The boys all looked nervous for a just a moment before their cocks all stood right back up at attention for her. Shelly giggled as she had to. Surprisingly, so did Miss Hartick. Shelly said, "Boys, I love those dutiful dicks of yours, but I need you to turn around so I can get a look at the other side." The boys groaned, but they did it. She made Brian stand next to them, his ass framed by his jockstrap, the others totally unadorned. Shelly said, "It is hard to pick a favorite." She went down the line, clapping a hand or two on each bare bum in turn.

Shelly breathed out as if she was exhausted. "All right, back to work. Turn back around boys. You too, Brian. Get that off so that I can see what you've got. So you were telling me about Alex. As a catcher, he's the one you work best with."

"That's right. He's uh. I don't know. Oh god, I'm naked again."

"Very nice. Don't put your hands over it. Just stand there. Now is that 'moth' going to be attracted to the 'flame'? I didn't get to see it totally hard last time."

"I don't know. Ask me a real question."

Shelly smiled, but she got back to her job. As a reporter, she got what she wanted from Brian. As a girl, she also got what she wanted from Brian, Ted, Zack, and Chris. She kept leering at their goodies. Brian lifted up, just as they always do. It took only two questions' time to get him there. Then he stood up as the others were. They just stayed stiff while she went about the business of questioning Brian. Four naked boys. Four bare erections that wished they could point anywhere but up. Shelly finally dismissed the extra boys. She loved watching their buns as they walked away. She had one last question for Brian, and then she thanked him sincerely as she shook his hand. He asked her, "Yeah, thanks. Can you maybe not put your—I guess you can just do what you want." He frowned at her touch as she slid her fingers up and down his shaft a few times.

Miss Hartick told him, "You did well today, Brian. I'm proud of you. You boys are starting to overcome your fears aren't you?"

"I don't know." He did know. He was totally mortified. If he never saw Shelly again, it would be too soon. Miss Hartick ushered Shelly out instead of letting her watch the showers, so Brian was finally free from the lecherous girl. He would have felt better with the interview over if it weren't for the fact that he knew Shelly could strip him down again if she wanted. Some boys had been bare and hard for her a few times now. He hated to admit it to himself, but he hoped one of the other three boys made more of an impression on her.

Chapter 11

Reggie's Interview

Shelly strolled into Miss Devasquez's classroom, singing to herself. She was always happy on a practice day.

Miss Devasquez was at her desk and Mindy sat next to her. "Oh, Shelly. We were just talking about you."

"Funny, I'd have thought you'd be talking about where we're going. Miss Hartick told me that she was too busy today." She looked back and forth. "Which one of you is my chaperone this time?"

"Well, we were discussing that," Miss Devasquez said. "Which of us would you rather take?"

"Seriously?" Shelly thought about it. Miss Devasquez was more than willing to let Shelly have her fun, but now that even Miss Hartick would do that, would it matter? Then again Shelly could abuse her power more openly, tease the boys, when she was with the teacher. Mindy hadn't been down there with her alone yet. Shelly suspected that the young teacher's aide might be the most lenient of them all. In spite of her good fortune, Shelly still felt a bit of jealousy towards these two when they brought her to the locker room. Shelly just didn't like anyone else playing with her toys. Miss Hartick's ogling didn't bother her, but that was because Miss Hartick was more concerned with Shelly's fun than with her own. Shelly knew that keeping in the good graces of Mindy and Miss Devasquez was the best thing for her though. She figured that being greedy was not a good idea. After all, there was plenty of naked stud flesh to go around down there. "If you can't make up your mind, I don't see why you can't both come."

"It's not that," Mindy said.

Miss Devasquez leaned forward. "Shelly, we love the boys, but don't you ever feel guilty at all?"

Shelly shook her head. "Nope. I guess I felt a little bad about laughing at Peter that time. It was nothing though. I got over that in a moment. I guess I also felt just a little bad for Chris because he's so sweet."

Mindy sighed. "You saw Chris naked? OoooooOh!"

Shelly said, "I guess it just doesn't bother me that much. Is it too much for you two?"

"No," Miss Devasquez said. "Well, sort of. I can deal with it when we're there, staring at some hunk, but I feel somewhat dirty sometimes afterward."

Mindy nodded. "I'll do it again though."

"Well, that's good to know," Shelly said. "I need someone to take me to interview Reggie."

"Reggie?" Miss Devasquez said. "You want to interview Reggie today?"

"You said you wanted to be there for that one."

Mindy said, "Oh, I hate him!"

"So do I," Miss Devasquez said. "He's even got that arrogant kind of sex appeal. He's a jerk. He's mean to the girls. He causes trouble in class. Oh, I won't feel bad at all about abusing that creep. He's asking for it."

"He is," Mindy said. "Let me come too! Please, Shelly?"

Shelly was happy about that. She didn't know if it was her decision to make, but it didn't matter. "Sure. Let's gang up on this punk."

"Oh," Miss Devasquez said, "before we go though, Shelly, I owe you an apology."

"You do?"

"About the other day, the detention, I wanted to say sorry for making you leave like that. I just wanted to see one boy first. You understand?"

"Well, you picked a good one for that." Shelly did understand. She was still annoyed that Miss Devasquez would push her out of her own party, even if it was only for a day. Still, she could imagine never being the first to see one of those hotties undressed. Could she be that upset with Miss Devasquez? Maybe so, but she didn't have to be. Miss Devasquez already knew how to make it up to her.

Miss Devasquez said, "Take a look at these."

"What are these? Pictures! You took pictures of Zack while he was naked?" No wonder they felt guilty. Shelly loved abusing the boys, but she wouldn't have done that.

"We needed to make sure he wasn't going to convince the other boys to act out. Now he can't. And even though I wanted to see that dick first, I did want you to see it."

"Oh, I already have," Shelly said. She couldn't take her eyes off the photos. She went through them slowly, one by one. "I made him get naked the next day."

Mindy giggled. "You picked him for an interview?"

"No, I interviewed Brian. Miss Hartick just made three other boys strip with him. Zack was one of them. Mindy!" Shelly exclaimed as she got to a particular photo, "You touched his dick?"

Mindy couldn't help it. She may have felt bad, but she also felt good. She giggled as she said, "Of course. I didn't leave much of him alone. Miss Devasquez got a feel too."

"You did?" Shelly said. "Oh my gosh! Miss Hartick would never do that."

Mindy sounded worried, "You're not going to tell her, are you?"

“Of course not. Here, these are good. You have a good eye for this kind of work, Mindy.”

“Thanks, but those are yours. I made copies for each of us. Just make sure no one else see them.”

Shelly knew in that moment that she had partners in crime worth having. She looked at the nudie pics again. She wouldn't have taken the pictures, but she sure was not bothered about keeping a copy of pictures that someone else took. “Well, these are nice, but let's go see the real thing.”

They talked on the way there about what exactly they had in mind. Shelly knew that Miss Devasquez had it in for Reggie, so it was important to let her push him around. Shelly didn't think she'd mind being more of a spectator this time. She knew that Reggie would feel his humiliation the most coming from this teacher.

When they got to the door to the boys' locker room, a student stopped them for a moment. “Shelly? Are you going down there again?”

“Hi Gayla. Yes, I've got work to do.”

Gayla had big glasses and also had a big smile right then. “I'd love to have your job. Some-time you'll have to tell me about it. You're my hero.”

Shelly couldn't help a warm feeling. Gayla was joking, but it was clear she was genuinely inspired. So Shelly said, “Well, thank you.”

“That was nice,” Miss Devasquez said as they entered the locker room.

“Yeah.”

“You must get that a lot,” Mindy said.

“Actually, not really. The other girls somewhat give me the cold shoulder.”

Mindy laughed. “You have what they want.”

Miss Devasquez looked around the room. The boys were avoiding eye contact with these predators. They didn't want to attract any attention. There was only one boy that these women were interested in right then, though. Miss Devasquez asked, “Where's Reggie?”

Two boys helped out quickly. They were eager to point fingers away from themselves, and besides that, many of them disliked Reggie too. “He's over here.” “This way.”

“Gee thanks, guys,” Reggie said. He walked out toward the women with his typical swagger. Despite having had trouble keeping his knees from wobbling, he put up a good front. He was the cockiest boy at Prellis High. He was part of the popular crowd, but it was not because he was likable.

Not only did many students find him obnoxious, so did most teachers. He could cause trouble, ignore authority, and pretend that nothing bothered him. If he hadn't been an athlete though, he wouldn't have had much. Just as the other boys, he was desperate to stay on the team. Only he was more desperate. He couldn't imagine life without jock status. He knew that if he didn't bow to this insane girl reporter situation, he could lose that. Besides all that, he was afraid of Medusa Hartick like everyone else was. The only reason he didn't have to admit it was because he was an expert at avoiding certain situations; for instance, getting naked in

front of Shelly and the others. They never caught him changing. They never caught him in the showers. He was careful to stay away from the trouble. For all his swaggering when he was in control, he had this amazing skill at being nearly invisible when he wanted to be. It didn't work now, though. These three had come down here specifically to single him out. He gave that hotshot smile of his as if he was not bothered. It irritated all the women that he was not shy. He hoped he could bluff his way out of this by being unconcerned. He knew that Shelly and Miss Devasquez loved embarrassing boys. If he could make them think he was not embarrassed, then maybe they would be uninterested.

He underestimated Shelly, didn't he? "I haven't interviewed you yet, Reggie. Are you ready?"

"Oh, I don't know. I might be somewhat busy."

Miss Devasquez could hear the slightest tremor the boy's voice. That was all she needed. She could tell that under his calm exterior he was shaken up. He would get it worse than he thought. "For this one, I think we'll take it out of the open. Let's hold this interview in Coach Grady's office."

"Huh?" "What?" "Cool!"

She led the way into a little side room. Reggie shrugged as if he didn't care. "Whatever you say, Devasquez. You're in for a treat."

Mindy was loud. "HAH! You're shaking! Shelly, look at that. He can't hold still."

Shelly did see it. She had thought she might have met her match. She would see some skin one way or another, but that was not all she wanted. Seeking to one up him, she wanted to humiliate this sexy jerk. Now she could see how bothered he was. "Oh, this is going to be fun." She shut the door behind them. She hadn't expected the solitude for this, but she could already see Reggie's anticipation. "I haven't seen you naked yet."

"What do I have to do? Do I just wait for you to start asking questions?"

Shelly did just that. "You're nervous now, but you're never nervous on the diamond. Coach Grady says you throw with more accuracy than anyone on the team."

"You talked to Coach Grady?"

"Stop stalling," Miss Devasquez said, "and start unbuttoning. Get that uniform off so that we can get a look at you."

"But leave the cap on," Mindy said. Shelly and Miss Devasquez gave her a look. "What? We always make them take everything off. I want to see one of these baseball studs with nothing but his baseball cap on."

"Great idea," Shelly said.

Miss Devasquez turned to Reggie. "She's right. Leave that cap on. Don't just stand there though, get the rest of that off." He hardly moved. He breathed hard. She loved this. "You're embarrassed aren't you? You haven't even taken your shirt off yet. Well, if that jersey isn't off by the time Shelly asks another question, it will be a detention. Do you know what we do to baseball boys who get detentions in the locker room?"

He gave her a hateful look, but he started unbuttoning. He glared at Shelly. "You didn't ask

a question. But yes, I'm the best we've got."

"Can you believe him?" Mindy said. "How can a guy blushing like that have so much gall?"

Shelly said, "You can get a base hit easy enough, but last year had trouble making it all the way home."

"Did I? That's the other guy's fault. I drive runs in, so I'm doing my job."

Contemptuously, he threw his jersey into a chair. "There. You want a look, here I am."

Mindy smiled and bit her lip. "How can such a creep look so good?"

"I can see that at any swimming pool," Shelly said. "I want to see him in his jockstrap."

"Who the hell do you think you are?" he asked.

Miss Devasquez had practiced this. She had fantasized about putting this brash hunk in his place. She had a frosty voice and a threatening look. "Tuesday. My room after school."

"Whatever."

"If you skip it, then you're off the team. Get your pants off. Now." He didn't move. Miss Devasquez drummed her fingers on the desk. "I told you to get those pants off."

Reggie's hands moved, but he didn't quite get them where they need to be. "Miss Devasquez?"

"Yes?"

"Don't make me do this. Please?"

She grinned at him. "You're having trouble with this aren't you? What are you afraid of? We're not going to hurt you."

"It, I, uh, I can't."

"You have to," Mindy said. "He's more embarrassed than any of them, isn't he? Look at him squirm. Oh, I love this."

He didn't squirm, but he wasn't still. He started undoing his pants with trembling fingers. "Okay, okay. Can I just promise that I'll stop screwing around in class?"

"Off," Miss Devasquez said. He was so embarrassed, he literally quivered. This swaggering egomaniac couldn't keep up his tough guy act with his clothes coming off. Miss Devasquez let her eyes feast on his physique as he got down to his underwear. "Good. Now this interview is not going to continue until you are completely naked. And you are going to strip totally naked. I want to see if you can stay surly when your cock is on display."

Shelly did a double take. She knew that Miss Devasquez wanted this one for herself, but the woman was almost as intimidating as Miss Hartick at the moment. Shelly knew that in any other situation Miss Devasquez couldn't have pulled that off, but she had total control here, and she knew it. She figured she might as well play along. She let her eyes wander over him, making certain he was aware of it. "Well, you sure do look good in your skivvies. How about you turn around now so that we can see that ass?"

"You can't—"

"I can't what?"

"Miss Devasquez, tell her to... I don't know, isn't she supposed to be polite?"

"By your standards this is polite. And I want to see those buns too. Turn." He did, and the sight was impressive. Miss Devasquez tried to imitate one of Mindy's excitement sounds, but she couldn't quite do it. She could pinch his rear, though.

He threw his hands over his butt. "Don't do that!"

Miss Devasquez moved one of his hands. "Out of the way, so that I can pinch that ass again." When she did that, Mindy giggled uncontrollably. Now Reggie squirmed. She told him, "You're not used to being pushed around, are you?" He gave her a look that would have shattered glass, but she was just too happy with his discomposure to do anything more than smile. She mimicked his usual snide tone when she said, "Ask Shelly and Mindy to pinch your butt."

He panicked. "But, they can do what they want anyway."

"Say it. There's no negotiating here."

He glanced back at the other two eagerly awaiting females. "I can't! I can't say that."

"You say it, or I let one of them take your underwear down for you."

His eyes got big. She meant it. It was bad enough being they forced him to strip, he couldn't stand the thought of one of these girls pulling off the last of his clothes. "O-okay, okay. Shelly and Mindy, pinch my butt."

"Don't tell them to. Ask them to. Nicely."

"Come on! You're not like this with the other boys."

"The other boys behave. The other boys don't argue when I tell them to take off their clothes. Ask. Now."

He groaned loudly, "AaArh! Okay! Shelly, please pinch my butt?"

"Do you want me to squeeze it too?"

"What? I, oh man. Yes. Please do." He glowed red with a capacity for a full and deep blush that was unmatched. Shelly obliged him. She gave him a real good pinch that made him squeal almost like Mindy. Then she cupped one cheek exuberantly.

"Nice," she said. "Your turn, Mindy."

Mindy stepped up. Reggie begged, "No! Don't do it, okay? I'm sorry."

Mindy didn't get that. "What are you sorry for?"

"For whatever you want."

She giggled at him again before she took her turn, pinching one cheek, then the other. She put both hands on his butt, fondling liberally. When she let go, she heard him sigh with relief until she gave him a couple more pinches. Shelly was amazed. Mindy's hands were predators. She not only enjoyed that, she did it in a way that made Reggie give out a loud, high-pitched whimper.

“That’s one,” Miss Devasquez said.

“One what?” Reggie asked.

“I told you that you had to ask them to pinch your butt. You did that for Shelly, but not for Mindy. Don’t you respect Mindy?”

“Respect? What?”

Mindy said, “You can make up for it. Turn around. I want a feel of those muscles. You’re not built like Zack, but you are built.” Once she had him facing her, he realized just how a cornered mouse must feel. She had the most viciously seductive look he had ever seen as she looked his body up and down. Then her hands started wandering that body. “Come on over and join me, Shelly.”

Shelly would have felt a bit weird ordinarily, but somehow Mindy made it sound as if it was about as big a deal as sharing a sandwich. Reggie panicked when he had four hands roaming his arms and chest and abs and back and butt. “Oh god! Stop it!” He tried to imagine that he wanted it. That should have been easy. Two good-looking young women groping him? But this was not something he wanted. It was only what they wanted. And they knew it. Miss Devasquez actually had to stop them. “Okay, he’s had enough of that.” She waited a few moments. “Reggie, you didn’t thank me.”

“Th-thank you?”

“Too late. That’s two. Now it’s time to get that off.” She stared at his jockstrap.

He screamed, “No!”

“Yes,” Mindy said teasingly. “Time to see Reggie’s penis. Time to see if he gets hard like all the others. Ready to get naked?”

He was not himself at all. He had already imagined himself telling them what was what, and ruining their fun by staying confident. Now he could hardly talk. He pleaded when he asked, “Don’t make me do that! I can’t do that!”

Shelly said, “How many other girls have seen your goods, Reggie darling?”

“None!” He realized what he just admitted.

Shelly looked at Mindy and they both broke out laughing. “You mean you brag about your sex life, and no girl has seen you naked?”

“Don’t tell anyone.”

“Oh, I won’t tell anyone that,” Shelly said. “It’s good enough just to know. No girl has ever seen you naked, but now I get to.”

“We get to,” Mindy corrected her.

“That’s right. Reggie, three girls are about to see your dick. Are you ready for that?”

Miss Devasquez said, “He’s not nearly cooperative enough anyway. One of you will have to pull those off him.”

Mindy said, "Me!"

"Wait a moment," Miss Devasquez said. "This is Shelly's job, so it's up to her."

Mindy stared at her boss. She couldn't argue though. She turned to Shelly, "Let me do it. Please?" She got close to Shelly and whispered in her ear, "If you let me take his underwear off, then when I chaperone you alone, I'll let you pull down five boys' underwear!"

Shelly's eyes shot open wide. She chuckled. "It's like trading baseball cards." She saw Reggie's look of bewildered embarrassment. Shelly told him, "Your penis is ours to barter with. What do you think about that?"

"Screw you!"

Miss Devasquez tapped her fingers again. "That's three, young man. The correct answer was, 'Shelly, I respect you so much, I only wish I could do more.' "

He gaped at her. Then his look turned to shock when he heard Shelly tell Mindy, "He's all yours." Mindy got down in front of the fuming young man. She giggled as she always did, and made those funny high-pitched pleasure noises of hers. Then she started pulling down Reggie's jockstrap. He grabbed the top of the front to stop it, so it turned into a little tug of war. Mindy loved that. Miss Devasquez was not having that though. "That's four. Let go and let Mindy have her fun."

He didn't want to, but he was well past the point of defiance. He yelped as his last secret was exposed to them all. "Nice," Mindy said. "Real nice. Step out now. Good boy. Do as you're told. Now stand there while we get a good look."

Reggie felt as if he might pass out. He had expected to avoid this somehow, but he stood there naked for them. They weren't making it easy for him either. "We can see everything you've got." "How does it feel to respect women so much that you'll bare your penis for them?" "Naked Reggie. Naked, naked, naked Reggie. Say cheese!" Mindy clicked his picture.

"HEY! She can't do that!" He threw his hands over his goods.

Shelly asked, "Where were you hiding that camera?"

She took a few more pictures of him now that he covered himself up. It was great. Miss Devasquez looked forward to seeing the naked pictures of him, but for now she had him right there. She said, "Reggie, you may as well move your hands. We've already got one picture of it."

"NO!"

"Yes," Mindy said. "If you don't, then that picture of your penis will be all over school!"

"You wouldn't do that. You wouldn't do that."

"Pretty sure they would," Shelly said. "All they have to do is say that they didn't take that picture. No one will believe it, but will anyone be able to prove it? That's why they did this in the office. No witnesses. I sure didn't see anything."

Mindy giggled. "Give it up! I want another picture of your dick!"

Reggie said, "Do I deserve this?"

“Yes,” all three women said at once. Miss Devasquez added, “That’s five. Keep it up.” He was timid about it, but he moved his hands. Mindy made more of her happy little sounds as she smiled and captured his image for posterity. Right as she started with her camera, his tool responded to the attention. “There it goes,” Mindy said. “Look at that thing! He must like having his picture taken!”

Reggie’s penis lifted up slowly and steadily while they all watched. He muttered to his own body, “Stop it, stop it! Everyone’s looking!” But his body didn’t stop. He felt that all too familiar sensation as he grew and pointed. It didn’t feel quite the way it always did though. All the boys who had been through this felt the same. Reggie was just the latest. He didn’t have pleasure rushing into his loins. All of his unwanted emotions were focused on that one spot, filling him with unwanted self-attention as he put on an unwilling show for the ladies. When he got to his height, a tremor shook his body and his stiffy in particular.

“Very nice,” Miss Devasquez said. “I may not like you, Reggie, but I love your thing.”

Mindy laughed again. “He isn’t arrogant any more but look at how cocksure he is!”

Shelly was amazed at these women’s reactions. They were usually playful about it, and this time they were bullying a young man. Granted, this one was awful, and it was good to see him put in his place, but it was still surprising. She had to say, “Get another picture now, Mindy, while he’s wearing just his cap and his hard-on.”

Mindy giggled and got that picture. “Great! Hey, I’ve got an idea.” She moved to him and took the baseball cap off his head. She hung it from his erection, bringing laughter from all the girls. “I want a picture of that too.”

Reggie turned beet red again. “Can we stop this now? Aren’t there supposed to be questions?”

“Oh that’s right,” Miss Devasquez said. “Shelly, you should get on with your interview now. I was about to let him go, but he’ll have to keep standing there naked for us while you do your job. Oh, and it’s cute, but get that hat off his penis. I want to see that crowd pleaser.”

Shelly took his hat off. Then she ran one hand up and down his hat stand while he moaned. “So tell me, you’re a good hitter, but you’ve never scored a home run. How do you feel about that?”

He couldn’t take it. He was naked and stiff, and Shelly even managed to embarrass him about his baseball skill! She kept asking questions. Nearly every other one seemed to knock some ego out of his game. Eventually, there was a light tapping at the door to the office.

Miss Devasquez held one hand up to stop the interview. She answered the door. It was Arthur. “Yes?” she said.

“We, uh, I’m sorry to interrupt, but I thought we ought to tell you that we’re all done out here. We’re all leaving, unless you think some of us should stay.”

“Stay?” Mindy said.

“I didn’t mean like that!” Arthur said. “I just didn’t know if you knew you were alone down here.”

Reggie was still completely stiff on the other side of the room. “Guys, don’t leave me down

here with them!"

Some of Reggie's teammates didn't like him either, and that included Arthur. "Up yours, Reggie. Miss Devasquez, can I go?"

"You certainly can. Thank you, Arthur."

He was gone fast. Miss Devasquez turned on their formerly arrogant boy toy. "Well, it's just you and us now. Let me tell you a few things. I think the interview can end now. Shelly's done a good job keeping her mind on her work and off your rod."

"Not really," Shelly said. "Thanks for the compliment, but I can't keep my eyes off this guy."

Miss Devasquez chuckled. "What's going to happen is this. You're going to be well behaved from now on in my classroom. Otherwise, I give copies of those pictures to every girl in school. Got it?"

He didn't think she would, but he couldn't stand the thought of every girl seeing what these three had seen. "Okay, whatever you say."

"And your detention. Tuesday, you come, and five other boys will join you. You pick the ones that you want to join you. I'll tell them that you chose them, of course."

"Wh-what? Don't do that! Come on! Why?"

"That's what I was counting. Five. Five boys to join you because you couldn't behave in here. We're going to have you and five others in a *special detention*."

"But don't make me pick!"

Mindy said, "And we can veto anyone we want. You can't just pick boys like Chris who are quiet. You have to pick your friends or some real popular boys." Chris actually was popular, but he was not the kind of guy who could cause trouble for Reggie.

Miss Devasquez said, "You have the weekend to think about it, but you'd better have five names for me by Monday morning. Now, you haven't had the chance to shower yet. Head on in there and give us a show."

As he walked past them, each one grabbed him. He was not even just a boy in the locker room. He was a lonely stiffy with three stud hungry women. They made him wash up and rinse off while they all watched, close up. He just wished that his dick would get the message from his brain that it was time to back off. He couldn't go limp no matter how hard he tried.

Chapter 12

Along Comes a Friend

Miss Hartick waited for Shelly at the boys' locker room door. "There she is. Did you have a good weekend, Shelly?"

"Yes, I did. I've started to look forward to school days more and more, though."

Shelly was not alone this time. She had another girl with her. Miss Hartick said to her, "Hello, Jean."

Shelly said, "Jean's one of my best friends. I'm giving her a ride home today."

Miss Hartick nodded. She looked at this girl without blinking for about a solid minute. Jean had to ask, "What is it?"

Miss Hartick asked her, "Do you know what Shelly and I are doing here?"

Jean had to grin sheepishly. "You're going to interview the baseball team. In there. Shelly told me about it."

"Would you care to join us?"

Jean's jaw dropped and her eyes were huge. "Really? Me, go in there? With the boys while they don't have all their clothes on?"

Shelly also smiled, deviously. This was what she had hoped for. She knew that if she asked for a visitor, that Miss Hartick would only have said no. Just showing up with a girl worked. Miss Hartick thought it was her own idea.

When Miss Hartick saw Jean's reaction though, she was uncertain. Don't worry, faithful reader, everything will be all right. Miss Hartick just had to be certain of one thing. "You'll be in there with naked boys. Is that all right? I know that it will be embarrassing, so it's okay if you'd rather wait out here."

Jean was stupefied by that. "I, uh, I don't mind."

Shelly enjoyed playing along. "If it makes her too uncomfortable, then we can let her leave, right?"

"That's right," Miss Hartick said. "Don't feel that you have to do this."

“O-okay,” Jean said, mystified.

Miss Hartick opened the door and led the way. Jean gave Shelly a look like, is she for real? Shelly just nodded. Then they were there, a girl’s dream. Jean couldn’t believe it. This was really happening. Shelly hadn’t said a word about Jean coming down with them. So Jean had this sprung on her. The reaction was great. Jean couldn’t close her eyes for a moment.

Shelly thought she might enjoy this. She didn’t like having to have a teacher with her, but that was because the teachers controlled things. Another student though? That was something else. Jean was breathless. “Oh my god. I’m in the boys’ locker room. Hee hee hee, I’m in the boys’ locker room. Oh!” There were boys there. There was a team full of sexy baseball players. “Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!” She hadn’t seen any of them naked yet, but a few of them were in the midst of changing when she arrived.

Miss Hartick stopped and told her, “Here’s the boys’ showers.”

Jean stared with wonder. “It *is* the boys’ showers! Oh! There’s one, two, three... six of them in there! *Naked!*”

Miss Hartick shouted into the showers, “Boys, don’t be that way. You don’t need to be shy in front of your fellow students even if they are girls. Turn around and say hi.”

Jean was amazed that the boys complied. It was evident that they didn’t want to, but they did it. Six boys turned around and treated her to the sight of their naked bodies. Or at least she was once Miss Hartick demanded that Chris and Zack move their hands to let her see. Jean couldn’t believe it. Six studly boys, wet and naked, and the vice-principal made them show her everything! Six bare sweetsticks were right there for her eyes! She waved coyly. Some boys managed to swallow enough of their embarrassment to wave back. They went back to washing quickly.

Miss Hartick couldn’t make eye contact with the smitten student since Jean couldn’t take her eyes off the bathing boys. All the same, she told Jean, “You can come with us to hear the interview, or you can wait for us here.”

“Wait... here? Wait here at the showers?”

“If you’d like to watch them.”

Jean turned to her friend, “Is she serious?”

“Yes, but come with me to interview someone.”

“What? No! That’s Chris and Zack and Chris in there! That’s Chris’s penis!”

“I know. It’s wonderful. I’ve seen it before.” Shelly told Miss Hartick, “She’ll come with us.”

“Okay,” Miss Hartick said.

“Shelly!”

“Jean, calm down. Which boy on the team do you have a crush on?”

Jean colored a moment. She realized that the best thing she could do would be to trust Shelly. She whispered, “Greg.”

“I haven’t interviewed Greg yet. Let’s go.”

Miss Hartick nodded and led the way. Behind her, Jean whispered, “Have you seen him naked?”

“Oh yeah. A couple times. You won’t be disappointed.” They found him at his locker. His jersey was unbuttoned and his cap and shoes were off, but apart from that, his uniform was all there. Shelly said, “Hi, Greg. Ready for an interview?”

“Wh- H- What’s going on now?”

Miss Hartick said, “Shelly’s giving Jean a ride home after the interview.”

“Okay. Does Jean have to be in here during the interview?”

“I thought it was appropriate. I think you boys need to learn to accept your situation.”

“With all due respect, Miss Hartick, the situation keeps changing.”

“No, the situation stays the same. The only reason for any of this is to establish girls as relevant at the school.”

“And Jean has to see me take off my clothes for that?”

Miss Hartick lost her temper, but in a small way. “Greg, show some respect. Your body isn’t as important as Shelly’s reporting. Your privacy isn’t as important. If Shelly sees fit to bring a guest along, then what difference does it make to you?”

Shelly tried to help shape this the way she wanted it. “It seems to me that the players should treat any girl I bring with the same regard they show me. After all, I might bring a fellow reporter, or Nancy the editor. For all Greg knew, Jean was another reporter for the school paper.”

“I wish I was!” Jean said happily.

Greg looked at Miss Hartick for a decision. He knew what this crazy woman would say, but he hoped, he really, really, really hoped for a moment of sanity. Miss Hartick didn’t even bother to speak her mind. She just told Jean, “Make yourself at home here. Don’t interfere with Shelly’s work at all, but feel free to do what she does.”

“What does that mean?”

“You’ll see,” Shelly said smugly to Greg, “it looks as if you can remove those clothes now, huh?” As soon as she saw him start to peel off his jersey, she said, “You were having trouble making contact with the ball at batting practice today.”

“I have it under control. Don’t worry about it.” He had to get a hold of himself before he could start taking anything else off. They forced him to strip again. AGAIN! And again he would be seen naked by some girl who hadn’t seen his goods yet. He felt the warmth of a slight blush. He glanced toward Jean when he started undoing his pants. When she looked back at him and sighed girlishly, he almost refastened his pants. How could he do this? He breathed out

hard and played in character to try to delay the unveiling. Answering another one of Shelly's questions, he stopped stripping and acted as if it was a hard question. "I've got to think about that. Hey, Ted."

Ted had just come out of the showers, and gave his teammate an evil look. He did not appreciate being used as a distraction. He was still shower wet and wore nothing but a towel. Greg had to point that out to distract the girls.

Shelly gave him that half smile that they all hated. She snagged his towel and slipped it right off him. Ted, predictably, covered his privates with his hands. "Oh, come on!"

Miss Hartick said to Jean, "They try to act embarrassed. I suppose I can accept that as long as they do what they're told."

Shelly found Ted's awkward stance hilarious. She handed his towel to her pal. "Here, why don't you help Ted dry off."

Jean stared at him. "Dry him off?"

"Go ahead. He respects you. He'll even move his hands and let you see his dick."

"He'll do what? Oh my GOD!" He did. Jean couldn't believe that her friend's stories were true. She thought Shelly made most of it up. But here she looked at a nice, bare penis because Shelly had told this stud he had to let her look! What's more, she would get to dry him off! "How do I start?"

"How do you start?" Shelly laughed. "Just dry him off."

"R-right. Oh, this is so bad." She smiled though. Seeing just how humiliated Ted was, she should have stopped and given the towel back, but how could she have lived with herself if she had? "Sh-should I be doing this?" she asked as she felt his body under the towel.

Miss Hartick said, "It's only natural for you to experience some inhibitions. If you're enjoying that though, then go ahead and enjoy it. You're supposed to."

"I, I am?"

Shelly said, "It's good to be a girl, isn't it?"

"Yeah." Jean kept on moving her hands all over Ted's body as she looked back and forth between him and Greg, who managed to slowly strip down. Her hands were shaking by the time she got to Ted's dick. She noticed that it was not resting anymore. "Oh! Oh, Miss Hartick, uh, Shelly, uh, what do I do?" Her eyes were transfixed on that erection now that she had moved the towel. Ted covered it up with his hands, but then he got the better of his modesty and let her stare.

Shelly said, "Well, he needs to be dry there too, doesn't he?"

"Dry? You want me to dry his...? You want me to put my hand on his?"

Shelly said, "Hold on, Greg, I'll be right back with you." Greg was happy to stop and even pulled his pants back up since he had the chance. Shelly stepped to naked Ted with a smile. She pointed at his stiffy, "You always do that. Don't you have any shame?"

Ted looked away, covered himself again, and again thought better of it. He had to let them

see his boner. He wished that his body didn't scream for attention like that. He said, "Shelly, can you maybe just not do that, this time?"

"Do what, Ted? Do this?" She grabbed his cock and moved her hand gently from one end to the other. Twice. "It's nothing Ted. I've done it before."

"And I hated it then." He was not sure he should have said that, but Miss Hartick didn't seem too bothered. "Please, just let me get dressed now?"

Shelly looked at Jean and winked. "Go ahead."

"Me?" she said. "I can? Oh gosh!" She looked into his pleading eyes. She said, "Can I just, just...?"

"You don't have to ask *him*," Shelly said.

Jean started to doubt that Shelly had anything like a conscience. On the other hand, she was enthralled at the sight of that penis pointing at the ceiling because she had rubbed his body. She felt as if she was a snake charmer. Hesitantly, she put her hand to his shaft. "Oh gosh." She overcame her inhibitions the moment she felt it in her grasp. "Oh gosh. I've never done this before." She slowly started to move her hand all over his goods. Her hand moved up and down, circling and touching it, playing with his balls. She saw him shudder a few times and wondered if it felt good to him. He was clearly upset, but did it feel good? She actually rather doubted that from his face. Maybe it should have felt good, but they forced him to let her play with his body as if they owned it. She enjoyed it; he did not, but that didn't seem to concern her.

Jean had the biggest smile of her life, but she glanced over at Miss Hartick. She couldn't tell if the vice principal quite approved, so she let Ted's tool go, but continued to stare at his naked body until he was dressed.

Shelly resumed the interview, as she asked her pointed, serious questions while she watched Greg's pants come down and off. He was good at delaying, even though it wouldn't help him. Jean started giggling at the sight of him in his underwear. She couldn't believe she was seeing him, wonderful Greg, who she'd had a crush on for months. He was almost all the way bare. There was only one thing she couldn't see. She moved her eyes up his body (what a body) to his face, where she gazed lovingly into his eyes. Greg saw the infatuation there and hoped it would save him. He never spared much thought for Jean, but he could tell that she wanted his attention. Did that mean she might ask Shelly to stop this? Could he keep his underwear on and his pride intact? Of course not. Jean and Shelly picked him out because Jean wanted to see if that crush was worth having. She was about to find out. Shelly stopped her questions and tapped her foot. "Greg, you're just standing there."

"Uh, what do you want me to do, a backflip?"

Jean chuckled. Yes, she liked him. No, it wouldn't save him. Shelly said, "Greg, you know you're required to strip all the way and I want to see you buck naked. Jean wants to see you buck naked. So get that off and let us see your passport."

"Passport!" Jean repeated with a laugh.

Greg hooked one thumb into his waistband, but he tried to get out of it. "Jean, do you really want me to take this off?" He said it so charming and persuasively.

Jean loved his voice, but also loved the bulge she had been staring at, and wanted to see it uncovered. She was not the least bit shy when her big eyes stared into his. “Mm-Hmmmmmm. I want to see it all. Show me your, hee hee, passport!”

Greg grumbled. He started, stopped, and tried a second time. This girl wanted roses and poetry from him, but that didn't change the fact that she needed to see his penis. He didn't just feel embarrassed; he felt a special awkwardness this time. He only wished that Jean felt that too. She did, of course, but she also felt so satisfied already just from the anticipation. He knew that if he stalled too long that someone would volunteer to help him. So he took a deep breath, clenched his eyes shut, and peeled off his pride. The moment he was naked, he opened his eyes. He wished he hadn't. He didn't want to see the women staring back at him, but he couldn't help looking around. Miss Hartick was interested. Shelly was satisfied. Jean, she was enchanted. He heard her barely whisper, “Oooh! Shelly was right, this was worth it!”

He said, “Okay, now that you've seen me like this, are we finished?”

Shelly returned to her wicked half grin. “What's the matter, Greg, are you in a hurry? I have a few more questions. It won't take long.”

“I-I-I'd rather shower. Actually I might just skip that part.” He imagined them letting him shower, but only because Jean might want to watch. “Can I go now?”

“In a minute. First, I want a prediction for the first game.”

“I don't know. Can we stop now? Please?”

Shelly had to hold in her laughter, as she almost lost her professional calm because Greg was on the verge of begging. He was desperate to get away before Jean saw him harden up. “Greg, just give me something I can quote. No one will care if you're right or not.”

He was too flustered to answer, and didn't even realize Shelly asked that knowing he would be too nervous to answer. That only made him even more nervous. Eventually, that would press him into action. It started quickly. He stuttered and then muttered, “Oh no, not this.” He felt all the quivering embarrassment flow into his organ, which couldn't resist that power, and started to grow. “Damn it!” He couldn't help it. This had happened before, but it always felt as it did the first time. He threw his hands over his goods.

When he didn't correct that mistake, Miss Hartick had to tell him, “Greg, you know you can't do that. Allow the girls to see your penis. Even though it's growing, the girls can handle it. I worried about Jean at first, but she handled Ted so well.”

Shelly joked, “She certainly did handle Ted real well. Get that dick all the way up, and I'll bet she'll handle you too.”

“Shelly!” Jean said.

It was the first time Shelly saw a girl truly embarrassed in this situation. “Well, look at that, Jean. Greg, move your hands already. There. Look at it. He's getting hard just for you.”

“No, he's not,” she said with a playful smile.

“Pretty sure he is. There he goes! Look at that! That is one serious erection! It should be wearing a necktie!”

“Shelly! You’re awful.”

Shelly had a bit of fun at Jean’s expense, but she didn’t want her friend to leave empty-handed. “He’s standing at full mast just for you, Jean. He can’t even look you in the eye. Wouldn’t it be rude to turn that down?”

“Shelly, he can hear you!”

“Well, if you don’t want to, you don’t have to feel him.”

Greg’s dick was impressive. She’d fallen in love with it the moment she saw it, but now that she saw it in action, it was heroic. Jean locked her eyes on that magnificent sign of the times. She couldn’t believe how hot his bare, stiff cock was. She gave him a helpless look. “I can’t help it, you know.”

He took a half step back. “Wait, wait, Jean, come on. You like me, right? So don’t make me do this. Come on. It’s humiliating.”

She gave a surprisingly innocent smile. “I’m sorry, Greg.” She didn’t look sorry, nor did she sound sorry. She just grabbed his princely rod. With an enormous amount of self-satisfaction, Jean made sure to touch every bit of his manhood. Once she had it all committed to memory, she said to him, “Listen, I know this is a stupid time to do this, but here’s my phone number. I hope you call me sometime.” Jean started walking away, so the others followed her. Greg sat down, wishing that his cock would behave, but it just wouldn’t go down. He put the phone number in his pocket. He was still cursing in his mind at the indignity of it. He couldn’t quite get her touch out of his head.

Chapter 13

Group Detention

It was another special detention. Miss Devasquez had been looking forward to this, a second helping of cocky Reggie. He was the only boy on the team that she wanted to abuse. She loved stripping the other boys, and even loved their embarrassment, shame, and humiliation. With Reggie, it was different though. She didn't just do this for the entertainment of it. He could use the lesson. Knocking him down a peg or ten would be good for everyone. Forcing him to bare his goods was not enough. Miss Devasquez would do that to any boy on the team. For Reggie, it had to be special. That's why she had made him choose five other boys to join him in this demonstration. Granted, seeing five more unwillingly exposed cocks would improve her day, but what she wanted was to put a dent in Reggie's reputation.

Of course, an event like this needed a bit more control than Miss Devasquez had. She thought that maybe she could tell six baseball boys what to do. By now, they would probably do whatever she told them, but that was only because of Miss Hartick. So, to be sure that there would be no defiance at all, Miss Devasquez requested Miss Hartick's supervision as well. That made it certain. The other boys might complain that they had done nothing wrong, but it wouldn't matter if Miss Hartick was there. It was like her super power. No one said no to her.

All the boys arrived at the same time. They probably gathered together all at once so that none would have to walk in alone. Miss Devasquez was pleased to see that Reggie was the last one in the room though. He was not their leader.

The boys were horrified when they came in. What would a special detention be if there weren't extra eyes present to enjoy the boys? Miss Devasquez only wished she could do more than look, but she was uncertain whether Miss Hartick would approve in this setting. As it was, there would be humiliation enough. Along with Miss Devasquez, Miss Hartick, Mindy, and Shelly, other females had been invited. Miss Hartick brought along Miss Bridle, the school counselor. She also made sure to have some stellar girl students in the room. Allison was there, since she was the school's top student, along with Wendy and Tatiana as well. Shelly brought her friend Jean and another girl, Hannah. Miss Devasquez had invited two more teachers, Miss Armstrong and Miss Fox, who certainly lived up to her name. Miss Fox might have been the hottest teacher in the school.

The boys were stunned at the size of this crowd. These women outnumbered them, two to

one! That had been Miss Hartick's idea. The boys always had the shelter of the locker room where they had their fellow teammates. Now they were not only taken out of that place, but also surrounded by women who they would be "forced to respect".

Miss Devasquez took charge. "Boys, I want you all to line up at the front of the class room. Good. Now you know why you're here?"

"No," Philip said.

"Let me remind you then," Miss Devasquez said with pleasure. "Reggie chose you five to join him in this special detention."

"But we didn't do anything!" Dean said.

"That's true," Miss Hartick interjected. When she spoke, it was clear that no one else would say a word. "When your team gets in trouble with Coach Gracy, does he deal with just one of you? Or does he make several of you run or do extra pushups? He makes his point by disciplining the team, and that's what's happening now. Reggie refused to cooperate with Shelly's interview. Now all six of you, as representative of the team will pay the price for that. If you don't want to be a part of anymore disciplinary actions, then I suggest you keep your teammates in line."

Brian looked around. He hoped that this was not going to be what he thought. "What do we have to do?"

Miss Devasquez took over again. "Boys, you've been resisting the female presence in your locker room long enough. One way or another, you're going to learn. We brought you here to allow you to demonstrate your willingness to cooperate. There's no interview at the moment; however, you will behave as though this were one. You know what that means."

Alex looked around at all the women and girls. "But there's so many of you!"

Brian was smart enough to ask the teachers in the room, "Do you know what they're going to make us do?"

"All the teachers have had it explained," Miss Hartick said.

Mindy said, "The girls are in for a treat."

The students in the room whispered to each other. Ever since the first special detention, there were stories. Everyone knew that Shelly had been in the locker room on more than one occasion. Jean, Shelly, and Allison knew exactly what they were going to get to see. They'd seen it already. Wendy, Tatiana, and Hannah were wondering what would actually happen. They were hoping that the stories were true, that Miss Hartick would make these boys strip off all their clothes. Who could believe that though? They were anxious for it, all the same.

As for the women in the room, each one had a different outlook. Miss Armstrong was the one that none of you, as readers, would choose to put there, because she was the one who would be completely opposed to this entire girl reporter program. Like Miss Devasquez and Mindy, Miss Armstrong will have a conscience telling her just how wrong this is. Unlike Miss Devasquez and Mindy, Miss Armstrong will not surrender to her female urges. The only reason she came along was to see this with her own eyes. She knew that Miss Hartick was a bit off, but she didn't believe that boys were simply forced to get naked.

Miss Fox, on the other hand, couldn't wait to see these studs strip down. She knew that all the boys fantasized about her, since she had overheard them and intercepted notes. She couldn't help being a boys' fantasy, but it bothered her. Now she could get even and get some fantasy material of her own. In fact, she would see more of these boys than they would ever get to see of her. She couldn't wait.

Miss Bridle was the school counselor. She was a soft spoken and somewhat nervous woman with serious concerns about the effect all this had on the boys. She probably would have been much more like Miss Armstrong if it wasn't for the fact that she had to talk to Miss Hartick. Miss Hartick was overpowering and persuasive at times. Miss Bridle had decided not to pass judgment yet. Besides, she would get to see the naked boys! Goodness knows she had noticed just how attractive the baseball boys were.

The six boys she lined up already looked as if they were ready to die from exposure. They weren't exposed at all yet. They shuffled and worried. "Miss Hartick, isn't this too many women and girls?" "Make Reggie do this, but let the rest of us go!" "Are we really going to have to take it all off?"

"That's right," Mindy said happily. She did not disguise her pleasure. She couldn't keep the smile off her face or the squeal out of her voice. The girls in the room heard that and they were ready for a show.

Miss Devasquez had to try to keep up the illusions. "See boys, if we let this bad attitude towards the girls go on, we know it will only get out of hand. The idea is that you can do whatever you have to in order to break down the sexual boundaries here at Prellis High."

Dean tried to sound macho, but it came out as a whine. "But this is a detention! You're punishing us! You know we hate it!"

Miss Hartick started up then and once she started talking, the subject would be closed. No one would interfere after she had her say. "If you hate it so much, then this is a learning experience. You can learn to live with it. No one expects you to be comfortable. We only expect you to do what you have to do. Only Reggie is being punished. That's what brought about the detention. The stripping and the extra boys only help further the reporting program that I've put in place. Miss Devasquez and I have considered making these after school sessions a regular occurrence to make certain that you boys know how to behave though. It's time to get started now. These women and girls didn't come here to hear you argue, rather they came here to see you naked. I know that most of them don't have anything to do with the reporting, but they are now representatives of the girls of the school. You are to treat them with the professional courtesy that you give willingly to Shelly."

Miss Bridle started to lean more in favor of this strange idea. "They do this for Shelly willingly?"

Miss Hartick answered, "They resisted at first, but now the boys have come to understand how important it is. They still try to act embarrassed, but they don't complain much now. They may not be happy about it, but they serve their sport willingly by letting Shelly see them undress."

The boys all muttered. Every one of them wanted to shout that it was untrue and they were forced into this. None of them had the courage to be the first boy to speak up, though. Instead,

they all started to nervously unbutton and slip off their shirts.

The girls in the room could hardly stand it. They were squirming, oohing, and aching as the boys started. "Will they take off everything?" "Will we get to see their, uh, you know?" "Oh my gosh, Philip's hot." "I like Alex best." "OooooOOOOoooH! MMmmM!"

Bare from the waist up, the boys stalled a few moments. Mindy couldn't stop grinning. "That's not enough, boys! You know you have to keep stripping!"

Miss Fox's eyes were just eating up the scene. The boys could hardly stand to look at her, the way she stared so lasciviously. Miss Armstrong was amazed. She just knew this wouldn't keep going. However, the boys were taking their pants off! Surely, that would be the end of it.

Miss Bridle said, "Should the girls be quite that, uhm, vocal?"

Miss Hartick told her, "It would be unreasonable to expect them not to enjoy it. Don't you think it would affect the girls adversely if they had to pretend they weren't girls?"

"Oh, uhm, I hadn't thought about it that way."

Miss Armstrong couldn't believe what she heard. Surely, some other woman in the room would stop this. Looking around though, she saw no pair of women's eyes that weren't soaking up the skin. What could she say to stop that?

The boys had stripped to their underwear, and stood in a line of six gorgeous bodies for all the hungry eyes. Their fellow students, who were able to remain fully clothed, were all on the verge of shrieking hormonally. It was terrible, being treated as zoo exhibits for so many eager females.

Miss Devasquez was determined to make this a real show. "Boys, you may turn around before you take your underwear off."

The boys all slowly turned before they reluctantly removed their last bit of cover. They were careful not to give away anything more than their backsides, but the girls still loved it. "Oooooooo!" "Woo-woo!" "Oh god, they're hot!" Shelly gave her practiced wolf whistle.

"I can't believe this," Miss Armstrong whispered to Miss Fox. "Can you believe they're making those poor boys do this?"

"MMmm-hmmMMM!" Miss Fox responded, with a lecherous gaze roaming over the bare buns.

Miss Armstrong was shocked. How could a teacher go along with this? Granted, those were some nice butts up there, but this was so wrong! Miss Armstrong felt helpless to do the right thing. She could only imagine how the boys felt!

Miss Devasquez said, "If everyone's gotten a good enough look, then I'll have the boys turn around again? Ready?"

"YEAH!" "Oh, this is so good!" "Hee hee hee! We're looking at you, boys!"

They made the boys turn around, but each of them had their hands clasped possessively over their goods. The girls laughed and giggled. Shelly had her famous wicked stare and cocky half smile. Greedy gazes were everywhere and the boys knew that they were about to give up the last of their pride.

Miss Bridle quietly asked Miss Hartick, “Uhm, I understand your support for Shelly, but is this necessary?”

“You should see how the boys act when they aren’t forced to behave. They’re incorrigible.”

“But don’t you worry about the effect this has on them?”

“As far as I can tell, Miss Bridle, it hasn’t affected their grades or their athletic performance. You can check if you wish. I’d like your input on this program.”

“Cer-certainly. Are the boys, are they going to have to uncover everything?”

“Of course. Don’t worry. You’ll see it all.”

What had Miss Bridle worried wasn’t that. Like Miss Devasquez and Mindy, she felt bad for the boys. She was not as certain that this was all so wrong though. If Miss Hartick could be that confident about it, then couldn’t she be right? Miss Bridle decided not to form her opinion yet. She would, however, be certain to get a good look at what would happen next.

Shelly said, “I think it’s time for some dick! Move those hands!”

“What did she say?” Miss Armstrong whispered.

“Oh, yes,” Miss Fox said.

“Wait, wait,” Miss Devasquez said. “We’ll go one at a time, down the line.” This was a great performance. Thrilled to hear the sounds of approval from the girls and women in the room, Miss Devasquez felt as if she was a magician performing her greatest trick. Like a magic word, she would say a boy’s name, and his penis would appear! “Philip, show them what they’re here for.”

Jean and the other girls all squealed almost as good as Mindy did. Hot as hell, star pitcher Philip dropped his hands and hung his head as the women saw his entire body.

Miss Devasquez pointed to the next blushing boy. “Mark, you were the first boy I saw Shelly interview. I’ve been dying to see your penis again.” Taking a few seconds to work up the nerve, he moved his hands aside slowly so that they could all see his wonder. He had a nice body, but that penis may have been his best feature. The girls all giggled at him as he stood there naked for them. He heard them assess his manhood. All he could do was try to avoid looking any of them in the eye.

Next, Miss Devasquez moved over and said, “Dean, set aside that modesty.” He gave her a burning look, but did what she said. He threw down his hands defiantly so that they could take in the sight of his sweetstick. For half a minute or so, he looked as proud as a Greek statue. Then the sounds of the whispers and the high-pitched girl noises got to him. He blushed all at once, turned beet red, but kept standing straight, and then trembled with it as he felt all the eyes on his body.

“Brian, Give us your goods.” His head moved one way and another as if looking for an escape, but none was to be found. He would have to surrender his self-respect so that a room

full of lusty girls and women could enjoy his naked shame. Miss Devasquez had to say his name again. The girls were already whispering and staring at that spot, still covered by his hands. His fingers twitched, and he let go of his pride. His head fell to one side. The embarrassment of this forced exposure was so much that he didn't think he would ever feel anything else again. He heard the girls size him up. "He's not as big as the others, is he?" "What? He's hot!" "And that isn't small." "That's one nice dick!"

"Alex?" Miss Devasquez said. The sound of his own name startled him. It was his turn to offer his "respect" by giving up his own self-respect. He had heard one of the girls say he was her favorite. Anywhere else, that would have been great, but here it was mortifying. He stuttered, "Can't I, uh, do I have to, why do I, never mind." By letting them look, he heard a few little happy moans from his audience. He couldn't take it and covered back up. Then he knew that it would only be worse if he didn't play along. He uncovered again, bringing laughter from all the girls and a couple of the teachers.

The last one was the one Miss Devasquez had waited for. She couldn't have picked a favorite hottie out of this lineup. They were a pack of studs. However, Reggie was her favorite target. Embarrassing him was a special privilege. "Reggie, it's time to let the girls see your wand. Come on, Reggie, move those hands. You know you have to."

She was surprised to hear the other boys agree with her. They hated what was happening to them, but it was Reggie's fault this time. They didn't want him to get out of this. "Come on, man!" "Do it and get it over with!" "Miss Devasquez, move his hands for him."

Miss Armstrong couldn't believe what she heard. These boys had been forced into this so well that they were eager to see each other abused.

Miss Bridle had a different point of view. When she heard the boys complain, she wondered if Miss Hartick might not have a point after all. If these boys, these gorgeous, naked boys, could urge their friend to play along, then maybe their hesitation and embarrassment wasn't as serious after all.

Miss Devasquez did have to move Reggie's hands for him. He begged her quietly, "Don't do it! I can't stand it! You've made your point! Oh no. OH NO!" He was bare penis naked for all those girls and they loved him for it. He was not used to being popular among the girls, preferring to be disliked for his vulgar attitude, but now he was the one being stared at and objectified.

Now there was a lineup of boys with nothing to hide. Some boys stared back at the women staring at them, other let their heads drop to stare at the floor. They all blushed and shivered. Twelve women were staring at their cocks. They could hear the happy noises and the commentary from all sides.

Jean and the other girls were beside themselves with excitement. "Look at all that dick!" "They're naked! They're really naked!" "Oh my gosh, I love Miss Hartick." "I'll dream about this for a month!"

Shelly told them, "The show's not over yet, just wait."

The boys heard her and dreaded it. They struggled with their own urges and could feel all the shame and horror of this public show flowing through their young bodies. It all centered on one particular area. They all hated that they couldn't resist. It was terrible enough being forced

to strip and show off their intimates to a bunch of lecherous women, but their own bodies would betray them. It was only a matter of time before they would be hard, thrust up and out for their female audience. The boys fought against their own embarrassment. It was a battle of wills. They all knew they were doomed, but they tried so hard. Starting with Dean, he felt the movement of his member, clenched his fists, swore under his breath, and little by little, he started to rise. The girls were amazed as always. "Look at that!" "Oh my god, he's growing!" "Why is that happening?" "I love it! Keep going, Dean!"

Before the detention, Shelly, Mindy, and Miss Devasquez had placed bets on the boy's erections. Each of them took turns picking a boy's name so that they each had two. Any name that placed in the top half of the boner race was considered a win. Every win for Mindy and Miss Devasquez was an interview subject of their choice, and exclusive handling rights for that interview. A win for Shelly would be the right to watch the boys shower for fifteen minutes on a locker room day and the right to dry off the last boy to walk out during her time.

Mindy was elated that Dean lifted first, since he was one of her picks. She watched his fabulous unit lift up while the girls giggled and pointed at him. He blushed deeper than before as his drawbridge rose. Achieving that state first by a wide margin, he was hard and humiliated for the dozen female witnesses.

Each of the other boys had struggled to stay soft, without success. It was as if it was a slow motion race, except the boys wanted to be the last ones to reach the finish line. Some of them were doing so well that it appeared they might not reach their zenith.

The girls' banter didn't help either. "They're all doing it!" "Oh, keep it up!" "Don't slow down!" "Oh no! Alex is starting to fall a little! Don't do that!"

Hannah had to ask the obvious question, "Why is that happening to them?"

Shelly happily answered, "It always happens when the boys get naked."

Miss Devasquez added, "It's just their normal reaction to all the attention."

Wendy asked, "You mean they're getting hard just because we're looking at them?"

Three struggling penises rose right up in answer to her question. Of course, Wendy started giggling uncontrollably. She'd never felt such control over a boy.

The bet was settled. Mark, Brian, and Philip had risen quickly, in that order. Miss Devasquez and Shelly had also picked winning names.

Only Alex and Reggie had resisted the call to arms, so far. They both were just slightly above the halfway point. The room was quiet for just a moment as you could hear Miss Hartick tell Miss Bridle, "You can tell from their reaction that this is not exactly traumatizing. Neither the boys nor their penises resist."

That ended it for Reggie, as he lifted up straight away. That was almost all of them. Alex felt some pride now that he resisted the call. He managed to make his dick fall just a bit, causing the girls to groan. Smiling, he almost felt triumphant and looked around at his oglers, daring them to enjoy. He would not give in. Then he looked at Miss Fox, sultry Miss Fox. When he made eye contact with her, she gave him a wink and a kissy face. Alex's eyes shot open wide as his hard-on took control. Just like that, he was fully aroused. There were no more holdouts, as every boy was completely embarrassed at being naked and stiff for so many onlookers at once.

The girls in the class were all smiles. They walked along that line, and got a good look at each stiff standing soldier in that lineup. Every so often, a boy would try to cover it up, only to have Miss Hartick or Miss Devasquez tell him to let the girls enjoy.

Miss Fox had fantasy material for weeks. She told the boys, “You have nothing to be embarrassed about. You’re all attractive young men, MmmM, very attractive!”

Miss Armstrong couldn’t take any more. She stood up and announced loudly, “This is terrible! I’m not going to stand here and watch this! Miss Hartick, I’m going to talk to Principal Steadworth. We’ll see about all this! And you, young lady,” she pointed to Shelly, “you should be ashamed of yourself!” She stormed out.

The girls in the room all turned dramatic. Allison, Wendy, Tatiana, Jean, and Hannah all were in a hurry to encourage Miss Hartick. “You can’t let her stop you!” “You have to keep doing this!” “Miss Hartick, you’re a genius!” “Miss Armstrong’s just a fussy, uh, you know.”

Miss Hartick was overjoyed to see that all the girls had the appropriate reaction. She felt that she accomplished something. Although, remember that while Miss Hartick was a bit off center, she also felt the need to be responsible. “Well, girls, it seems that more than one teacher agrees with me, but I have to admit that I have questioned my methods from time to time.” This met with a few quiet but enthusiastic whispers from the boys, all of whom were still stiff display pieces. Miss Hartick said, “That’s why I wanted more teachers to see this. I wanted more opinions on the matter.”

Miss Fox didn’t wait to be asked. “I can tell you that this is the best thing for both the girls and the boys. I wouldn’t want anyone to take advantage,” she almost choked on her own words there, but she kept her composure. “But I think that the boys and girls can get past some societal barriers this way.”

Miss Hartick didn’t particularly like Miss Fox, but now she felt a bit fonder of her than normal. She noticed that Miss Fox took the first opportunity to turn her eyes back to all the boners though. As though the boys weren’t even there to hear it, the debate went on. Miss Hartick asked the school counselor, “Miss Bridle, what do you think?”

For a moment, Miss Bridle was speechless. On her own, she would have agreed with Miss Armstrong. The trouble was, the girls all sounded so desperate to have this continue, and the other teachers seemed to favor it as well. There was even that moment that the boys encouraged one of their own to comply. She glanced along that row of towers, noticing the way the boys fidgeted and blushed. It was clear what they felt. Was this too much for them though? “Well, I don’t know. I see both sides of the argument.” Her eyes hadn’t left that row of naked boys. “It’s a bit hard to decide right now. It’s a bit hard to concentrate, I mean.”

The girls all giggled. Wendy said, “It sure is!”

Miss Bridle actually blushed at that moment. She hadn’t meant to say that, and admit she was too in love with the sight of those stiffies to think clearly. To recover, she told Miss Hartick, “I think that I’ll have to consider this for a while. I think we’ll have to talk about this some more.”

“Certainly,” Miss Hartick said.

The boys would have felt some hope if they could have felt anything other than the utter

humiliation of their enforced nudity. It was over though, Miss Hartick said, "Okay, boys, you're dismissed. You can get dressed."

The girls continued to enjoy the show as the boys got themselves stuffed back into their pants. Mindy still clicked away with her hidden camera. She wouldn't dare bring it into the locker room, but she would not miss an opportunity elsewhere. One by one, all the boys quietly left. Eventually only Miss Devasquez, Mindy, and Shelly remained. Now that they were away from the others, they could talk openly. Shelly said, "Do you think we can keep this up?"

"You mean because of Miss Armstrong?" Miss Devasquez asked. "Do you think that Principal Steadworth is going to do anything to get in Miss Hartick's way? That silly little man would be happy to stay in his office forever to keep off her bad side."

"But what if someone else gets involved?"

Miss Devasquez worried a bit. She didn't want to lose her pass to the heaven of locker room invasion either. She looked on the bright side though. "Miss Armstrong is no match for Miss Hartick. Don't worry about Miss Bridle too much either. I could tell that she was overcome by all that flesh. I think she will find a way to justify this, as long as she might get invited to a few more penis fiestas."

"We each won the bet," Mindy said.

"That's right. Oh, I want to be there tomorrow, but I have a conference. It looks as if you get to pick your stud first, Mindy."

"EEeeEE! I want you to interview Chris!"

"Sure. See you then, Mindy."

Chapter 14

Mindy's Pick

Just yesterday, Mindy and Shelly took part in the forced stripping of half a dozen baseball boys in Miss Devasquez's classroom. Now they were going to enjoy whatever they wanted right there in the boys' locker room. Mindy and Shelly watched the boys practice. It was amazing how well the team had come together. Even though Mindy didn't like baseball, she was impressed.

Shelly made notes as she watched. The performance enthralled her. In the locker room she was a boy crazy pervert, but in the stands, she was a passionate sports fan. "It looks like they're about done. You ready to go have some fun?"

"Mm-hm," Mindy said. She was already feeling that satisfied warmth. Before long, she would get to see Chris naked, up close, and personal. This would be wonderful. "Where's Gayla?"

"Here I am!" Gayla said, catching up. "Oh good. I thought I'd missed you! Can I still come?"

Mindy looked at Shelly. It was really her call if she wanted to bring another student along as a guest. "Let's go see some muscle," Shelly said to her. Shelly liked Gayla and was eager to be friendly. Gayla wasn't at the bottom of the social scale, but was kind of a nerd. Shelly was anxious to give this girl the treat of some hot athlete nakedness.

As they walked, Gayla gushed with gratitude, "Thanks so much! Is it really true that you wait until a boy is undressed before you interview him?"

"Not exactly. It's better than that. Miss Hartick made the rule that any boy I interview has to strip down all the way for me."

"Reeellee! Oh god, that's great. Will we really get to see their, uh, thingeez?"

"Hah! Yeah, Gayla, you're going to see it all."

"You're a genius, Shelly. How did you ever arrange all this?"

"Well, it really just kind of happened."

Mindy grinned. "No, she set it up carefully. I don't think she expected it to go this far, but she always pushes her boundaries little by little so that Miss Hartick and the others just let her

get away with a lot.”

“Don’t say it like that,” Shelly said.

“Well, here in a bit, she’s going to grab some boy’s goods.”

“I am?” Gayla asked awestruck.

Shelly and Mindy both laughed, and Mindy warned her, “But when we interview Chris, he’s all mine. Shelly and I had a bet.” She wondered if that meant there would be another naked boy in addition to Chris.

“Oh, okay.”

At the door to the locker room, a very frustrated teacher was there to meet them. Mindy didn’t care. “Hi, Miss Armstrong.”

“I thought you’d be here. I was hoping to talk to Miss Hartick.”

“She’s busy. I’m Shelly’s chaperone today.”

“And this other girl is here for what reason?”

“That’s none of your business, Miss Armstrong.”

Miss Armstrong was openly shocked. “You can’t talk to me like that. When I talk to Principal Steadworth about this, your locker room trips will be over.”

“You haven’t talked to him yet then? Why not?” Shelly answered, while Mindy stood back enjoying the back and forth. She really rubbed Miss Armstrong’s nose in it. “Has the Principal been avoiding you? I bet he has. I bet it must seem like he doesn’t even want to talk to you about this, Miss Armstrong.”

“You – you – Just wait and see what happens!”

Mindy opened the door to the locker room and urged the girls in.

“Sorry, Miss Armstrong, but I can’t keep up this conversation. See, you’re not allowed down here.” Once she had the door shut behind them, Mindy started laughing aloud.

Shelly whispered, “Do you think she can really talk Principal Steadworth out of this?”

“Are you kidding? He keeps his job the easiest way he can, by avoiding responsibility. She’s going to need more than just herself to get him to stand up to Miss Hartick. And here we are.”

Gayla looked around the room, amazed that she was really there. It wasn’t a beautiful room, but it was still the land of fantasy come to life. The boys had just arrived, so there wasn’t much to see yet. Mindy was about to change that. She pulled a list of names from her pocket that Shelly had given her. “Well, we’re here, boys. Get ready to give up your goods.” Even Shelly was a bit surprised at Mindy’s blatant abuse of authority. The teacher’s aide looked at her list. “I owe Shelly a favor, and some of you boys are going to help me with that. All right, let’s see. Tommy, Ron, Steve, David, and Kent. Shelly earned a special treat, so you five boys, strip down to your jockstraps and line up here.”

The boys groaned and started questioning, “What is this about?” and “Why does Gayla have to be here?”

Mindy acted as if she was upset that they were questioning her. In fact, she enjoyed their complaints, as it let her know how bothered they were. “This is about Shelly enjoying her feminine nature. Gayla is here because she needs a ride home, and Shelly is driving her. I didn’t want to be rude and make her wait outside.”

Gayla was amazed that the boys were doing what Mindy told them to do. She hadn’t been there to see Miss Hartick’s demands, so she didn’t understand. It didn’t matter to her. She just couldn’t figure out why five boys would just peel to their underwear so unwillingly. It was a remarkable sight though. The other boys weren’t certain what to do, so they were either watching with dread or pretending not to notice their teammates’ situation.

The boys lined up, right where Mindy told them to, and wore practically nothing. Gayla couldn’t believe it. She stared at the fit, baseball bodies and wondered why she wasn’t bothered at all. Tommy, Steve, and David were all nice guys. Wasn’t it wrong to do this to them? Instead, all she felt was warm satisfaction, though.

Ron asked with a sneer, “What do we have to do?”

Mindy returned his rude tone with her sweetest voice. “All you have to do is stand there while Shelly pulls down your armor to get a look at your cocks. Try to act dignified about it. No covering, please.”

The boys groaned again. It was a great sound of painful scorn. Gayla felt more than a little female quiver at the tone of debasement. While she knew she would get to see a boy naked, or possibly two, she hadn’t anticipated that a bunch of them would be forced to line up like this. She certainly didn’t think she would enjoy seeing them belittled like this. She asked Mindy softly, “Are you really going to make them stand there with their things out?”

“Of course,” Mindy said. She saw the smile on Gayla’s face, and smiled back at her. “The boys don’t get any privacy; none at all. We have our desires, don’t we? Legitimate desires. It’s only natural for us to enjoy.”

Gayla complimented Mindy, “You’re terrible.”

“Thanks,” Mindy said. She couldn’t help but love everything about this. She’d regret some of this later, she knew. That was later though. Now, there was a group of hunks waiting to be exposed. “Go ahead, Shelly, help them show their respect.”

Starting with Tommy, She made sure to look him right in the eye. He had hoped she would start at the other end of the line. He saw her sinister lust, and tried to look away. When she crouched down and hooked her thumbs into his waistband, he let out the smallest whimper. Shelly said, “Don’t feel bad, Tommy.” She slid his underwear down slowly, getting a good look at his rod right up close. “I certainly don’t.”

Shelly moved to the next boy in line. Gayla was stunned. She was really looking at a bare dick! Hottie Tommy stood there with his package showing and his head turned away. He was so gorgeous, so embarrassed, and so helpless. Gayla felt a heat spread out from her sex all across her body. She watched Shelly pull down the next one, and sexy Steve’s penis was there, hanging free. “Oh my god,” she said. She saw Steve give her a look. For a moment, she almost felt embarrassed that he looked at her! Then she let her eyes move down again. “ooOOoooooh!”

Shelly had taken her time to get a good look at those two. Before she stepped to Kent, Gayla

asked loudly, "Can I do one?"

Shelly and Mindy stared at her. They had expected her to be completely quiet. Mindy burst out laughing. Shelly decided that this was worth it. "Sure. You can take Kent's jockstrap down. He doesn't mind. Do you, Kent?"

Kent saw Gayla advance slowly. "No, no, no, no. Come on, listen. I don't know how to ask you this, but don't- OH no!"

Ignoring his pleas, she did it. She slipped his modesty down to get a good look and was all giggles and shivers. He shouted, "This isn't fair! I just want to play baseball! Stop looking at me!" He couldn't help putting his hands over his goods.

Gayla stepped back to see the humiliated hottie's timid pose. She couldn't help taunting him, "Mindy says you have to let me see your thingee. Move your hands. Come on, move 'em."

Mindy gave him a stern look, "Kent!"

Chris was furious, but had no choice. His body was a toy for any girl that came down here, even Gayla. He threw his hands aside and he felt his embarrassment all over again when she started giggling at the way he complied so boldly.

Shelly told her, "Look at Tommy."

Gayla didn't want to look away from Chris because so far, she thought he had the nicest prize. When she glanced over though, she was stunned. Tommy's piece moved up in the world. Gayla couldn't believe it. This was just one miracle after another and each one gave her a rush of lust that required her to concentrate to keep her balance. Tommy's dick moved up in a slow, gentle, graceful arc until it got to its height. Gayla clasped her fingers over her nose and mouth. She felt ridiculous when she bobbed up and down in excitement. As though it had to be announced, she shouted, "He's getting hard! He's getting totally hard! Ha ha! Look at his face! No, look at his dick! Oh my god, Steve's doing it too! Look at their dicks!" She stared at Kent's penis, but he wasn't there yet. It wasn't moving.

Shelly assured her, "Don't worry, Chris can't hold out. He'll be as stiff as the others in a minute."

He told her, "Shut up, Shelly!"

"Well, it's true. The boys just have no decency at all. They don't care that there are ladies present."

Gayla started giggling again. She walked across to get a better look at the hard-ons. With a big smile, she told Tommy and Steve, "You should be ashamed of yourselves."

Shelly wasn't waiting any longer. "Now it's Ron's turn."

Ron said, "Shelly, don't do it. I can't stand this. Okay, okay, I tell you what, if you let me go, I'll let you interview me next time."

"I can do that anyway."

"But, I'll let you take off my clothes."

Shelly couldn't believe this. "It doesn't bother you to let me see you naked?"

"OF COURSE, IT DOES! But Gayla hasn't seen me naked! I don't want every girl in school to end up watching me get, get, get..."

"Get your mojo going? Well, it's a tempting offer, Ron, but Gayla told me that I was her hero. I think she deserves a good show. Get ready." She saw Ron's eyes scrunch shut. He had to have been hoping for some mercy, but Shelly's mercy had run dry for the nearly naked, humiliated stud. She yanked his underwear down fast. She heard him yelp. He really couldn't take it. He turned around.

Gayla said, "Nice ass, Ron!"

"It is," Mindy agreed, "But I told him that they weren't supposed to cover. Let Gayla see what you've got, sexy."

Ron turned back around slowly. "I hate you creepy witches."

Mindy said, "You were smart enough to use a "W" instead of a "B", but I think you wouldn't have said even that if Miss Hartick were here."

Ron's embarrassment moved his hands against his will. He tried to cover up, but Shelly forced his hands away. "What do you think, Gayla? Is that not magnificent?"

Gayla looked back and forth. "I like Tommy and Steve better right now, but maybe Ron can catch up."

Shelly stifled a guffaw. "He will if he stands there long enough. Look, Kent's asking for more attention now."

Chris blushed and stared down at himself. He couldn't stand his own reaction. Shelly was right, his penis just couldn't lie there quietly. It had to stand up and be recognized. The girls all just stood and stared patiently as he slowly arrived at full arousal. Gayla was in love with his "thingee". She had to ask, "That's awesome, but is it more embarrassing now that it's standing up?"

"What?"

Mindy felt entirely devilish as she said, "These girls are here for an interview. Answer her question, Kent."

He just wanted to vanish. What could he tell her but the truth? "Yeah, it's, it's... I can't stand it. This is the most embarrassing thing in the world. It gets more embarrassing every time!"

Shelly said, "It's not like I haven't seen you hard before."

"I don't care! I don't want you to see me like this. Can I get dressed now? Please!"

"Nope. We're just getting started." Shelly said.

"No way," Mindy told him. "We're not about to let you put that love tower away. You just keep standing there and standing there."

Shelly thought Mindy was at her best. It was like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Mindy was always funny with her silly sounds, but this time there weren't any. She was so determined to

be the power that made the magic happen that she forgot to be a squirming cock crazy mess. Shelly hoped that this power-Mindy personality wouldn't take over completely, but it was fun when she was in charge.

There was only one boy left in line. Shelly moved over to him. She stood part way to the side so that the others could fully enjoy the sight. David had been dying from the anticipation. Unlike Tommy, he wished he had gotten in line first just to get it over with. The waiting made it worse. If he thought he might get out of it, it wouldn't have been so bad. His embarrassment was inevitable though. He managed to keep enough self-control just to stay quiet with a blank stare. He heard the smallest little sound of derision from Shelly. Then she started the uncovering. He felt his underwear slide down past the point of privacy and couldn't stay quiet. He grabbed his underwear as if he would pull it back up. Shelly hadn't let go though. He felt her tug it back out of his hands. He said, "Oh god, quit looking at me!"

Gayla and Mindy were all smiles, staring at his body. Gayla told him,

"You are really hot."

Mindy agreed. "He's hot and he's naked." In a slow singsong she added, "And there's not one thing he can do about it. We get to see his penis whether he likes it or not!"

Gayla had no idea the locker room would be this way. She knew that she blushed just as the boys did, but she welcomed her feeling of embarrassment. She wasn't losing anything. She got more from these boys than they would ever give her willingly. Her fingers fidgeted and she had to look away from the display every so often. When she looked back, she saw the next boy start to succumb. "Look, now Ron's getting a rise! This is hilarious!"

Shelly admired that amazing hard-on. She had seen Ron naked more than once, but she hadn't ever put a hand to him. It was time. She pressed herself right against his side as she grabbed hold of the base of his stiffy. He whispered angrily, "Don't do that!"

"Do what, Ron? Do this?" She slid her hand up and down slowly, enjoying his shudder.

Gayla became remarkably bold at that moment. She really just couldn't help it. When she saw that Mindy wasn't going to stop Shelly, Gayla moved to her favorite, Kent. He backed up, "Wait, wait! Oh, come on!"

As if she was bored, Mindy examined the back of her hand while she told him, "That's not respectful, Kent. Get back in line."

Gayla giggled non-stop as she took his stiffy in hand. She couldn't stop her girlish little laughs. Chris tried to come up with something insulting to say, but the best he could do was, "Monkey see, monkey do."

"And I love your banana!"

All the females burst out laughing and in spite of themselves so did a couple of the boys. Mindy was anxious to have her own fun though. "Girls, I hate to stop your fun, but we did come down here for an interview."

Gayla stepped back and examined the row of bare penises. She actually had the gall to whine, "But I haven't seen David get hard yet!"

"Don't worry. He was the last in line. So I'm going to make him come along."

David had already pulled his underwear back up. He almost thought he heard wrong. “What? Why?”

“When I tell you boys what to do, I expect you to do it. Next time move faster.”

“Oh, man!” He looked like he was ready to throw a fit. He watched the other four boys who were luckier than he was. They got away quickly. Mindy got David moving with a good grab to his ass.

Mindy said, “All right, where’s Chris?” She walked along until she found him. “Here he is. Ready for an interview?”

Chris was the shy one. He didn’t say anything. He just had a look of dread, almost a look of disappointment. Mindy knew that he was the one she’d feel the worst for. She already felt that taste of guilt, but she had expected it. It was still bad, but it was also a sweet edge to her lust this time. Chris was a soft-spoken boy with smooth, perfect features. He had his cap off, but other than that and some buttons undone on his jersey, he was still dressed. Mindy got close to him. She was her ordinary eager self again. She squealed a moment, just thinking about seeing this boy naked. “Okay, this time, Gayla, I’m the only one who gets to touch. Shelly and I had a bet.”

Gayla giggled again. “You made a bet for Chris?”

Mindy said breathily, “For whichever boy I wanted.” She whispered in his ear, “I wanted you.”

Shelly started in. She flipped open her notebook and asked, “The first game is coming up. Are you nervous at all?”

“Nervous? Yeah, I’m nervous. This isn’t helping. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

Mindy said, “That’s alright, sweetie. I don’t mind that I’m having more fun than you.” She unbuttoned his jersey for him. She didn’t stop undressing Chris, but she spared a glance at David. “That jockstrap doesn’t belong on him! Gayla, get that off him, would you?”

“Sure!” Gayla started her little laughing again.

While Gayla happily started sliding David’s underwear down and Mindy started slipping the jersey off Chris, Shelly asked, “Are you nervous more because it’s the first game? Or is it because that game is with Grable High?”

“We-we haven’t beaten Grable in years. They’re, uh, you know that, uh, Miss Owens?”

“You can call me Mindy,” she said, “everyone does.”

“Mindy, can I please take off the rest of my uniform myself?”

He was so polite! Mindy couldn’t refuse. She wanted to, but she couldn’t. She made just a little sound of disappointment. “Okay, sexy. As long as you let me get the last piece off.”

“What? But, uh, I, uh,” He saw the look in her eye. He got lucky just getting that much. “Okay, I guess.”

Shelly kept up the interview. Gayla watched the strip show on one side and the completely naked boy on the other. Chris didn’t shiver or stall at all. You could tell from his breathing that

he was completely flustered, but he kept up a steady rhythm to his undressing as they watched.

Gayla squealed like Mindy. "Look at David! He did it! He's totally hard!"

David was silently horrified. He stood there bare for them all. They weren't looking at Chris right then. All eyes were on him and his testament to humiliation. His penis was a temple to unwilling exposure. He felt the stares; he literally felt them, on his dick. "Can I go shower now?"

"Huhn-uhn!" Mindy said. "You just stand there naked for us until the interview is over."

David threw his hands up in frustration. This only brought a few laughs from the ladies. Shelly said, "You know, I haven't gotten a feel of David's dick yet. Chris, now that you're taking over for Philip as shortstop, will the team's presence on the field be stronger?"

Both boys were disgusted at the way Shelly could so casually carry on her interview while enjoying the fringe benefits. David muttered something terrible under his breath while Shelly put her hand on his body. She didn't start at his stiffy though. She started at his chest, where she fondled his muscles liberally. Her hand slowly made its way down.

Chris answered her question, "The team is stronger with Philip as a pitcher. I only hope I can fill his shoes as shortstop."

"So modest," Mindy said, loving the sight of his body in just his jockstrap. "Mind if I take away a bit of that modesty?"

"Oh god," Chris whispered.

David whispered the same thing since Shelly had started to gently stroke his shaft. Shelly only stopped so that she could get a better view of the unwilling show Chris put on. He didn't put his hands over his goods this time. He just stared up at the ceiling helplessly while the girls all took in the sight of his sublime penis. Mindy let out a series of small squeals at the sight. She's seen this dreamboat nude once before, but not up close like this. "Oh gosh, oh gosh," she said. "Does he get hard fast, or does it take a bit?"

"The boys don't seem consistent," Shelly said.

Gayla asked, "Can I get a feel of David's penis?"

"NO!" he shouted.

"Yes," both Shelly and Mindy said.

"Damn it!" He saw Gayla looking him over as if he was a dessert tray. He wanted to hide his embarrassment so he thrust his hips forward. "Here then! Do what you want!" He thought that maybe if he acted tough about it that Gayla might think twice. She didn't. She giggled, congratulated him on the quality of his hard-on, and took his unit in hand. While this giggling girl moved her hand along his dick, he shouted, "Oh damn, I wish I hadn't said that! Come on, let me go shower now!"

That wasn't happening. Gayla let him go to look him over again. Him and Chris both. Every so often, she copped another feel of David's dick as the interview went on. Chris turned out to be a late riser. He stuttered quite a bit as he had before, which might have been keeping his mind occupied. Mindy was in love with his youthful physique, but she wanted to see him

hard as she had so many other boys. In between questions, she let her happy sounds stop in favor of a breathier voice, "I think I can get things going here." He was more than a little flustered when he felt her fingers on his back. She made it the lightest of sensual touches as she traced circles on his body. Her fingers crept lower and lower as his voice got clearer and clearer. Then it started. When Chris started rising, Shelly lost herself in mid-question, "But when it comes, uh, I, uh, wow, Chris. That thing is amazing."

Mindy couldn't help herself. She squealed loud once it hit the halfway point. It slowed down then though. He asked her, "Miss Owens, I mean, Mindy, can you stop? I really don't want to, OH!" Her hand clasped one butt cheek lovingly. That finished it. He lifted to his height. His stuttering returned, and it even seemed to get worse. Shelly had a hard time deciphering his answers. His funny embarrassed voice was music to Mindy's ears. She put her head on his shoulder as if he was her boyfriend. Her hand started tracing down his front side. Her squeals had turned into a soft purr.

Shelly had a hard time keeping herself from laughing at this spectacle. "I will have to admit that the team has improved steadily, Chris. That must give you some confidence."

"I I I I, uh, I don't, I mean, I do have. I th-th-think we've got a got a real chance at, uh, oh no." Mindy had finally gotten to his cock. That terrible sound of hers was a little louder as she felt along his rod. He took a second to remember what he said. "I think we have a real chance at beating Grable on Friday."

"Good, good. Everyone will be glad to hear it. Do you think it will matter that you have the home field advantage?"

"Of course, it will. It always does when you're playing Grable High."

"Wait a moment. Mindy, let him go a second."

Mindy didn't mind playing along and let Chris be for a second. Shelly said, "Grable's star player is their pitcher, Anderson. Can our hitters cope with him?"

"I can't, uh, I can't really, I, uh,"

At a nod from Shelly, Mindy put her hand back on the unfortunate young man. He answered perfectly, "I can't really say until we've done it. We've got many talented hitters though."

Shelly said, "That's great! He stutters unless you're playing with him."

"No!" he said. When Mindy let go, he stuttered again. "I can't, I can't let, I don't." She cupped his balls, and he said, "It's not that. It can't be."

The girls all just smiled at him. Shelly said, "Well, I'd love to explore the idea, but I'm afraid I'm out of questions this time."

Mindy pouted a moment, but she sent him on his way with a smack to his rear. "Go ahead and shower, gorgeous. You too, David. Speaking of showers, you won a bet, didn't you Shelly?"

"That's right." They had bared six boys and fondled some bodies and boners, and they still weren't done. Shelly was owed some shower watching time. She took Gayla with her, "Come on, let's go watch 'em get clean."

"Really? In the showers?" She was almost delirious with delight. Before she came down, she

was just happy at the thought that she might get a glimpse of one baseball penis. As it turned out, this was a candy store of cock. She could hardly walk straight she was so dizzy with lust.

There they were, Chris, David, and several other boys. They weren't just naked, but also wet and soapy! Gayla made a low whine like a puppy that wants a treat. She couldn't stop her noises. "Ooh. OOoooooooH! Oh oh oh! mmmmm, look at muscley Zack."

"I know," Mindy said, "isn't he just about the hottest thing you've ever seen?"

The boys were muttering curses. One of them shouted, "What? You haven't had enough of a show already?"

"No," Mindy said. "In fact, you can all turn this way and let us have a good look at all your dicks."

Gayla squealed with a higher pitch than Mindy had ever reached. Zack and Dean had semi erections already, so when they were made to show off like that, they both rose up while the girls got an eyeful. Gayla talked as if the boys couldn't even hear her. "Have you seen all the baseball players naked?"

"Not yet," Shelly said.

Mindy said, "All right boys, you can get back to washing. You really haven't seen them all yet, Shelly?"

"About seven of them manage to avoid it. No, only six, because I've seen Paul, but I've only seen him in passing. Oh wait, there's Chad right there showering. I guess it's five that haven't been naked yet. They're shy and somewhat clever. They slip around the edges of the show, if you know what I mean."

"I do know," Mindy said. "Reggie did that a lot."

Shelly whispered, "I let them get away with it so that I'll still have some new penis to expose when I want it."

"Right. Here comes Tommy. Let him through, girls."

Tommy walked past with a blush since they were all ogling his pecker. He wasn't hard at all, but he was all kinds of fine anyway. Of course, Shelly made certain to clap a hand on his ass. Gayla giggled at that, wishing she had done it.

Shortly after Philip walked out of the showers, Mindy called to him, "Hold on, stud." She stopped him so that she had an easy opportunity to pinch his butt. Shelly and Gayla both took a squeeze of his rear end before they let him past.

"This is the best day ever," Gayla said.

None of the boys were going in. Not one of them wanted to join that sideshow. The boys that were in there had no choice but to walk past their tormentors though. When Zack decided to leave, he still had a full stiffy going. Gayla said, "I could faint. Look at him tell the time."

Shelly and Mindy both laughed at that while Zack blushed brightly. He wasn't getting past with just a one-liner though. Shelly decided that it was too much to let a boner past without paying a toll, so she slipped her hand up and down that rod a couple times. The moment her hand was off, Gayla lashed out and took a grab. "I'm holding Zack's dick!"

“How many girls get to do that?” Shelly asked.

Zack was too embarrassed to censor himself. “Just the ones here.”

“And Miss Devasquez,” Mindy corrected him. “Gayla, you have to let him go to dry off now.”

She didn’t want to let go, but she wasn’t about to break the rules. She was already hoping that she might get another invite in the future. One by one the boys left the showers. Every single one got his ass grabbed, and the ones with any sign of an erection had their rods fondled too. The last two boys were Brian and Chris. Mindy handed a towel to Shelly.

“Which one do you want to dry?”

“Seriously?” Brian said.

“Looks like he just volunteered,” Shelly said with a smile.

Mindy saw the look on Gayla’s face. She couldn’t let this girl miss a chance like this. “I guess you get to help Chris,” she said.

Gayla brightened up like a rainbow. Chris tried to give her a little smile. He couldn’t do it though. He couldn’t encourage a girl to play with his body as if it belonged to her. Shelly and Gayla slowly ran the towels over the boys. Gayla was delighted at the result. “Oh god, Chris is upright again! Look!”

“I’m looking!” Mindy said. “Make sure that gets good and dry.”

Chris complained, “Mindy! Isn’t this enough?”

It was something Gayla wouldn’t get to do with any of these boys ordinarily though, so Mindy enjoyed that. Chris was a nice guy, but he wasn’t relishing having a girl who was so much lower on the social order handle his cock. He had thought he had gotten away with just the teacher’s aide feeling him up, but now this nerdy girl got to do it too.

Gayla watched them walk away. She repeated the words that got her this invitation. There was awe in her voice. “You’re my hero, Shelly.”

Chapter 15

Baseball Season Starts

It was game day. The Prellis baseball team would have their first game of the year. That wasn't all that went on though. Before we get to your excitement, dear reader, we'll see three conversations that were taking place in different parts of the school.

Miss Armstrong had finally pinned down Mr. Steadworth in his office.

"Do you have any idea what Miss Hartick is doing to our baseball team?"

Mr. Steadworth was a nervous sort of man usually, but this time he was annoyed instead. "I assume that you're talking about the new sports reporter?"

"Of course! I was there to see six of the boys undressed."

"And I take it their nudity offended you?"

"What? No."

"So you enjoyed it?"

Of course, she did. How could she not? Instead, she said, "No. It was terrible. What they're doing to these boys is awful!"

"Miss Armstrong, it seems to me that while this might be uncomfortable for the boys, it is not truly harmful. It might even be a good cause. How many other high schools would allow something as progressive as a girl sports reporter in the boys' locker room?"

"You're not serious!"

"Miss Fox has already been to see me. She said that you were apparently very upset, but she has a very different point of view. She was there for the same display that you were. From her view, this is good for both the boys and girls and I'm inclined to trust that judgment since it is supported by Miss Hartick and Miss Devasquez both."

Miss Armstrong knew the score. Mr. Steadworth was afraid of Miss Hartick just as everyone was. "Okay, so you can ignore me. I'm going to get some other opinions on the matter, and when I do, you won't be able to ignore us all."

Mr. Steadworth really didn't want to hear that. He just wanted this to go away. He knew that Miss Armstrong was right. He also knew that he might have to intervene if there was

demand for it from other teachers. "I really wish you would learn to be a little more modern in your thinking, Miss Armstrong."

She didn't answer him and just stormed out.

Elsewhere in the school, Miss Hartick also had a conversation about the interviews. Miss Hartick talked to Miss Bridle, the school counselor, that had been there to see the six baseball players stripped naked in detention. "So, you see why I've encouraged Shelly the way I have?"

"Yes," Miss Bridle said, "but aren't you concerned about the boys and their privacy?"

"I am, actually, I just don't believe that's as big a priority as the rest. Girls need their opportunities. This is also a great way to show girls that they should be respected and that their female natures are valid."

"At the expense of embarrassing the boys regularly?"

"I'll be the first to admit that the boys are a little embarrassed, but it's not that bad for them. I know that because of their reaction. You saw it yourself. When the boys are exposed, they react to it in the most positive way with their erections."

"Couldn't those erections be the result of their embarrassment?"

"I've thought about that, and it's unlikely. The boys would react to embarrassment in different ways, wouldn't they? But they don't get erect sometimes. They get erections every single time they are interviewed or otherwise displayed."

"Not every time?"

"Every single time, without fail."

"Every time," Miss Bridle said a bit breathlessly. She wanted very much to side with the boys. She knew that was the right thing to do. Not even her compelling attraction to the hot bare bodies and hard-ons she had witnessed could change her mind. Not on its own, anyway. She had other wonderful rationalizations to convince herself with. Other teachers and students agreed with Miss Hartick. The boys had actually demanded the exposure of another player. The boys' grades had not fallen. In fact, they had improved. There was no sign that their social lives were damaged. If all that was true, then might a bit of embarrassment not be harmless? Miss Bridle even wondered if a bit of embarrassment at the hands of the girls might not be good for them. She really wanted to believe that, but as much as she tried, she just couldn't convince herself to believe that Miss Hartick was in the right. "If only I could speak to some of the boys about this."

"Oh, I agree," Miss Hartick said. "In fact, I should have some boys speak to you in person. I want you to be as unbiased as possible."

While that went on, Shelly was also in the middle of something. She interviewed Coach Grady. Unlike the boys, the Coach wasn't about to doff his clothes, and considering that he was somewhat a crusty old hardcase, Shelly didn't mind. "One last thing, Coach. Isn't it a bit intimidating that the first game you'll play is against the notorious Grable High?"

"Well, I suppose I see it this way. If we lose, then it won't mean anything more than it ever has when we've lost against them. If we win, then it means that we've accomplished something we haven't been able to do in years."

“Thanks, Coach.”

“Thank you, Shelly. Now, off the record, let me ask you a couple things.”

“Okay.”

“Do you know why it is that I’ve let your locker room shenanigans go on?”

“Uh, no I don’t.” She didn’t either. It made sense that even rough old Coach Grady might give into Miss Hartick once or twice. How had even Miss Hartick been able to keep this man in check all the time though? That didn’t make sense. Not even for Medusa Hartick.

The Coach explained it to her, “There are two reasons. First, I’ve read your articles, and you’re the best sports reporter this school has had in a long time. Maybe the best, period.”

“Thanks, Coach.” She beamed at the compliment. It meant a lot coming from him.

“The other reason is that it hasn’t affected the boys. You’ve seen them at practice. They don’t exactly suck.”

“No, they’re great.”

“This might be the best team it’s ever been my privilege to coach. That’s why I’m telling you what I already told Miss Hartick. I don’t want you in the locker room on game day; neither before the game nor after. Before the game, I need that time for the team. After the game, they need it for themselves. If they lose, I don’t want the added pressure of having you in there. If they win, then I want them to enjoy it. Understand?”

“Yes, Coach, I do.” Shelly thought about it. We already know that she had no conscience when it came to stripping the boys down and enjoying it. She did have a conscience when it came to the sports though. She loved sports as much as any of the boys did. For the first time she wondered if the team might not be better off without her interfering. Her confidence was a bit rattled.

He told her, “I put my foot down with Miss Hartick, and she wasn’t happy about it. She listened though.”

Could Coach Grady really put Miss Hartick in her place? If he could, then maybe that was the best thing for the team. But then she wouldn’t get to see any more naked boys. Shelly wasn’t sure what to think.

He said, “I had to compromise a little though. You’ll be allowed to interview the players on the field after the game of course. Before the game, you’ll want to talk to some of them, I know. So we’ve set up a special interview. Since you can’t go in the locker room today, you’ll have it in Miss Hartick’s office. I’ll send Arthur, Chad and Philip to her office and you can talk to them there. All right?”

“Whatever you think is best, Coach. Thanks.”

With the interviews held in her office, Miss Hartick was there to oversee the thing and make sure the boys behaved. Shelly arrived at about the same time that her guests did. To make up for the lack of locker room entry, Miss Hartick had decided to let Shelly invite two guests, so that there would be one girl for every boy. Jean was there, waiting eagerly to see some more dick. Shelly’s other invitation had gone to Danielle. Danielle was surprised about that because

she wasn't exactly on friendly terms with Shelly. Danielle was a very popular girl though. Shelly knew she couldn't make homecoming queen, but she also knew that it could only help her to let girls with social influence in on the show. Danielle had heard about Shelly's interviews, but she had no idea how far they really went. She wasn't expecting anything. She knew that it was in Miss Hartick's office though, so she certainly wasn't going to skip it. That might be terrible.

Then the boys arrived. Philip, the star pitcher, along with Arthur and Chad. You'll remember that Chad was one of the holdouts that Shelly had only gotten to see naked recently in the showers. She'd gotten a handful of his ass, but she hadn't even seen him hard yet. That would change soon.

Miss Hartick told them, "Boys, say hello to the girls."

"Sure. Uh, hello." "Hi." "Hi. Uh, why are the other girls here?" Since the interviews were in Miss Hartick's office, the boys were a little more at ease than they were in the locker room.

"Just to enjoy."

"Enjoy?" Philip said uncertainly.

"That's right. Enjoy. We're going to treat this interview as though it were a locker room interview. You all know what that means."

"Oh no!" "That's not fair!" "Give us a break!"

"What's wrong?" Danielle asked.

"Just watch," Jean said happily.

Miss Hartick told the boys, "Get started. The interview will not begin until all three of you are ready."

"Why?" "There shouldn't be any other girls here." "We should be able to keep our clothes on this time."

"Is this for real?" Danielle said. She could tell it was though. The boys weren't faking. They were horrified.

Miss Hartick said, "This is very real. Boys, I know this is a place you would not ordinarily undress in, but you have to learn to accept your situation. The fact that you complain like that only tells me that this is necessary."

There was no winning with this crazy woman. She could talk herself into anything. Her crusade to empower girls had her convinced that the best thing for everyone was for the girls to see and enjoy the naked boys as though the boys' privacy were no concern. Chad asked the reasonably intelligent question, "But why do Danielle and this other girl have to be here to see it?"

If he'd known her name, he might have had a point. You can imagine Miss Hartick's irritation. "This girl has a name. Jean. The reason for the extra observers is to extend the effect of these interviews. I don't want Shelly alone to know the benefits. The other girls should also have the chance to know that they are important and that their sexual feelings are important. To put it directly, Shelly is here to do her job. Jean and Danielle are only here because they would like to see your penises."

Arthur almost sounded defiant. “Would you let us watch them undress?”

“You watch your tone, young man! I will not have that sort of talk in front of the girls. Keep your perverted fantasies to yourself! In case you don’t understand it, I’ll tell you that girls are very different from boys. When a girl sees a boy naked, it is a different experience. It isn’t just hormones the way it is with you. A girl’s sexual desires aren’t disrespectful to boys. Girls are emotional about it. They are passionate and they need to know that is acceptable.”

The boys were dumbfounded. There wasn’t even a foolish question left to ask. Miss Hartick said, “I don’t know what you’re waiting for, boys. Strip down to your underwear now.”

The boys reluctantly started. Surprising everyone, Shelly said, “I don’t know if this is really necessary this time.”

Jean hissed something that Shelly couldn’t even make out. Danielle whispered, “Are you crazy? I’m not missing out on a chance to see Carla’s boyfriend naked!”

Miss Hartick gave Shelly a curious look. “What do you mean, Shelly?”

“Uh, well, never mind.” She couldn’t deprive the other girls of this now that they were already there. She would just have to live with her choices and the effect it might have on the game. She waited patiently for the boys to get there. They had stopped when Shelly had interrupted, but then they started back in. Chad was the one who got undressed the slowest. He was already beet red. He hadn’t been through this before and now he was forced to strip down for three girls and Miss Hartick all at once. They stood there in their underwear. Jean said, “Make ’em turn around when they get that off!”

“Oh my god,” Danielle said. “I’m really getting to see this.” She was suddenly very grateful. She gushed, “Thank you, Shelly! Hey Philip! What would Carla say if she knew that I would get to see you butt naked!”

Philip’s girlfriend was Carla, another very popular girl. Of course, not every popular girl in the school got along. Danielle and Carla were rivals rather than enemies, but it was enough. He asked Miss Hartick, “Can’t it be some other girl? You hear what she’s saying?”

“I heard, Philip. I suppose I don’t approve of Danielle’s motives, but your dating life is not the only reason she wants to see you naked.”

“Of course, it’s not! He’s hot! So are the others. Boys, get your underwear off!”

Jean giggled. Danielle was transfixed. But Shelly finally knew how Miss Devasquez and Mindy must feel. She had such mixed emotions. On the one hand, she wasn’t sure this was worth it; on the other, she was as completely enthralled by the bodies as always. She watched them all strip that last piece away so that they were standing there in a line of bare-naked butts. Jean knew the rules, so she decided to reach forward and pinch Chad. “Hey! Don’t do that!” She just giggled and gave him another pinch.

Danielle was amazed. Could they really get away with that? It looked like it since Miss Hartick nodded approvingly. Danielle didn’t quite have the nerve to cop a feel though.

Shelly really didn’t want to drag this out. “All right, boys, you can turn around now.”

“But you can’t cover yourselves like that,” Miss Hartick said.

“Yeah,” Jean agreed happily, “let us see those dicks!”

“That’s not disrespectful?” Arthur said, but as he said it, he dropped his hands.

Miss Hartick just told him, “Have a little humor. You should really learn to be comfortable with the girls seeing you naked.”

The boys all colored more than they had before. Be comfortable with this? They were standing there completely naked for three eager girls who were eying their goods, and it sure wasn’t with respect. Jean was delighted. “We can see everything! I love Prellis high, where a girl can be a girl, and the boys can be naked. I wonder which one will get hard first?”

“Hard?” Danielle asked. She didn’t look away from the naked boys though. She wanted to concentrate on Philip, but all three of these boys were hot; hot, bare, and blushing. Danielle didn’t even know why it turned her on that the boys were blushing, but she loved it.

Jean said, “They’ll get hard-ons. We’re going to see these three penises standing up.”

“No way!” Why would the boys harden up? Danielle hoped it was true, but she didn’t believe it.

Shelly still felt her concerns about the big game. She couldn’t help but love the show though. She’d seen Philip naked a few times now, but he was as embarrassed as ever. He kept looking around the room desperately as if there might be some exit that he could use. She had only seen Arthur’s cock one time when Miss Hartick had made him pull down his underwear. She even got a real quick touch, but only for a moment. Today he was on display again, fuming and glaring at the girls. He put his hands over his goods a couple times, but he remembered to move them again every time before Miss Hartick had to say anything. Shelly had also only seen Chad naked one other time. The last time she was in the lockers he had been there in the showers. Today, being put on show like this, he looked so completely ashamed that it was pathetic. That was only his expression though. His face, his body, and his cock were anything but pathetic. He was wonderful. Shelly wasn’t sure if she taunted him or tried to comfort him slightly when she said, “You really do look good, Chad. Don’t be embarrassed about anything you’ve got.”

Confronted with those three bare bodies, Shelly had to take a minute to get her thoughts together. She could usually play the part of reporter with ease, but today she was a bit distracted by the penises that she had meant to leave alone. She fidgeted with her notebook. “Uh, I’ll start with, uh, Arthur. You two can sit down, I guess until I’m ready for you.”

“Keep standing,” Jean said, “They’re starting to grow!”

Miss Hartick agreed. “This won’t take long, Shelly.” She was very proud to see Shelly’s dedication to her work was more important than the buffet of bare hunks in front of her. Still, helping Shelly was only one part of this. Miss Hartick would make sure the boys also learned how to cope with this.

Shelly actually squirmed and blushed a bit. It wasn’t like her at all, but this wasn’t what an interview was supposed to be. She was supposed to enjoy lording it over the boys. She loved the exposure as always, but she would have actually shown a bit of mercy this time. Only for the sake of the game, of course. She still didn’t care at all about the boys’ pride. It still made her feel just a bit of embarrassment herself to be made to watch the naked boys stiffen up.

They did stiffen up, too. It was a slow rise for them all, but the moment they knew the girls were waiting for it, they couldn't help it. All three penises rose up almost as if they were synchronized. It took just over half a minute, but then they were a trio of hard, humiliated cocks for a trio of happy girls.

Jean wasn't about to miss the opportunity. She reached forward to Chad and slid her hand up his dick. Danielle had been skittish about touching the boys when she saw Jean pinch Chad, but now she was much less inhibited. Even if it turned out to carry a sentence of a month of detentions, it would be worth it to get a feel of Philip's dick. When she wrapped her hand around it, she was amazed at how hard it really was. Philip shuddered, and she could actually feel that through her hand. She ran her hand up his shaft slow, and then at the top, she let the tip of her finger play across the tip of his penis. When she sat back down, her heart raced. She had to put her hand to her own chest to feel that.

Arthur knew he was lucky beyond measure. The girls had felt up the other boys, but not him. For some reason, Shelly let him off the hook. He did have to keep standing there with his penis pointing up though while the other two boys got to sit down. That wasn't exactly comforting though. Jean and Danielle were whispering to each other as they gazed at the boys' laps with those pointers standing out of them.

Most of the attention was on Arthur though. Shelly asked him, "You'll be the first batter of the year. What do you think about that?"

"Uh, well..." He was all too aware of the girls and the vice principal staring at him. He had to shut his eyes and tilt his head back to think of an answer. "I can't tell you what I expect. I'm going up against Grable High's big time pitcher. I don't know how well I'll do. I'll do my best though."

"It'll be enough, I'm sure," Shelly said. "I've seen you at practice."

Arthur grinned a moment. He was proud enough of his skill that the compliment made him smile despite his naked embarrassment. That didn't make his embarrassment any less though. It only made Miss Hartick that much more sure that he wasn't as embarrassed as he wanted them to believe.

He gave a shiver that wobbled his dick. Jean and Danielle laughed out loud. Shelly gave him a sympathetic look. She kept up her interview while his nakedness continued to entertain. When she thought she had what she needed, she said, "Okay, you can sit down now, Arthur. Chad?"

He groaned and rolled his head. Shelly felt bad for him, but what could she do? Because Arthur had been center stage, Chad had lost a bit of wood. He was still over halfway up, but not all the way. He knew he would only harden up again, and he dreaded that. These perverted girls had already seen him rise up once. Now they would get it again.

Then came a knock on the door. "Come in," Miss Hartick said as if it wasn't important. The boys all did their best to cover their intimates. Another girl student came in, Rita. She was as bland as would be expected running an errand for a teacher, but then she realized she was in a room with three naked boys. She stopped a moment, and she stared. "Wh-what's going on?"

"Shut the door at least," Chad said.

She did that, but without turning away from the naked boys at all. Miss Hartick was perfectly casual. "It's a sports interview, that's all. The boys are just acting as they would in a locker room. Boys, you know better. Don't cover those penises. I'm sure Rita would like to see them too."

Rita's eyes were saucers. "Oh wow!" She saw Arthur standing there and Philip sitting there, but what had her attention was Chad's straight out dick because it was slowly gaining altitude. No one said a word as his penis betrayed him, rising up for their greedy eyes. Once he was perfectly stiff, Jean and Danielle starting laughing softly. Rita just gaped at him and the others. She had no idea how to handle this situation.

Miss Hartick said, "You needed something?"

Rita still couldn't turn her unblinking eyes from the fabulous erections. She had to stumble to Miss Hartick's desk. "Miss Harney said you needed this." She set the envelope on the desk and tried to control her breathing.

Miss Hartick looked at it. "Thank you."

Rita said, "Can I stay?"

"You'd better get back to class."

"Right, right. I'll see you later, Chad, Arthur. Uh, can Philip at least stand up once before I go?"

Miss Hartick motioned for him to do that. He muttered something as he got to his feet, his penis pointing up at about three fourths of the way hard. Rita said, "I can die happy." Then she was gone. Philip sat back down before he could harden up again. Arthur also took a seat.

Chad had to step forward for the interview. He was hard as a rock and reaching for the sky. None of the girls could help but stare at his stiffy, not even Shelly. She made her questions short and to the point though. Poor, red-faced Chad didn't have to stand there long.

Then it was Philip's turn on the hot seat. He didn't even wait to be told. He just got up and stepped forward where they could all ogle his naked body. He was only a little over half of the way hard by then, but he could feel the embarrassment buzzing in his cock the moment it was put on display again. He was surprised that Shelly wasn't giving him that sinister half smile they had all come to know. It was bad enough anyway with Jean and Danielle staring at him. Even Miss Hartick was none too subtle about checking out his package. He tried to pretend that he wasn't naked while he answered Shelly's questions. "I'll admit that Grable's pitcher is better than I am, but our batters can contend with him better than their batters can contend with me." He almost felt dignified for a moment since he could answer without any hesitation or any breaking of his voice. Then he felt his penis perk back up. "Oh no."

"Oh yes!" Jean said.

The girls were all eager to watch him lift back up into position. Shelly tried to distract him with some easy questions, but it was no good. Once he started, he kept going until he was at his height again. Jean teased him, "You just can't help it can you?"

"Is this almost over?"

He didn't get the answer he wanted. A voice sounded over the loudspeaker, "Miss Hartick,

you're needed in the front office."

Miss Hartick thought about that a moment. "I guess I've got to go. Can I trust you boys to behave?" She didn't exactly get an answer. They all just shifted positions nervously. Surely, she wasn't really going to leave them alone with these girls? She was. "Good. I'll only be gone a minute."

Shelly said, "The interview won't last long anyway. Once I'm done, I'll let the boys get back to class."

"Sure," Miss Hartick said. The instant she was out the door, Jean and Danielle turned on the boys with villainous eyes. "Alone at last."

Danielle said, "Stand back up, guys. I want to see you lined up again."

Shelly wanted to put a stop to this, but what could she say? "Uhm, I think the interview's over, really."

"Good," Jean said. "Then I can do this." She put one hand on Chad's butt and the other on his cock. He wasn't even all the way back up yet, so she was able to feel him harden up in her grip. "Oh my."

Danielle was slowly running her hand up and down Philip's tool. "Has Carla ever gotten to see you naked?"

"No," Philip admitted before he caught himself.

Danielle laughed. "Ha! She's never even seen his cock, yet I've touched it."

Shelly said, "Girls, we'd better call it a day."

"In a minute," Jean said. "I've got to do this." She took a permanent marker from Miss Hartick's desk. "Turn around, Chad." When he did, she put one hand along the bottom of his butt like a frame. Then she started writing.

Shelly asked, "What are you doing?"

"I'm giving him an autograph!" There was her name, Jean Greenbaum, on his butt.

Danielle took the marker and urged Philip around and said, "Since she doesn't get to see you naked the way I do, then at least Carla won't see this." She put her name on his ass.

She handed the marker to Shelly. Ordinarily our heroine would have been excited to be a part of this. This time it felt more like peer pressure, but she didn't see a graceful way to refuse. She was happy to hear Arthur say, "Do we have to let them do this?"

Philip spat out the words, "If we don't then we'll get in trouble somehow. I don't want to end up naked in Miss Devasquez's room again."

So Arthur turned around. There was no way out of it, so Shelly shrugged her shoulders and decided to enjoy. She'd never put her name on a naked boy before. She signed "Shelly Marks" right on Arthur's left butt cheek. In spite of herself, she took a handful of the other cheek before she was done. Jean took the marker from her. "A souvenir," she said.

"You can get dressed now," Shelly told the boys. The boys were disgusted at the whole thing. As they got covered up, not once did the girls avert their eyes.

The Game

Shelly sat in the stands feeling a wonderful anticipation. The team was great this year, and she was dying to see them in action. She only hoped that she could take some decent notes while watching the game.

“First up to bat for the Prellis Jaybirds is Arthur Preston.”

Shelly was on the edge of her seat. Anderson, that famous Pitcher for Grable, was already on the mound. Arthur didn't keep the crowd in suspense for very long. With the first pitch, he hit a triple. The crowd went wild. Shelly was in heaven. For her, a game like this was as good as her locker room interviews. The Jaybirds not only won the game, which seemed to be against all odds, they won by six runs! The team celebrated so hard that the boys didn't even seem to mind her being there to talk to them. Of course, they knew their locker room time was safe from her after the game anyway. She got a few good quotes when she could get past all the cheering.

When things started to die down, Coach Grady pulled her aside so that no one else could hear. He said, “There's our little good luck charm.”

“What?”

“Shelly, put away that notepad. I want to tell you something that I don't want you to ever repeat to my players.”

She agreed to that easily. Coach Grady was happy to tell her, “From now on, I'm going to support you and Miss Hartick all the way. What you've been doing with the boys is a big help.”

“What?”

“Shelly, I know the boys hate it, and I don't know what all goes down there. Don't tell me either! What I do know is that all that embarrassment hasn't hurt the boys' grades or their social lives and it certainly hasn't hurt their ability to play. You said it yourself. The team looks better than it ever has. Take the game tonight, which of the boys really stood out?”

That was easy. “Philip, Arthur, and Chad. Whoa!” It hadn't dawned on her during the excitement of the game. She saw it when Coach Grady pointed it out though. “The boys I interviewed earlier, they were great!”

“That's right. I have to go talk to the boys now. Remember, it's our secret, but I'm going to make sure you can keep doing your thing.”

Shelly glowed. This restored her confidence. Not only had she not damaged the team, she had been helping them the whole time. Of course, the boys would never realize that, but that was fine with her. She would never hold back again. She couldn't wait for the next practice so that she could see some stiffy again.

Chapter 16

The Post-Game Interview

Miss Hartick saw Miss Armstrong heading her way. “Good Morning, Miss Armstrong.”

“Good morning,” she returned with a sneer. “You’re going to Principal Steadworth’s office?”

“Do you know what he wants?”

Miss Armstrong sounded confident. “There’s only one thing that involves us both.”

In the Principal’s office, they found not only Mr. Steadworth, but also Coach Grady. The Principal greeted the two ladies warmly. Miss Armstrong didn’t realize what a bad sign that was. She just kept giving Miss Hartick a smug look. The Principal told them, “Coach Grady came to me this morning to discuss the sports reporter policy that Miss Hartick has adopted.”

“Is that so?” Miss Armstrong asked happily.

“It seems that Miss Hartick and Shelly have Coach Grady’s full confidence, and he would like to see the interview process continue as it has developed.”

“WHAT!?!” Miss Armstrong shouted.

He saw that coming, but Mr. Steadworth just hated shouting. “Please calm down, Miss Armstrong.”

She ignored the Principal. She pointed at the coach. “How can you agree with this? This is insane!”

The Coach didn’t mind chuckling at her. “Miss Armstrong, have you noticed that you’re the only one who is bothered by this?”

“I am not! The boys on your team are the ones that are bothered. How can you let this happen? Are you seriously going to let them keep doing this, Principal Steadworth?”

He said, “Well, if the Coach thinks it’s a good idea, then who am I to argue?”

“You spineless idiot!” She turned on her enemy, “This isn’t over, Hartick! Coach Grady may be a numbskull, but I’ll find someone who will talk sense to our pathetic Principal.” She stormed out expertly. She had the practice.

Coach Grady was still laughing softly. “That went well.”

That wasn't the only hostility at Prellis High. Philip's girlfriend, Carla, confronted Shelly about the pregame interview. She was none too pleased that Shelly let her rival, Danielle, see him naked. Naturally, Carla was a little miffed. "Philip told me all about it, you pervert!"

Shelly couldn't help grinning. "Did he tell you that Danielle touched his dick?"

"She did what?"

"He was totally hard, so she made sure to fondle that incredible penis your boyfriend has."

"You're lying." Carla wasn't sure Shelly lied. Of course, we know that she didn't. In case it was true, Carla said, "I'm going to go talk to that bitch, Danielle!"

Carla's friend Leslie took a moment to tell Shelly, "This isn't over."

Shelly asked her, "Do you want to join me in the locker room sometime?"

"What?"

"I'm dead serious, Leslie. I'm going there following practice today. If you want to see some baseball studs out of uniform, then meet me at the ball diamond during practice. You can come along."

Leslie stared at her in shock. She knew that she should have said something nasty. Instead, "You mean that?"

"I've already taken a couple other girls down there."

"I can't do that!"

"Why not? You want to. Are you really going to give up a chance to see some baseball boys butt naked just because Carla's mad at me? They get completely hard every time I interview them naked, did you know that? Anyway, I'll be there. It's up to you if you want to tag along."

Poor Leslie! What a predicament! On the one hand, loyalty to her friend meant that she couldn't go. On the other hand, there wasn't a boy on the baseball team that she hadn't fantasized about. Oh, the agony of that moral dilemma. Leslie made the only real choice she could. After school, she showed up to watch the boys practice. "Were you just joking before?"

"Leslie! You're trembling."

"Tell me you were joking."

"Sorry. I meant it. I don't know how you'll live with yourself if you go with me to check out some dick."

"OoooOooH! Fine! I'll go. Who, uh, which one are we going to see?"

"Which one would you like?"

"Me?" Leslie was stunned. Shelly meant this too. "Any of them! Oh god! But can I really just pick one?"

"Well, I owe one to Miss Devasquez, and that one's hers. You can pick another one. I'll just interview two at once."

Leslie couldn't help herself. She had to whisper in Shelly's ear, "Which one has the best dick?"

Shelly laughed. "It's a room full of masterpieces. You can't be disappointed by any piece of equipment down there."

Leslie's eyes got huge. "Really?"

"Oh, we'd better go." Shelly led Leslie around to the boys' locker room. Miss Hartick and Miss Devasquez were already there. Shelly said, "I thought it would just be Miss Devasquez this time."

"It is," Miss Hartick said, "but I need to borrow two of the boys." Miss Hartick took the lead, as she usually did. Leslie was the last one down, and she felt that same anxiousness that every girl before her did when they first set foot in there. It was impossible for her to keep her shivers of anticipation hidden. Shelly couldn't blame her for that. Shelly had been here plenty of times, and she still always got a thrill at the first boy she saw when arrived. It didn't matter if he was dressed, half-dressed or undressed. Just knowing that she was there where the boys were supposed to be protected gave her a wonderful chill.

Miss Hartick called out two names, "Arthur and Peter." The boys rounded the lockers with expressions of dread. What were they going to have to do now? Miss Hartick said, "Good, you're still dressed. Come with me." The boys followed her out of the locker room. They had thought they were in for some special torment. When that didn't happen, they were so relieved it was as if the sun shone just for them.

That left all the other boys with Miss Devasquez, Shelly, and Leslie. Shelly asked, "Who will it be, Miss Devasquez?"

"Oh, I'm having a hard time making up my mind. Would it bother you if I asked for Steve? I know you used to date him."

"Go ahead."

"No, I want Mark."

"That's okay, I'd like to interview Steve at the same time."

"Uh, sure, why not?"

"This is the first real interview after a game."

"Oh, that's right!" Miss Devasquez said as though she needed the excuse.

Leslie quickly whispered into Shelly's ear. Shelly grinned. She said to Miss Devasquez, "And Leslie wants to see Chris naked too. Can I also interview him?"

Miss Devasquez nodded proudly. At that moment, she felt a sisterly affection for Shelly and her girlish appetite for cheap thrills. The teacher said, "You heard her, boys. Come this way."

Shelly wasn't too happy to be dragging the boys away from all the other scenery, but she certainly wasn't going to complain. Miss Devasquez was considerably friendlier toward the idea of taking advantage of the boys than Miss Hartick, but she wasn't exactly the openly perverted squealer that Mindy was either. Shelly figured that even if she had to do it around a corner away from the other boys, she would still get to see three hotties strip down and get hard.

Miss Devasquez made certain that Leslie knew the rules. "You can touch the other boys, but Mark is all mine this time."

Leslie knew she hadn't heard that right. "I can touch them?"

"Not Mark. I won a bet; his body is mine this time." She heard Mark groan. She gave him a look that would have been seductive if he wasn't disgusted with her. The lined up boys stood there with pensive gloom.

Miss Devasquez had already seen these boys naked and hard, but she still felt overwhelmed by the approaching nudity. Besides, she might have seen these boys, but she hadn't gotten to touch them yet. She was ready to do this one just a bit different. This lineup was a good one. Mark had his pants off but nothing else was missing. Steve was still in full uniform. Chris had his jersey unbuttoned, but that was all. So this was a great group for Miss Devasquez to give this order to, "I can't wait for the best part. Boys, show us your penises right away."

The boys were startled at that. Shelly gave a short laugh. Leslie had to whisper in her ear again. Shelly said, "Yes, she means it. They have to show us their dicks right off."

Miss Devasquez knew that she should sound demanding, but she couldn't keep the happiness out of her voice. "What are you waiting for, boys? Get those cocks out. Now!" The boys' eyes were wide with fear. They had to do what they were told though. Mark's shaky fingers got his jock strap down. Steve and Chris undid their pants and pulled everything down to give up their prizes. Leslie thought she would never blink again. She felt the same sense of lusty wonder that the other girls had. Even though she knew she would get to see these boys bared, it wasn't real until it happened. There they were, three exposed dicks, and Shelly was right, they were all masterpieces. For a moment, Leslie had to cover her eyes with her hand. When she moved her hand away, the dicks were all still there for her to gawk at. Suddenly her expression of disbelief became a look of uplifted harmony.

Shelly had a big grin as she started the interview. "It was a great game the other night. Tell me what it's like to win so big and so unexpectedly in your very first game."

Even in their vulnerable state, the boys felt a small swell of pride at their performance. It wasn't much. It certainly wasn't as much as the humiliation they felt at having to just pull their dicks out for a teacher and two female classmates. It was enough that they could answer though. Miss Devasquez waved her hand in a way that instructed them to keep stripping. So the pants were all coming off slowly as they described the feel of victory. It always amazed Shelly to see more than one boy moving in tandem. These three were all wound up by the question and the special stripping style so that they were moving on autopilot. Despite their timid expressions, they moved with a synchronized pattern that had all three of them standing bottomless for a moment. Then they started in on the rest. Mark had answered first, being first in line. By the time Chris finished answering, all three of them were butt naked except for their caps. Stripping in the opposite order had them all turned around. When they reached up, Miss Devasquez stopped them. "Wait! Leave the hats on! That's great! Oh my gosh! Three baseball players in baseball hats and nothing else."

"They're so hot," Leslie said breathlessly.

"They're so naked," Shelly said. "They're totally naked. You can tell how much they wish they could do something about it but they can't. They have to stand there and just let us look at them. Uh-uhn, Chris, no covering. Leslie picked your penis, so let her see it."

"Is Miss Hartick coming back?" Steve asked.

“Nope,” Miss Devasquez said. “You three gorgeous hunks of meat are stuck here with Shelly and me.” She’d had enough of an eyeful. She stepped up to Mark. “MmmM. Hot stuff, you were the first boy I ever got to watch Shelly interview. We were stricter then, but now I get to have a bit more fun.” She put her hand on his butt. His head twitched, but other than that, he didn’t move.

Leslie whispered in Shelly’s ear again. Shelly giggled. “Yes, Leslie, you can touch Chris’s butt. He’s here and naked just for you. You can touch him anywhere you want and Steve too.”

“Except their penises,” Miss Devasquez said. “Don’t forget my rule, Shelly. You can only get a feel of their tools if they get a full erection.”

Shelly smiled at that. When she first heard Miss Devasquez say that, she thought it was a bad idea. Then she realized not even the strongest-willed baseball boy had been able to resist his embarrassment. With their hard-on, their feelings were always revealed. It was a rigged game, as the reason for the rule was to embarrass them further. If they could only keep calm, they could keep away that last indignity. If they embarrassed themselves with an erection, then it was as if they were giving the girls permission to humiliate them further. On the surface, it was up to the boys if Shelly or anyone else got to fondle their cocks, but underneath, they were powerless against Shelly’s will. Shelly could only imagine how humiliating it was for the boys to helplessly call out for attention so that Shelly would play with them.

Mark already got a rise in response to Miss Devasquez’s hands moving around his body, feeling his muscles. He hated her, but he also still had a crush on this pretty teacher. It was terrible.

Leslie hadn’t quite worked up the nerve to put her hand on a boy yet, but that was okay. She knew why Mark was levitating. Then she saw that Steve was too. She had to force her eyes to close just so they wouldn’t dry out.

She felt stupid whispering in Shelly’s ear again, but she just couldn’t bring herself to ask her question aloud. Shelly told her, “He’s getting hard just because he’s completely embarrassed. That happens to boys. Keep staring at his thing. It’ll keep getting hard as long as we keep looking.” She turned her head back toward Steve, “Embarrassing, isn’t it, Steve?”

He glared at the floor. When he didn’t answer, Miss Devasquez said, “You should answer her, Steve.”

He threw a dirty look at the teacher, then at Shelly. Shelly had to repeat her question. “Is it embarrassing to get hard just because we’re looking at you?”

“You know it is.”

“How embarrassing is it?” Leslie said.

He gave her a dirty look then. “It’s completely humiliating. Oh no.” He was there, all the way hard. Not even Mark had a full erection yet. Steve couldn’t live with himself and his high, hard announcement of his humiliation.

Chris was usually shy, but this time he complained. Chad and Arthur told him that Shelly almost wanted to let them keep their clothes on. It looked like she was already back to her own wicked and carnal self. “Why, why do you l-l-like to embarrass us?”

Leslie finally got up the nerve to put her hand on Chris's bottom. "I just wanted to see you naked."

Shelly started to chuckle, seeing as Leslie clearly had a crush on Chris. Of course, many girls did. It was easy to see why, but he wasn't just handsome. He was such a perfect sweetie. Right then he paid Leslie the compliment of getting stiff because she touched him. Her hand hadn't wandered from that fabulous butt. With teenage single mindedness, Leslie just kept fondling, groping, and squeezing his bum while watching his penis rise up little by little.

Mark had also succumbed to a female touch. It was impressive, how long he held out against Miss Devasquez, but he gave in. Shelly sighed happily at the depressed look on his face when Miss Devasquez blatantly grabbed his cock.

Shelly realized that as much fun as this was, she did have a job to do. She resumed her questions as she stared at the buck-naked boys. It was funny seeing their open expressions of disgrace while at the same time they described the thrill of victory during the game. When Chris finally got to his zenith, Leslie had to let him go. She couldn't help her own nature, and had to ask a question, so she whispered it into Shelly's ear. Shelly smiled wide and answered, "Well, I don't know. Chris, can Leslie feel your penis?"

Chris's face changed from shame to panic. "Uh, uh, uh, wh-what?" He saw Shelly give him that look as if she knew he heard her. He stammered some more. "Well, w-well, I, uh, I don't want to, uh..."

Shelly said, "Spit it out, Chris. What are you trying to say?"

Miss Devasquez couldn't stand it any more. "Shelly, quit tormenting that poor boy. Leslie, does Chris have an erection?" Leslie just nodded with wonder. Miss Devasquez told her, "That's as much of an invitation as you need. Go ahead and do what you want."

Leslie shuddered. She couldn't believe she got away with this. She took a quick grab of Steve's penis first, and then she moved over to Chris to lovingly pet his wonder. Shelly figured that she might as well have some fun too. She ran her hand down Steve's body as she asked, "Will there be any changes at all to the team's strategy now that you've seen some action?"

Seeing plenty of action right then, the boys hated it. The girls would stop with the penis play every so often to let their hands explore the rest of those fit, young, athletic bodies. Then they went back to fondle and stroke the cocks. Shelly was in heaven again. Steve's super stiff tool was her whole world when it was in her hand. She almost couldn't ask any more questions and certainly couldn't take any notes! When she had everything she needed as a reporter, she finally let go of Steve and backed away to drink in the sight of all that nakedness.

"That's it for today."

The boys slumped in relief. Before long, their bodies would be their own again. Shelly shook each boy's hand. She couldn't do more than that with Mark, but she did take a last grip of Steve and then Chris.

Miss Devasquez hadn't put her hand to the other boys yet, so as she walked past, she reached out for a quick touch of every high standing stick.

"Thank you, boys. Especially you, Mark. I've wanted to do that for so long. Your body is wonderful." As they walked away, Miss Devasquez asked Leslie, "Was that everything you

hoped it would be?”

Leslie loved the whole scenario. Every part of that was a dream. She wasn't too happy with herself when she asked, “Shelly, what do I have to do to come back here?”

Shelly grinned devilishly. “Well, if your friend Carla gives me too much trouble, then I don't have any reason to invite you again, do I?”

Leslie admitted, “I don't know if I admire you or hate you.”

Chapter 17

Miss Bridle has her Questions

While Mark, Steve, and Chris had endured their nude interview, Miss Hartick led Arthur and Peter away. When they got there, Peter asked, “Miss Bridle’s office?”

“That’s right,” Miss Hartick said. She waved them in, but she shut the door behind them. Miss Bridle was in there waiting. She was already breathless. She tried to get a hold of herself. She managed to keep that hidden when she said, “Come on in, boys. Have a seat. Do you know why you’re here?”

They both said, “No.”

“Miss Hartick has asked me to evaluate the sports interview program.”

“Evaluate it?” Peter asked.

“She wants me to help her decide whether it should continue or not.”

Arthur was a little excited already. “You mean, if it’s a bad idea we might not have to get naked for Shelly anymore?”

Miss Bridle breathed in sharply. She wished he hadn’t phrased it that way. She tried to be completely professional. These two young athletes were both so good looking though. In spite of herself, she envisioned them being interviewed naked. Before long, she would see it for real. Miss Hartick had convinced her that it was necessary, so just talking to the boys wasn’t enough. Miss Hartick wanted her to see them in their locker room state so that she could form a real opinion about the effect of forced nudity on the boys.

For a moment, Miss Bridle almost chickened out. She had a job to do though and didn’t want to derail Miss Hartick’s efforts. She knew that Miss Hartick truly believed that this was all for the good of all the students involved. If she was wrong though, then only Miss Bridle stood a real chance of putting a stop to it. She already knew that she should do just that. She just couldn’t get the other opinions out of her head though. The other students, the girls anyway, felt that this should go on. That might have been just young lust though. How could Miss Bridle account for the positive opinions of Miss Hartick, Miss Devasquez, and Miss Fox though? Even Miss Devasquez’s teaching aide felt very strongly that the naked interviews should continue. Still, they were all women. Miss Bridle wanted to help them, but it still wasn’t enough for her. All of our fun, dear reader, would have been spoiled if it hadn’t been for two other opinions.

The Principal seemed to side with Miss Hartick. More convincing than that, the boys' coach even preferred the interviews continue. Coach Grady had told Miss Bridle that in person.

She couldn't believe that when she heard it. Coach Grady really wanted to keep the boys' locker room open to Shelly though. He was the one who told Miss Bridle how much the boys had improved since the program started. Miss Bridle had looked into it. Everyone knew about the stunning victory the Jaybirds had over Grable High, but that wasn't nearly enough for her. It was also true though that the boys were doing well in school. They had friends and social lives that didn't seem adversely affected at all. That was due mostly to the fact that so many of the popular boys shared the burden of embarrassing nudity, but Miss Bridle didn't seem to realize that. The boys had better grades too. What was more, it seemed that they were better behaved at school now as well. Even Reggie was less of a problem student.

So Miss Bridle was already looking for a way to keep the program alive. All she needed was some rationalization that she could believe in. It didn't even have to be a good rationalization. She just had to convince herself. "Tell me, boys, so that I can be certain, have you both been interviewed by Shelly?"

"Yeah." "Yes." They both said it while looking away. It clearly bothered them.

"And you were both nude when those interviews took place?"

Arthur said, "That's right. It was terrible." Peter agreed, "I've never been more embarrassed."

"I see. Miss Hartick has already told me the process. You are required to undress while Shelly interviews you. Tell me how that makes you feel."

"It's the worst thing ever. I hate it." "It's humiliating."

"Being naked in front of a girl and some female teachers embarrasses you that much?"

"Of course."

She asked them several more questions about their discomfort. She didn't know it, but she carefully avoided asking the boys if they thought the interviews should go on and only asked how it felt to be forced to undress for the women. Arthur had once even been forced to expose himself by pulling his underwear down just because he admitted he thought it was all unfair. She found that she almost enjoyed hearing about it. "What is the worst part about it?"

Arthur and Peter looked at each other helplessly. They wanted to say so much to make all this end, but it was hard to talk about. They stumbled over different ideas for a bit. "Not having a choice." "Having more than one woman staring at my body." "Being teased about it by Shelly." "Getting an erection."

The moment Peter mentioned the erections, Arthur agreed instantly. "That's the worst part. I got hard both times I had to show my, uh, my stuff. And they love it."

"You became hard both times," Miss Bridle said, suppressing a smile. She asked Peter, "That happened to you too?"

"I, uh, I did. I only had to undress for Shelly once. Her, Miss Devasquez, and Mindy."

"But the erection was the worst part?"

"Y-yeah."

“Why?”

Peter didn't have an answer. The fact was that it was entirely humiliating because his own body betrayed him. It also showed that he wasn't strong enough to resist the girls. It drew all attention to the one part of his body he wished to hide the most. It also made him feel even more naked than just being naked. Being stripped down, and then getting hard was similar to being naked and lit up as if he was a Christmas tree. He wanted to just die when he had been forced to strip down, and then his penis had to shout out that it wanted to be stared at. Peter couldn't say all that. He couldn't say any part of it. He didn't even know why it was his erection had been so mortifying. “It just is. I guess it's because the girls like it so much.”

Now that had Miss Bridle's curiosity, “You don't want the girls to like your nakedness?”

“Well... no.”

“I see. Do the girls find you attractive?”

Peter blushed and grimaced. “They said so when I was naked.”

“And it bothered you that they enjoyed looking at you?” How strange. Why would a young man be so bothered that women would find him attractive? Probably because he was being taken advantage of, but Miss Bridle didn't consider that. Neither Peter nor Arthur answered her. They just shrugged and nodded. “Tell me, tell me honestly, do you find Miss Devasquez and Shelly attractive, Peter? What about Mindy?”

He couldn't look at anything. He had to move his head around while he admitted, “They're all pretty.”

“And me? Am I'm pretty at all?”

Peter was startled at that question. He turned his eyes, his beautiful eyes, to her and he said without thinking, “Yeah, doesn't everyone?”

Miss Bridle couldn't help a little smile at that. She knew she was nice looking, but it was still good to hear it from this handsome young boy. “So it would bother you if I saw you take off your clothes?”

“Uuuuh...”

“Peter, Arthur, I want you both to understand that I'm a licensed psychologist. I'm only doing this for your benefit, yours and the other boys'. I'm going to have to ask the two of you to undress now while I watch.”

The boys were horrified. They didn't anticipate it would be like this. They never would have expected this from Miss Bridle anyway. She always seemed so harmless. She didn't seem demanding at all. She just seemed to expect them to do as they were told. Arthur tried to sound confident. “Is that really necessary?”

“Yes, Arthur, it is.” She needed to see how it really affected them. She knew it would embarrass them, but would that be unlivable, the way they wanted her to believe? Or would it be only a little harmless embarrassment?

Peter said, “I really don't want to do this.”

“Boys, I have to insist. I'm supposed to examine the process. I can't make a real judgment

if I don't." She had actually convinced herself of that. Of course, it was Miss Hartick's idea in the first place.

Arthur said, "Can I at least lock the door? A girl came into Miss Hartick's office when I was interviewed."

"She made you undress in her office?"

"Some boys have had to strip down in Devasquez's classroom," Peter told her.

She already knew that. She was there. In fact, she didn't consider it traumatic for the boys. That only helped her accept Miss Hartick's decision to strip them down in her office. "Go ahead and lock the door. Now boys, I don't want the desk in between us. Come on around. Good. I want you to be comfortable. I don't want you to worry."

How could they not worry when they were about to bare themselves again? Peter and Arthur looked at each other, hoping the other one would make the first move. When it didn't happen fast enough, Miss Bridle had to get the ball rolling. "Boys? Take off your shirts, please."

The 'please' made it worse. She was genuinely polite and wasn't abusing or demanding as the others were, but that didn't make it better. It was just another sort of embarrassment. It was obvious that Miss Bridle considered it her professional responsibility to embarrass them.

That was true, but Miss Bridle was beside herself with excitement, but managed to avoid showing any of that. She was good at keeping her emotions hidden. It was so good to see these boys remove that first piece of clothing. She had to tell them to take off their pants. Before long, these sexy boys were stripped to their underwear and looking all too nervous. Miss Bridle allowed her eyes to scan those wonderful physiques. She knew the other women had looked the boys over quite blatantly, so she had to do the same. She saw that these two really were embarrassed. But how embarrassed were they? "All right, boys, you'll need to take those off as well. I have to see you both fully nude."

"Miss Bridle, I swear, you don't have to do this." "Really, we can just tell you about it all. You don't have to see everything."

She couldn't help a little grin. She didn't know why. Was there some sort of thrill derived from the power she held over these boys? She didn't think so. She thought it was only that she enjoyed their discomfort. That was wrong, but she couldn't stop now. "Peter, Arthur, you really have no choice. Show me all of it."

Both boys breathed in deeply. As they had gotten more and more exposed, Miss Bridle had become more and more interested. It was terrible. She was right though. They really didn't have any choice if they wanted to stay on the team. With a heavy shiver, they both dropped their last bit of cover. When they stood back up, they were both shocked to be naked again. They had really done that. They were really standing there naked for this woman. Unable to resist his basic reflex, Peter put his hands over his privates as Miss Bridle gave a slight gasp at the sight of their cocks.

She had to recover while she said, "P-Peter, you have to move your hands, please. There. Good. Oh my. Uh, now, I hope you'll forgive me, but I have to ask you a few questions. First, is it much worse now that I can see your penises?"

They both clutched their goods again. Arthur hung his head as he let go to let her look.

She had to tell Peter again to move his hands, and repeated her question. "I hate this," was all Arthur could say. "Can we get dressed now please?" Peter said.

"Not yet, boys." Miss Bridle had to know if what Miss Hartick had said was true. Did these boys really get erections every single time they were made to get naked? She actually began to believe that it proved they weren't entirely embarrassed. But how was that possible? Their body language and expressions told her they weren't faking this. As for herself, she would have loved to question her own motives, but forgot to. Unaware that the pleasure she took from this helped to blind her to the truth of the situation, her eyes roamed those bare boys. She realized that she handled this differently than the other women did, and she couldn't afford to if her judgment was going to be true. Although she felt a bit nervous, she had to admit, "You boys really are attractive young men. You're good looking all over."

That did it. She wasn't crude or insulting, but that didn't matter. She had just admitted that she loved the sight of their dicks. Their bodies responded. Arthur's jaw quaked when he felt his penis stir and Peter scrunched his eyes shut and turned his head away. Miss Bridle was amazed. It was really happening! Both of these boys were going to harden up for her. She couldn't help a satisfied little hum. It started so slow that the suspense was killing her. Then the boys rose up quickly. Arthur was ahead of Peter by just a moment. Miss Bridle didn't know that she breathed hard enough for them to hear it. "Very impressive, boys. You really do have some admirable penises."

Arthur and Peter both colored at the sincere compliment. They held stock still and refused to make eye contact. Miss Bridle couldn't help but smile despite trying very hard, she couldn't keep the grin off her face. She whispered, "Gorgeous. Just gorgeous." She saw the change in the boys though. She became truly concerned. "You really meant it that your erections embarrass you that much."

"Y-yeah." "Of course."

She had it. The part of her mind that was ready to accept it all had the one piece of evidence needed to push aside any other concern. "I'm telling you that your bodies and your erections are exceptional. That bothers you?"

"Miss Bridle, can we please get dressed now?"

She wanted to stall a bit so that she could keep staring, but she knew that it would be wrong. "Go ahead. Thank you for your cooperation. Wait!" The boys had turned away while they got their clothes. "Don't get dressed just yet. Come here."

The boys looked at each other nervously. What was it now? She said to them, "Turn around, please. Arthur, what is that? It says *Shelly Marks* on your bottom."

Arthur almost exploded with humiliation. He had tried to wash that away, but the marker had only faded. He didn't know that it was still clear enough to read. He put his hand over that signature. "Shelly wrote her name on me during the last interview."

Miss Bridle moved his hand. She marveled at the sight of his naked ass.

"She wrote her name on you? You're telling me that this girl signed her name on your bottom, but you were more embarrassed by your own erection?" She glanced over at Peter. He had a great butt too. She didn't even know she surrendered to impulse until it was too late.

She had a permanent marker on her desk, so she took it, and she signed her name to Peter's right cheek. Not even hearing Peter's whine while she put her name there, she just sat back and admired her handiwork. Then she realized what she had done, but it was too late to undo it. "OH! Oh, I'm sorry, Peter. I shouldn't have done that. I shouldn't have done that! Oh, I'm sorry! Put your pants on!"

She felt a chill. She was finally able to turn away from the boys.

"Thank you for helping me. You've helped me make up my mind. Are you dressed yet?" She couldn't bear to look again until she knew they were covered.

"Yes, Miss Bridle." "Can we go now?"

She got up and led them to the door. "You can go back to the locker room now. Good job, boys." While they walked away, Miss Bridle watched them. She had to lean against the door and catch her breath. While she steadied herself, she heard someone call her name. "Miss Bridle."

"Oh, hello, Miss Armstrong."

Miss Armstrong was curious about the two boys who left that office wearing their baseball uniforms. "What was that about? Did it have something to do with Miss Hartick?"

"That's right. I talked to the boys to learn more about the reporting."

"And?"

"And I've decided that the reporting program can't go on the way it has."

Miss Armstrong's eyes were huge with gratitude. "That's great! I'm going to talk to Principal Steadworth first thing in the morning!"

"Miss Armstrong, wait!" Miss Bridle was in no shape to go running after that busybody teacher. So she just returned to her office where she spent quite a bit of time daydreaming about her experience with Arthur and Peter.

Chapter 18

Principal's Pow Wow

Miss Armstrong was true to her word. She just couldn't wait. She had rushed to the Principal's office as soon as she arrived at school the next morning. It was hard for her to wait, but Principal Steadworth assured her that he would gather everyone necessary to his office at eight thirty. He did not look forward to an incident with Miss Hartick.

When the time came, the Principal was at his desk with a very satisfied Miss Armstrong next to him. Miss Hartick, Miss Devasquez, and Shelly were all there along with Miss Bridle. Warily, the Principal asked her, "Miss Bridle, Miss Armstrong tells me that you think the locker room reporting program can't go on."

Miss Hartick looked just a little deflated. She had honestly expected this. Miss Devasquez and Shelly weren't just a little disappointed. They were horrified. Their days of voyeurism and cock teasing were at an end.

Miss Bridle was so very sorry to disappoint Miss Armstrong. "That's not what I said. What I said was that it couldn't go on as it has. We need a few changes. First off, the boys need to have time with the school counselor to help them adjust. They haven't been shown the consideration they need. Second, I'm still not entirely certain I can endorse this. I need some observation time in the locker room first."

Miss Armstrong was furious already. "What are you talking about? You don't need to observe it to know that they're getting away with murder!"

The Principal said, "Miss Armstrong, please. We all know your opinion already. Go on, Miss Bridle."

"Well, having spoken to some boys, I have come to realize that Miss Hartick is wrong about one thing. Their situation really does embarrassed the boys. However, their own sexuality is what most embarrassed them. They are truly frightened of their own bodies."

"What the hell does that mean?" Miss Armstrong said.

"It means that they might be better off learning that their natural inclinations are acceptable. Just as this program can help girls learn about themselves, the boys can learn too."

"You're crazy! That's stupid! I can't believe what goes on at this school!" Miss Armstrong

did what she does best. She stormed out.

"I'm sorry about that, Principal Steadworth."

"It wasn't your fault, Miss Bridle. I suppose the new rule is that you must accompany the locker room outings every so often. In fact, it's best if you also take part as an occasional chaperone for Shelly."

"I agree as well," Miss Hartick said.

"Wait," Miss Bridle said, "I don't know about that." It was too late. She had become a part of it. As the meeting broke up, she talked to Miss Hartick and Miss Devasquez, explaining how horrible it was that the boys should be ashamed of their erections. Something had to be done.

Miss Devasquez knew she had a live one. She already had a plan to reel Miss Bridle in permanently. She had a couple conversations with Miss Bridle to find out just what it was that concerned their soft-spoken school counselor.

Then she met with Mindy and Shelly. She explained Miss Bridle's point of view. Mindy asked, "So she's like Miss Hartick? She thinks this is all a real thing?"

"Not exactly. Miss Hartick believes she's serving some social revolution by putting Shelly in the boys' locker room. Miss Bridle isn't like that. I've heard her talk, and she's crazy about naked boys just as we are. The difference is, she can't admit it, so she has to come up with some idea that lets her see them. She thinks that the boys need to learn to *accept their sexuality*."

Shelly chuckled. "And to help them with that they're going to have to strip involuntarily."

"And let us fondle them. I can convince Miss Bridle that's a good idea."

"How?"

"Here they are now. Come in, boys."

Shelly and Mindy smiled at Reggie and Zack. To think, Mindy's camera might save the day.

When the next locker room visit came, Miss Devasquez, Mindy, Shelly, and Miss Bridle were all there. Mindy brought along Gayla just for the fun of it. Miss Hartick should have been there, but school business kept her occupied. Miss Devasquez put up her best front for Miss Bridle's sake. She was all business. "Boys, if I could have your attention." The boys already had the attention of every woman in the room. None of them were naked yet, but several were partway there. Miss Devasquez told them, "Today, while Shelly conducts a few interviews, Miss Bridle is going to have to talk to a few of you."

The boys weren't happy about that. They already knew what had happened when Arthur and Peter went to her office. Miss Devasquez said, "Can I have a volunteer?" Of course, the boys were silent. Reggie and Zack were going to volunteer due to the photos that Miss Devasquez used to blackmail them. They were told to let one other boy go first though. Since no one wanted to help out, Miss Devasquez had to sigh as if she was disappointed. "Well, we'll have to choose one."

Miss Bridle was a bit nervous, having to say aloud what she wanted in a room filled with these sexy, strippable young men. "I've, uhm, I've already spoken to a couple of the boys who have had only a bit of, uh, experience. I need to talk to one who has been exposed several times.

Just to see if there is a difference in attitude.”

Shelly couldn't help sounding happy. “Well, I've seen Philip naked four times, and I've seen Chris naked five times. That's the most.”

Miss Devasquez pointed to the two boys and motioned for them to step forward. “All right, Miss Bridle, these two are ideal. Which one would you wish to see naked?”

“Miss Devasquez!”

“Well, how would you like to pick? I'll flip a coin if you want.”

Miss Bridle couldn't look at the boys as she made her selection. “I'll take Chris.”

Chris grumbled. He walked to her, and Miss Bridle led him to Coach Grady's office for privacy. Now that the counselor was out of the way, Shelly could be herself. “All right, sexy Alex? Come on over here.”

Alex stood rigid. “Me? But, I, uh, you've already seen me, you know, naked.”

“A few times,” Shelly said happily. “And I'm happy to see everything you've got again. Come on over and give me and Gayla a show.”

“Oh my god.” He trudged over. He still wore everything, but his jersey was open so some of that sexy body showed. “Uhm, should I maybe, just this time keep my clothes on? I mean, since Miss Bridle is here, and all.”

“Oh, that's a good excuse,” Mindy said. “But Miss Bridle is in there right now stripping down one of your teammates. So, we'll be okay getting your dick out where we can see.”

Miss Devasquez said, “Go ahead and strip down slow if you want though. I like that. But take that jersey off last, and leave the hat on.”

Shelly started in on her questions while Alex blushed and quivered. He took a deep breath and started to unbutton as Shelly asked her first question. “You must be proud of your big win over Grable High. Can you tell us if we should expect more big things from our Jaybirds?”

Alex grumbled his answer while he slid his pants off. Shelly, Mindy, and Miss Devasquez had all seen him naked already. Gayla was the only one who hadn't. They had him surrounded. He heard Gayla whisper something to Mindy about his butt. He was unable to listen to them while he listened to Shelly though. When he had been in that special detention, he was the one who had almost resisted his erection; surely, he could do it again. There had been a dozen women in that room. Here there were only four. He remembered just how frustrated they all seemed when they thought he wouldn't harden up that day. It was like a duel between their lust and his shame. He tried to get ready for it again.

He peeled off his jockstrap almost with a sense of pride. He saw the knowing smirks when Shelly and Miss Devasquez got that first look at his cock. He almost covered up, but he knew that would only make him feel more embarrassed. Instead, he tried to ignore them, knowing that was impossible though.

“You didn't get a hit during the game. Will you be ready for your next time at the plate?”

“Th-that was only because of Grable's pitcher. I hate to admit it, he's that good.”

Shelly saw Alex's fingers tremble as he started to unbutton his jersey. It was funny. Exposing his dick hadn't gotten to him, but this did. She asked, "Some of the other Jaybirds managed to do well against Grable's pitcher. Was it just an off night for you?"

He threw her a furious look. Who was *she* to question his batting? And while he was half naked? "I'm saying it was nothing. It wasn't even an off-night. No one gets a hit every time."

"Right, sorry." Shelly couldn't help chuckling.

Miss Devasquez saw what Shelly had done, and she took advantage of it. Alex had stopped undressing. "It looks like you're having trouble with that jersey. Maybe Gayla should help you with that."

"What? Wait, no, I don't need, Damn it!" He was too late. Gayla was quick to move when Miss Devasquez had mentioned her name. Alex had heard this girl giggling while he bared himself for her. Now she was all business. She had big, happy eyes behind her glasses while she unfastened button after button. "Can you repeat that?" he had to say when he missed Shelly's next question. He couldn't answer her even when she repeated herself. Gayla slipped his jersey down his arms, enjoying the feel of his muscle. She whispered, "Oh, he looks good. He looks so good." She set his jersey aside, but she never stopped staring. He hated the way her eyes moved up and down his body. He finally blushed huge.

Miss Devasquez had to comment aloud, "That was interesting. He wasn't this upset even when he showed us his penis. He only got this embarrassed being totally naked."

Mindy came around for a frontal view. "And he is naked. You're naked Alex. You're all the way naked except for that hat."

"God that's cute," Gayla said. "Hee hee, what's the matter Alex?"

Mindy said, "I know what's the matter. He's embarrassed that we can see him naked. We can see him naked and he has to let us look. Don't do that, Alex! You can't cover those goodies. MmmMMm!"

Shelly loved watching Alex fidget while they teased him, but she had to do her job. "Hitting aside, you looked great on the field. How many Grable outs were you responsible for?"

Alex's jaw hung open. How could she keep asking him about baseball while they were all staring at his body? It would have been less humiliating if they were just taking in the sight. Shelly acted as if it was all part of the job, and it made him feel so completely degraded to be stripped and shamed like it wasn't even the reason they were in the locker room. "Oh no. Come on, don't do this." He talked to his own dick. He wanted to resist, but he rose, and rose fast now.

"Well," Shelly said, "that looks like a home run to me."

While Alex was objectified out there, Chris was subjected to something similar in the Coach's office. Chris took a seat. Miss Bridle didn't want anything in between her and her subject, so she sat on the edge of the desk. She was about to start, but she needed a moment to collect her thoughts. Chris was Wow! And she would see him naked. She breathed in and out very heavily a few times. In spite of herself, she knew she hoped that she didn't have to recommend against this practice. First things first though. She had to ask him a few questions.

“Chris, I know you might be a bit uncomfortable talking about it, but I need to know just how often you’ve had to expose yourself to Shelly.”

Chris grunted. “I don’t know. Five? Is that what she said?”

“Doesn’t it get easier at all? I mean, haven’t you gotten a little used to it?”

Chris threw her a glare. How could she ask that? “No! It’s humiliating. How can it get any better?” He had his pride, and that didn’t change just because he’d had to give up his penis. That pride made his constant stripping terrible every time. “It might actually be worse now than it was the first time.”

Miss Bridle was a bit disappointed. She knew that she couldn’t leave this boy to Shelly’s mercy. Chris told her that he’d been bared for several women already. Miss Bridle didn’t know why that was hot, but she couldn’t help feeling some excitement at the thought that this stud had to give up his modesty repeatedly to different women. She would add herself to that list. “Now, I know how much it bothers you, but I’m going to have to ask you to disrobe.”

“Why? Come on, Miss Bridle, you don’t have to see it happen.”

Yes she did. She needed to see his real reaction to the nakedness.

“I’m sorry, Chris. I am, but we have to do this.”

What did he have to do to convince her? He had to hope that this would be the last time he would have to humiliate himself. He couldn’t look at her while he started stripping off his uniform. Miss Bridle couldn’t look away. She literally felt hot all over while she watched this sexy young man change from a baseball player to a naked work of art. She tried to keep up her front of professionalism, but she couldn’t help staring with big eyes. She could see why Shelly liked him so much. “That penis is incredible.”

“Miss Bridle!”

“Don’t the girls tell you that?”

He blushed angrily and looked away. “Yeah.”

“It bothers you that the girls like the way you look?”

“No. I just don’t want them looking.”

Miss Bridle thought it didn’t make sense for him to enjoy being good looking, but not want to be looked at. She wasn’t really that ditzy or biased. It was just that she was so overcome by his undressed masculinity and fabulous penis that she was unable to think clearly. Through that fog of attraction, her mixed up ideas made sense. He already started to get hard. “I see that you react the way the boys always do.”

He struggled for words. He stared at her while she stared at his slow momentum. Sounding desperate, he pleaded, “Miss Bridle, let me get dressed now. Come on. This isn’t fair.”

She looked him in the eye. “It really bothers you, doesn’t it? Getting hard like that?”

“OF COURSE, IT DOES! Stop staring at me!” He took forever to get all the way up, and every bit of incline was another little piece of humiliation.

Miss Hartick had been telling the truth. It wasn’t a sometimes thing. These boys always

stiffened up. Yet, they hated their own sexuality. Of course, that wasn't true at all, but it was what she told herself.

"Why does your erection bother you so much?"

Because he couldn't even pretend that being stripped didn't bother him. Because his body put up that shocking sign that he was entirely embarrassed. Because he could literally feel his embarrassment in his penis when it hardened up. How could he say any of that though? His cock finally hit its peak when he said, "I don't know. It's just humiliating. Can I please get dressed?"

"Just one last thing," she said with difficulty. "I know that the girls and maybe the teachers have touched you while you've been naked. How does that make you feel?"

"It's as if my body doesn't even belong to me. Can I get dressed? Haven't you seen enough?"

"Yes, Chris. Get your uniform, and you can go." She didn't even think about it as she led him, still naked, to the door. She also didn't even think about it when she patted his ass. He gaped at her and she gaped at him. She stuttered, "I-I'm sorry! I'm s-sorry, Chris! I didn't mean to do that!"

She opened the door and had him step out into the locker room. There was a moment of surprise once she saw what was out there. Even though she knew that Shelly was interviewing another baseball hunk, the sight of butt naked Alex was stunning. And of course he sported an impressive stiffy.

The girls there all turned their eyes to Chris as he came out. He clutched his clothes over his cock to protect it, but other than that, he was as naked as Alex.

Before Miss Bridle could comment, Miss Devasquez said, "We've got a volunteer now. Here's Reggie."

"Volunteer?" Miss Bridle asked with surprise. "He volunteered?"

"Yeah," Reggie said. He didn't volunteer so much as some naked blackmail photos elected him, but he had to pretend it was his idea. He wanted to get this over with, so he strutted into the office as if it was no big deal. He really hoped that he could keep up his cocky attitude this time. The moment he heard Miss Bridle shut the door behind him he knew he was in for it. He already dreaded this, just being shut away here where he had first had to surrender his pride.

On the other side of that door, Alex almost felt some relief that Chris was there to take some heat off him. The girls were all staring at sexy Chris, covering his goods with the clothes he held in his hands. While Shelly took a handful of his ass, Miss Devasquez said, "Chris, what have we told you about covering yourself like that? Let us have a look at that thing."

Chris went white. Miss Bridle had asked him if he ever got used to it, and he didn't. He cringed at the thought of just exposing himself to these four lusty wenches. "Uh, uh, Can't I just, uh, can't I just go get dressed? You've all already seen me."

Miss Devasquez smirked. "Could it be that he actually gets cuter when he's nervous? Just look at that body. He really has given us a lot of entertainment, so maybe we should just let him go this time. Oh, but Chris, look at the girls! They would be so disappointed! You don't want to be a tease do you?"

“I don’t care!” He shuffled and fidgeted in a wonderful embarrassment dance.

“Sorry, Chris, but I’ve just got to get a look at your woodie. Move those clothes.”

He fumed and muttered curses at the floor as he obeyed. He slid his handful of clothes to the side, baring his dick for the girls. Mindy, Shelly, and Gayla all gave loud, girlish sighs of satisfaction. “We just love you,” Mindy said. Chris went from white to blushing pink, and of course, his penis reacted. He was already three fourths of the way hard, but when the girls got a look and made their noise, he rose up all the way.

“I hate that! Can I go now?”

“Sure thing, Chris,” Miss Devasquez said, but as she said it, she fondled his hard-on. “Thank you so much.” She sent him on with a smack to his rear.

She heard a funny sound from Alex, and when she looked his way, she laughed aloud. The sight of Chris being groped so affected Gayla, that she had to have a handful of dick as well. She gently ran her hand up and down Alex’s tool. That likable, nerdy girl said, “Oh my gosh. That’s six hard dicks I’ve felt in the locker room so far. How many are there?”

Shelly was happy to tell her, “There are twenty-four boys on the team. There are still five dicks that I haven’t seen yet though.”

“Oh, let’s have one of those.”

“Not today. Today is just to convince Miss Bridle.”

Miss Devasquez said, “She’ll convince herself in there. Naked Reggie is quite a sight. Mm, naked Peter would be a good thing for us while Miss Bridle is busy. Peter! Come on over here would you?”

Peter had just surfaced from the shower room. He had on a towel and nothing else. “Uh, I’m not even dry yet.”

“Good!” Gayla and Mindy said in unison.

Alex was quick to escape. “Can I go then?”

Miss Devasquez nodded, but she kept her greedy eyes on Peter. While one boy got away, another blushing boy took his place. Peter trudged over with fear and shame in his eyes. Shelly had winked at Mindy, so they were ready for some fun. They didn’t make Peter bare himself yet. He stood there with that towel around his waist, sexy physique bare above that. Shelly started with a few questions. “I know you boys did great the other night, but do you think that maybe overconfidence might be a bad thing? You play against Fosterville High next. I know they’re not as hard to beat as Grable, but you do have to take them seriously.”

“Uh, well, it might sound cocky, but I’m just not worried about Fosterville. The main thing they’ve got going for them is their pitching and if we can beat Grable’s pitching, then Fosterville isn’t a real threat.”

“Right.” Shelly was happy to hear that. She knew he was right. She asked him a few more questions that bolstered his confidence. He started to sound like a real athlete instead of a half-naked boy on display. He was completely comfortable. Then Mindy whisked his towel off. “HEY! Oh come on!” He had his hands over his vitals of course, but then he knew he could

only use one hand. Mindy held his towel out to him. When he reached for it, she pulled it away. He reached again, and again she pulled it away. After a bit of their cat and mouse game, he backed away and said, "Give me back my towel!"

"Okay. I'm sorry Peter." She gave it to him and she grinned as he quickly put it back around his body.

The moment he was adjusted, Gayla snapped it back off him. He tried to get it back, but he was embarrassed and they were determined. Not even his baseball reflexes could retrieve the towel while he bounced around after it.

Miss Devasquez said, "They aren't going to give it back, Peter, so you might as well continue the interview. But what did I see on your butt?"

He turned bright red instantly. "Nothing."

"Turn around," Mindy said.

He couldn't avoid them all. Gayla was behind him. "Something's written there."

Miss Devasquez thought it was great fun to watch them play with this boy, but she wasn't about to run around or throw a towel back and forth. She didn't have to. "Peter, fun's fun, but I want to see that. Turn around for me. Come here. What is that? It says *Eleanor Bridle*. Did Miss Bridle do that?"

He threw a glance over his shoulder, and then he looked down at the floor.

"Yes. She wrote her name on me when I was in her office the other day."

Mindy was stunned. "Miss Bridle did that?"

"She sort of did it on accident."

Miss Devasquez chuckled, "You can't write your name on someone's butt on accident."

"No, I mean she did it without thinking. Can I turn back around now? No wait!"

"Sure," Miss Devasquez said. It was too late for him to change his mind now. That signature might have been embarrassing to him, but he didn't realize he had just asked to put his dick back on display. "Turn around. God, you look great like that, but move your hands, I want to see what you've got. Mmm. Don't look so shy. I've seen your dick before."

Mindy still tried to figure out the words on him. "So Miss Bridle wrote on you without meaning to. Just like you asked to turn around. But why?"

"She was surprised by Arthur's butt. Shelly's name was written on him."

Mindy, Miss Devasquez, and Gayla all turned curious eyes to the young reporter. "You wrote your name on Arthur's butt?"

Shelly didn't often blush, but she did when she had to explain that.

"Only because Jean and Danielle were putting their names on Chad and Philip."

"Oh my God," Mindy said. "A bunch of boys are running around with girls' names on their butts?"

Miss Devasquez couldn't figure it out. "Miss Hartick let you do that? That doesn't sound

like her.”

“Well, she wasn’t in the room. She was called to the office.”

“You mean Miss Hartick left three naked boys alone with three girls? Oh, that’s priceless. Oh look, Peter’s coming to.”

All of a sudden, the names were unimportant compared to the slowly awakening penis. Peter tried to talk them into ending the interview, but no one would allow that. Mindy said, “We weren’t even paying that much attention to you, you silly boy. It was so hard to get you to rise up during that first interview. Now you do it when we’re barely looking?”

Peter shivered. “Can we get back to the interview?”

While Peter suffered all that embarrassment, Reggie was faced with Miss Bridle. Miss Devasquez had coached him how to answer one question, but everything else he was supposed to be honest about. Miss Bridle said, “I saw you undress once before, at that detention. I suppose you thought that whole thing was unfair.”

“It’s all unfair. It’s ridiculous for Miss Devasquez and Shelly to just do whatever they want to us.”

“That’s something of an exaggeration, isn’t it?”

“We can’t exactly say no, can we?”

“I suppose not. Is it that bad, being naked in front of the girls?” She was still amazed that this boy, of all boys, had volunteered for this. She figured he expected her to shut down the locker room reporting. She realized though that this notorious troublemaker had been causing much less trouble lately. Did that have anything to do with Shelly and Miss Hartick?

Of course, it had more to do with the photos that Reggie didn’t want being spread around. He doubted Miss Devasquez wouldn’t really do that, but he wasn’t willing to chance it. Being stripped bare for them all was so totally humiliating that he couldn’t stand the thought of all the girls in school seeing pictures of his dick. At least he could tell Miss Bridle just how embarrassing and how wrong it all was. She seemed to listen too. That didn’t stop her from asking him to take off his clothes.

“I suppose I have to,” he said.

“Reggie, I have already seen you in the nude.”

“Th-that doesn’t make it easier,” he said as he doffed his shirt.

He did cooperate though. Miss Hartick said the boys did this willingly. That didn’t seem to be entirely true, but they weren’t refusing either. It was all so confusing. She waited to see what Reggie’s penis would tell her. She had seen him harden up once. If he did it again, then didn’t that say something? She watched him drop his underwear. She didn’t even know that she gave a happy little moan. She did manage to sound entirely professional when she asked, “Can you see this from Shelly’s perspective at all?”

“Her, her perspective? But she just wants to see us naked.”

That wasn’t true at all. Miss Bridle didn’t need any rationalization to know that even if there was no nudity involved, Shelly would have loved her job as sportswriter. Miss Bridle knew that

for a fact, so she started to doubt the validity of Reggie's complaints. Especially since he had already grown. "Now, I hate to embarrass you, Reggie, but I have to ask how it feels to have an erection while a woman watches."

Reggie didn't know what to say. "I just hate doing this."

"Is it more embarrassing to be naked when you are erect though?"

He didn't understand why she tormented him like that. How could he answer that sort of question? "Of course, it is. It's, it's..."

"Is it the worst part?"

"Yeah."

"It's worse than being touched?"

Reggie shook in horror for a moment. This was the part where he had to lie. Miss Devasquez told him what to say, and she would ask Miss Bridle later.

Miss Bridle had to repeat her question. "Reggie, tell me how it feels to have the girls touch your body when you're like this."

"I hate to say it, but I somewhat like that. When Miss Devasquez puts her hand there..."

Miss Bridle couldn't help leading him to the answer she wanted to hear. "Does it make you feel more comfortable?"

"I guess it does. Can I get dressed now?"

Miss Bridle was gratified beyond words. As unorthodox as it sounded, there was an obvious cure for the boys' unnatural fear of their own sexual reactions. She was in a hurry to get to the next boy. She led Reggie along to the door before he could put anything on. He panicked wordlessly as he realized he was being ushered out to Miss Devasquez and the others while he was still naked. Just as Chris did before him, he clutched his clothes over his hard-on, wishing he could have defied Miss Devasquez.

Miss Devasquez waited for Miss Bridle. "Miss Bridle, we had another boy volunteer to talk to you. Miss Bridle?" Miss Devasquez smiled. Miss Bridle stared at naked Peter. It was wonderful seeing that poor boy being embarrassed all over again. Miss Devasquez had to repeat herself. "Miss Bridle? We have the next boy ready for you. Zack has volunteered."

"Oh. Oh good." She looked at Zack. "Very good."

Miss Devasquez was so amused that she almost forgot to ask, "Uh, we noticed that you took a certain liberty with Peter. You wrote your name on him?"

Miss Bridle blushed now. "Oh! Uhm, I didn't really mean to do that. I'm sorry, Peter," she said. "It was just an impulse. I didn't mean to, uhm, lose control like that. I guess I also patted Chris's bottom when we were in there. It's somewhat hard to be completely dispassionate."

"It can't be done," Miss Devasquez said. "That's why we allow Shelly so much freedom."

Chapter 19

Settling on the Rules

The locker room invasions were not only going to continue, they had more support than ever. In Miss Hartick's office, she, Miss Devasquez, and Miss Bridle had met to discuss it. Miss Hartick told Miss Bridle, "I really am pleased that you've agreed to be a part of this."

Miss Bridle wouldn't have missed it for the world. "It is unusual, I know, but I've come to see just how positive an experience this will be for those young men."

"I told you that they weren't as embarrassed as they claimed."

"Well, I'm not so certain that they aren't, Miss Hartick. It's just that the benefits of their nudity far outweigh that concern."

Miss Devasquez was able to keep from laughing, but she couldn't help a smile. These two women had really convinced themselves that they were doing the right thing. It was amazing. She had to ask, "Is there any part of our process that you find questionable, Miss Bridle?"

"Well, to be honest, I am disappointed that you never made it a point to have those boys come talk to me. I've already had Mark come to my office to talk about his experiences."

"Oh, he's gorgeous."

"Not like that," Miss Bridle blushed. "When they come to my office, I'll let them vent their frustrations. I might even try to convince them that it's in their best interest, but that will take considerable time. I won't make any of them undress there though. I want them to be comfortable when they come to see me. That's the point."

"Arthur and Peter sure weren't comfortable there the first time. Especially Peter."

Miss Bridle blushed again. "I really wish I hadn't done that."

"It was harmless," Miss Devasquez reassured her. "So you wrote your name on him. It wasn't as though anyone but his fellow players would ever see it, and they all understand the situation."

Miss Hartick said, "I'm not certain that I find it acceptable to write on the young men."

Miss Devasquez reminded her, "Don't forget that we agreed early on that whoever chaperones sets the limits."

Miss Bridle had to agree, “We’re doing something new, and I’m taking notes for future reference. If this becomes a practice at other schools, then we’ll need to be open-minded and allow for different approaches to see which one works best.”

Miss Devasquez was happy to hear that. She wouldn’t have thought of it on her own, but seeing that “autograph” on Peter’s rear, Miss Devasquez knew she had to put her name on some fine young butt, probably Mark’s. ‘Her mark on Mark,’ her irony brought another smile to her face.

“What about touching the young men? Miss Bridle says that’s the most important part of the process.”

Miss Hartick groaned slightly. “I never intended for teachers or staff to take their pleasure that far. I suppose that if Miss Bridle agrees it’s best, then I won’t complain. I’m certainly not convinced that we should take such liberties. The idea was for Shelly to be comfortable.”

“I’m as female as she is,” Miss Devasquez said. “But I understand your viewpoint, Miss Hartick.” Miss Devasquez knew that she would have to be careful around Miss Hartick. She would have loved to be given free rein to fondle the boys, but if the only real prohibition was that Miss Hartick didn’t want to see it, then Miss Devasquez couldn’t complain. She told them, “I’d love to come with you today, but I am extremely busy. Have fun, Miss Bridle.”

“Oh, I will.” Then Miss Bridle blushed again. She couldn’t help it. She loved it, and she wasn’t going to hide it. It was a bit compromising to admit it to the other women though.

Miss Bridle and Miss Hartick met Shelly at the entrance to the boys’ lockers. “Hello, Miss Hartick. Hello, Miss Bridle. Are you ready for some naked boys?”

“Shelly!” Miss Bridle knew that the others were very uninhibited about the way they enjoyed their activities. She wasn’t even sure that she disapproved; however, she wasn’t used to hearing it yet.

She followed the others into that fabled land where embarrassed boys changed and showered. She felt both eagerness and trepidation. It was such an intoxicating mix of emotions. She knew that she had a slight tremble already, but was it a tremble of anticipation or a tremble of uncertainty? When they arrived, the baseball team displayed a wonderful palette of the various stages of undress. Some were still in uniform, some had their jerseys off and showing hot young muscle, a few had only their pants off, while some were stripped to their underwear, with so much skin showing! There was one boy, and only one boy, who was stark naked.

Miss Hartick’s presence was immediately commanding. “Boys, if I could have your attention please. All of you. That means you too, Peter.”

Peter, sexy Peter was the only one naked. He had his hands cupped over his goods, but he wore nothing. Nothing, that is, except for an impressive blush. Miss Bridle shivered in delight as she let her eyes feast on him. She was so in love with this boy’s gorgeous body.

Shelly let her snide smile take over. “Well, Miss Bridle, it looks as if Peter just doesn’t mind letting you see him *au naturel*. What is this? Three times, you’ve seen him naked?”

“Y-yes. Three times. Oh gosh, you really are handsome, Peter.”

That only embarrassed him more. Miss Hartick wasn’t going to let him show only his

embarrassment though. She shook her head slightly.

“Peter, you know I won’t let you disrespect us like that. Move your hands. You have nothing to be afraid of.”

Peter hesitated. His arms moved as if he might bare himself, but his hands just had a hard time letting go of his modesty. It appeared as if he almost had to force his hands away, but when he did, there was a nice, bare, dangling dick. Shelly gave her practiced wolf whistle. Miss Hartick told him, “You see? There’s nothing to be afraid of. Miss Bridle tells me that you boys will have a hard time getting past these false inhibitions, so I’ll try to be understanding, but make no mistake, I will not stand for any disrespect. You will show us your bodies. That’s only fair to Shelly. Now, you see that we’ve brought Miss Bridle with us. I know that you’ve all been told that her door is open to you to discuss your experiences. She wants to help ease you all into this. She and I both believe that she can reasonably take part only if she observes the locker room though. She will occasionally even be Shelly’s chaperone. I assume that’s all right with you?”

None of the boys said a word. A few of them shrugged, but what could they possibly say? It was clear to them all that Miss Bridle enjoyed her time already. She stared at Peter, and her eyes roamed his body without stopping. Peter felt so ashamed, standing there naked for them. Shelly and Miss Bridle just would not look away. Of course, his dick had begun to announce itself. He got only about a third of the way up, and he stalled there. He almost felt some relief that he wasn’t rising all the way up.

He wouldn’t be the only entrée for very long. Miss Hartick told them all, “When I first included Miss Devasquez in this project, I failed to show her the proper consideration. I didn’t even explain what the situation was. I won’t make that mistake again. Miss Bridle needs the chance to become comfortable with this. To help her with that, a few of you boys are going to have to show us your penises.”

The boys felt that sick dread. It was happening again, they were going to have to just pull it out to let the women get a look. It was a special sort of embarrassment. The women were just demanding that the boys put aside all propriety, and they had to do it! Every one of them hoped that they weren’t interesting enough to get attention right then.

“Reggie, I believe Miss Bridle has already seen your penis. Take a step forward, and pull down those pants and that jockstrap. Give her a good look.”

Reggie really hadn’t expected his name to be called. He made the mistake of taking a step back. Miss Hartick gave him that look though. He could hardly breathe, but he stepped up and slowly undid his pants. He heard a slight sound of appreciation from more than one of the women. He already had his jersey off. As he rolled his pants and underwear down, he became nude from mid-thigh up. He stared at the floor in front of him for a few seconds before he felt the urge to look up at them. Three pairs of female eyes were all leveled at his unwillingly bared dick. He felt himself moving immediately. “No, no, at least not this fast.” But his cock wasn’t wasting any time. Miss Hartick just waited until he arrived at full arousal. She told him, “Very good, Reggie. That’s very cooperative.” Reggie stared at the floor again. He put his hands over his stiffy, and then he moved them again.

All three women looked over at Peter. Reggie had lifted fast, but Peter’s penis still hovered

below the halfway point. Miss Bridle appeared somewhat disappointed. Shelly wasn't. She had gotten to the point where she liked these stubborn boys. They tried so hard, but they couldn't win. It would be so satisfying to see Peter give in.

Miss Hartick said, "Miss Bridle, would you like to choose a penis?"

There was a sound of indignation from the boys, but it went unheeded. Miss Bridle colored as she was prone to, but she also smiled. "Oh, oh my, I would love to see what Ted has." She wasn't certain that was the appropriate way to say it, but she was still trying to decide what the boys needed to hear. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw Ted step forward. She really didn't want to enjoy this for the wrong reasons, but she couldn't help enjoying the power. She said his name, and now he had to show her his dick. Ted was in his full uniform, but with his jersey unbuttoned all the way. He looked so good. He stared at Miss Bridle, almost daring her to watch as he slipped his pants down. Then, when his hands got a hold of his underwear, he had to take several moments to work up the nerve. He yanked it down fast. Miss Bridle was amazed at his tool. Ted was the eleventh baseball cock she had seen. If they were all this good, then this would never get old. She surprised herself at how loud her moan was. "MMMMmmMMmmMM!"

Shelly said, "Ted, I never get tired of seeing your dick. How fast are you going to get hard?"

He gave Shelly a dirty look, but said nothing. Miss Bridle agreed with Shelly's enthusiasm. She wasn't going to wait though. "Um, can I also see Greg's, can I also see Greg's dick?"

Shelly didn't quite suppress a laugh. One or two of the boys grumbled. Miss Hartick only told her, "Of course you can. The boys are more than happy to make you comfortable. Right, Greg?"

Greg tepidly stepped forward as if he was afraid he might fall through the floor. He was already humiliated, but his obvious jitters weren't going to keep Miss Hartick from correcting his manners. "Greg? I asked a question. You're happy to help Miss Bridle feel comfortable. Right?"

He looked at Miss Bridle, hoping for some mercy, but she was too busy staring at his jock-strap since it was all he had on. He had to force himself to say, "I'm – I'm happy to help, Miss Bridle."

She hadn't even heard his embarrassment. "Oh, thank you, Greg."

Shelly stopped him before he could bare himself. "Hold on, Greg. Miss Bridle, look at Ted. He's pointing up now." And he was. Ted was suddenly shy and twitchy, but his dick looked happy and proud standing there fully erect.

Miss Bridle complimented him, "That is very nice, Ted. You should be proud of that penis."

Shelly looked over at Peter, who was still only halfway hard. She tried to sound as disdainful as Miss Hartick, but she really only sounded smug.

"See, Peter? The other boys get stiff. Don't you think you ought to give us the full show?" She was thrilled that it worked. The sudden attention and the sarcasm embarrassed him to the point that his body just couldn't hold out any longer. He rose right up real fast. He clapped a hand over his eyes. It didn't help. He could feel them all staring at his erection. Shelly said, "That's better. Thanks, Peter. Okay, Greg, you can get your dick out now."

“You fu—” He didn’t finish that thought. It didn’t matter. Miss Hartick was not about to let this boy embarrass her in front of Miss Bridle. She was icy calm as she told him, “Greg, that’s a detention. Be in my office tomorrow after school.”

Greg slumped. When he glanced at Miss Hartick, he realized that she expected something, and he had to deliver. He groaned, but he followed through, pulling his jockstrap down to give them all the freedom to treat him as a decoration. He stood there bare penis, refusing to look at anyone.

Miss Hartick said, “Well, the boys have demonstrated their willingness to cooperate. Unless you need more, Miss Bridle.”

Miss Bridle squirmed in place and shuffled her feet. She had four young dicks on display. Three of them hard, and poor Greg starting to rise already. She knew that she should move on, but she had to say, “I’d really like to get a look at Paul’s penis before we move on.”

“Anything you want,” Miss Hartick said. “I’m not sure I’ve seen Paul’s penis yet. Have I, Paul?”

Paul was petrified. When his name was called, he had moved up automatically. He couldn’t bear the thought of being exposed. He stumbled over his words, “Uhm, kind of. I mean, I sort of have been changing when you’ve walked through, but uh, you haven’t gotten a good look.”

“She hasn’t,” Shelly said. “I know because I haven’t even gotten a good look. I tell you what, Miss Bridle, I know I said I wanted to interview Dean, but maybe we should bring Paul along to get naked with him. Just to have another naked boy standing there.”

Miss Bridle looked at Miss Hartick with wide eyes. “Can we do that?”

“We’ve done it before,” Miss Hartick said. “You’ve got to understand that we require full obedience from the boys when we’re here. It keeps things from getting confused. It certainly helps the boys to understand what’s proper.”

“Oh, uh, right. Then I guess it’s a good idea.”

Shelly managed to keep herself from chuckling. Miss Hartick called it obedience, but it was submission more than it was obedience. The boys had no choice at all. They had to do whatever they were told. They had to give up their modesty on demand. That was Miss Hartick’s idea of proper. Shelly loved her lunatic mentor. She really hoped that Miss Bridle could keep up, and it looked as if that was no problem. Before they moved on to the interview, Shelly was happy to point out Greg. “Look, he’s all the way hard too! Way to go, Greg! You boys really have some school spirit. Thanks for being such stand up guys.”

Shelly moved on to find Dean at his locker. Dean had heard her say his name. He had actually tried to think of a way to slip away without any of the women noticing, but the locker room wasn’t laid out like that. He saw that evil look in her eyes. “Here he is. Hi, Dean.”

“Hi, Shelly.”

Shelly got her notebook ready, but Miss Hartick said, “Hold on a moment. Boys, I want you standing here, side by side. Good. You can begin undressing any time now.”

“But leave the hats on,” Shelly said. “I love seeing naked baseball boys in their caps.”

“Shelly!” Miss Bridle said. She smiled wide though.

Shelly started her interview. “Dean, you used to go to Fosterville High before you came to Prellis High. What will it be like, playing against your old team?”

Dean sighed. Since he had his shirt off when they found him, he tried to strip off his pants as slowly as possible. “Well, I’m a Jaybird through and through. I guess it won’t be any different to me at all playing against Fosterville.”

Shelly’s eyes flicked back and forth from Dean slipping his pants off to Paul undoing the last buttons on his jersey. “You have friends on the Fosterville team though, don’t you?”

Dean tried to give the best answers he could, but that was hard while he was eyed that way. He wore only his cap and jockstrap. Miss Hartick looked him over as if he was a museum exhibit. Shelly had that horrible half smile. Miss Bridle was the one that bothered him the most right then though. She was always so supportive. Now she just drank in the sight of his body.

He had his hands on his underwear, and it was so suspenseful that Shelly had to stop in mid-question. They were all just waiting for the unveiling. When he got it over with, he heard the sounds. Shelly gave a happy sigh. Miss Hartick made a nearly inaudible moan of pleasure. Miss Bridle just started to breathe heavily.

After far too many moments of deliberate ogling, Shelly started back in. Her eyes continued to move up and down his body, while Miss Bridle just stared at his dick.

Shelly asked him, “How many girls have seen that penis, Dean?”

“Oh, I, uh, I don’t know.”

Shelly did. She could remember. “Us, and also Miss Devasquez, Mindy and Miss Armstrong and Miss Fox and Jean, Allison, Wendy, Tatiana, Hannah and Gayla. Wow. Lots of girls have seen your stuff, haven’t they? But no one has touched it yet, have they?”

“N-no. I mean, no one has.” Dean stood there, still as a statue. He wouldn’t have seemed nervous at all if it weren’t for the way his voice kept cracking when he had to answer Shelly’s questions. She kept up the interview as though she hadn’t interrupted herself.

Then she had to stop again. “Hold on a moment. Paul’s having a bit of trouble.” Paul had managed to get down to his underwear, but he just couldn’t bring himself to part with it. Shelly told him, “I’ll help you with that.”

“What? No, no, I can handle it. Just, just hold on.”

Miss Hartick said, “Hold still, Paul.”

Paul was scared stiff. He watched Shelly move ever so slowly as her greedy eyes locked on to their target. As she walked past Dean, Shelly put her hand on his chest, enjoying one side, then the other. “Oh, hot.” Dean shuddered. It lasted only a moment, but he could finally feel his manhood starting to respond to his embarrassment. At least it was Paul’s turn under the microscope.

Paul stepped back, but a look from Miss Hartick made him step forward again. “Oh no. Oh no. Oh God, you’re going to see everything.”

“That’s right, I am,” Shelly said happily. She got down to help him slide that jockstrap off. Once she had it past the point of exposure, she announced, “Another winner. That’s nice.”

“Yes, it is,” Miss Bridle agreed. Miss Hartick nodded. Paul turned bright pink. He thought he would faint when he had to step out of his underwear. He really stood there, buck-naked so that they could just enjoy the sight of his bare dick. He heard Shelly giggle as she twirled his underwear and then flung it aside.

Miss Bridle told him, “Now don’t be embarrassed, Paul. You shouldn’t be. That body is a marvelous sight, especially that penis. You look great naked.” He actually blushed more. She wasn’t sure she helped, but she tried to calm him down. “Just remember that if you get hard, it’s nothing to be ashamed of. It’s completely natural.”

“But, but, but, I won’t...” He stared down in shock. It was as if Miss Bridle had said some magic words. He felt that twisted urge of embarrassment flow into his private parts. “Oh hell.”

Shelly stepped back to admire the two slowly growing young cocks. They weren’t rising yet, they were only lengthening. This would be a slow show. “I wonder who will get there first? Anyway, Dean, tell us if there’s anything special you do to prepare for a game.”

“Wh-what? Uh, I guess, uh,” he kept stumbling over his words now that the women were watching his dick lift up. The two bare-naked boys felt their embarrassment rise with their penises. They kept hearing that heavy breathing from Miss Bridle. They tried to ignore their own nakedness, but they kept looking at the women who were looking at them. Those wide eyes made them feel so completely exposed, especially when they reached the height of their erections. They were standing there, not only naked, but naked, hard, and humiliated.

When Shelly finally managed to lead Dean all the way through the interview, she said, “Paul, you can go on and shower now.” He was quick to get away, and it was funny watching his dick wobble back and forth as he rushed past them all.

Dean asked, “I can’t go yet?”

Shelly told him, “Almost. I’m sorry, Dean, but I just have to do this. I know that you’ve managed to get this far without being fondled, but I just can’t help it.” She loved it. She was about to take this boy past that point for the first time. She saw his eyes shut hard when she put her hands on his muscles. She made sure to feel all over his body before she got to his hard-on. She felt his chest, his abs, his arms, and his legs. Then she wrapped her hand around his cock. He moaned so quiet that only Shelly could hear him. While she ran her fingers all over his rod, she said, “Thank you for this, Dean. I can’t tell you how happy this makes me.” She meant that, but Dean wasn’t happy at all.

“C-c-can I go now? P-pretty please?”

Shelly couldn’t help but giggle with that. She gave him a light pat to his butt, but before she could send him on his way, Miss Bridle interjected, “Hold on just one moment.”

“But, but...”

Miss Hartick saw the way Miss Bridle’s fingers twitched achingly. The two women looked at each other. Miss Bridle had already said that she thought the hands-on part of the interview was the best thing for the boys. It was clear that she was dying to take part. The problem was that Miss Hartick was still uncomfortable with the teachers and staff imposing on the boys that

way. It was an impasse, but Miss Hartick wasn't just determined; she was smart. She knew she needed Miss Bridle to approve of the locker room project. So she said with casual ease, "This has taken quite a bit of my time today. I do have a lot of work to do. Miss Bridle, I hate to impose, but could you possibly see Shelly out when she's done?"

"Uh, yes! Certainly."

"Thank you." Miss Hartick strode away with determination.

Miss Bridle watched her walk away. Then she turned those eyes to naked Dean. She tried to make eye contact but it looked more as if she talked to his dick. "Stay right there. Don't move from that spot."

Miss Bridle grabbed Shelly's wrist and quickly led her around a corner. She whispered desperately, "Should I touch Dean's dick?"

The question so surprised Shelly that she almost answered honestly, "Of course, you shouldn't touch him there." She didn't say that though. She knew that the best thing for her was to have Miss Bridle as uninhibited as possible. "Of course, you should. Doesn't he need it?"

Miss Bridle nodded and confidently walked back to Dean. Dean was scared out of his mind when he saw that lusty look in her eye. "M-Miss Bridle?" She didn't say a word. She just moved to him and took his goods in hand. She heard him squawk slightly.

She continued to enjoy the feel of his heat and hardness as she whispered, "I want you to enjoy this. It's perfectly natural for you to enjoy this."

Dean just stared at her with amazement. Enjoy being toyed with against his will? Was she crazy? He shuddered in shame, but Miss Bridle thought it was a shudder of pleasure. When she let him go, she sighed lightly.

"Oh, that's so good." She strode out with more purpose than anyone had ever seen on her. Outside she said to Shelly, "Not everyone understands what we're trying to accomplish here. The only thing you've done wrong though, is not including me right away."

Shelly smiled at this new brand of delusion. "I'll try to make up for that."

Chapter 20

Greg's Detention

Greg had a detention coming. It was with Miss Hartick in her office. That didn't mean he was safe. He didn't consider it one of the *special detentions* where girls and women were invited to enjoy the dick show. Still, he was nervous. It was all he thought about. The locker room was a terrible place now. There was no telling what would happen or who would be there to leer at them. The locker room was at least some protection. In there any of the boys could get attention, which meant that most times he was just a dick in the background. Usually not even that. Most of the boys had managed to develop habits that let them change and slip around the girls and teachers that invaded. As long as they weren't put on display, it was only uncomfortable. Being part of a show though, or worse yet, being singled out, that was horrible. When he would get to Miss Hartick's office, he might be in for more of it. She wasn't as bad as Miss Devasquez or Mindy, but it was still all he thought about, even while he slept.

Greg dreamed fitfully about his ongoing embarrassment. It was bad enough that he could be humiliated after any baseball practice; he wasn't even safe in his own brain at night.

He dreamed about school. He was in a classroom full of girls from Prellis High. He felt vulnerable right away, and it got worse fast. Miss Devasquez was the teacher of the class in this dream. She called a name, "Shelly? Are you ready for show and tell?"

Shelly strode confidently to the front of the class, but on the way, she stopped at Greg's desk and pulled him along after her. It was as if she had just picked up a piece of paper or an ink pen. She set him on his feet at the front of the classroom. "Girls, this is Greg. He's what I brought for show and tell."

Every girl in class gave him lusty eyes. "OOOOOooooOOOH!"

Shelly gave her evil half grin when Greg looked at her. He wanted to run or hide. He wanted to say something, but he just stood there silently. Shelly moved around him as would a spokesmodel while she said, "Greg is a baseball player with an awesome body. Doesn't he have an awesome body?"

The classroom all said together, "OooH Yeah! OOOOOOooooOOOH!"

Shelly went on, "I've seen Greg naked in the locker room. I've even made him get naked. He has to get naked for me whenever I want! And now I'm going to strip him totally bare penis

naked for you!"

"OOOOOooOOOOooOOOHHH!"

Greg finally had his voice. "No! You can't do this!"

Miss Devasquez grinned. "Quiet, Greg. You're not here to talk; you're only here to be naked. You get to play baseball. So it's only fair that we all get to see every bit of your body. Isn't that fair, girls?"

"YEAH!"

Greg whispered to himself, "oh god oh god oh god. They're all going see me naked." For a moment, he knew it was a dream, but that didn't help. He just couldn't resist it. And Shelly seemed so real when she gave him that hungry look she's always got.

With a couple fast motions, Shelly had him stripped to his underwear. It was like a magician pulling a tablecloth. The girls in the classroom all burst out laughing at him. They pointed, leered, and laughed, and even though it was a dream, he felt a hot blush. Shelly said, "This is Greg's body." Her hand ran up and down his chest and stomach. "Isn't this a great body?"

"YEAH! Great body, Greg! OOooOOOH!"

Shelly put her finger on the top of his head, and he spun in place. She snapped his waistband a moment. Then she whisked his underwear off as she had his clothes. "And this is Greg's ass!"

"OOOH! AAAaH!"

"It's a great ass, isn't it? And we all get to see it whether he likes it or not! Wouldn't it be great if he liked it?"

The classroom all shouted, "No way! We want him ashamed and embarrassed!" The girls all giggled.

Shelly said, "Well, he's certainly embarrassed. He could be more embarrassed though. Do you believe me?"

"He couldn't be any more embarrassed than that!" her audience responded.

Shelly put her finger on his head again, and he turned back around, bare-naked but clutching his vitals to keep them from view. He saw all the wide eyes, happy smiles, the giggles, the whispers, and the pointing fingers. Shelly said, "Greg, show the girls your dick!"

"No!" he shouted.

"Don't you want the girls to see your dick?"

"No!"

"Oh," Shelly said. "But the girls want to see your dick. Girls, do you want to see Greg's dick?"

"YEAH! Let's see it!"

Despite his best effort to resist, Shelly effortlessly grabbed his hands and moved them away. "Here's Greg bare penis!"

"OOOOOooOOOHHH! AAAaaAAAAAH! Nice dick, Greg!"

He begged, “Stop it! Stop it! Let me cover up!”

“See?” Shelly said. “I told you that he could be more embarrassed. And now he is. He’s buck naked and blushing with his gorgeous cock showing for everyone! But he could still be more embarrassed!”

The classroom disagreed. “No way, Shelly! There’s nothing more embarrassing than this!”

Shelly turned her wicked eyes to hopeless Greg, “Oh yeah? Greg, time to perform. Get an erection for the girls!”

As if by magic, Shelly merely waved her hand and Greg felt his penis obey instantly. He felt the rise of it as if it was all real. It was fast, but no faster than it could have been in the real world. Then he stood there not only naked, but with his penis standing fully hard and obedient. The classroom burst out laughing again, louder than they had yet. Shelly said, “See? Look at that face! If you can pull your eyes away from that stiffy, look at how humiliated he is! Look at his eyes! Look at his blush! Look at his quivering little frown! Okay, now look at his dick again!”

“OOOOH! AAaAAH!”

Greg felt the humiliation as if it was real. It wasn’t quite over yet though. Shelly said, “If I say so, then Greg has to let a girl touch him while he’s naked! You can even touch that embarrassingly stiff cock! And I say that everyone in class can get a grope!”

She gave him a little push, and he glided to the center of the classroom. All the girls moved in on him, as would a pack of wolves. He felt hands on his back, on his butt, on his arms, on his chest and of course, sliding up and down his bare cock. It was as if the girls couldn’t even be in each other’s way. All of them put their hands to his body all at once. He was smothered in greedy high school girl hands from head to toe, and they were swarming all over, moving, caressing, grabbing, and fondling. He screamed, “No No No No!”

His eyes snapped open, and he found himself in bed, sweating and nervous. “Oh god, I really did get a hard-on. Down boy, it’s okay now.”

Well, it goes without saying that Greg couldn’t get back to sleep. He was terrified that the gropy, humiliating classroom might still be in his dreams waiting for him. When he got to school, it was still with him, more vivid and real in his mind than any dream should be. He just couldn’t shake it. He had to do something, but the only real choice he had at school was to talk to a counselor. Would that really help? He shuddered at the thought, but he knew that he had Miss Bridle if he really needed to talk to anyone. Mark had told him that when he went to talk to her in her office that he had been perfectly safe. Greg swallowed his pride and he went.

Miss Bridle was pleasantly surprised to see another of the beautiful baseball boys walk into her office. She hadn’t been certain they would accept her help this easily. “Hello, Greg. How can I help you?”

He sat down. “Uh, you’re not going to make me take off my clothes, are you?”

“No, Greg,” she grinned. “That’s all for your own good, but you’re safe from it here because you need some place to be comfortable and really consider the benefits of it.”

Yeah, right. Greg shrugged and he figured he might as well talk to her anyway. “Do you

know anything about bad dreams, Miss Bridle?"

"Yes, Greg, of course I do."

"I had a real bad one last night. I was in a weird classroom, and I was a show and tell subject."

"For Shelly?"

"Yeah."

"And Miss Devasquez was the teacher."

"That's right. How did you know that? Anyway, Shelly made me stand there in front of everyone while she, uh, while she..."

"She whisked your clothing off in front of the chalkboard."

"Y-yeah. Like an old-fashioned chalkboard. How did you know that?"

Miss Bridle was fascinated. Shared dreams were a rare phenomenon. Miss Bridle was so interested in that, she almost forgot that it might be hard for Greg to hear it. "You're not the only student who had that dream last night. Shelly was in here earlier. She told me about a dream she had about you. It was the dream you were describing. Tell me what happened?"

Greg was horrified. "You mean Shelly was really there? Were the others?"

"I don't think so, Greg. It might be unusual, but remind yourself that it was just a dream."

"But I remember it as if it was real! So does Shelly! Oh god!"

"Greg, calm down. Shelly won't tell anyone about her dream. I shouldn't have even told you about it. She was worried that she might be too focused on all you naked boys."

"Are you trying to help me or not?"

"Sorry, Greg. Go on." She listened intently to his description of being stripped and fondled all over by a mass of greedy young girl hands. She managed to keep her own warm passion hidden from Greg, but she really, really wished that she had shared that dream as well. Greg was clearly bothered that it was more than an ordinary dream. No matter how much Miss Bridle tried, she couldn't convince him that's all it was. He said, "I'm not even safe from her when I'm sleeping. You promise that she's not going to talk about it to anyone?"

"She won't. She needs people to take her seriously as a journalist. I won't even tell her about your dream."

That was something, but Greg still left Miss Bridle's office feeling exposed and used. To make things worse, he had to face his detention when the school day was over. He made his way glumly to Miss Hartick's office. He shut the door behind him and he took a seat. Miss Hartick's chair faced away from him when he got in, and she seemed content to let him wait a moment before she said a word. Then, the chair turned to him slowly like a villain in a bad movie. It was not Miss Hartick. It was Miss Devasquez.

"I've always wanted to do that," she said.

"Wh-where's Miss Hartick?"

Miss Devasquez shrugged with one shoulder. “I don’t know for sure. Principal Steadworth doesn’t actually do much around here. Miss Hartick runs the school. That keeps her busy. So she hoped that I might be able to take the time for your detention. Of course, I was more than happy to agree to that.”

“Oh no.”

“Oh yes, Greg. You’re here with me, after getting in trouble in the locker room. You know what that means.”

“But, but...”

“Yes, I will see your butt and everything else. Oh, you sexy young boys with your upstanding cocks make a woman just too greedy for a show. I’m not so greedy that I can’t share a bit though.”

“Oh no. Oh no.”

“Don’t worry. It’s just Mindy and Shelly. Come on in, girls.”

They had timed their grand entrance perfectly. Greg looked as if he would hyperventilate when Mindy locked the door behind her and giggled harmlessly. Greg couldn’t stand it. He had expected something like this, but they still managed to put him into a panic. “What are you – What are you going to make me do?”

Mindy giggled again. “We’re going to see your dick!” She squealed as she had so many times before.

Greg got out of his chair and he backed away a bit. “Wait, wait. We’re not in the locker room. Can you do this?”

“You know we can,” Miss Devasquez said. “I expect you boys to show your respect whenever you are required to. So stop acting as if this is the end of the world. It’s not as though we haven’t all seen you naked and hard already.”

Greg wanted to just stay quiet and show some self-respect. Something about these women this time was just so openly lusty and abusive. Along with his nightmare, this had him terrified. “Isn’t there something else I can do?”

Miss Devasquez saw that Greg’s panic was more than she expected. She tried to sound soothing instead. “Don’t worry, Greg, we won’t hurt you. We just want to look and to touch. That’s not asking so much is it?”

“Uuuuh...”

Shelly grinned mischievously. “We all just love you. We love you so much that we can’t help ourselves. Come here so I can help you with that.”

“What? Wait,” he stepped forward, but he also pleaded, “Miss Devasquez, do I really have to let her take off my clothes?”

Miss Devasquez almost took pity on him, but she’d made a promise to the girls though. “Just let it happen, Greg.”

He shuddered as he closed his eyes and felt Shelly’s hands start to slide his shirt up. Mindy helped with that too, raising his arms and helping strip that off. Mindy squealed at the sight

of his hot young body. Greg almost took a moment of comfort from that. It was so real. At least this was the normal sort of humiliation and not something new. That didn't make it less embarrassing though, only more familiar. "Can I at least take off the rest myself?"

Mindy giggled and squealed again as she ran her hands down his muscles.

"I can handle it," she said as she started undoing his pants. "Oooo! I love this so much! God, he's cute! Greg, you're so cute! MmM!"

Greg was unable to manage even a dirty look. He just stood there with nervous eyes as the girls had their fun, divesting him of his pants and his pride. He felt ridiculous letting Mindy and Shelly strip him down, but that discomfort turned so much worse when he felt Shelly's hands at his waistband. "No, no, no, no, no, no. Come on, Shelly. Don't do it. AAAAH!" They yanked down his underwear, revealing his goodies to them all. He couldn't help but cover up. His hands hid his boyhood wonder from these evil women. That didn't help much since they were all smiling and giggling. They loved seeing his embarrassment, even if that meant they couldn't see his cock. Besides, they knew they could uncover it again anytime they wanted, and Greg knew it to. Everyone also knew it inevitably would happen. What was the use of pretending that he could hide his intimate secrets from them? His cock was effectively their property when he was trapped with them.

"You're so adorable," Miss Devasquez said. "Turn around and let us see that extraordinary rear end of yours."

He didn't move. He just stared in shock at their blatant abuse in this new setting. Mindy gave his arm a little push to get him started turning. She made a happy little moan that rose in pitch as his bum was turned to them. Once it was on full display, that Mindy moan was a high-pitched thrill squeal.

Miss Devasquez moved closer to get a better look. "Oh my," she said.

"You really do have one fine ass, Greg. Doesn't he have a great ass, girls?"

"A great ass!" Mindy said happily.

"A really, really nice baseball butt," Shelly said, "but I bet he's blushing about it right now. Are you blushing, Greg?"

"He doesn't want to talk to us," Miss Devasquez said. "I guess he doesn't have to as long as his respect for women is bared this much." With that, she put her hand on his butt and gave him a good squeeze.

Greg squawked wonderfully at that. "My turn!" Shelly said. She put both hands on his butt and massaged it lovingly. "OoOoOh yeah." She ended that with a quick little pat and a pinch.

Mindy didn't have to announce herself. Her mumbling little happy sounds did it for her as she groped his right cheek, then his left. Her hand wandered up his body to enjoy the feel of his athletic back. Then her happy hand wandered back down to give each side of his butt another grab. Then she gently turned him back around. He had such a nervously timid expression as he stood there, stark naked with his hands over his privates. The women couldn't help but chuckle at just how pathetic he looked. It wasn't just his pleading eyes and his cover up. His feet and legs were close together, his shoulders were hunched slightly forward and he cupped his jewels as if he was protecting them from the whole world.

Mindy ran her fingers along one arm as she asked him, “You’re really embarrassed, aren’t you, Greg?”

“I, I, I... This isn’t fair!”

“Of course, it’s not fair,” Miss Devasquez said. “That’s why we love it so much. I love you boys for your enthusiasm. You just refuse to get used to this at all.”

“W-we can’t!” Greg couldn’t have explained it, but he repeated it the way he heard Chris say it. “If you hit me with a hammer every other day, it will never stop hurting!”

Mindy playfully ran her finger along his chest. “But we’d never hurt you.”

“Can’t you please leave me alone? How do you stand yourselves?”

“Well, now that’s hardly polite,” Miss Devasquez said, though she wondered the same thing herself. She took such a perverse thrill from their humiliation, but at the same time, her conscience constantly nagged her. Her lust was stronger than her conscience though. Miss Devasquez took Mindy’s place. She put her hands on the boy’s chest, marveling at the feel of his muscle. “All we’re asking you to do is prove that you respect us. Besides, Miss Bridle says that this is good for you.”

Greg didn’t answer. He just turned his head away. Miss Devasquez took a step back and admired the sight of him. Greg felt their stares as much as he had felt their hands. They all had such hungry eyes and devilish smiles. Shelly said, “Is it time to see his dick, or should we let him stand there and cringe for a little while longer?”

“I want to see his dick!” Mindy happily answered.

“MmmmM,” Miss Devasquez said. “He’s all yours when you want to move those hands, Shelly.”

Greg looked at Shelly in terror. She had that half smile while she looked him up and down. She stepped to him slow so that every moment was sick with suspense for poor Greg. When Shelly put her hand on his wrist, he clenched his eyes tight. She didn’t move his hand though. She ran her hand up his arm slowly. “You really are hot,” she said. “I can see why Jean has such a crush you.” While Greg’s nice eyes clenched shut and opened wide again and again, Shelly felt her way up his arm to his shoulder, giving a nice squeeze to the muscle there. Then she moved across to his chest, enjoying one side and the other. She ran her hand over his abs, lower and lower. Then, right before she got to where it counted, she ran her hand back up. She kept her touch gliding across him slowly, teasing him with anticipation.

He couldn’t take it. He shouted, “Just get it over with!”

Mindy burst out laughing. Shelly kept fondling his body, and she asked, “You want me to uncover your dick?”

“Wh-what? N-No! You’re going to do what you’re going to do though!”

“That’s right. I am.” She finally moved his hands aside, baring his goodies for their eyes. Greg hated watching their eyes get wider. It didn’t matter how many times they did this, they always had that moment of surprise when his penis was first bared. This time was special because he already grew under Shelly’s influence. He had just barely started to rise, but it was happening.

Miss Devasquez sighed, Mindy squealed, and Shelly breathed some whisper in his ear that he couldn't make out. He said, "Stop staring at me! How would you like it?"

Mindy giggled. "You'd like that wouldn't you, you naughty boy? I bet you've fantasized about us, haven't you?"

In response to her question, Greg's penis answered for him, as it started rising up. Mindy started giggling uncontrollably. Miss Devasquez fanned herself with her hand. Shelly started feeling his muscles again. Greg was just completely washed in shame. Then, much to his horror, Mindy took his picture! "HEY! She can't do that!"

"Sure I can!" Mindy said. "Oh, that's right, sweetie, get totally hard for the camera!"

"No! Stop it!" Greg stood stock still with wide eyes. He was ramrod straight, both his penis and his posture.

Mindy circled him getting pictures from different sides. She said, "Grab his dick, Shelly!"

Shelly obliged and Mindy continued taking pictures of it. After Shelly fondled his rod for a few minutes, Mindy took some pictures of Greg without any girl in the picture. Then it was Miss Devasquez's turn. She made sure to enjoy a feel of his arms and chest, and then it was time to go low. She cupped his balls, then she tickled at them to see him shudder. "Does that feel good, Greg?" Of course, he said nothing. He made a few small sounds of embarrassment as pretty Miss Devasquez tickled her way up and down his sweetstick. She made sure to stroke him a few times while Mindy took more pictures.

"Can I feel him up now?" Mindy said.

"Go ahead," Miss Devasquez said with a smile. She took over the camera while her aide ran her hands greedily over that gorgeous body and that heroically hard cock. While Mindy kept playfully pawing at his chest and abs, Miss Devasquez told him, "We have naked pictures of you now, Greg. I'm sure that you don't want us showing them to anyone."

"You wouldn't!"

"Show them off? The ones with just you in them we might. You'll be a good, obedient boy toy from now on, no matter what, right?"

Greg stared at her in shock. Did they do this to other boys?

Miss Devasquez repeated herself with a stern edge to her voice. "You'll be a good, obedient boy toy from now on, no matter what, right?"

"R-right. Whatever you say. You can take what you want anyway. Can I please, please get dressed now?" He hated the sound of their condescending giggles. "Please?"

"Go ahead, Greg. Detention's over. One thing. From now on, if Miss Bridle ever asks you what it's like when we touch you, you admit that you like it."

"Wh-what?"

"Say it now," Mindy gleefully ordered him. "I want to hear him say it!"

Greg gulped, but he didn't see that he had much choice. "I, I, it feels nice to be touched by Shelly. And Mindy and Miss Devasquez. P-please don't tell anyone I said that."

“You can’t lie well at all, can you Greg?” Shelly asked.

Miss Devasquez was satisfied though. “Miss Bridle will believe him. By now, she’ll believe anything she wants to hear.”

Chapter 21

Another Pre-Game Interview

It was game day and excitement filled the school. Their baseball team this year was phenomenal. There was already talk about a state championship since the team beat Grable High in their opening game. Was that a fluke though? Or could the team really carry the school to the height of victory? Fosterville High's baseball team was not a great test. While not a bad team, they were not exceptional either. Everyone already knew that the Prellis Jaybirds could not possibly lose. That put a special sort of pressure on the boys. They were confident, but this was not just an ordinary expectation of a win. Instead, the boys knew that if they failed, then everyone would be disheartened.

Shelly knew that the boys were focused on the game. She didn't want to change that any more than she had to. She had a job to do though. After her last game day interview, she wasn't going to hold back. She wasn't allowed in the locker room, of course. Miss Hartick didn't appreciate that decision, but since even Shelly thought it was best, Medusa Hartick did not argue. She simply summoned four of the boys to her office. Shelly and Coach Grady chose these four. It suited Shelly's interest as a reporter, but more than that, she and the Coach wanted to see if these boys would react as the last ones did. Was enforced nudity really that much of an inspiration to these players? It amazed Shelly to think of them as Popeye with humiliation as their spinach.

Miss Hartick allowed Shelly to bring another girl with her, so she brought Leslie, Carla's friend. It was pretty much to prove a point that she might invite anyone. Shelly hadn't found that her locker room interview status made her popular, but she had managed to keep out of the cross-hairs of the mean or popular girls. The rumors had spread. All the girls at school knew that Shelly had the power not only to strip the baseball boys naked, but also to display them to any girl she wanted. None of the girls wanted to jeopardize their chance at an invitation to that sort of event. Even the girls who hated Shelly left her alone.

Shelly and Leslie were there along with Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle, who smiled from ear to ear when the boys walked in. In a sunny and friendly voice, the counselor said, "Hello, Tommy, David, Brian, Ron. Good to see you. Are you ready for the big game?"

"Aw man," David said, "are you all going be here while she interviews us?"

Miss Hartick set that straight. "Watch your tone, young man."

Miss Bridle said, "It's all right, Miss Hartick. It's only natural for the boys to demonstrate their resistance to this. They'll behave though, I'm sure. How do you go about these special interviews?"

Shelly's smile matched Miss Bridle's. "We've only done one so far. We made the boys line up, and Miss Hartick made them all strip naked before I started." Shelly heard a fading sigh from Leslie. This was great.

Except for a single groan, the boys managed to stay fairly silent. They lined up without even being told. Tommy was the one who asked, "Miss Hartick, I don't mean any disrespect, but since we're not in the locker room, maybe undressing isn't necessary." He hated the way he had to protest so politely, but he didn't expect her to listen to anything else.

Miss Hartick sighed impatiently. "We require your compliance for both your benefit and Shelly's. I've explained all this. In all fairness though, if Shelly decides that it isn't necessary, then I'll let you keep your clothes on."

Shelly didn't have to say a word. Miss Bridle did. "Actually, I'm going to have to disagree. Remember, Miss Hartick that this is also for the benefit of the boys. How are they supposed to learn to accept themselves if we don't force them to?"

Miss Hartick thought about that. Ironically, she thought Miss Bridle had a screw loose. Still, she didn't want to dismiss Miss Bridle's unusual ideas. They might have some merit. They served the greater purpose of empowering the girls of the school. Miss Hartick would get to see some bare penis again. "Well, I suppose that settles it. Boys, I appreciate your diplomacy about it, but I'm afraid that we're going to have to insist. Start getting all that off."

As the boys slowly complied with shaking hands, Shelly rubbed it in. "Time for some dick. But leave your pants and underwear on, okay?"

"Shelly?" Miss Hartick asked.

"Well, if it's all the same to you, I'd like to have the boys just pull that down to show us their penises for the interview. The boy I interview can stand there with it hanging out. The others can cover and sit until I'm ready for them. Then that boy can give up his goods. When it's over, I'd like to just have them all line up again and pull their pants down one last time."

Miss Bridle couldn't stifle a girlish giggle. She thought it was healthy for Shelly to push her boundaries and act out her fantasies, at least within the boundaries of decency. She also thought it might help the boys realize their own sexual worth to be enjoyed by the girls that way. When Miss Hartick looked at her for her opinion, Miss Bridle nodded enthusiastically.

Miss Hartick said, "I suppose that's all right. Before we start though, I want to be sure that the boys are in the proper mind-set. So all four of you, please show us your penises now."

The boys were all horrified. Shelly loved to torment them, and she was so creative. Pull it out, put it away, and pull it out again. This would be completely humiliating. Tommy, David, and Ron all started undoing their pants. Brian had his hands over his eyes, so he needed a bit of prodding. Miss Bridle gently told him, "Brian? You have to show us your dick now, okay?"

Did she really just say that like that? Brian stared at her in amazement. She really just told him to pull his dick out, and she tried to sound comforting about it. A small part of his embarrassment was replaced with utter confusion as he started undoing too. The other boys

were ready to bare themselves, but none of them had started lowering yet. They were going to wait until they were all moving. The boys looked at each other nervously a moment, then the show started. It was like watching the curtain raise, but this time it was lowered. As four young cocks were exposed for four pairs of lusty female eyes, the boys could be heard.

“Oh god, not again.” “OooOOh, I hate this!” “Nnnnn!” “I can’t do this!” But he did it. They all were. They had just dropped their pants to make a spectacle out of their privates.

Leslie moaned softly. Miss Bridle hummed in satisfaction. Miss Hartick and Shelly were silently satisfied at the ongoing penis party they could conjure. After several moments, one of the boys asked, “When can we sit down?” That was David. He could already feel the buzzing of embarrassment in his loins. He knew that if he didn’t get covered fast, he would start to lift.

“This is so humiliating,” Tommy muttered.

“What was that?” Miss Hartick demanded. “Did you say that this is humiliating for you? Are you telling us that it’s humiliating to show respect to a woman?”

Tommy was wide eyed in fear. Miss Hartick was the most intimidating person he ever met. “I just meant that it’s embarrassing to have to show you our, you know, our stuff.”

Miss Hartick remained angry but in a quieter, more condescending way. “It’s nothing you haven’t done before. We’ve been through this. Your nudity serves the purpose of demonstrating your acceptance of Shelly’s role and your respect for women in general. Look at you. You’re getting a hard-on already. Do you really expect me to believe that you can do that while you’re feeling humiliated? Now I want you to apologize to Shelly.”

Tommy’s dick started to lift the moment Miss Hartick began berating him. It stopped when she stopped. It stood there, right at the halfway point, staring out into the world. Tommy saw all the women staring at his pointer. He could feel himself blush, but he shut his eyes to tune out the world. His penis even declined very slightly. Then he forced out the words, “I’m sorry, Shelly. I didn’t mean it.” As he said that, his penis responded to his own obedience by lifting up further. He didn’t get all the way there, but he was now more than three quarters of the way. Leslie chuckled softly at his predicament.

Tommy wasn’t the only one. Brian and Ron were still unaffected, hanging without a trace of erection. David was almost as far up as Tommy was though. Shelly said, “mmMM! That is quite a sight. I can’t tell you boys that I don’t like seeing you that way, but it is somewhat embarrassing for me to have to watch you harden up in front of me like that.”

Could Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle really believe that? It wasn’t even a half-hearted attempt at lying. Shelly was nothing but confident, cool and lusty as she smiled at the four bare cocks. Miss Hartick was still angry about Tommy’s mistake, so she only heard what she expected. Miss Bridle should have seen right through Shelly, but she was just too transfixed by the penis quartet. She couldn’t have repeated what Shelly said.

Miss Hartick was still ready to talk down to these sexist boys, and Shelly had given her that chance. “You heard what Shelly said. She’s right. It’s embarrassing for any girl to have you boys announce your lust too blatantly. All it would take is a little will power to stop it. Brian and Ron are keeping themselves under control. So when you boys get stiff, you’re not fooling anyone.”

That sent a shock wave of embarrassment through the boys, who could have just died from shame. Brian and Ron were even embarrassed by it. Although not hard at all, Miss Hartick's used them as tools for her bizarre girl-power agenda.

Shelly was always happy to see extra humiliation poured on the naked boys since it had such a wonderful effect. "Oh, David, that's hot." He had gotten completely hard. He took a small step backwards when she said that to him. Every female eye was on his mutinously hard cock. Shelly turned to her sinister self again. "It might be embarrassing for me, but it's also encouraging, so thanks for that stiffy, David."

Miss Bridle commended her, "That's a very healthy attitude, Shelly."

"Thanks, Miss Bridle. David just volunteered for the first interview with that boner of his." David's groan made Shelly smile a bit wider. She told the other boys, "I guess you can get covered again."

Brian, Tommy, and Ron all turned away before they started pulling their pants up. Leslie squealed, "Oh god, that's some nice ass!" Then those asses disappeared. David still stood there and displayed his rock hard dick. It was hilarious to see him stand there with his arms crossed defiantly. He tried to look angry, but ended up looking as if he was pouting.

Miss Bridle asked, "Leslie, is it embarrassing to watch the boys erect?"

Leslie had heard Shelly lie, so she knew it must be the thing to do. "I guess a little." Then she gushed, "It's so good to see them all naked though. It makes me want to..." She squirmed in place as she leered at David's dick. She had to whisper in Shelly's ear.

Shelly grinned, "As soon as I'm done asking questions. So, David, are you looking forward to tonight's game?"

David flung his hands up in frustration. He had to stand there, dick out, while this evil girl asked him sports questions. For a few questions he was too annoyed to be embarrassed. Then it kicked in like it always did. He saw Shelly's eyes move down his body to his cock. Suddenly nervous, he glanced around to see that his erection was the center of attention. The two girls and two women loved the show. He felt a shock of embarrassment flow up two sides of his penis, and then his dick was just filled with that humiliation. It moved in several little throbs that caused both Leslie and Miss Bridle to giggle very softly. He felt a terrible heat in his cheeks that he knew was just one more way for the women to see his embarrassment. He moved his hands and wished he could cover up, but knew he'd be in trouble if he did. Again and again, he felt his embarrassment center on his goods while Shelly casually kept up the interview. At last, she was finished. She was finished with the questions, anyway. David thought he might melt from humiliation when perverted Shelly said, "Okay, Leslie, now you can feel his dick."

Before Leslie got to cop her feel though, Shelly did it first. He cringed at the feeling of Shelly's fingers wrapped around his staff. He wished that he could keep from making any sound, but as she slid her hand up, then down, an indescribable murmur escaped him.

Of course, it wasn't quite done. It wasn't enough for one horrible girl to take advantage of his exposure. He had to endure a second girl touching him up. Leslie was more timid with her touch at first, as if she was afraid to do it. He thought he might get a little mercy. "Please don't, Leslie. I said please!" She took a good grab and wandered his anatomy for twice as long as Shelly did. All the while, he tried desperately to imagine that it wasn't happening. When

Leslie let go, she took a quick squeeze of his butt.

While devastated David pulled his pants back up, Shelly asked Leslie, "Which dick do you want to see next?"

The boys were enraged. They were quiet, but they were enraged. This girl could just make an open announcement of lust, and it was without any consequences. Miss Bridle thought it was healthy for both the girls and boys. Miss Hartick just didn't care about the boys. So Shelly and Leslie got to look over their menu of studs while they discussed it. "Are you sure that Ron and Brian will get hard?" "Oh yeah, Leslie, they always do." "Oh, but Tommy's dick!" "I almost want to make him wait for it since he was so fast to start rising though." "Mmm. What about Brian? He's so cute. Look at how cute he is." "Fine with me. Brian, are you ready for your interview?"

Brian answered by standing up. He looked defiant. He had to give up his cock, but this time he knew he could resist an erection.

Shelly saw the challenge. It was great because she knew he couldn't win and she loved him for trying. Their humiliation was something special when they thought they could avoid it. She didn't have to ask Brian to peel down his pants. He tried to prove that it didn't matter to him. Keeping his eyes locked on Shelly's, he slid his clothes down to give the girls a good look at his tool.

Leslie started giggling as soon as she could see it. When Brian gave her a fierce look, she could only sigh at the sight of his gorgeous eyes. Brian turned back to Shelly, who asked, "Everyone's eager to see you at the plate again after seeing you bat in the first game. So I suppose you're confident that you'll do well tonight?"

Yes, he was confident. He could say so without even sounding too arrogant. In fact, being so confident in his athletic skill and saying so, he was able to avoid thinking about his nudity. He stood there bare, but he didn't feel ashamed of it. For several questions, he was embarrassed but proud. He would have kept that up if it weren't for the fact that Shelly didn't seem to care. He wanted to see her frustrated, but she wasn't. She was so involved in her job that she barely snuck a peek at his cock. He hadn't counted on her anticipation of the game being equal to her love of penis. So he didn't get his wanted victory here. He just wouldn't get to see Shelly irritated. The moment he knew he couldn't get a rise out of her, she got a different rise out of him. He lost his focus on his own ego, and suddenly realized just how naked he was. He stood there with no shirt and his pants around his ankles, exposing his penis. He felt a twitch, his eyes got big, and in that moment, he had revealed himself.

Shelly gave him that half smile of hers as she finally turned her eyes to his treasure. She saw it twitch and then twitch again. When she looked back up at Brian, he just started to blush. She gave him a smug look before she looked back down again.

He heard Leslie whisper, "I didn't think he would get hard. Oh, look at him go!"

Brian had to ignore a question altogether as his cock became his whole world. It sprang to life quickly, rising up as fast as it possibly could. He stared down at his own rock hard failure. "No, no, no, no, no, no!"

"Brian?" Shelly asked. "Did you hear me?"

“No. What? Oh god, can I pull my pants up? Aren’t you done?”

“Actually, I have a few more questions.” She looked at her notes. “Five. Don’t worry. It’s almost over.”

Brian groaned. For him that would feel like forever now that he pointed up. He tried to keep from looking at anyone so that he could concentrate on the interview. He wasn’t sure how much sense his answers made since he kept looking back and forth at all the women with ringside seats to his humiliation. He couldn’t even keep count of the questions. He was just a stiff standing victim of lust. Then, when Shelly was done, she put her hand on his body, running it from his chest on down to his unwilling invitation of a stiff and bare cock. He shuddered and clamped his eyes shut when he felt her feel him up. He felt a sigh of relief when she let go. He had forgotten that there was another greedy pair of girl hands ready for him. So he almost shouted in indignation when Leslie got to play with cock for a minute.

“Two down,” Shelly chuckled, “or should I say two up?”

Leslie whispered in her ear and Shelly nodded. “Okay. Ron, you’re up. Or at least you will be soon.”

Ron stood up and shuffled forward. He hated this. He had been bared before a few times, but there was always been another boy with him. Even that first time he stood next to Ted. He had been lined up in the locker room and during detentions. This was the first time he would be alone in his nakedness. He shivered at the thought of being the one and only center of attention. He didn’t hear Shelly say it the first two times. “Ron, you have to get your pants down before I can start.”

“Yeah, can we skip that? I mean, I say this with all respect, but can’t you prove how much your reporting means to you by letting us keep our pride?”

There was no way that would happen, but he had ended that wrong. Miss Hartick sounded bored with her continuing agitation.

“Showing a girl your penis does not affect your pride. It only damages that ridiculous male ego of yours, and that’s only because you want it to. If anything, you should be proud to have the chance to show off. Now I get tired of repeating myself. Ron, get that johnson out where we can all see it.”

In Shelly’s ear, Leslie whispered, “I love the way she talks to them.”

“Mm-hm. And look at Ron’s dick. MmmmMMMM! I’ve seen that dick a few times now, but never get tired of it. I wonder if Ron will ever get used to this?”

Ron felt real anger for a moment. Get used to baring himself for these sexist bitches? Never! Miss Hartick was a tyrant and Shelly was a pervert. He almost wished that he could quit the team. How ridiculous would that be though? To quit the best baseball team Prellis High has seen in years? After they beat Grable High like a piece of used leather? For a moment, the thrill of victory took over his thoughts. He could respond to the interview with ease and was completely confident for about three questions. Then the inevitable happened, and he just couldn’t ignore his exposure anymore. There wasn’t anything that made him think about his dick. It was just that he could hold out only so long. Suddenly he was so fully aware of every eye on his dick that he couldn’t think about anything else. “Wh-what did you say, Shelly?”

Shelly knew that she had him, just as she always did. His defiant cock hadn't budged at all, but it would now. "I asked if a win over Fosterville will mean as much as a win over Grable. MmmmM." She made sure to really work up her lusty, boy crazy, ogling routine, knowing that Ron would turn red. He did! Shelly loved to see the boys blush almost as much as she loved seeing them get hard.

Ron fumbled over his words. His hands moved around in twitchy patterns because he had to concentrate to keep himself from covering up. His eyes shut, and he had almost a look of dignified resignation as his penis started its inevitable rise. He felt the embarrassment swirl around inside his most private part, animating it like a puppet. He rose, and lowered a bit, then rose some more, then lowered. He heard Leslie making a few little happy sounds like a puppy. He couldn't help looking her way, and when he did, there were her big eyes, hypnotized by his slowly swelling dick. One of his hands started to shake as he gave in completely. His dick rose up fast from halfway to all the way hard. Shelly looked so triumphant that he hated her. He was still as a statue, both his body and his cock. Shelly told him, "That's good enough." Whether she meant the interview or his stiffy, he didn't know. He knew what came next though.

This time Leslie was able to feel up the boy first. She trembled with excitement. Her smile turned to an expression of wonder as she felt her way along his rod. When she let him go, she whispered again, but this time in his ear, "Thank you, Ron. Your penis is fabulous."

Ron shot her a dirty look, but only for a moment before Shelly started fondling his testicles. He shuddered in shame as she moved on to his shaft. "I love my job," she said. "You can sit down now, Ron. Tommy, are you ready now?"

Tommy went white. He had been stripped before, but this still felt like something new. He had been fondled once, but only by Shelly when she dried him off. He would just stand there and get a stiffy for two girls who were aching to grab his goods. He knew just how foolish it was to ask, but he couldn't help it. "Uhm, can I please keep my pants on? I mean, you don't really have to see me naked do you?"

Miss Hartick made her normal sigh of disappointment. "Boys, you must get past this silly false modesty of yours. It's just not good for you. Give Shelly what she wants, and don't complain about it. Just look at how much her articles have improved since she started acting freely."

Her articles? Who cared about her articles? Tommy knew that Shelly had improved as a reporter. He read the school paper. However, was that worth all this humiliation? There was no way to convince Miss Hartick though. He just shook his head and started to slip his pants down. Once he had them out of the way, he reflexively put his hands over his goods. Shelly said, "You know, I'd rather you just got that off altogether."

"But! Why?" Why would it even embarrass him to strip them off anyway? He knew why. It was because Shelly could tell him to do it and he had to. Miss Bridle said something to him in her sickening, supportive voice. Then he started to slowly remove the last of his clothes for the girls.

Shelly approved. "That's better. Completely naked. Totally, completely naked with everything showing."

Leslie did another of her silly ear whispers, "He blushes better than any of them."

Shelly said aloud, "Yes, Leslie, he really does respect us, doesn't he? It makes me feel good."

Leslie snorted as she tried to keep from laughing. She saw that wonderful, adorable blush deepen on Tommy's face. She looked up and down his heartthrob body. She still had a hard time saying anything aloud while there was a naked boy in front of her, but she mouthed the words, "I love you."

Of course, that started Tommy's erection right away. His eyes got wide and his cock went into full liftoff mode. It was as fast an erection as Shelly had ever seen. She told him, "Very good, Tommy! Oh man, that's very good! Oh, I'm beginning to think of your stiffies as compliments. You really make a girl feel good!" Shelly had seen so much dick so often that she had almost gotten past the point of squirming. Almost. Every so often, she just felt a total schoolgirl crush when she got to see an exposed penis lift all the way up for her. She stepped from one foot to the other in a slow dance of excitement. The girlish delight shot up her body all the way from her toes to her head where it made her feel slightly dizzy. She wanted to be still, confident, and smug like she usually was, but for some reason she couldn't get the goofy grin off her face. Leslie whispered something in her ear again. Shelly made a happy giggle and gushed, "It is an awesome dick. It should have a saddle and some reins."

A voice came over the intercom asking for Miss Hartick to meet someone in the teacher's lounge. She grunted in disgust. "I really wish they could get through one day without my holding their hands. Miss Bridle, I have to go. Can you keep an eye on things here?"

"I certainly can!" Miss Bridle was more than confident now. As Miss Hartick left, she and the girls kept feasting on the sight of naked and humiliated Tommy. With her own happy sound of excitement, Miss Bridle said, "He is a very nice looking young man, especially like that, but you do have to start the interview."

"Oh! Oh right. Sorry, Tommy. Uh, you're supposed to be first at bat tonight. I'm sure you're looking forward to that."

He was, but that didn't seem to matter with his body bare and his cock reaching for the sky as if it was being robbed. Tommy could only mutter his answers, but he got through it, all the while staring at the floor or into a corner. He didn't even realize the interview was over until Shelly had his boner in her hand. He groaned loudly, but held perfectly still as she had her way with his stolen modesty. Tommy let out a long exhale of relief when she stopped. Then he gasped as Leslie had her fun. She tickled her fingertips all over his manhood before she ran her hand over the rest of her body. Ending it the appropriate way, she stroked his cock a few times.

Shelly sighed in delight. "All right, guys, stand up and give us one last look."

David and Brian stood up and stepped forward, but Ron turned to Miss Bridle, "She's done, so why do we have to do this? This isn't part of her job."

Miss Bridle had spoken several times to Miss Hartick and Miss Devasquez. Many of their ideas had stuck in her mind as legitimate explanations for all the nakedness. "Shelly focuses on her job instead of your bodies because she knows that she'll be allowed to look. You see, Ron? The interview is over, but she's still a reporter. She needs to know that she is able to do her job without having to sneak a peek while she's working. Besides, it is the best thing for you boys to learn to be comfortable with your own sexuality."

Ron realized that she was as single minded as Miss Hartick. He got in line as he was supposed

to, but he complained, "It's not our sexuality that we're uncomfortable with. It's Shelly's." He did what he was supposed to though. He undid his pants and dropped them to bare his cock yet again. Brian and David were exposed in the next moment. That was four bare dicks out again for Shelly, Leslie, and the school counselor. Tommy was still full nude with his boner strong and stiff. The other boys just had their pants down, and their penises were each in different stages. Ron's was completely relaxed, pointing down. David pointed straight forward without moving. Brian rose slowly. While the boys stood there glaring at the girls, Leslie whispered something in Shelly's ear again. Shelly laughed. "That's a good idea. Boys, turn around, okay? Oh, and thanks for that full stiffy, Brian."

The boys grumbled as they turned. At least their cocks weren't on display, but it wasn't much comfort since the girls were still staring at their bodies. Shelly rummaged around on Miss Hartick's desk until she found a permanent marker. "Here's one!" She saw the uncertain look in Miss Bridle's eye. Shelly explained, "I know that Miss Hartick wouldn't let us do this, but since she's gone, it's your rules."

"That's right," Miss Bridle said nervously.

"And you did this yourself. Your name was on Peter's butt."

The boys all groaned. Miss Bridle said, "I regretted that when I did it though. It's not exactly respectful to the boys, is it?"

Shelly managed to keep the shock off her face. Miss Bridle meant that. Shelly was quick on her feet. "It's not supposed to be disrespectful. It's our way of showing appreciation. It's like a special thank you. I mean it!" She didn't mean it. Everyone in the room knew it and even Miss Bridle had a hard time buying that. Shelly continued though. "Think about it this way. You want the boys to get used to us liking them. Well, this tells them how much we like seeing them naked. They have to have that with them until the ink wears off, and this ink lasts a while. They have to get used to it, because they're literally marked with it."

Miss Bridle knew that the logic there was flawed, but in her delightfully delusional mind, she could allow the rationalization as long as the girls had to learn at the same time. "All right, Shelly, all right. But when you choose your boy and put your name on him—"

"Miss Bridle!" David complained.

She continued, "When you put your name on him, you have to really thank him for his consideration."

"I can do that!"

Miss Bridle eyed the other girl. "Can you do that, Leslie?"

Leslie's eyes got big. She had a hard time talking at all around all these naked boys. She glanced over at Brian's fine ass though. How could she live with herself if she didn't do this? "I, uh, I can do that. I want to thank all the boys."

Miss Bridle couldn't help a laugh. "Well, you'll only get to 'thank' one of them. You too, Shelly. Pick just one boy."

When the boys glanced over their shoulders, they were all blushing so red that Shelly had to chuckle. She knew which one she wanted right away. Tommy had made her feel all silly and

girlish, but Ron was the one who had complained. Shelly wanted to impress upon him that his ass belonged to her. She knelt down to that wonderful canvas. As she put the marker to his cheek, she told him, "I really, really love this ass, Ron. I really, really appreciate what you boys have done for me. Without you, I never could have accomplished so much."

Ron managed to keep quiet, but he didn't know how. Once Shelly finished marking him, she gripped his other cheek and turned him around. While he had been flaccid before, now he was at his peak. Shelly couldn't help a hearty laugh at that. She knew how demeaning it was for him to let her write on his bare butt. He got hard anyway.

Shelly handed the pen over to Leslie. She almost couldn't hold onto it as she eyed Brian's butt. When she was right there next to it, she let out a few funny, nervous noises. "ooeoh! mmUH! Thank you, Brian. Oh, thank you for being so sweet and sexy. Hee hee hee! Now my name's on your butt! Oh, I really respect your body! Turn around so I can see your front side one more time?" Her voice finally broke into a whisper at the end of that. Brian did as she asked. Unlike Ron, he had declined. He wasn't all the way soft, but he was lower than the halfway point. He dropped just barely, but being on display and stared at by a girl who was right next to his goods, he started rising again. He rose so very slowly, that it looked as if he wouldn't even get there before the boys could put themselves away.

"So we're done?" David asked.

"Not quite," Miss Bridle said. She took the marker and knelt down next to that handsome young man. David yelped as he felt her touch him and put the marker to his rear end. He begged, "Come on, Miss Bridle! Don't do that! Come on! I don't want to walk around with that on my butt!"

Miss Bridle was too deep in lust at that moment to hear his complaint. "Shhh. Calm down, David. You're okay. I really appreciate you boys doing so well getting past all your boundaries. You've come so far already."

"What? That's, HEY!" She turned him around for a close up look at his dick. He had risen a bit so he was more than halfway hard. When she took a grab, he rose up quickly in her hand. "Oh man! Oh man! Can I put that away now!"

Dreamily, she said, "I suppose you can. It looks like we're done here."

"But Miss Bridle," Shelly said, "what about Tommy? Doesn't he need a signature?"

"Well, that would be nice, but we've all had our pick. Sorry, Shelly. You can't have another."

"No, no. I mean, why not let Mrs. Baker sign him?"

Miss Bridle almost laughed. Mrs. Baker was the school secretary, and she was a very pleasant woman. Everyone liked her. Why not give her a treat? Considering her recent divorce, she could use the fun of a naked boy needing a signature on his butt. "I'll go get her, I guess."

Shelly turned completely innocent on the outside while feeling completely devilish inside. "That's okay, Miss Bridle. I'll take him there."

Tommy panicked. "What? Wait a moment!"

Shelly was glad he complained. She got to talk to him when she explained her plan. "Miss Hartick's office connects to the school offices. I'm not going to take you out into the halls or

anything. I'm just going to take you to the school office. Everyone's in class anyway. Only Mrs. Baker will see you."

"But what if someone is out there? What if one of the teachers or someone is out there? Come on, Shelly! Don't make me do this."

Miss Bridle couldn't help herself. She wasn't entirely certain she did the right thing, but she felt so warm inside making this gorgeous naked boy do her bidding. "Tommy, it's okay. There aren't any girls out there. Only teachers or maybe Stella the janitor. You'll be fine."

That was all Shelly needed to hear. She took Tommy's arm and led him to the door. Tommy didn't even realize he walked with her and just kept pleading, "Miss Bridle, wait! Bring her here if you have to! I don't want to walk around naked. Oh no!" It was too late. He had stepped out of Miss Hartick's office. He awped and covered his dick, which wasn't too hard since he had fallen from his hardness while the other boys got all the attention. The funny thing was, Miss Bridle was wrong. There were two girls out there waiting. Mrs. Baker had told them Miss Hartick was busy, so they had been sitting there for a while. They had no idea what was going on behind that door until they saw Shelly come out with naked Tommy.

Lexie was stunned, "What's this?"

Halle was also shocked, but that turned into a playful grin right away.

"Oh my gosh, where are you taking him?"

"Why is he naked?" Lexie had to know.

Shelly was happy to explain since it let her brag. "It's game day. I'm just interviewing some players."

"NAKED?" Lexie said.

Halle purred at the sight of sexy Tommy, standing there with no cover except for his hands clasped carefully over his goods. "So it's really true. That's great. Can we see what he's got?"

"No!" Tommy said.

Shelly loved this sudden embarrassment. "Don't be that way Tommy. Let the girls see that dick."

"No!"

Shelly whispered in his ear, but it wasn't as it was with Leslie. When Shelly did it, it was threatening. "Either you let Lexie and Halle have a good look or next time I come to the locker room I'll have three friends with me and I'll tell all the other players it's your fault. Not just that, but I just need to talk with Miss Devasquez and you'll be on detention."

Tommy gave Shelly a horrified look. That stunned expression swiveled to Lexie and lusty eyed Halle. He really didn't want to do this, but could he live with the other option? It wouldn't be any worse showing these two his dick than having three extra girls parading around the locker room. He already knew that if he said 'no' here that Shelly would make it a point to bare his dick to as many girls as she could. All things considered, a double dose of humiliation now was better than whatever else he might have to go through. He had to close his eyes and calm down. "Okay, okay."

Halle couldn't stop her gleeful sound. "You're really going to show us your dick?"

Lexie wanted to sound disgusted, but she was as eager as Halle and it showed. "Don't you have any shame?"

Shelly voiced her command sternly, "Hands at your sides."

Tommy dropped his hands and let two more girls in on the show. "Oh man. Oh man." He covered back up, but Shelly nudged his hands. He moved them again to let the girls ogle his penis. He was primed from his recent erection, so it took no time at all for another one to start. "Not again! Come on, Shelly. They've seen it. Let's go."

"Not so fast, gorgeous," Halle said.

Shelly agreed. "Get it over with and get all the way up for these lucky girls. Attaboy, Tommy. Hard as a rock and standing at attention. Isn't he great, girls?"

"Oh yeah," Halle said.

In spite of herself, Lexie had to agree. "Mm-hmmm. Oh, he's got it."

Tommy wailed, "Can we please go now?"

Shelly laughed at him openly. "Okay, let's go see Mrs. Baker now."

As they turned to leave, Halle said, "Hold on a moment." She clapped a hand on his ass, which made him yelp and blurt out an insult.

Shelly wouldn't have minded Halle taking that liberty, but she saw the popular girl's look. Halle thought she did something that Shelly didn't get to. Shelly shrugged and moved on. She had more important things to do. In the office, Mrs. Baker was speechless when sexy Tommy walked in, bare penis naked and flying high. She had to get a hold of herself as she adjusted her glasses and gaped. As soon as she could, she grinned wide. "Isn't today my lucky day?"

Tommy groaned. Shelly urged him over. "Get a good look, Mrs. Baker, but we're here to get your signature."

"Oh?" she said, not moving her eyes from that staff that slowly made its way to her. "What do you need me to sign? I'm pretty sure I can't read it first, but I'll help you out."

"You won't have any problem," Shelly said.

Before she could explain it, Tommy said, "You're supposed to sign my butt."

For the first time, Mrs. Baker made eye contact with the unfortunate young man. "I beg your pardon?"

"He's serious," Shelly said. "We want you to put your name on his butt. Here's a permanent marker."

Mrs. Baker took that and went back to staring at Tommy's bare cock. She said, "I hate to look a gift hard-on in the mouth, but why am I doing this?"

"I signed Ron, Leslie signed Brian, and Miss Bridle signed David, so now we need someone to sign the last boy."

"Oh." Mrs. Baker still had no idea what was going on. She didn't figure it mattered. "Good

golly, Tommy. I always knew you were a good-looking boy, but I had no idea you had such a nice penis. Oh my goodness. Is it all right with you if I write my name on you?"

Tommy was about to say no, but he looked at Shelly and considering her earlier threat, he knew the only thing to do would be let Mrs. Baker enjoy this. "Shelly's making me do this, but it's okay. I'll even ask you to so that you won't feel guilty. Please, sign my ass, Mrs. Baker."

Mrs. Baker bounced with a silent laugh. "Oh, I couldn't have felt guilty. I've been wondering if I'd get to see Shelly in action. People do talk, you know. You can turn around now." Tommy did that and he felt humiliated again when he heard Mrs. Baker's happy gasp. Then he had to pretend it didn't bother him to have her hand and that marker move on his cheek. She even gave him a pinch.

"Thank you, Mrs. Baker," Shelly said.

"Oh no, thank you, Shelly. Bring me any naked boys you want. Especially if they're that enthusiastic. Mmmm-hmmmm!"

Tommy blushed deeply yet again. He trudged back to Miss Hartick's office with Shelly, but his embarrassment wasn't quite over. Lexie and Halle were still there, both smiling as his erection walked along. Before he could open the door, Shelly turned him to the girls. She said, "Oh, Halle, in case you misunderstood what my rights as a reporter are, I get to do this whenever I want." She ran her hand up and down Tommy's cock while he shuddered and the girls stared with wide eyes. Shelly knew she should have left it there, but she couldn't help it. She had to say, "I even got to feel your boyfriend Ted's stiff cock. I even let Jean feel him up. Have a nice day, girls!"

Chapter 22

The Roundup

It was another naked nightmare for four of the baseball boys. Tommy, Philip, Chad, and Paul were all having the same dream. So was Shelly. Tumbleweed rolled and corny harmonica music played as the dream scene opened on a bunch of women dressed as cowgirls. Shelly told them, “Ladies, I’m so glad that so many of you could come and see the show. It’s time for another round up at Ranch Hartick. Today, I’m rounding up the most elusive critter of all, the jockstrapalope.” The ladies all oohed and aahed. Shelly got in the saddle and got her lasso ready. “They’re around here somewhere, I promise you. Just get those binoculars ready and watch out.”

The boys heard every word. Every one of them sweat bullets, and knew that Shelly was the greatest cowgirl in the land. If she wanted to catch a running jockstrapalope, then they would be caught. The boys were all dressed appropriately for Shelly’s fantasy, in cowboy hats, cowboy boots and their baseball jockstraps. They wore nothing else, and they already dread being displayed for a crowd of horny cowgirls.

Shelly trotted into the dusty underbrush, and listened intently. The boys all tried to hold their breath and stay still, but it was impossible. Shelly shouted, “There’s one!”

The panicked jockstrapalopes rushed in all directions to escape. Shelly rode with confidence, knowing that these luscious nearly naked cowboy critters would run in circles until she captured them all. She spun her lasso overhead and chased Philip first. Despite running as fast as he could, he wasn’t fast enough. She tossed the lasso out over him, and pulled him to the horse. A length of rope tied him behind her horse as she rushed after another. Philip panicked, but not because he couldn’t keep up. Now that he was tied, he could run after the horse easily. He panicked because he could see a gaggle of hooting cowgirls nearby whom were staring at him through binoculars and knew he would soon be served up as part of their naked flesh feast.

One by one, Shelly lassoed the poor boys until she rode back with a quartet of nearly naked hotbody boys behind her horse. The crowd of cowgirls were all aflutter at the gorgeous, bare skin cowboys. One of the ladies fainted away in cartoon fashion. There were still plenty left to ogle the boys though. Shelly dismounted and addressed her fans. “Ladies, what you see here in these boots, hats, and well-fitting sporty undergarments are a collection of spectacular jockstrapalopes. Now, there are a few things we have to do.” As she spoke, she loosened the

boys up, but she kept their arms tied behind their backs. The fearful jockstrapalopes groaned and grumbled. There was no way they could escape now. She grabbed Tommy first and said to the happy cowgirls, "Who knows what I have to do now?"

"I know, I know!" "Ask me!" "Oh, I can't wait!"

Shelly pointed to one happy lady. That cowgirl squealed, "You have to brand them!"

"That's right," Shelly said. "Of course, these hides are far too precious to burn, so someone bring me some paint and a brush!"

The boys all shivered as one of the cowgirls handed her a jar of red paint and a jar of black paint. In his dream, as she turned Tommy around, he tossed and turned fitfully in bed. He had been "branded" by Miss Baker and that name was still on his body in the real world. In his dream, it was sickeningly familiar when Shelly painted on his butt right where Miss Baker had signed him.

Like Zorro, Shelly made a few quick strokes with a paintbrush that made a perfect red heart and inside that, her name. The audience of cowgirls all laughed and clapped at the artwork. Shelly told Tommy, "You keep that butt where the ladies can see it. Next up is Philip." Shelly turned him in place so that the women could see his bare butt in his jockstrap. Shelly quickly painted her name in a red heart. She did the same thing to Chad, and then Paul. It was four super-hot cowboys with their painted bums on display.

The cowgirls all shrieked and squealed happily at the sight. Of course, Shelly wasn't done with her roundup. "All you jockstrapalopes need to turn back around now. Good boys. Do what you're told. Blush for us. Very cute, fellas. Now, girls, who wants to see these jockstrapalopes turned into cockoutalopes?" The happy screams were deafening. The dreaming cowboys all tried to rush away, but they were all caught in one oversized lasso from Cowgirl Shelly. "Nope, not one of you is getting away until I've gotten all your guns out of their holsters. Now line back up." The boys did that, wishing they had some way to escape. The happy audience of horny women just got louder and rowdier, making the boys feel more and more ashamed.

Shelly pulled a whip from her belt. The crowd went silent for a moment.

"Don't worry; it's not what you think. I'm so good with this that I can snap off a jockstrap without leaving so much as a mark on a naked stud's skin. Let me show you." Ca-Rack! The whip sounded and Paul's jockstrap was history. He stood there wearing nothing but his cowboy hat and boots for many cheering women.

"Naked cowboy!" "Sexy thing!" "Look at his dick!" "We can see everything you've got, sweetheart!"

Paul could have died of embarrassment as the women continued to taunt him. Shelly tied his hands around a hitching rail so that it kept him face front for all the women, unable to cover up or turn around. All he could do was stand there with his dick out in the open.

Shelly's whip flew again and sexy Chad was bare penis for all the cowgirls. He shouted, "Stop staring at me! You're all horrible!" They teased him just as they had teased Paul, so he shouted, "Stop saying that! Shut up! Hey!" Shelly tied him next to Paul in the same manner at the hitching rail.

The next one naked was Philip. He just frowned and cowered while the women sized him

up and taunted him. She tied him next to the others. Tommy was the last one. His fabulous cock met the eyes of that hungry mob of cowgirls with every bit as much excitement as the others. The cowgirls just couldn't be sated. There were four bare-naked cowboys for them feast their eyes on, blushing, exposed and so obviously embarrassed by every part of their dream situation.

Shelly turned a mischievous eye to them. She drew her gun and aimed.

"Reach for the sky!"

None of the boys were afraid of that gun. They were only afraid of their own reaction to it. They were doing exactly what Shelly said. They didn't reach for the sky with their hands though; rather their cocks did it for them. Each one rose up fast and hard, fully aroused for the chorus of cowgirls. All the women shouted at once, "Yeee-Hah!"

Shelly's gun turned out to be a squirt gun that fired a continuous blast of water at the young men until they were soaking wet all over.

Shelly stood at a podium when she said, "I'm sure you ladies want to do more than just look though. Where will we start the bidding?"

The boys were horrified. Paul had never been womanhandled against his will though, so his imagination rebelled. "No! I'm just dreaming! I want to wake up now!"

"Oh shoot!" Shelly said as everything faded away. She woke up with a clear memory of the whole thing. She giggled to herself girlishly as she went over the whole dream again and again, saving it for her permanent fantasy file.

All four boys also awoke in their beds, sweating and panting. "It was just a dream." "Thank god that's over." "It felt so real." "Oh my God, I'm hard as a rock!"

None of them slept any more. Each boy lay awake in his bed, struggling with his dream embarrassment. Shelly stayed awake and enjoyed her new fantasy. The next day at school, Tommy, Philip, Chad, and Paul all ended up in Miss Bridle's office. They had to talk to someone, and even though Miss Bridle liked to take advantage of them, at least she already knew everything about it. The boys were all bothered by the fact that they had all arrived at once. "You too?" "You had a bad dream last night?" "Oh, this sucks."

Miss Bridle understood what happened right when she saw them walk in. Shelly had already been there. Miss Bridle had urged Shelly to share any dreams she had, and Shelly had been more than happy to share the whole thing to someone. Miss Bridle had also managed to convince Shelly to keep it all to herself. She wouldn't speak to anyone else about it, especially the boys. Shelly went along with that because she thought she had to keep up her serious reporter façade. She couldn't afford to have anyone realize that she was more enthusiastic about naked boys than baseball. Granted, Miss Devasquez and Mindy knew that, but it was almost more fun to talk to Miss Bridle about it. Shelly had a hard time keeping herself from laughing as she described the whole thing in detail to the demure teacher. For her part, Miss Bridle was just enraptured by the whole thing.

Miss Bridle wondered what Shelly would do if she knew that the boys shared her dreams. These four boys showing up let her know that it was something that would continue happening. It was also something that could include more than one of them at a time. The boys would

know, but Shelly would remain clueless. Miss Bridle assumed that was best for everyone.

She tried to keep her voice level and calm. "Hello, boys. What can I do for you?"

It took a bit of coaxing, but after a few minutes, she got the same story from them that she had heard from Shelly. It was wonderful hearing all that again from the viewpoint of the victims. Miss Bridle felt a bit guilty. She knew she would spend time later imagining that naked boy roundup. It was only a fantasy though, and that was healthy. For the boys, it was only a dream. She hadn't intended to let it slip that Shelly had the same dream, but the boys worked it out themselves. If they all remembered it, then it was clear that Shelly did too.

Miss Bridle was fascinated by the situation. How was it possible for five different people to all participate in the same dream? Was it all a result of the same association to a set of events? Miss Bridle even wondered if Shelly's constant lust for the boys hadn't formed some sort of bond. She had never prescribed to the idea of ESP, but it seemed reasonable now.

By the time she had brought the boys through it, she felt confident that they would be able to cope with their nightmares. After all, it didn't sound terribly worse than their real experiences with Shelly, and Miss Bridle already determined that was beneficial for them. This had to be a sign that they broke through some mental barriers.

Of course, we all know that wasn't so. Those boys felt helpless. They could be stripped and enjoyed by the girls in real life, and now they weren't even safe when sleeping. Their talk with Miss Bridle did help though. The cowgirl dream still haunted them, but they could deal with it.

Poor Paul and Philip though, their embarrassment would continue later that day. Prellis High had a program in place to help their athletes. Any of them that had high grades were allowed to leave class when a teacher decided it was appropriate so that they could spend time in the exercise rooms. There were weights, machines, and so on for the boys to keep in shape and get more practice. Since the boys' grades had improved almost as much as their baseball skills had, it wasn't uncommon for them to find their way to the gym during the day.

Miss Devasquez knew that of course, and she thought it would be a wonderful setting for an impromptu interview. It wasn't hard at all to convince Miss Hartick to bring Shelly there to talk to the boys. Miss Devasquez went along as well. She wasn't about to miss an extra opportunity to get the boys naked.

The thrill of invading another private area like the locker room wasn't there, but it was replaced by a different sort of thrill. When Shelly walked in with Miss Hartick and Miss Devasquez, the boys in the weight room panicked. They didn't move or make any sound, but held perfectly still with wide eyes, like cornered rabbits. There were three of them, Philip, Paul, and Zack. Shelly grinned wide. Her wonderful cowgirl dream was still fresh in her mind, and now she had two of her "jockstrapalopes" right here waiting to be stripped in reality. "Hi, boys. Good to see you."

"Oh god, what do you want?" Philip asked.

Paul tried to shush him. That kind of defiance didn't seem too smart with Miss Hartick right there.

Miss Hartick certainly responded. She didn't get overly upset. She let the boys have an

excuse for the outburst. “We can see that you’re busy. You certainly are to be commended for your dedication. Let that dedication continue. You have to remember that you represent your team.”

There was respect in that, but the boys knew it wouldn’t keep up. Philip asked the obvious question, “You will do one of your interviews right here?”

Shelly was perfectly diplomatic as she answered, “I thought it would make a nice little sports piece, an extra story to go alongside the writeup for the Fosterville victory. Everyone expected that win, so I wanted to do a little more this time. I thought I’d do something about what you do to keep in shape.”

“Right. Which one of us will you talk to?”

“Well, all three of you, naturally.”

Paul felt frozen already. He felt these women’s eyes on him just as the cowgirls in his dream did. “Y-you’re not going to make us undress in here are you?”

Miss Devasquez loved this. “You have to be ready to cooperate anywhere. You’ll have to do this wherever you’re required to. In the locker room, in Miss Hartick’s office, in my room, here, or anywhere.”

Paul stammered out an objection. “B-but you wouldn’t do this just anywhere. You wouldn’t make us, >gulp<, strip out in the hallway would you?”

Miss Devasquez’s eyes got wide just at the idea. It was a wonderful thought, stripping one of these sexy young men against his will right out in the open. She could feel herself go a little moist right away. She didn’t think that even crazy Hartick would do that though. “Well, if you don’t want to do it here, I guess that’s always an option. No one’s coming, so what do you care for? It’s not as if you haven’t had to let women see you naked already. Granted, I haven’t.” She ate him up with her eyes right then. She’d seen hottie Philip and buff Zack totally naked in special detentions. She hadn’t gotten to see poor Paul though. This would be a real treat for her. She could see Paul’s extreme discomfort. It was evident when he looked at her. He would be embarrassed anyway, but being naked for Miss Devasquez for the first time made this special.

Paul couldn’t contain a shiver. He had only been forced to strip once. Now it happened again. He couldn’t stand it.

Miss Hartick didn’t have much patience, but of course, she didn’t need it. People did what she said. “Boys, I expect you to behave. You know that I won’t tolerate any disrespect toward Shelly or us. Take off those clothes.”

“Oh no.” “Oh man.” “Oh god.” The boys all fidgeted. They didn’t move as fast until Miss Hartick moved a little. All she had to do was move into an impatient stance. The boys all looked at her and wished they hadn’t. There were those demanding eyes. They knew that even without any explanation they would do what they were told. By now, the boys all assumed that even if any of them were crazy enough to quit the team that Miss Hartick would only put them in this position anyway. She’d set up interviews even then and demand their nakedness. What could they do? One way or another they would bare themselves, either here or in one of those dreadful detentions. They knew that it would only be worse if they resisted.

Shelly and Miss Devasquez watched greedily as the boys slipped off their shirts. Three very

nice young bodies were bare from the waist up. Then it was the pants. The boys got all that off without any problem, but it was clear that all three of them had a hard time getting the last of it off. "There's no way we can talk you out of this?" Zack asked.

The other boys hesitated. There was no escape, but every moment they could wait was another moment without the shame of enforced nakedness. Miss Hartick was used to this nonsense by now. "Zack, I know this is your first interview. It's also Paul's, but you don't see him trying to get out of it. Shelly and I have already seen all three of you completely naked before. There's no reason to feel bad. I suppose I can only expect you boys to have trouble getting past society's sexist conventions, but I would have hoped that by now you would be willing to try to show some real respect to women."

"It's not that."

"Enough! Zack, you're going first. Philip and Paul, keep that underwear on. I want Zack to show his penis first!"

"But!"

"Prove yourself, young man! Show us your respect and I expect you to thank Shelly for the opportunity."

Zack turned his head to the side and looked mad as hell. He kept his voice even, but he couldn't hide his contempt as he said, "Thank you, Shelly." Right as he said it, his underwear started to come down. With that last bit of modesty was gone, Shelly couldn't help but tease him for it as she stared at his gorgeous, buff body. She said, "You don't mind letting me see you in the raw like that?"

He gritted his teeth and forced out the words, "Not if it makes you a better reporter."

It pleased Shelly that all the boys at least had to pretend that they accepted this and had to thank her for making them undress in front of her. "Well, if it makes you feel any better, you do look great. Doesn't he look great, Miss Devasquez?"

That pretty teacher's eyes flitted from one spot to another. She just couldn't decide where to look. "He certainly does."

Miss Hartick had no trouble knowing just where to stare. Her stern eyes stared right at his exposed cock. "I also have to admit that I love the view. Shelly would like to see your butt though, so turn around and let us see it before the interview starts."

"Oh come on!" He did as he was told though. While his rear end was on display, Miss Hartick told the other boys, "You can get that off now. We want all of you naked."

"Totally naked," Shelly said. "All the way naked! Butt naked! Show us what you've got!"

Philip blushed, but that was all as he stripped off his pride. Paul couldn't handle it, though. He tried. He really did. He just couldn't bring himself to part with his last piece of protection. While he trembled, Shelly took advantage. "I'll help you with that, cutie."

"Not again! Come on, Shelly, don't do that! Let me keep them on!"

She didn't, and happily took his waistband in her hands and slid his underwear down to get a close look at his dick. She hummed happily as she got him to step out and casually tossed

them aside as she stood up. Her evil eyes looked right into Paul's modest eyes as she took a quick feel of his goods. "How quick will this get hard?" she asked. Paul felt as if he could faint. He couldn't stand being looked at and now this girl got to put her hand on his privates. She wrapped her fingers around the base of his penis and flopped it up and down a few times, as she giggled. "Nice dick, Paul. Mmm. But it's time for work." She stepped back to get a good look at the three boys. "Oh, turn back around, Zack. I want to keep that cock where I can see it. Thanks. Now, all three of you are in good shape, but do you do anything different? Since you all play different positions, I mean?"

The boys hopelessly glanced at each other. There wasn't any reason not to humor her. The faster they answered, the faster the interview would be over. She asked them about their work-outs. What did they do and when? How much of it was the Coach's direction and how much did they do on their own? The boys answered her questions easily, but it didn't help. Even without stumbling over their words, it was terrible. Answering quick and fast only meant that they participated in their own humiliation. Shelly watched their faces and she realized that they actually got more and more embarrassed as she questioned them. Before long, Zack had a great blush on his face, and he was unable to make eye contact. Paul's response was even better though. He was the first one to react with a rising penis. Shelly continued to ask her questions as if that wasn't important, but she also stared as he slowly lifted up. Both Miss Devasquez and Miss Hartick also stared right at his growing sweet stick. Paul felt so humiliated he continually covered his eyes.

He got to his height and Miss Devasquez said, "Thanks for the stiffy, Paul. It's good to see you so enthusiastic since this is the first time I've seen you naked." She saw Paul stamp his foot in helpless anger. She said to the others, "Aren't you two going to harden up for us?"

Miss Hartick didn't want to interfere with any female sexual impulses, but she did feel obligated to congratulate those two young men. "Well, it's great that Philip and Zack have learned such control. You two should really be proud of the way you keep your penises so well behaved."

That did it. Having the women stare at their naked dicks and compliment their willpower ended their willpower. Zack muttered something and Philip stood statue still as their cocks both filled with trembling embarrassment and started to grow. It was quick for both of them. They both stood stiff with their announcements of humiliations. Miss Hartick said, "Well, it was nice of you to try so hard, anyway. I do have to admit that it's quite a thrill to see you this way. I would like to hear you assure us that you mean no disrespect."

The boys grumbled a moment. Paul closed his eyes and blushed furiously as he said, "I can't help it. I don't mean to insult you. I hope my, uh, I hope my boner doesn't bother you too much."

"I'm sorry for getting hard," was all that Philip could muster. The smiles on the women's faces were his reward as they all turned to his hard-on.

Zack couldn't say it. "I can't— I don't— It's not my fault."

"I suppose it isn't," Miss Hartick said.

"Are we done?" Paul asked.

"Not yet," Shelly said. "It would really help my article if you would do a few things. Show

me some stretches, as you do before a practice.”

“Oh come on!” “What for?” “Miss Hartick, we don’t really have to do this, do we?”

It took Miss Hartick a moment to gather her thoughts. Usually she was completely dignified, calm, and collected. Even Miss Hartick was only human though, and every so often, the exposure to these young bodies could distract her, especially their bare young cocks, which stand so straight and proud despite the boys’ reluctance. She took a deep breath and looked away from the naked display. She wasn’t certain that Shelly needed what she asked for, but what could it hurt? She felt it was important to err on the side of caution, that is caution that protected Shelly’s interests. She also didn’t want to give the impression to the boys of undermining Shelly’s authority. “Shelly is quite reasonable, asking you to perform as athletes.”

“While we’re not wearing anything?” Philip protested.

Miss Devasquez ached for this. “Behave yourself, boys. Do some of those groin stretches.”

What could they do? The boys sighed and did as they were told, lowering to the floor on one side, and then the other. Shelly left the rest up to them, so they performed a short series of stretches, all in the nude, for their audience of three happy females. “Is that enough?” Paul asked. He was finally angry instead of shy.

“Some jumping jacks?” Shelly asked, eyeing his hard-on.

Paul threw his hands up. “We don’t actually do jumping jacks.”

“Why not?” Miss Devasquez asked the other girls. “It’s good exercise, isn’t it?”

“It is,” Shelly said.

They both looked to Miss Hartick. She knew she should draw the line there. It really served no purpose at all to make the boys perform an exercise that they ordinarily wouldn’t. She glanced at that trio of hard penises again and discretion failed her. “Just ten. Humor us. Then we’ll be finished.” She said that last bit rather sternly, as she obviously aimed it at Shelly. It was clear that Shelly tested Miss Hartick’s limits, and no one wanted that, least of all, her allies.

“I’ll count off,” Miss Devasquez said, much to Shelly’s chagrin.

“Ready, boys? One, two, oh god, three, four, mMMMMM! Five!” They watched the boys’ boners bounce as they hopped up and down. Every involuntary little sound Miss Devasquez made was an extra count as it took the place of a number. Watching those naked boys bouncing up and down was wonderful, especially their rock hard dicks. The jump wasn’t the best part though; the landing was, because then those hilarious stiffies would bounce up and down real quick. The boys got a little exercise, but not as much as their penises were. They didn’t get all the way to ten though. The boys only got to eight when they all stopped suddenly. The door had opened and another boy came in.

“What the hell?” This was Rick. He was naturally surprised to see three of his fellow students like this. Granted, there were stories, but he didn’t think they were even half-true. Apparently, Miss Hartick and her cronies really took advantage of their power. Rick was another jock type, very well muscled, with a swagger to match. He couldn’t help laughing.

“Is that good for the circulation, guys? Oh, that’s great. Hey Miss Hartick, am I allowed to

talk about this, or is it a secret?"

The three baseball boys were fuming, but they didn't have to say anything. They weren't the only ones annoyed. Miss Hartick took a great deal of umbrage at the idea that she did anything that would have to be secret. Miss Devasquez and Shelly were irritated for an entirely different reason. For the boys to be bared and humiliated by them was one thing. Yes, the girls enjoyed the fact that they could take advantage of their situation, but they wanted the enforced nudity to embarrass the boys, not any kind of high school social situation. They loved to humiliate the boys, but this made the girls want to protect them. Miss Devasquez had the immediate cure for it. It hit her all at once. She grinned in a villainous way. Rick was an arrogant stud, but the emphasis for her at that moment was the stud part. He was good looking and well built. "Rick, you made the weightlifting team, didn't you?"

"Uh, well, I don't know. We haven't found out yet."

"Oh, you're on the team," Miss Hartick said. She took Miss Devasquez's lead. "I get the lists of athletes before they're released. Coach Williams put your name on that list. Congratulations."

Rick lit up. He already assumed that he would be on the team. It was great to hear it for sure though. His spirits would sink in the next few minutes. Miss Devasquez said the natural thing. "An early interview of one of the weightlifters would be good, don't you think so, Shelly?"

Shelly smiled wide. What a body and she was about to see all of it.

"Oh yes, I do."

She smiled happily. Miss Devasquez smiled deviously. Miss Hartick smiled seriously. Even the baseball boys were grinning. They knew what was about to happen. Ordinarily they would be upset about any other boy being stripped, but Rick had to act like himself when he walked in. They doubted that Rick would make a big issue out of this after he was on the receiving end.

Miss Hartick stepped close to Rick and explained it. "Every athlete in the school is required to take part in interviews for the school newspaper."

"Yeah."

"And this is your first interview by Shelly. What Paul, Philip, and Zack here are willing to do is what you will have to learn to do."

"Wait, what?"

Miss Devasquez joined in happily, "You're required to remove your clothing while interviewed."

"No. What?"

The other boys enjoyed this. "It's gotta be done, man." "It shows respect to the women and to your sport." "We've been doing it a while now. Get used to it. Shelly will be in the locker room with you guys too."

"Well, but, I mean, wait a second. This isn't right. This isn't even the locker room."

"I'm aware of that," Miss Hartick said. She humored him a bit. After all, he couldn't have

expected this, and unlike the others, he wasn't used to it at all. It would be helpful to Shelly's work though, and it would certainly be helpful to the boys' attitude when Shelly went for her first locker room interviews of the weightlifters. She explained it quickly and clearly. She told him how his nudity and compliance served to break down sexual barriers and respect the girls of the school. She was as commanding as ever. Rick was a big, strong guy, but felt powerless at that moment. He couldn't manage to make any intelligent complaint while Miss Hartick stared him down.

When she finished, he stammered, "Well, I, uh, I don't know if I can do this. I, uh, if this is how it is, then maybe I'll, uh..."

"It doesn't matter," Philip said. He said the thing that so many of the baseball boys were afraid of. He could finally find out for certain.

"Even if you quit the team, the moment you were on it, you gave Shelly permission for her interviews. She can interview you as a former athlete. You'll still have to do this."

Rick stared at him wide eyed. "Is he right?"

Miss Hartick couldn't believe that any of the boys would consider giving up their place on a Prellis sports team over something so trivial. None of the baseball team had. Just in case Rick considered it though, she made it clear. "He is right. You will do this one way or another. If you're thinking of defying me, then that will only be a detention. One of Miss Devasquez's special detentions. You'll have to undress there anyway, and we'll invite several girls to watch.

"You're serious!" Rick said.

"Oh she's serious all right," Zack said. "Philip and I have both been in those detentions. You may as well get it over with now. Show a little self-respect and give them what they want."

Miss Hartick felt a great deal of pride in the boys. She didn't realize that they were being ironic. She thought they meant it. The boys knew she would think that, but at this point, they knew that no matter what they said it would only make her more crazy and sexist, so they might as well help embarrass Rick to keep his mouth shut. Rick felt cornered. He had literally backed up to a wall while this was explained. "Can I at least do this some other time? When I'm ready for it?"

Miss Devasquez loved his discomfort, but she got impatient. "If you're really having trouble, I'll help you undress."

"What? NO! Okay, okay, just give me a moment."

While Rick caught his breath, Philip asked, "Can we get dressed then? We still want to get in the workout we came here for."

"Certainly," Miss Hartick said. She didn't even look at the naked baseball boys. None of the women were. It was funny that the one boy who had all his clothes on had all their attention.

As the baseballers covered up, Rick started to uncover. He mumbled to himself, "oh god, oh god, I can't believe I'm doing this." He almost stopped. His embarrassment turned to anger at the unfairness of it all. He glared at the women, but that only forced him to make eye contact with Medusa Hartick. It was as if a bucket of cold water was thrown over his anger. He was timid again instantly. With trembling fingers, he slipped his shirt off. It was funny. Those

hands could move big weights around, but they had trouble getting that shirt off while the women watched.

Rick heard three loud exhales of excitement from the women. He was built. He was a weightlifter but not a bodybuilder, so he didn't have that perfect definition. He certainly was a brawny masterpiece though. The baseball boys had wonderful bodies that they tuned for running, throwing, and moving fast. Rick had a different sort of appeal. His body was made just for brute force. He wasn't overdeveloped or huge, but he was big with some exceptional muscles. It was a new treat for the ladies. Miss Hartick had to urge him on. "More."

He trembled again, which was ridiculous on him. He slipped his pants off, which left him down to just his underwear, and that fabulous body was a delight. He looked as if he couldn't handle dropping that last bit though. Shelly understood. Since this was his first time to face this humiliation, she decided to give him a little break from his stripping, but not from his embarrassment. "Hold, on a moment, Rick. Of course, I have to tell the readers just how impressive your physique is. Let me get a better feel for that." She meant that literally. She stepped to him while he looked away. He flinched marvelously when she put her hand to his chest. She muttered, "Oh my god!" With that wicked smile that the baseball boys all knew, she told Rick, "Can you flex those arms for me?"

He started to feel disgusted with her. He did it though. While his biceps rose, he felt her hand move over him, and relished it all. She could feel him shiver slightly as she moved her hand around that body. She went lower and lower until, with no warning, she whisked his underwear down. He shrieked, "HEY!" With his hands covering his goods, he panicked, "Oh no, oh no, oh my god. Can she do that?"

"Relax," Miss Hartick said encouragingly, "she's only helping you get used to it."

"You didn't look like you could do that on your own," Miss Devasquez added mischievously.

Zack said, "We've all been there."

Rick's eyes got wide. Zack meant it. This wasn't even out of the ordinary. In fact, it sounded as if it might get worse. Before he could consider that at all, Shelly had him step out of his underwear and she tossed them aside. Then she told him, "You have to move your hands. You can't cover up like that."

"I will not!" he said.

"You will," Miss Hartick said. "That's disrespectful. You should be completely at ease. Shelly is a reporter. You will act like you appreciate her job."

"What? That doesn't make any sense!"

Miss Hartick looked truly angry for a moment, and you could hear a pin drop. "Move those hands, show us your penis, and enjoy the opportunity to respect the school and its female students. I'm not going to ask again."

Rick couldn't take it. It was something about the woman's voice. He knew that there was just no way he could refuse. He set his modesty aside and let the women see everything he had. His head dropped and turned to the side. He just stood there entirely naked for these hungry eyes. He heard Shelly say, "That's better. That wasn't really so hard, was it? And that is one nice cock you've got."

“What did you say?” He stared at her and the others. No one seemed to mind Shelly’s antics at all.

“You must be happy to hear that you’ve made the team, Rick.”

“What? What?”

“The team,” Shelly repeated, “aren’t you happy to know that you made the weightlifting team?”

He felt even more naked now that he looked at her. She was barely able to hold in her laughter as her eyes moved all over him. He stammered, “I’m– I’m, what?”

Shelly said, “Calm down, Rick. You’re okay. You’re just naked is all. Surely, you’re proud of that body. You should be. Now, I need you to answer the question. You just found out that you’re on the team. How does that make you feel?”

“I feel, I feel,” he felt humiliated and panicked, but he couldn’t say that. For a very brief moment, he was able to shut his eyes and remember being told a few minutes ago. He even smiled slightly. “Yeah, it’s great. Do I just have to stand here like this?”

“Yes, Rick. You’re covering up again though. Move your hands. You can’t do that. Can you tell us what to expect from the weightlifters this year?”

“Uh, we’re going to lift weights?” Having to talk to her relaxed him very slightly. Not much at all, but because he had to concentrate on the interview, he couldn’t concentrate on how afraid his nakedness made him. As a result, he felt what the boys always felt. All of his emotion flooded to his dick. He could feel nothing but the exposure there. Every time he noticed any of the women take a look at it, it only amplified it. When he noticed a pair of eyes pointed at his penis, he felt a surge of raging embarrassment, all centered on his most private area. As it started to grow, his eyes got bigger too. He couldn’t believe that was happening. The women all smiled at him as his flag of embarrassment unfurled and rose up little by little. He couldn’t bear to look down at himself. He had to keep staring at the women who stared at him. They were so openly and blatantly lustful as they watched his dick move up and up and up. Shelly had to repeat every question at least once before he could say anything. He threw his hands over his cock, but a stern glance from Miss Hartick corrected that. He let them stare at his stiff wonder.

When Shelly finished, he asked her, “I don’t have to do that again, do I?”

“Of course, you are.”

Miss Devasquez told him in a happy voice, “You’ll get naked as often as you have to. Anytime Shelly interviews you. The baseball team has done this a while. I’m sure it gets easier.”

Paul, Philip, and Zack all shook their heads quietly so that only Rick could see.

Shelly breathed hard and had to put her hands on that body again. She loved to watch Rick scrunch his eyes shut as she ran her hands over his chest and abs, and then down to his cock. Suddenly, he stared at her in shock as she fondled his dick, up and down a few times. He was in disbelief that this was happening, but once Shelly let him go, Miss Hartick said, “Good job, Rick. You handled that well. We’ll let you boys get back to your workouts now.”

Rick had to walk to where Shelly had tossed his underwear before he could start to get

dressed. Shelly and her chaperones left as if everything was normal. Rick was a jerk, but he wasn't anywhere near as bad as Reggie was. He told the other boys, "I guess I owe you an apology."

Philip said, "Forget it, man. Just do what you have to do and focus on your sport."

Rick nodded and put more weight on a bar than he normally would, but he knew he could handle it as he worked off his embarrassment.

Chapter 23

A Larger Audience

“Can I talk to you, Shelly?”

“Sure, Aurora.” Shelly wasn’t certain what would happen. Aurora was a nice girl, and harmless. She was one of the popular crowd though. More important than that, her boyfriend was on the baseball team. Girlfriends of the players had confronted Shelly a few times. It never amounted to anything, but Shelly was a high school girl and they could bruise her ego a bit.

“Um, it’s about Peter.”

“What about him?”

“He, uh, he broke up with me.”

“That’s too bad. What does that have to do with me?”

“Well, I know that we don’t know each other that well, but I hoped that you might take me to the locker room sometime.”

“You want to see Peter naked? Or have you already?”

“N-no, I haven’t. That’s not it though. You really do get to see the boys naked?”

“Mm-hm.”

“I want Peter to see me check out the other boys down there.”

Suddenly Shelly was overjoyed with a new direction for her perversions.

“You want to make him jealous?”

“So, you think that’d work?”

“We can find out. You won’t just get to see some players naked. You’ll get to touch them if you want to. Really. Won’t Peter hate that? I tell you what, I’m going there today. There’s a practice. Mindy, Miss Owens, is taking me. That’s the best time for you, believe me.”

“You’d really do that? I mean, I’m from someone else’s imagination entirely.”

“What?”

“Never mind. I don’t know why I said that. Just nervous I guess.¹ I’ll see you after school?”

There will be a bit of a change from the normal formula this time because Aurora won’t be Shelly’s only guest. Miss Hartick had encouraged her to invite another girl, Allison. Shelly didn’t know Allison any better than she knew Aurora, but she knew that if Miss Hartick wanted something that it was best to stay on the woman’s good side, so Allison would come along. For those who don’t remember, Allison has made appearances before. She was present at two of the special detentions to watch the boys get naked. As the school’s top student, she earned her spot at those punitive strippings. It made sense that Miss Hartick would want to encourage scholastic ability with the possibility of a naked boy reward.

Allison and Aurora would not be the only two either. Shelly ended up with another pair of girls pushed into the show. After she had already agreed to bring Aurora along, Shelly met with Nancy, the editor of the school paper. “How is everything going, Shelly?”

“Just great. I love my job.”

“I bet you do. I know your reporting has increased our readership. I suppose I should thank you. I can’t do that yet.”

“Yet? What is it you need, Nancy?”

“Shelly, why is it that you’ve had this special interview program going on for this long, but you’ve never invited me on one of your outings?”

“Uh, well, I was going to. Really. I’m, uh, a bit busy with it today.” Shelly saw the look on Nancy’s face. Shelly didn’t want to get on Nancy’s bad side either. She needed the support of her editor to make sure she would feature her reporting. Besides, Shelly knew that if she were in Nancy’s place, she’d be upset too. “I guess I can make room though, if you want to be there following practice.”

“Thanks. I knew I could count on you. I’ll bring Greta with me.”

“Greta?” Greta was a nerdy girl who wore glasses and usually had her hair in a pair of braids. What surprised Shelly was Greta’s job. “You want to bring the paper’s photographer along?”

“Not with her camera of course. She’s only going to, how did she say to word it? She wants to study the male form for aesthetic purposes or something like that. You don’t mind do you?”

“The more, the merrier,” Shelly said. She only hoped that she could get away with bringing four girls at once to the locker room.

When the time came, Shelly was there with a quartet of smiling girls behind her. Usually the girls were nervous about it the first time. Strength in numbers had them all a flutter and ready to enjoy. Shelly said, “Hi, Mindy. I have some guests, okay? Nancy and Greta are on the school paper. Miss Hartick asked me to bring Allison, and Aurora’s here just because. Who’s this?”

Mindy gestured to the woman next to her, “This is Nina, my sister. I told her a little about the whole thing. She’s here for the same reason that Aurora is.”

“I doubt that,” Shelly said, a bit more relaxed now. “I don’t think Nina has an ex-boyfriend

¹Sorry about breaking the fourth wall like that, dear readers, but Aurora and her little subplot were devised by one of my readers. Thank you, Cheryl.

on the team.”

Mindy and Nina both laughed. “No, she sure doesn’t.”

The laughter ended abruptly as Miss Armstrong approached with a very stern looking woman holding a clipboard. “You there,” Miss Armstrong said.

“Hold on a moment! This is Miss Austin from the School Board.”

“The School Board?” Mindy repeated.

Miss Austin was not what one would expect from a representative of the Board. She was young and obviously attractive, yet more important now was her stiff posture, icy expression, and all business demeanor. Miss Austin said, “Miss Armstrong contacted the Board about a questionable practice at this school. I take it that you’re Miss Devasquez?”

“No. I’m her aide, Mindy Owens.” Mindy felt a chill. Had Miss Armstrong finally found a way to end their fun?

“I see. Who are all these others? I assume that one of you is the reporter girl?”

“That’s me,” Shelly said. “I hope that you’re open-minded.”

“Open minded,” Miss Austin repeated. She sounded as if she had never even heard the expression. “Who are the rest of these girls?”

Mindy stumbled over her words a bit. “Nancy and, uh, Greta are on the school paper. Allison and Aurora are just guests, I guess. Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle said it’s good for the boys to get used to their situation, I guess.”

“And this woman is?”

“She’s, uh, she’s my sister. She, uh, I just sort of-”

“Where can I find Miss Hartick? Or Miss Bridle?”

“I don’t know right now. They may not be available.”

Miss Austin turned to Miss Armstrong. “Do you know where I can go to speak to either of them? It’s Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle that I need to see.”

“Well, I don’t know. You’re not just going to let all these girls go down there, are you?”

Miss Austin was curt and stony. “There are regulations. I can put a stop to this nonsense, but only after I talk to the people responsible for it. Until then, the principal of the school has even supported this.” She turned to Mindy as if a shark sighting a swimmer. “I’ll be back.”

With that, the dangerous Miss Austin and the dejected Miss Armstrong strode away. “Are we still going?” Aurora asked.

“We might as well,” Mindy said. She just hoped that this wouldn’t be her last visit to the locker room. She wouldn’t be able to shake her feeling of dread, and that pissed her off. She was supposed to love her locker room visits. Granted, they made her feel guilty as hell, but she was only supposed to be guilty, not sick with worry because of some school board rep on a power trip. When she led her troupe of perverted girl voyeurs in, she felt a bit of pleasure right away. She loved the complaints. The boys were immediately horror struck. “What the hell is this?” “How many are there?” “Mindy! You can’t bring this many girls!” “Oh man, I’m naked

over here.”

Now that last thing wasn't exactly a smart thing to say. It brought a lot of female attention to him. It was Dean, who stood there without a stitch on. He had his hands clasped over his goodies. Mindy and Shelly loved that. There was nothing sexier to them than when an embarrassed boy with a nice body hid behind his hands, especially since they could make him move those hands whenever they wanted.

Dean was washed in naked fear. Allison had also seen him naked and hard before, but the others! There were four other pairs of greedy eyes all staring at him in shock. Dean hated that. They knew what they came down to the locker room for, but their first real sight of a naked boy would always stun a new girl. They had such wide eyes and amazed expressions. He was about to move away to where they couldn't see him, but Mindy wasn't having that. She had just taken a big dose of annoyance from Miss Armstrong. She would need something to cure that right away.

“No you don't, Dean. You stay right there. Mm. Don't look so afraid. It's no big deal. You're just naked. Granted we're all staring at you, but why should that bother you so much? In fact, I want every boy who's already naked out here where we can see you, now.”

Shelly took the initiative, and walked along to look between the rows of lockers to make sure they complied. She had a blast as she pointed them out.

“You, Mark. Kent. Oh god, Chris, I love it when you're naked! It appears Arthur's coming along too.” The four naked boys all crept out where the girls could ogle them. Like Dean, they all covered up their privates. It was a row of hotness, and they already looked so ashamed of their nudity.

Then, surprisingly, one of the other boys spoke up. Tommy wasn't naked. He still had on most of his uniform. “This isn't fair, Shelly! You said you wouldn't do this!”

“Do what?” Then it hit her. She had forced him to bare himself for two girls. She had threatened that she would bring three friends with her.

“Oh! I did say that!”

“You said what?” Mindy asked.

“Never mind.” Tommy was right. Shelly couldn't do this for two reasons. The first was strange, even to her. She didn't care about the boys' wounded pride of course. It was all a game to her though, so she did feel some sense of fair play. She couldn't say one thing and then do another. It would be as if she broke her own rules and she liked to make the rules. Besides, and this was a bigger reason, if she would do what she wanted no matter what, then her threats would make no difference to the boys later on. “Uh, look, we have to do this one as Miss Devasquez does. You know, out of sight, around the corner?”

“What on Earth for?” But Mindy saw the look on Shelly's face. Mindy didn't understand the reasons for it, but she decided to accept it. “All right. We'll take along two boys to interview and two just for scenery. The rest of you are off the hook. But first you five naked boys, move those hands! It's disrespectful to all these girls for you to hide your penises. We want to see what you've got. You know that.”

The boys groaned or shifted from foot to foot uncomfortably. The girls waited with heavy

suspense. Was this really going to happen? Mindy had to bark out the order, “Now, boys!” With that, the boys complied. Five cocks came into view, all at once. The sound of the ladies washed over the boys like a wave of lusty degradation. “Oh my god they did it!”

“Look at them all!” “I’ve never even seen a naked boy before!” “They’re hot! They’re so hot!” “eeeeEEEEeEEE!”

Mindy said, “No, Arthur, you can’t cover back up like that. Let the girls have a look at you.” The moment he moved his hands again, the girls all giggled in delight. Mindy told him, “I can see how much you’re blushing, Arthur, but you shouldn’t be nervous just because so many of girls check out your penis.”

Arthur hated being singled out that way. He wished that he hadn’t put his hands back over his cock. He hated being stared at by all these smiling perverts, but it was better than being pointed out and giggled over by all of them. He hated it so much that the physical effect of his embarrassment kicked in right away. He shut his eyes tight while his penis rose up slowly. He felt it radiate with passionate humiliation as it reached up, and demanded even more attention. For a moment, all the ladies were silently reverent. Then they burst out into giggles again. Greta had to ask, “Does that happen a lot?”

“A lot,” Shelly said. “They get embarrassed, and they get hard. It’s wonderful. The other four are holding out real well. If we’re lucky, we’ll see some more action from them before we move on. We ought to pick our boys now. I want to interview Ron and Max.”

“Me?” Max said frantically. He was one of the few holdouts who she hadn’t yet interviewed. He had never been in a special detention. He had even managed to shower and change only when a girl would not see him.

Shelly smiled viciously. “I know I haven’t seen you naked yet, Max, but it’s time to. Don’t you agree, Mindy?”

Mindy saw the panic on him and could almost feel his heavy heartbeat.

“Oh, that does sound good.”

“Oh, no,” Max said. “Oh no, oh no, oh no.” He looked at all the girls. They were regarding him right then. He almost felt naked already. He knew this day would come, but he still wasn’t ready for it. He certainly wasn’t ready to strip for seven lusty women at once.

Mindy felt happy again. The lineup of five naked hunks and the anticipation of getting Max naked for the first time made her forget Miss Armstrong’s schemes. “Thank you, Mark,” she said. That unfortunate nudie rose up fast and sudden. His eyes got big as the girls all at once stared in his direction. For a brief moment, he had to turn around. That only made the girls all sigh and comment on his bare ass. Even though that was embarrassing, it wasn’t nearly as bad as letting them see his stiff dick, especially since their stares were the reason for its hardness. He forced himself to turn back around though just so he wouldn’t have to hear Mindy talk down to him while he stood there exposed and bulging. The girls loved the defiant look on his face. He looked defiant, but he didn’t act it. He had no choice. He had to let them look.

Shelly asked their guests, “We’re bringing along two other boys. Whom do you want there? Aurora? Do you want to bring Peter along?”

Aurora loved Shelly for that. “No way! I want to check out the other boys.” When she

said that, she looked at Peter. It was such an obvious thing, but it worked. Peter knew that she just tried to incite his jealousy. It didn't matter that he knew that. He couldn't help a look of disgust at being passed over for the other boys, especially since she would familiarize herself with their charms. Instead of giving him a smile, Aurora treated it as if he wasn't important. She went back to studying all the other gorgeous ball players. She smiled since she could hear him muttering.

There was a conversation, and all the girls pitched in. The boys sized up and measured again while they awaited their fate. They couldn't stand it. They didn't even pay attention to which girl said what. They heard every word though. "How about Kent?" "Don't be silly, I want to see another dick." "But I want to see him hard!" "No," Mindy said, "I want to make two boys strip down, so naked boys get to stay here." A collective sigh of relief came from the lineup. "I want to see Randy." "No," Shelly said, "I haven't seen him naked yet. One new naked boy is enough for today." Randy appeared as if he had just recovered from a heart attack. The girls continued to shop without any more vetoes from their hosts.

"Philip's gorgeous." "So's Ted." "I bet Zack would look great naked. I've seen him without a shirt." "How about Reggie? Would he be a loudmouth with his cock showing?" "Shelly, which one has the biggest dick?" "Probably Chris actually, but he's already naked. Oh! There he goes!"

Chris lifted up and grimaced. His condition stopped the conversation for a moment while all the girls watched him salute. He hated to hear them talk. "Oh, he is big!" "Look at that!" "Hot body and a HOT penis!"

Three boys stood there with excruciating hard-ons. That was just the appetizer, though. Shelly turned them back to the matter at hand. "Steve is also big. He's almost as big as Kent." "Nice." "What about Greg? He might have the finest ass on the team." "I used to have a big crush on Alex. Let's get him naked." The girls kept it up, and the boys all felt the same disgusted pride. These women just objectified them completely. After some playful debate, the girls realized that they weren't really making a decision. They each voted on three boys apiece. The two who were chosen by popular vote were Alex and Reggie. Alex groaned and Reggie nearly fainted. He couldn't stand the thought of being put on display for all these women at once.

Speaking of being put on display though, all five of the naked boys managed to get totally hard for the indecisive females. None of them could hold out that long. The seven invading voyeurs all gazed across the row of high standing sticks. Dean, Chris, Mark, Kent, and Arthur were a living fantasy of bare flesh, embarrassingly hard cocks, delightfully nervous eyes, and bright blushing faces. The girls' expressions ran from smug arrogance to coy infatuation.

Greta didn't look away from them as she asked, "Why do they do that?"

"Get hard-ons?" Mindy asked. "They can't help it. It's just a natural reaction to their embarrassment. It's ironic though. It makes them much more embarrassed to get their stiffies for us."

"But do they always do that? Oh gosh, I hope so."

Shelly told her, "Yes, Greta, you'll see four more hard dicks during the interview."

"Really?" Three of the girls asked at once.

“Really. Let’s go.”

“Come along, boys,” Mindy said. “But put your hats on first. They’ll stay on while everything else comes off.”

The girls were delighted with that already. They were a mass of giggles again, already picturing these studs with baseball caps and nothing else.

“All right,” Mindy said, “Ron and Max, you just hold on a moment. The interview won’t start until Alex and Reggie are butt naked.”

“Is it always this way down here?” an awestruck Aurora asked.

“Pretty much,” Shelly said. “It’s for their own good though. Miss Bridle says so. Well don’t just stand there, boys, remove those clothes.”

Alex and Reggie just radiated indignation. The women all loved that though. Nancy and Greta in particular were amazed at their own enjoyment. Their excuse of being on the school paper was just their chance to see some naked boys. They hadn’t realized just how much fun it would be to see the boys pushed around by their saucy hosts. All the bare skin and exposed cock was thrilling, but it was just as good to see the boys forced to capitulate to their lust. The boys had no choice. Nancy had to brag, “We will see you totally naked. Tell me, how does it feel having to strip those uniforms off for us?”

Reggie and Alex said nothing. They just turned their eyes away as they started to unbutton. Anger turned to shame and humiliation with just a few words. The ladies all watched breathlessly as the clothes were slowly removed piece by piece. That was part of the reason that these two were chosen. They still had on their full uniforms. It was marvelous to watch them go from fully clothed to stark naked. Allison started to ‘encourage’ them, “Oh, take it all off, boys! Naked, naked, naked!” That started the other girls in. They were all happy to tell the humiliated young men, “Go ahead and go slow, we love it.” “God, what bodies!” “I wish I had my camera!” “Why are you so shy, guys?” “Look at the way they blush!”

“CuUute!”

Mindy hoped that they would struggle to get their underwear off. They were fast this time though. Neither of them wanted to give the girls the chance to help. The girls, especially the new girls, made sounds of pleasure as the last bit of cover was removed. The boys bent down to strip off those jockstraps. Once they stood up, they were nothing but a pair of penises for a moment. That was all that any of the women looked at. Both Reggie and Alex felt a sudden rush of bashfulness as they saw seven faces smile and point right at their most important secrets. There was no taunting this time. The girls just took in the sight with grateful, lusty silence.

A problem occurred to Shelly though. “There are a lot of us and only two boys to play with. What do we do?”

Mindy grinned at her naked victims. “I guess we’ll have to take turns.”

Reggie and Alex panicked. It looked for a moment as if they might try to run away, but of course, they didn’t. Allison had to ask, “What do you mean take turns?” She had seen the boys forced to strip naked in detentions. She had even seen these two boys in particular. She didn’t know that she would get to put her hands on them.

“Well, girls,” Shelly said, “line up. I’ll go first. Oh, good. Alex is getting ready for us.”

Alex let out another great groan. She was right. He began to rise. Even he didn’t know why his body would get ready for the girls like that. He lifted slowly though, so Shelly started with Reggie just to give Alex a few more moments of self-supporting embarrassment. Shelly put her hand on Reggie, and loved the feel of his chest. Reggie glared at her, but he held still as her greedy touch moved lower and lower. Greta sounded as if she would panic as the boys had. “Can she do that?”

“Of course,” Mindy said. “The boys don’t mind. They know it’s important to recognize female desires. Isn’t that right boys?”

Right then Shelly had her hand on Reggie’s dick. He made an indescribable sound of shame. Alex realized that this would be a series of embarrassments, one right after the other. “Please don’t make us do this. Not this time. There’s too many of you.”

Shelly and Mindy didn’t exactly ignore him. They both chuckled at his pleading. Shelly played and tickled her hands along Reggie’s dick. He started to get hard, but he was surprisingly slow. Shelly decided to let the next girl have fun with him before he was all the way there.

Mindy’s sister, Nina, moved to him. She was happy to play with this sexy young man. Reggie was stunned that a stranger who wasn’t even a student got to play with his cock. He started to rise fast while she explored him.

Shelly had moved over to Alex of course. She didn’t even bother to touch him anywhere except where it counted most. She made certain to feel every bit of his goods. He got to his stiffest while she played with him. Once her fingers had wandered over his treasure for a bit, she stroked him slow and gentle a few times.

Contentedly, she smiled as she turned to Ron and Max. “Okay boys, time for the interview. You can strip down now.”

The girls giggled again. While the ones waiting in line watched the two interviewees unbutton with shaky fingers, Reggie and Alex were treated as playtoys. The moment Shelly had moved on, Nina took her place. “Oh my,” she said. “You have quite a boner, sweetheart.” Alex gulped as she did what Shelly had. Nina made sure to touch every bit of his penis and testicles. As her hand played around that forbidden territory, Alex felt a sudden sickening sensation. Having his intimates played with so eagerly, yet so slowly, it was as if it was a twisted form of foreplay. He shivered involuntarily as she started to run her cautious grip up and down his rod slowly.

The girls were in wonderland. They had an achingly slow double striptease on one side. On the other side, they had a two-part carnival of totally hard penis play. First was Reggie, ready to fondle, then Alex. The girls each ran their hands down Reggie’s physique to his obedient penis. Alex didn’t get that sort of treatment though. Once the girls were done with Reggie, they were in the mind-set to move right to the next penis. Every time one of them let go of Alex, that hand was immediately replaced with another female touch. It was torture. Shelly had played with him, followed by Nina, and then Mindy roamed his manhood greedily. He gave a high-pitched moan when Nancy took her first touch. The first touch from each girl was horrible to him. He felt that shiver and shock of hormones with every moment of play.

Allison giggled and groped him. Then Greta. He started to quiver as he felt a buildup of

unbelievable sexual tension. He almost lurched forward when she let him go. It still wasn't over though. Pretty Aurora put her slender hand on him next. His sound made the girls giggle again. He took fast, powerful breaths and his pulse raced. He saw that Shelly came back for seconds. She played with Reggie's dick again even as she kept up her interview! That meant that it wasn't over even when the last girl let go! Alex knew he was on the verge of tragedy. Aurora let his dick go. Alex tried to give Shelly a look. He wanted to say something. He couldn't though. He concentrated too much on preventing his reaction. Shelly didn't make eye contact with him either. She just ran her fingers along his goods. Alex groaned so softly that only he could hear it. When Shelly switched from gentle touches to long, slow strokes of his stick, Alex lost it. His eyes rolled up. He let out a loud sound of pitiful release. There was a small but dramatic convulsion. Then a burst of fluid. Shelly stopped moving her hand, but she didn't let go. She was amazed as a second shot of white flew. Then a third. Alex's shoulders rolled forward. His head drooped. No one said a word.

Mindy said, "What did you do, Shelly?"

Shelly was as stunned as everyone else, and grinned broadly. "I didn't mean to." When she finally let Alex go, his eyes scanned the faces of all the girls. At the moment, he felt no real emotion, but knew that would change. He asked Mindy, "Can I go shower now?"

We all know that Mindy was typically merciless, but this was something special. She already felt her typical guilt, but magnified by this masculine miracle. Just as much though, she also felt a sense of gratitude towards Alex. "Sure. Go ahead."

As Alex shuffled past his audience, Reggie asked, "I can go too?"

"No," Shelly said. "You stay where you are. We are done with Alex, but not you. Can one of you girls go get me a towel so that I can clean that up?"

"You're not going to do it are you?" asked Allison.

"I earned it." Shelly smiled almost viciously. She didn't see it as a distasteful thing; rather it was as if she claimed a trophy. Greta had scampered off quickly to get a towel. Shelly's cleaning job wasn't real thorough, but she wiped away the obvious traces. Tossing the towel aside, she acted perfectly casual and turned back to Ron and Max.

"Where were we?" She looked them over. They weren't naked yet. They still had on their jockstraps and their hats of course.

Max asked, "You mean we're not done?" hoping that Alex's accident would end the whole thing.

Quashing their hopes, Shelly replied, "The interview's not quite over. I still have a couple questions."

Starting to become impatient, Mindy told them, "You will have to get those off though, boys. You first, Ron."

"Oh man," grumbled Ron, as his shoulders slumped.

"Hold on," Shelly interrupted. "Turn around first, so I can see if you still have my name there." Despite the fierce look he gave her, he did it. There he was, with his bare ass framed by his jock and right there was Shelly's name written in permanent marker.

“What’s that?” Nina inquired.

“He was one of the boys I interviewed before the last game and we autograph them when we do that.” The girls all burst out laughing. From both anger and embarrassment, Ron flew red, turned back around, and dropped his underwear fast. His anger almost overwhelmed his embarrassment. He stood up proud and bare while all the women oohed and aahed. With his belligerent face and posture, he was almost melodramatic. If it had been just Shelly and Mindy, he could have kept that up, naked but defiant. Unfortunately for him, the gaggle of girls there suddenly burst out into smiles, sighs, and giggles all at once.

“Fabulous!” “We can see everything! Again!”

Suddenly, Ron felt pure humiliation and went from a heroic stance to a silly crouch in an instant with his arms thrown down over his goods. As she loved to do, Mindy corrected him, “Ah, ah, ah, Ron. Show the girls some respect. They came down here to see you naked, and they will get to.”

Looking pathetic as he gave up his modesty, Ron complained, “Can we get this over with?”

“Not yet,” Mindy said. “We need to see Max’s dick as well.”

All eyes were on him, as Max wobbled a bit and felt dizzy with anticipation. “Come on, this isn’t fair! Don’t make me do this in front of everyone like this! Mindy, give me a pass this time! I haven’t done this before!”

Mindy listened to his continued begging while she examined her fingernails. She let him drone on while seeming as if it wasn’t important enough to even pay attention to. When she was in charge, she showed a great talent for melodrama. Holding up one hand to silence him, she cut off his pleas, “Max, do you have any idea how unfair that would be to these girls? They all know this is your first time and that makes it special. They’re dying to watch a baseball player stripped down for the first time. Aren’t you, girls?”

“Yeah!” “Oh, yeah!” “Make him show us his dick!”

“See, Max? You don’t want to disappoint them, do you?”

“Yes, I do!”

“Now, stop that and behave. You know the rules. Athletes have to give locker room interviews and they have to be casual about it. That means undressing as if it isn’t important. Give it up. We’re waiting.”

The girls all commented again. “This is so bad!” “I love it down here!”

Nancy added, “I will go to every baseball game from now on! Shelly, you are bringing me down here again sometime, aren’t you?”

“Sure thing, Nancy. As the editor, it’s important for you to be on top of things. We’re still waiting for Max, though. Maybe I should help him get that off.”

“I’ll do it!” several girls shouted at once.

“No!” Max shouted, “Okay, okay!” He started to slip his jock down fast. “Oh god, oh god, oh god. I can’t believe this!”

“What good does it do to remove your jock when you just cover yourself afterward? Move your hands, Max.”

“Oh, I can’t!”

“Do it!” Mindy insisted.

With his fingers and lips trembling, he let them all see it. “Oh my god, I’m naked!” He threw his hands back over his cock. Mindy told him to let them look, and he did. Then he covered. Again, he had to be told to move his hands, and he did. Then he went back to covering again. By then, several of the girls laughed aloud, which made him whine loudly in frustration. Mindy shook her head at his embarrassed, penis-covering stance. “Max, that won’t do. Don’t you have any respect for us at all?” The girls all tittered at that. Mindy said, “That’ll be a detention tomorrow after class.”

Well aware of the detention horror stories, he nearly panicked, “No! Oh, not that.”

“Tomorrow, you’ll have another one if you don’t move those hands and show us your body.”

“You’re all just a bunch of perverts and bullies,” he said as he dropped his hands for the final time.

“So, Max,” Shelly began to ask, “what do you think of the changes to batting lineup?”

“Excuse me?” The interview continued with Shelly posing a few sports questions to the trio of naked hot bodies. Even Reggie had to answer her now. The girls loved the sight as the embarrassed boys rose up slowly while they tried not to stutter.

“Impressive,” Shelly said about Max’s erection. “Hard as a rock. I guess the interview is over now.” She shook his hand, and then shook his dick. Yet again, Max fumed at the indignity. Then she did the same with each of the other boys, handshake and cock fondle to say goodbye. The boys were grateful that they wouldn’t have to suffer a lineup of groping girls, but then realized that the girls had positioned themselves between them and their clothes, such that they had to walk through that mass of female hormones. None of the girls made a way for them to pass. One by one, Max, Ron, and Reggie had to push by slowly as the ladies’ hands wandered their shoulders, chests, backs, bums, and of course, their stiff and embarrassed boners. Some boys attempted to cover themselves again, which led to little struggles as the girls tried to grab a hold of them. Mindy quickly admonished the boys, “The interview being over doesn’t mean you’re allowed to use your hands to cover up. Any time we’re around, you need to keep your hands away from your penises.” The boys had to continue through the gauntlet with nothing to protect or shield their privates from the girls’ exploring hands.

When it was all over, the girls finally left the locker room a bit wistfully, with memories of forced nudity and candy store groping. There were enough to fuel their fantasies for weeks, if not longer. Shelly and Mindy were the last ones out the door. They thanked the girls for coming along. Once they were alone, though, Shelly had to ask, “How long until that school board woman shuts us down?”

“You don’t think that Miss Hartick can convince her to let it continue?”

Shelly liked that idea, but it seemed unlikely even for their fearless vice principal. “If the school board sets a rule, then the school has to comply. How can we get through this?”

“I don’t know. It’s been fun.”

Chapter 24

Max's Detention

It was time for Max's detention. Just as all the other boys faced with this sentence of humiliation, he considered simply not going. Then he would think of Miss Hartick and he couldn't just not go. Not if she might hear about it. Just opening the door to Miss Devasquez's room was hard and he cringed at the first words spoken. With a sunny smile, Miss Devasquez welcomed him, "Here he is, ready to pay the penance for his misbehavior."

Without saying anything, he stood there and looked around helplessly. At least there were only three women there, Miss Devasquez, Mindy, and Shelly. When Mindy shut the door behind him, she locked it. Hearing the sound of the lock's click, he cringed again. "Wh-what are you going to do?"

"What are we going to do?" Miss Devasquez said. "We'll just give you the opportunity to demonstrate how much you respect us."

"I, uh, I didn't mean any disrespect in the locker room. It was just hard to, you know, let all the girls look at me that way. All I did was put my hands over my, uh, my stuff."

Since she didn't have to be in command, Mindy was her usual giggly and happy self. Looking him over greedily, she added, "But you kept doing that. You can't cover up when we get you naked, because covering up is a sign of disrespect. You have to let us look. Just as you'll let us look right now."

"R-right now?" he said. Even though he knew this would happen, he still hoped this would be just a regular detention.

"Mm-hm," Mindy said, "We're going to see you naked!" Then what followed was one of her horrible squeals. "Oh god, he's so cute! With his whole sweet and harmless look, it's as if he's too innocent to do this to."

"But we will do it," Miss Devasquez said cheerfully. "It's for your own good, Max. Miss Bridle and Miss Hartick both agree on this. You need to learn to be proud and to cooperate with us. However, you won't take off your clothes."

"I won't?"

"No, *we* will take them off you."

“Oh no.”

He didn't just look afraid, he looked heartbroken. Miss Devasquez and Mindy felt such a guilty thrill from that. Shelly felt the same thrill, although she was well beyond any remorse. She told him, “You can take off your own shoes and socks, though.” Once he did that, Mindy and Shelly came close, circling him the way predators would their prey. “Do you want his shirt or his pants?” Shelly asked.

He couldn't help it and started to beg for mercy. “Please don't do this! I can't take it! Please?”

Ignoring his pleas, Mindy said, “I want his shirt.”

“Go for it,” Shelly said.

Max continued to plead for her to stop, but of course, Mindy moved on to the fun. Max hated the sound of her heavy breathing and high-pitched little pleasure sounds as she unfastened each button, one by one. As she slid his shirt down his arms, she muttered, “Oh yes, I like this.” Tossing his shirt aside, she moved away, allowing the others to enjoy the sight of the shirtless athlete.

“Studly, isn't he?” Her hand wandered over his upper body for few moments.

“Don't do that!” Max pleaded. He even had the gall to move away from her, but that ended up putting him right beside Shelly.

“Hold on there, Max. You're still half-dressed. We can't have that.”

“Oh, come on! Miss Devasquez, make her stop!”

Of course, Miss Devasquez just watched with a sexy smile as Shelly unbuckled his belt, and unfastened his pants. He stood almost perfectly still as she slid them down. She urged him to step out, and then he was almost naked already. Mindy made a happy sound, and asked, “Who gets to take off his underwear?”

“This time I get to,” Miss Devasquez said. “I never get to do that. If it's all right with you two, I mean?”

Mindy and Shelly gave each other a look, “Fine with us.”

Miss Devasquez moved on him. He backed away slowly. “No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.” Once his back was to a wall, with no more room to retreat, Miss Devasquez was on him. She pulled down his last bit of cover so slowly and tauntingly, and was happy with the result. “Now that is nice. It's another nice looking penis for us. Isn't that a handsome unit this young man has?” As she stepped aside, Max was horror stricken to see Mindy ready with a camera, clicking away. She managed only one full naked shot before he had his hands over his goods.

“Oh my god,” Max said. “Why are you doing this to me?”

“Because you need to learn,” Miss Devasquez said. “You need to learn to accept your place as a sexy naked athlete, to accept that we can strip you naked whenever we choose, and to show us the proper respect. I know you've heard Miss Hartick say to the other boys that covering up that way is completely disrespectful.” Even though she couldn't get the smile off her face, Miss Devasquez managed to speak with a stern voice. “I can't tell you how insulting it is for you to demonstrate just how much more important you think your privacy is than our female urges.”

Now move your hands. Your detention time doesn't start till you move your hands."

"But she'll take pictures!"

"She will. Move your hands. We want to see and photograph that cock, whether you like it or not. You don't really have a choice in this."

Max stuttered incoherently. He was filled to the brim with embarrassment and shock. He almost couldn't believe this was actually happening, but it was happening. He was stark naked in front of three women. He was going to have to bare his penis for them and their camera. He tried to move his hands, but he almost couldn't. "Who else is going to see my picture?"

"Just us," Mindy said happily. "Unless you don't do what we tell you from now on."

"Oh man! You don't need that! We have to do what you say anyway."

"It's just a little extra insurance," Miss Devasquez said. "Besides, you're already not doing what we say. You still have your hands in the way. It's adorable to see you protect yourself like that, but we're not going to let you keep that modesty. Move your hands."

"I, I, I," Max breathed in what was almost a sigh of relief once he moved his hands out of the way. He felt his exposure, but the anticipation had been almost worse. That was what he thought for a moment. Then the full reality of his nakedness caught up with him. All he could feel were the three stares and the camera take in every bit of his body. He threw his hands back over his dick. Again, he was told to move them, and he did.

"You're terrible! You're just taking advantage of us!"

"What an ugly thing to say," Shelly said, "and here I've worked so hard to be taken seriously as a journalist."

Miss Devasquez crossed her arms accusingly. "Apologize to Shelly right now."

"What?" Max said. "Me apologize to her?" He could see that she meant it. "Okay, all right. I'm sorry, Shelly."

"Now thank her."

"Thank her?! For what?!"

"Just do it, Max."

Max covered up again. He couldn't help it. A loud ahem from Shelly made him move his hands yet again. He stared up at the ceiling. "Thank you, Shelly for looking at my dick."

The girls busted out laughing. "Oh, that was great!" "Say it again! Only this time thank us all for teaching you how to respect women!" "By looking at your dick!"

Max suddenly blushed furiously. While his embarrassment had been horrible, now it was complete and showed on his face. His dick also showed it as his erection finally began. As he forced out his words, his penis rose up little by little. "Thank you all for teaching me to respect women by looking at my dick." Max let out a loud groan of discontent as his penis arrived at a high standing ovation of embarrassment. He felt anger at his own body. His own cock informed on his embarrassment in the most attention seeking way. He asked quietly, "Can I get dressed now? I've learned my lesson."

Mindy's voice was full of excitement. "Would we let you put that away now that it's standing up?"

Max couldn't help it and tried his best to cover up again. Miss Devasquez wouldn't have that. "Young man, that's what got you in trouble to begin with. You keep hiding what we want to see. It looks as if you haven't learned your lesson. When we strip a boy naked, we expect him to let us enjoy the show. Time to write some lines to make sure you don't forget."

"What?"

Miss Devasquez pulled his hands away from his stiffy. "You will write a sentence on the board twenty times, over here." She grasped his handle and urged him along. Max felt as if he could die from shame as she pulled him along by his penis to the front of the classroom. Miss Devasquez gently ran her fingertips up and down the front of his wonderful cock while she explained, "I want you to take that marker and write this down."

Max took the marker, "What am I writing?"

"Write the words, 'I'm a naughty boy, and I deserve to be naked.' Twenty times."

"Oh man."

"Write it," Miss Devasquez said.

"And say it as you write it!" Mindy added with a giggle.

Max surveyed them and saw only girlish lust. Glancing at Shelly, he hoped she might show a little more mercy. Of course, she just waved him on. She only wished she had thought of this. Max started to write as he mumbled the words, "I'm a naughty boy, and I deserve to be naked."

"Nice butt," Shelly said, as she helped herself to a squeeze.

"Hey!" Max turned, but he wished he hadn't now as he saw that Mindy had her camera snapping pictures of him as he wrote his punishment sentence. She told him, "Keep going!" Mindy continued to take pictures of this humiliated naked boy while he wrote. He tried to ignore them as they complimented his body and his butt. After he wrote the line eight times, Mindy told him, "Turn around so I get your dick in another picture. Hold that marker up. Oh, you look pathetic. It's your own fault you know."

"What did you do to get in trouble, Max?" Miss Devasquez asked.

He blushed again. He almost covered up again but he stopped himself just in time. "I wouldn't let the girls see my penis."

"You will from now on though, won't you?"

"Yes, Miss Devasquez."

"You'll even let them touch your penis if they want, right?"

"I, uh, I don't, do I really have to do that?"

In answer, Shelly strode right over to have herself a fondle of his stiff standing sweetstick. Max groaned at the touch, but he was spared after just a few moments by a knock at the door. Shelly hissed, "Get dressed! Fast!"

“Just a moment,” Miss Devasquez said. She urged Max on, but he didn’t need it. Whoever was out there, he didn’t want them to come in until he was ready. Enough people had seen him undressed already. After a fast change back into his clothes, Miss Devasquez unlocked the door, ready to gripe at whoever was silly enough to interrupt. Her irritation changed fast. This person didn’t need any introduction. Miss Devasquez recognized her just from the description. “You’re Miss Austin, from the school board.”

“That’s right,” she said, walking in with purpose, as she always did.

“I’m sorry to interrupt, but I need to speak with you. Was this important?”

“Just a detention, but we have everything resolved.”

Shelly and Mindy had erased the board real fast, but there was no disguising Max’s dishevelment. Miss Austin had a slight sneer. “Shoes untied and buttons fastened up the wrong way? What exactly went on in here?”

Max was almost sweating. “Can I go now, Miss Devasquez?”

“That’s a good idea,” said the woman from the school board. She told Shelly and Mindy, “You two can leave as well.”

They weren’t quite out of the room when they heard Miss Austin explain in her serious voice, “It’s important that I talk to you before I talk to Miss Bridle and Miss Hartick.”

Walking away outside, Mindy sighed. “At least we got some more pictures. Max’s ass is almost as good as Greg’s.”

Chapter 25

The Weightlifters

Shelly had looked forward to this ever since she knew she would get to interview the studly, buff weightlifters. She knew that it might have a great beginning. She had dropped a couple hints to Miss Hartick, and that was now bearing fruit. Her demented mentor chaperoned her this time. Shelly was grateful for that, because she knew that no one else could tame these boys the way Miss Hartick could. Shelly knew that she would love to watch these muscle boys do what they were told.

“Are we ready then, Shelly?” Miss Hartick asked when they arrived at her office.

Shelly couldn't hide her eagerness at all. She felt almost as squirmy as Mindy would be. Mindy wasn't with her and neither was Miss Devasquez. Along with herself and the vice principal, they would only bring Greta, the school paper's photographer.

Miss Hartick led the way with her fast, powerful stride until they got to the exercise rooms. “Hello, Coach Young,” Miss Hartick said.

Coach Williams was the weightlifting coach, but the assistant coach was Coach Young. While not part of any plot or suggestion by Miss Hartick, it was just fortunate that the weightlifters' assistant coach was a woman. Coach Young was a very serious athlete, was in great shape, and knew most everything about the weightlifting competitions. As serious as she was though, she couldn't help but enjoy her position, and spent a lot of time around these good looking and wonderfully well-built boys. With Miss Hartick at the school, Coach Young even knew that she would likely get to see some of them naked. She had no idea that she would get such a windfall of enforced nudity in her first helping though. Miss Hartick's question started the idea, but Coach Young pounced on it. Today was their preliminary weigh-in before the real weightlifting sessions started.

One of the boys asked, “Are we waiting for Coach Williams?”

“No,” Miss Hartick said, “I've asked him to leave this to Coach Young instead. She can handle it. Before we get started boys, I want you all to get together for a team photo.”

That's why Greta was there. It was an event, the start of the weightlifting program for the year. Greta lined up the boys in their uniforms, dark blue Jaybird singlets. They were tight and revealing. Greta took several pictures of the team, but she did it quickly. The real fun would

take place once they started the weighing.

Coach Young said, "All right boys, line up here. Good. I guess you're first, Corbin. Get that uniform off and step on the scale."

"Excuse me?" Corbin really thought he hadn't heard right.

Greta giggled and Shelly gave him her infamous half smile. Coach Young explained it as if it was no big deal, which was difficult since she was beside herself with anticipation. Corbin was a smooth sort of pretty boy. Like the others on the team, he was muscular. He wasn't as big, but he was very well developed. Coach Young couldn't wait to see if he was as well developed in another sense. "We need as accurate a weight as possible. You'll have to get that off. It's better for competition to have a lower weight. You want that edge."

"But, uh, Coach Young, we're not exactly alone here."

Coach Young told him, "It's nothing to be bothered by. You're an athlete. Act like one and do what you have to do."

Corbin looked over at the vice principal. He had heard about Shelly and her antics, but he wasn't sure he really believed all that. Even if he had, he hadn't expected this. "Can't I leave the uniform on? I mean, it doesn't weigh that much. I'm not bothered by it."

Miss Hartick heard his voice, and tried to sound reasonable, but she was who she was. She couldn't help a bit of strong authority. "Corbin, you heard your coach. The best thing for you is to get all that off. If the camera bothers you, don't worry. I've already explained it to Greta. We brought her for the team photo, but she is not to take any pictures while you're naked. She won't even touch her camera."

"Naked?" Corbin asked. He thought they meant get down to his jockstrap. They wanted him to take off everything. Right there in front of two girls and two women?

Greta held up her hands. "See? Hands off. I'll even put them in my pockets." Greta had her camera hanging around her neck. In her pocket was a remote trigger to snap photos undetected. Only she and Shelly knew that though.

Miss Hartick saw that the young man hadn't moved. "Corbin, I understand your hesitation; however, you're here only with school staff and girls who represent the school paper. You are in a safe environment. Remove your clothes, all of them. You will respect the school and your sport, or you will not be on the team. Don't think that will get you out of this. If you can't do something as small as set aside your silly macho pride for a minute when you have to, then you'll be in my office after school several times learning how to do it."

Corbin was shocked. She meant it, and would strip him down either here or later. She didn't care. He looked back at his teammates. It was clear that they hoped he would take a stand so that they could get behind him. He thought about it. How heroic would that be? When he looked at Medusa Hartick's powerful stare again, he started to say something, but he couldn't. He knew doing so would only end up with him off the team and merely postpone his embarrassment. "I, uh, I guess, okay."

With trembling fingers, Corbin started to slide off his singlet. He heard a few whispers from the other boys. "Oh man." "I can't believe this." "Do we really have to do this?" Worse than that was the little giggle he heard from Greta. She couldn't help but stare and smile while she

watched that tight, Jaybird blue uniform slide down that body. There he was, gorgeous and cut, wearing only his jockstrap. He shut his eyes and whispered something to himself before he could get on with it. He wished he didn't have to hear that silly little Greta giggle again while he dropped his underwear. When he stood back up, he had his hands over his cock. When he was about to step on the scale, Miss Hartick wouldn't have that. "What are you doing? Corbin, you can't be that inhibited."

"What – What do you mean?"

"I mean, that you can't cower like that. Stand up straight and proud with your arms at your sides."

"I – but – the girls..."

"Oh, for goodness' sake. Isn't there one boy at this school who doesn't have to be told to show respect?"

"Huhn?" That wasn't a nervous answer, as Corbin didn't understand what she meant.

Full of condescension and force, she continued, "Corbin, your body is not something to hide or be shameful of. In this atmosphere, I expect you to put your ridiculous macho conventions aside and act as if showing us your penis isn't a big deal. Because it isn't. By showing us your body, you're showing pride and respect. Now I won't say it again. Move those hands."

Corbin and the other weightlifters were horrified. In contrast, Miss Young was delighted, while Greta and Shelly were beside themselves with eager lust. Then it happened. Hunky Corbin dropped his hands and let them all take in the sight of his naked penis. "Oh my god," he said.

"Oh my god," Greta said. "Oh my god," Shelly said. "Oh my god," Coach Young said. Miss Hartick told him, "You see? There was no reason for your insecurity. The girls all think you're quite a sight."

Coach Young turned to the lineup of athletes. "What are the rest of you waiting for? Get those uniforms off."

Miss Hartick said, "You may leave your jockstraps on though until it is your turn at the scale."

Greta was in love with them all. She covertly snapped photos of bare-naked Corbin. She also captured pictures of the other boys as they undressed. She had taken several pictures of Corbin in just his jockstrap, but once he removed it, she fired her camera almost non-stop and was thankful she had just loaded a new memory card in it that she figured would last the duration.

The ladies all turned and watched the massive unveiling, as nine hotbody weightlifters stripped down to their underwear. The reluctance in their movements was wonderful as they bared their muscular selves. Only when they were all down to that last bit of inadequate cover, did their attention turn back to Corbin.

"Oh, for crying out loud!" Coach Young said. "Corbin, stop that!"

He had his hands on his good again. "But, but, but, you don't understand!"

“Move your hands, now,” Miss Hartick commanded. Her ice queen voice filled the room with silence. Corbin stared at the floor while he gave himself up to their stares again. He was halfway hard. No wonder he wanted to hide. Instead of just giggling, Greta gave a loud yet short laugh at his predicament. Of course, her camera kept running.

Corbin’s cock rose slowly. Unable to take her eyes off it, Coach Young had to ask Miss Hartick, “Is that normal?”

“I’m afraid so. The boys don’t have much self-control. On the other hand, Miss Bridle says that it’s good for them to be comfortable with their bodies, especially that kind reaction.”

“Oh. Okay then. Uh, Corbin, you can get on the scale now. No, no, don’t cover up. You shouldn’t have to.”

Corbin blushed furiously and his shoulders slumped as his stiffy reached its height. Coach Young took her time to get his exact weight while all the women stared at him. Once she had it, he stepped off and began to pick up his clothes.

“No,” Miss Hartick said, “don’t get dressed, yet. Shelly has a few questions for you all after everyone is weighed. It will be a team interview. Let me tell you all now, when Shelly interviews you, you are required to strip naked, completely naked, every time. Including this time. So after you’ve been on the scale, don’t put anything back on. Just move aside and wait until we’re all done.”

Coach Young could have melted with lust. She felt as if she was a teenager again, surrounded by these sexy young underwear-clad studs, each whom would soon be naked for her. Greta’s big goofy grin was nonstop as she took her surreptitious photos. She took pictures of naked Corbin, the lineup of jockstrap hotties, and of Wendell, the next boy to step to the scale. Wendell was a hot, tall, burly tough guy type, but he looked completely shy while forcing himself to doff his underwear. As Corbin did before him, he covered his jewels when he stood back up. “Okay, I did what I had to do, but please don’t make me show Shelly and Greta my stuff. Please?”

Miss Hartick rolled her eyes, “This is so disappointing.”

Instead of receiving any glimmer of mercy, all he got was the cold grip of Coach Young’s hands as she took his wrists and pushed his hands aside forcefully. Unable to keep herself from grinning, this was just too much fun for her. “You boys will have to cooperate if you want to stay on this team. That’s better.”

Wendell sheepishly moved to the scale. With his body bare and displayed that way, he couldn’t stop cringing. The girls were a bit disappointed that his dick didn’t rise up for them. He looked absolutely marvelous anyway though. His body and his stick were a great addition to Greta’s little photography project.

One by one, each weight lifter stepped forward and stripped away his modesty for the eager eyes of these libidinous women. All their forced nudity was in the name of respect for their sport, the girls, and even themselves, Coach Young assured them. The boys certainly felt little self-respect; rather each one of them felt sheer embarrassment as their cocks were exposed for the first time.

Billy managed to stand up straight, even though he blushed furiously. His mind almost seemed detached as he was unable to make eye contact with any of the women and almost

seemed that he couldn't hear Coach Young's instructions since she had to ask him to step on the scale three times. In contrast, his dick was sure aware of the situation though. In no time at all, he was fully aroused.

Rick was perfectly sheepish and quiet as he let them gaze at his manhood. Being the only boy on the team who had already had to strip down for Shelly, he thought that might make this a bit easier. He was wrong. If anything, he felt even more shame at the idea that he let this happen to him again.

When it was Charlie's turn, he pleaded for mercy. He really didn't want to have to give the girls what they wanted. Just as the others before him, he ended up totally naked and ashamed. The way these women stared so blatantly while promising that he had nothing to be embarrassed about only added to his humiliation.

Red was next and he stripped off as soon as he could, wanting to get it over with fast. Waiting for his turn to peel off his pride had been worse than the actual stripping, or so he thought until his goods were actually out there, tingling with the attention. He remained uncovered until he realized that he started to erect. Of course, they didn't allow him to protect himself from that compromising situation. Miss Hartick told him to move his hands, and he had to. He didn't make it all the way up. He was well over halfway there though before Coach Young let him step aside. Again, he covered up, but Miss Hartick wouldn't have that. "Just because you aren't the center of attention doesn't give you the right to disrespect these girls. It's important for the girls to be comfortable."

"The girls? What about us?"

Coach Young really got into this. "Allowing the girls to do their jobs shouldn't be any inconvenience for you. Concentrate on why you're here, rather than on who can see your penis."

The boys in line fumed as Shelly and Greta constantly and blatantly looked them over while they had to stand there butt naked and powerless to do anything about it. Miss Hartick and Coach Young did the same and were even less subtle about it. The boys felt a tremor of hot shame every time they noticed a pair of female eyes leveled at their waists. Their cocks betrayed their embarrassment with slow liftoff. None of them were able to stand there without coming at least close to the half-hard point. Some were completely stiff, pointing to the ceiling.

Six of them stood there in various postures of irritation, while three more still needed to weigh in. Frank managed to not cover his dick. Instead, he covered his face while the girls watched him get weighed. The girls thought it was hilarious that he didn't start to rise until they started to giggle at him.

Greta gave the next boy a little wave when he stepped up. "Hi, Denver." She said it triumphantly. She lived next door to him, and had a very open crush on him for a long time. Now she would get to see his dick! He literally shivered when he got the courage to drop his underwear. His rod didn't rise at all, but his obvious embarrassment was still delightful to the girls. The trembling of that sexy, strong body was wonderful.

Terence was the last one. He took a deep breath to prepare himself. Then he heard Greta say, "This has been a great show."

"What did she just say?"

Coach Young sighed. "Take it off, Terence."

"But didn't you hear her?"

Miss Hartick stopped his complaint with her iron hard voice. "We heard her, Terence. It's obvious that the girls are girls and that they enjoy this. It would be too much to ask them not to. I'm afraid you will have to get used to that. Shelly will be in your locker room frequently. She will always have a chaperone, and will occasionally bring guests whenever she sees fit. It's all part of your role as athlete to accept that."

"But, uh..." He had no idea how to argue with that.

"Stop stalling and take that off!"

Terence wasn't afraid so much as shocked that he did as he was told. He almost couldn't feel himself move as he removed his modesty, although he certainly felt his exposure though. Almost unable to keep from throwing his hands over his treasure, he managed to stop himself before anyone could complain. He just turned his head aside and groaned as he felt the greedy stares on his tool.

Terence was halfway up when he returned to the line with the others. Shelly casually looked across that row of flesh as she said, "Thank you, boys. I know it's a bit jarring the first time you have to do this, so I'll try to make it quick. From your erections, I can tell which of you will have the most concentration. Wendell, since you're still not very high up, I'll start with you."

"What?" He couldn't believe it.

Coach Young couldn't believe it either. Would Miss Hartick let Shelly pick her interview subjects based on the angle they were pointing? Miss Hartick's lack of a reaction looked as if she was. That didn't bother Coach Young for long. The sudden focus of attention on his nudity affected Wendell fast. Once Shelly began her question, he started rising. "I know this is an obvious question, but do you look forward to competing in your sport?"

"Uh, y-y-yeah. I, uh, not just competing. Oh god." His penis now stood at full height, strong, and proud, almost as if it was unflustered. In contrast, he stumbled over his words. Blushing furiously, he felt the heat of his own blush almost as much as he felt the agonizing flow of embarrassment animate his penis. "Can you please not stare at me like that? I would say that I look forward to the workouts as much as I look forward to the competition."

"Good, good. Uh, Denver, it looks as if you're the lowest now."

"M-me?" He shuddered again, but then he managed to stand stock still like a mannequin.

Shelly asked, "Most people would consider this an individual sport, but would you agree with that?"

"I, uh, oh no, not me too." Predictably, he rose up in response to the attention of all four females. "N-no. It's having the support of the team that pushes us to succeed."

"That's a great quote, Denver." Shelly kept up her performance. She had just enough questions to make certain that every boy there reached full arousal. Every one of them that wasn't already all the way up had to stutter and try to make sense while his penis rose up in response to the ogling. It was an incredible lineup of nine hard cocks on nine very hard bodies. The boys hated to see their eyes scan across their physiques, and then across their boners. Greta was

thrilled. She had several shots of all nine sexy weightlifters shoulder-to-shoulder, totally naked and totally hard!

The silent ogling after the interview didn't go on even quite a full minute before Miss Hartick finally showed some mercy. "That was very good, boys. I'm proud of you. You can get dressed again. Just remember that you have to be prepared to do this again whenever Shelly interviews you. In the locker room, we allow Shelly a considerable amount of indulgence to enjoy the fringe benefits of her job. So try to take it in stride."

None of the boys had the courage to ask what that meant. They knew that Rick had already had a bad experience, so they figured they would ask him.

Outside, four very content women walked away. Greta practically skipped; she was in such a hurry to see her new pictures. Miss Hartick hated to end the whole thing on a sour note, but she felt obligated to tell Shelly, "I have to go see Miss Austin, that woman from the school board. She's waiting in my office."

"Oh. Uh, how do you think that's going to go?"

"I don't know. We might be running our little social experiment before its time though. That's unfortunate. I tried to encourage Miss Austin to come along to see you interview the boys, but she refused. She already spoke with Miss Bridle, and Miss Bridle had the impression that things didn't go well. I should have made it a point to talk to the woman first."

"You have to convince her, Miss Hartick."

"I'll do my best. If I can't though, I wanted you to know that I have really been impressed with your work."

That encouraged Shelly. Miss Hartick's respect wasn't as important to her as the continuing penis parade, but it was something. Shelly just wished that Miss Austin might at least wait long enough to make her decision that Shelly might get her hands on a few of the studly weightlifters.

Chapter 26

Miss Austin's Verdict

It wasn't long before Principal Steadworth called a meeting in his office. Miss Austin waited with nonchalance for everyone to arrive. Miss Hartick and Miss Devasquez were there, as was Miss Armstrong. The Principal started, "You've spoken with the school board, Miss Austin?"

"I have."

"And they've come to a decision?"

"Yes, they've taken my advice to allow Miss Hartick's reporter program to continue for the remainder of the year."

"WHAT???" Miss Armstrong shouted. "What did you just say?"

"I've spoken to everyone involved, and it's clear to me that this is being done with all the proper motives and with every complete responsibility."

"Are you out of your mind?"

Principal Steadworth also hoped to hear that this would end since he wasn't the one burdened with the decision. He was consoled anyway since he wouldn't have to worry about it any more. "Miss Armstrong, if no one else finds this practice offensive, then maybe it's time for you to let it go."

"You're all crazy. And you're the craziest of all," she said to Miss Hartick. Then, as always, Miss Armstrong stormed out.

Miss Hartick shook Miss Austin's hand. "Thank you for coming to the right conclusion. The girls of the school are all grateful, I assure you."

"You have nothing to worry about. You have the school board's confidence. After my recommendations, they are convinced that you should not only continue, but that you should have complete control over this project. Keep up the good work."

Later that day, they called Shelly out of class during one of Mr. Heckley's boring economics lectures. The strange thing was that they didn't call her to the office or any other expected place. She was supposed to report to the teachers' lounge. Now who wanted to see her there?

When she got there, she had to knock on the door since it was locked. Miss Devasquez let

her in. "Oh, here you are, Shelly. Come in, come in!"

Shelly followed the happy teacher. "What's going on?"

"Well, the School Board ruled in favor of Miss Hartick, so we're celebrating. You're still the sports reporter, and we'll all still get to enjoy our little locker room Babylon."

"Oh! That's great! I was worried."

Miss Devasquez remained standing. Mindy was also there, every bit as happy, with her sister Nina by her. Miss Fox was also there. Miss Devasquez had to introduce Shelly to the other woman there. "This is Miss Fox's sister, Joyce."

"Hello," Shelly said, shaking her hand. It was easy to see that Joyce was Miss Fox's sister. They didn't look too much alike, but they were both exceptionally attractive women. Joyce wasn't quite like Miss Fox though. Joyce was dressed down, and looked completely casual. Shelly told her, "It might be a bit confusing having two Miss Foxes in the same room."

"Oh no, we don't have the same last name. I kept my ex-husband's last name."

"Okay, what should I call you then?"

"You already know." Joyce slipped on a pair of expensive glasses and held her hair back.

Shelly was stunned. "Miss Austin!"

"That's right. I work at the school administration. Miss Armstrong didn't know that when she called though. I was lucky enough to be the one to talk to her. She told me all about the *horrible* things happening here at Prellis High. I called my sister, and we decided to do what we could to help."

"So all that time you were just acting?"

"Only Miss Devasquez knew it, and only when I talked to her after that detention. I had to put on a show so the board would believe I really looked into it. Now they're convinced that your interviews are responsible and you treat the boys with complete respect. Miss Hartick has full permission to exercise her own judgment setting guidelines."

"Great!"

"Just don't tell anyone. I tried to keep any of the boys from seeing me, but that boy you had in detention saw me. He probably wouldn't recognize me anyway. You didn't."

"He won't be here, though," Miss Devasquez said. Then there was a knock at the door. "Speak of the devil," she said. She opened the door to admit Greg and Zack.

The boys felt a bit cornered the moment they saw the kind of group they were in. Greg asked, "What are we doing here?"

"Lock the door behind you, Greg. We're having a little cake and we wanted a pair of waiters to do the serving."

"Huhn?"

Miss Austin said, "They really are good looking, aren't they?"

"Very," Miss Fox said. "And I haven't gotten to see these two naked yet."

“Naked?” Greg asked.

“Oh come on,” Zack said, “not here!”

Mindy giggled and held up her camera. “You remember this? We have pictures of you both. I bet all the girls would like to see them.”

Zack said, “You wouldn’t let anyone see those.”

“These, you mean,” Miss Devasquez said. She let the boys see a set of naked pictures of themselves. They had altered those pictures to remove any background or anything else that could identify where the pictures were taken. The only part of the images that weren’t obscured was them, bare naked, blushing, and hard with nothing but a white background. Miss Devasquez was supercilious as she said, “I don’t know where those pictures were taken or by whom. It’s hard to tell. If there were more, they might end up in a lot of lockers though.”

“Oh man.”

“So it’s naked for just us here, or naked for every single girl in school. So, if you’re going to be well behaved studs, then get those shirts off.”

Greg and Zack groaned. Every pair of eyes was on them. This would be humiliating, but at least it was just here and now. In spite of themselves, they started the show. There was a happy squeal from Mindy as their physiques came into view. Miss Fox and Miss Austin were openly vocal. “Oh take that off!” “God, you boys are hot!”

The ladies started to laugh while the boys blushed and fumed. Miss Devasquez said, “Now the pants.” The women weren’t quiet or subtle at all, as they enjoyed it. The boys were stripped down to just their underwear. Miss Devasquez told them, “You can turn around to get that last bit off.” They did that, and the women showed no decorum as two fine young bums were bared for them. “Whooooo!” “I’m in love!” “EeeeE!”

“Naked again,” Shelly said in her arrogant tone. “By now you should be used to this.”

“Screw you!” Zack said.

“I guess they’re not used to it,” Shelly said. “I guess I don’t really mind. Can they turn around now, Miss Devasquez?”

“Well, I don’t know. Has everyone had a good enough look at those bare butts?”

“MM-hmmmmMM!” “I’m ready for more.” “I even got pictures!”

Miss Devasquez had the boys turn, and they stood there blushing bright and clutching their intimates. Greg and Zack both knew that it was pointless. They even knew that the girls liked to see them cover up because it showed how embarrassed they were and it was fun to make them move their hands. They couldn’t help but cover themselves though. They felt totally exposed, as they stood there without a stitch on while so many eyes feasted on their bodies.

Miss Devasquez loved to rub it in. “Well, you are both naked. Naked, naked, naked.”

“Mm, and delicious,” Miss Fox said.

“You won’t have to stay totally naked though,” Miss Devasquez said.

“Mindy?”

Mindy and Nina were fast to step up. "You'll be wearing these while you serve the food and drink." They had bow ties to put on the boys to serve as their naked uniform. They were just cheap little props, but it was fun, and it was clear the boys hated it.

Miss Austin commented, "Undressed up with nowhere to go." That brought a round of laughter that set the boys to blush again.

Miss Fox said, "I want to see some penis. Move those hands."

Greg and Zack looked at each other and grimaced. They were forced yet again to surrender their modesty, but in a new and creative way. They cautiously moved their hands to their sides. Another round of whistles and catcalls from the girls followed that.

"Okay, okay," Miss Devasquez settled things down. "This is fun, but we don't have all day. Who wants cake?"

Mindy set the pattern. "I'd like Zack to bring me a piece."

Zack really hated Mindy and wished he had the opportunity to spit in her drink. He couldn't do that though. He had to play waiter, put a slice on a plate, and fill her cup. The ladies watched him carry it over. Once Zack handed the plate to Mindy, she copped a feel of his ass with her other hand.

"Oh my," Miss Austin said. "We can pick our waiter? I want this other boy to bring me a piece. What's your name?"

"Greg," he said quietly as he put a slice on her plate and carried it to her.

"Mm. Thank you, honey," she said as she ran her hand in a circle around one of his cheeks.

"Oh, he likes you," Miss Fox said. She pointed to his dick, which had started to move.

"You're making me jealous," Mindy said happily. "Zack didn't vote for me at all."

"Yes, he did," Shelly said. At that, every eye turned to gorgeous Zack and his eight o'clock high penis. Everyone laughed a bit except of course for the boys who wished they could escape, cover up, or at least point to the floor.

They served every woman a piece of cake. Every time, that entitled her to a handful of firm baseball boy buns. By the time that was done, both boys were flying high. Miss Devasquez said, "It'll be terrible for me, but I have to have a second piece. Zack?" She had grabbed Greg's ass when she got her first piece, so she wanted some Zack now.

He mumbled, "How long are we going to be here?"

"Until we're done," Miss Devasquez said as she fondled his rock-hard cock.

"My turn, my turn," Miss Fox said. "Zack, I don't want any cake, but could you top off my cup, please?"

Zack sighed and did as he was told, and knew too well that she would help herself to a feel of his dick while he did that. At the same time, Greg had filled up Mindy's cup and gave her a chance to enjoy his manhood. Not only did she do that, she blatantly clicked away with her camera.

The ladies had their fun, taking a drink or a piece of cake and grabbing of some stud along

with it. The boys had to play the part of the server while hands roamed their nakedness. They didn't even get a tip.

Miss Devasquez was right though, they couldn't keep it up long. The ladies were not thrilled with the idea of their party would end, but it was time. Miss Devasquez told the boys, "Once you're dressed, you can have a piece of that cake."

"Oh, thanks," Greg said sourly, "that'll make it all worth it."

"Well, anyway, we'll see you sometime in the locker room, again and again. There's not much to stop us now."

Chapter 27

The Weightlifters' First Interview

Shelly couldn't stand herself she was so happy. She felt as if she led a charmed life. When she first requested being able to interview the boys, she had no idea it would last this long or go this far. Now they had the backing of the School Board so there was nothing to stop them. She felt a wonderfully queasy quiver when she thought of all the exposed penises she would ogle and fondle. It was her world, and the boys were just objects in it for her amusement. They would be naked and naked again and naked again. Just the thought of all the nudity she could force could make her swoon. She almost felt a little guilty about it now that there was no risk involved at all. Not very guilty of course, because she was Shelly, the terror of the boys' locker room. She could almost enjoy that little helping of guilt since she knew it would vanish the moment she had the next boy in her power. She decided the next boy would be a big, burly weightlifter too. After the bare-naked embarrassed boner line up, they were ready for their first practices, which meant locker room time.

Earlier in the day, Greta delivered copies of the photos she took during the weightlifter's weigh-in to her. Shelly spent some time reviewing them to decide which one she would pick for today's interview.

She convinced Miss Hartick to chaperone her with the weightlifters at least once more before anyone else did. The truth was that Shelly was dying for the freer hand of Miss Devasquez or better yet, pervert Mindy. That would have to wait a bit though for the boys to understand that they would do what she wanted them to. That meant bringing the iron will of Medusa Hartick at least once more. Miss Hartick understood all that as well as Shelly did. To make certain the boys could become accustomed to their locker room conventions, Miss Hartick wanted to bring along another chaperone. The ideal choice, at least from her standpoint, was Miss Bridle, the school counselor. Besides, ever since Miss Bridle started to take part, she and Miss Hartick had become true friends. Miss Hartick was happy to have someone she could enjoy some girl talk with. No one else seemed appropriate to her, not even her protégé Shelly. She appreciated dishing with Miss Bridle about all the delicious naked boys though. Miss Bridle reciprocated by sharing her thoughts about which boys were really the hottest.

Shelly noticed the slightly more casual attitude of Miss Hartick. When they got to the locker room though, the vice principal went through a fast transition into the hard eyed, stiff backed tyrant Shelly knew and loved. It was so suddenly intimidating that Shelly almost took

a step back. Perfect!

At the door to the locker room, Coach Williams and Coach Young were waiting for them.

"I'm glad to see you," Coach Young said. Coach Williams obviously disagreed, but he wasn't about to say so. Shelly was sure that this tall, imposing coach was enough to keep the boys in line, but was no match for Miss Hartick. It looked as if he knew it too.

When Coach Young started to follow the ladies into the locker room, he protested, "Wait, wait. Miss Hartick, I know I have to go along with this, and I'll try not to complain, but I thought the rule was that a coach couldn't be in the locker room when an interview is going on."

Coach Young appeared instantly crushed. She couldn't think of a good argument to let herself down there with the boys. Miss Bridle said, "Coach Williams, I know that's the rule, but surely you see that the only reason for that is to make Shelly more comfortable."

"No," Miss Hartick said, "I'm afraid he's right. I hadn't considered it, but I'm afraid we can't let Coach Young come with us. Rules are rules."

Coach Young's shoulders dropped. "I guess, uh, I guess so."

"Good enough," Coach Williams said. He strode off proudly. In his mind, he had just won a small battle with Miss Hartick, and intended to savor it since he knew this would likely be the only time to happen.

Unfazed by the setback, Miss Hartick stepped through the door. Miss Bridle followed her after she gave Coach Young a sympathetic look. Shelly had to follow fast, but took the time to whisper to Coach Young, "Don't worry. Maybe you can't come to the lockers, but I'll find some way to get the boys naked where you can watch."

"Wh-what? Uh, that's not really what this is all about, you know."

Shelly gave that snarky, twisted half smile of hers. "Of course it's not, but we get to have fun with it anyway, don't we? You'll get to see those studs naked again, I promise."

What else could Coach Young say? "Uh, thank you, Shelly."

This denied poor Coach Young another taste of naked studflesh that day, but of course, our hero Shelly would have some fun. Her little delay meant the boys had already had time to react with shock when two women waltzed right into their private changing area. Most of them had allowed themselves to believe that the nude weigh-in was a one-time deal. Now, it was happening again.

Miss Hartick said, "There you are, Shelly."

"Sorry about that, Miss Hartick."

"Don't worry about it. I can't help feeling a little annoyed about keeping Coach Young out. I'm sure she'll take part in our program somehow though. We may need to revisit the rule regarding the coaches."

Shelly smiled. "That's what I told her. I guess I'd better get on with today's interview though, huh?"

Shelly noticed that the boys were all out where she could see them. It was evident that Miss Hartick had made them all come out. It was a wonderful show. Three of the boys were still in their singlets, but that was still a great look for these muscle boys. Some of them were in their jockstraps. Two of the boys, Billy and Corbin, were butt naked and dripping wet, so it looked as if Miss Hartick had made them come out of the showers. They stood there sexy and humiliated with their goodies protected by their hands. For a moment, the three ladies looked over at them and just enjoyed the sight of the bare and helpless hunks. Billy was hot, big in the shoulders especially. Corbin was slim by the weightlifter standards, but only by that standard. He was still strongly built.

We all know that the boys broke the rules though. In spite of herself, Miss Hartick felt a bit of a thrill when she made them comply. "Billy and Corbin, just what are you doing?"

"Huhn?" "We, uh, you made us come out here."

"I mean, what are you doing with your hands? Don't you realize that Shelly is the sportswriter for the school? Act as if that means something. Put your hands to your sides as if it doesn't matter that you're naked." The boys weren't certain that she was serious because it was such a ridiculous thing to say. She turned loud and serious then. "Now, boys!"

After the slightest moment of trembling hesitation, the boys complied. There they were, two buff bodies all the way exposed for three women. Billy and Corbin each cursed themselves for having rushed to get in the shower so soon after their workout ended. All three women smiled at the sight. Miss Hartick shook her head a little though. "Stand up straight, boys. You're just naked; it's not a prison sentence."

As the two nudies did their best to stand tall, Shelly said, "Oh god, they're hot! Look at those bodies!"

As though Shelly had said nothing, Miss Hartick explained, "Boys, a locker room is supposed to have a casual atmosphere. If there weren't any girls present, you wouldn't be bothered at all. Now, surely, you can see how sexist it is of you to act as if you can't be yourselves just because Shelly is down here with you. I won't have you acting as if this is a problem. When Shelly is here, I expect you to let her see your bodies. Don't be so chauvinist."

Miss Bridle tried to be the good cop to Miss Hartick's bad cop. She told the boys, "You shouldn't be ashamed of your bodies anyway. Believe me when I tell you that your self-esteem will only improve if you can let go of your insecurities. When Shelly or any of the rest of us are present while you're naked, just let it happen. In the end, you'll be glad you did."

The boys all looked at each other as if these women were crazy. Shelly pointed to the two wet and naked boys, "There they go!" Billy rose up fast. Corbin's dick took its time moving up, but it was still a great sight.

Miss Hartick asked Shelly, "Now, who are we here to talk to?"

Shelly didn't take her eyes off the stiffening penises. She really didn't want to let them go, but at the same time, she wanted to see some more dick. "How about Terence?"

Miss Hartick said, "All right, Terence, please step forward. You won't be the only one though. I want you all to really understand this. You will cooperate completely. What we're asking of you is something very small and entirely reasonable. To make the point, I want two

more boys alongside Terence. She won't interview you. We'll have you stand there naked so that you can prove you can take it. All right? Can I have a pair of volunteers?"

No one said a word. Shelly grinned. She loved to force the boys along. It wouldn't have been nearly as much fun to have a boy choose to strip for her. "Billy and Corbin both have their hands up. Oh wait, those aren't their hands! I guess they don't want to. Let's let them go back to the showers."

Neither boy moved until they received Miss Hartick's approval. She nodded, so they walked away fast to the showers, while their high and hard erections swayed in front of them. Miss Hartick looked at the remaining boys. "I am a bit disappointed in you all, but I suppose I had to expect this. Since you won't volunteer, we'll have to choose a pair of boys. Shelly, who do you want to come along as scenery?"

When the boys groaned at that, it was music to Shelly's ears. Free to pick whomever she wanted, they had to strip down for her. As much fun as it would be to peruse that menu of exploitable boys, she thought it would be a good idea to reward her sponsors. "Actually, just to make the point of course, you and Miss Bridle ought to each pick out a boy."

Miss Bridle beamed, "Thank you, Shelly. That's a good idea. Now boys, I want you to understand that we respect you deeply. If we don't select you, it isn't that we didn't want to see you naked, so it doesn't reflect poorly on you if you aren't chosen. I can assure you that we would love to see all of you undressed. For today, I'd love to watch Denver strip for us."

Miss Hartick nodded her head in appreciation. There wasn't a wrong choice. These hunks were all worth the attention. "Of course, I've seen all of you naked, so I assume that it won't bother you to let it happen again. Charlie, I remember that you were terribly nervous during the weigh-in. Try to be at ease this time, all right?"

Charlie already looked as if he was lost in a haunted house. He wore nothing but a jockstrap, and that look of awkward fear on such a strong build was hilarious to Shelly. Denver just stared at the floor and couldn't look up at all.

"Come over here, boys," Miss Hartick said, "and try to be gentlemen about it. You look as if you're waiting for the firing squad."

Terence wasn't as afraid as Charlie was or as ashamed as Denver was. He was furious, but knew there was nothing he could do though. He tried to go along with it and not show any reluctance, but could tell Shelly thrived on his embarrassment, so he was determined not to give it to her. "So, how does this work?"

Shelly looked him up and down, and loved it. "Just undress as you would normally while I ask you some questions."

"Now hold on a moment," Miss Hartick said. "First I want these other boys naked. The interview won't start until we can see everything Charlie and Denver have to offer."

"What?" Charlie exclaimed.

Shelly gave him her villainous half smile. "Get that jockstrap off. We want to see your cock."

Miss Bridle couldn't help but giggle. Shelly's direct feminine lust and Charlie's look of shock

were wonderful. She tried to help Charlie out though. “Shelly, you can at least say please. We have to appreciate these boys.”

Shelly and Miss Hartick both rolled their eyes. Shelly said, “All right. I’m sorry, studly. Would you pretty please take off your underwear so that I can see your penis?”

Charlie gave Miss Hartick a look. Was this really the way it would be? Apparently so. The vice principal told him, “What are you waiting for, young man? Remember, respect through casual comfort.”

“I, uh, I, oh oh oh. Miss Hartick, don’t make me do this.”

“Charlie, she’s already seen you naked and even said please. What’s the problem?”

“I just can’t... Shelly, tell her.”

Shelly was thrilled with the power play, but she acted slightly annoyed.

“You’re really interfering with my work here, Charlie. Just get it over with. It’s no big deal.”

He didn’t move. He tried, but he couldn’t. Miss Hartick barked, “Now, Charlie!”

Just like that, he stripped it off. His trembling fingers peeled away the only bit of protection he had. He stood back up with his eyes shut tight, and struggled to keep from covering up. Shelly giggled at his naked panic. Miss Bridle hummed loudly, “MmmmmMMMmM!” Miss Hartick said, “That’s better, Charlie, but I expect a bit less resistance. I won’t have you boys arguing. I’ll expect you in detention tomorrow after school. Oh, wait, I’ll be busy, so report to Miss Devasquez’s room for a detention tomorrow. She’ll help you get accustomed to this.”

“Wh-what? What does that mean? Oh my god, stop staring at me!”

Miss Bridle sounded concerned. “He seems to have some exceptional inhibition to overcome. Charlie, you really shouldn’t be so worried. You have nothing to be ashamed of, believe me.”

He gaped at her. She really tried to be comforting, but had such a lusty tone. She looked him over so greedily.

Miss Hartick turned to her next subject. “Your turn, Denver. Uniform off, please.”

Denver tried to think of something to say, but he didn’t want to end up in the same trouble Charlie was in, so he began to slip out of his clothes for them. He couldn’t bear to look at them even though he could hear their heavy breathing and mumbles of appreciation as he exposed his physique, bit by bit. He stood there, and helplessly held on to the sides of his jockstrap. “Do I have to take this off now?”

“That’s right,” Miss Hartick said as patiently as she could.

“I, uh, I don’t mean any disrespect or anything, but, uh, can I... never mind.” He took in a deep breath and started to slip off the last of his privacy. He already felt a tingle in his cock. “Oh man.” He knew he would get a hard-on for them and couldn’t stand it. He stood up, totally exposed, and stared at the women who were staring at him. Three smiles faced him, Shelly’s arrogant half smile, Miss Hartick’s stony grin, and Miss Bridle’s serene expression of wonder. None of them looked anywhere except at his dick. If his embarrassment had been a barbell, he couldn’t have lifted it. The only thing he could feel, other than his humiliation, was the

swirling anticipation in his penis. It started to rise up right away. He heard the small sounds of approval from all three ladies, causing him to move up faster. Again, he couldn't stand it. Stripping naked had been bad, but to show the women his boner was absolutely mortifying.

Shelly commented, "Well, that didn't take long."

"No it didn't," Miss Bridle replied breathlessly.

Shelly would have loved just to stand there and gawk, but she had work to do. "I guess I can start the interview now."

"Hold on," Miss Hartick interrupted, "it can wait just a moment. Charlie's starting now."

Shelly loved Miss Hartick for delaying again. Especially for this. She could see the look of helpless shock on Charlie's face. They waited for his dick to finish the climb to its height. He threw his hands over it. Miss Hartick gave him a moment to change his mind, but he took a moment too long. "Charlie, move those hands this instant! You will not insult us like that."

"I hate this!" Charlie said as he bared his staff again. He couldn't hold still and moved nervously in a way that made his slowly rising rod wiggle back and forth. Miss Bridle couldn't help but giggle again. Charlie put his hands on his head. "I'm naked! I can't believe this!"

"Charlie," Miss Hartick said with threatening gentility, "Stop that right now. Behave as a gentleman and let the women enjoy being women."

Charlie stared at her in horror and confusion. Just what was he supposed to say? The strange attitude confused him enough that he could at least stand straight and stand still though as his penis reached its zenith.

He felt just slightly calmer, but Miss Bridle ruined that when she said to Miss Hartick, "It looks as if the boy you chose has a bigger penis than mine."

Shelly could hardly hold in a loud laugh. "They look good to me."

"Oh certainly. Oh, Denver, I didn't mean that your penis isn't big enough. Not at all. It's quite a handsome piece of equipment."

"Look at how much they're blushing!" Shelly said happily.

"I've made them both uncomfortable," Miss Bridle said. "I'm sorry, boys."

Miss Hartick wasn't as apologetic. "They shouldn't be so nervous anyway. I have yet to see a Prellis penis that wasn't inspiring. The weightlifters aren't as well-endowed as the baseball team in that respect, but I've already seen them all and I was quite happy with their offerings."

"You hear that," Miss Bridle said to the boys. "Don't be embarrassed about those dicks. They're wonderful. Shelly likes them too, don't you, Shelly?"

"I certainly do!"

Charlie couldn't take it any more. "Stop talking about our dicks!"

"Young man," Miss Hartick started.

She didn't finish though. Miss Bridle decided to help him out. Remember that she lived under the delusion that the boys benefited from being fondled. "It's not entirely his fault. He's just not used to it. Shelly, could you help him get a bit more comfortable?"

“What?” Then Shelly saw the look in Miss Bridle’s eye. She understood without having it explained. “Sure!” She moved over to Charlie with a confident stride that resembled a barracuda. Charlie mumbled some question, but no one could hear him. Then Shelly put her hand on his body. It was such a wonderful body. “Hex!” Charlie shouted as she fondled his chest. “Can she do that?”

“Relax, Charlie,” Miss Bridle said.

How could he relax while sinister Shelly ran her hand over him, and squeezed at his muscles? As her hand descended, his eyes got bigger and bigger. Surely, there was a limit to this. However, Shelly’s hand closed around his cock. “Y-you, you, oh my god.”

Shelly was in heaven. She’d waited patiently to get her hands on one of these muscle studs. She enjoyed the feel of his cock with one hand while her other continually played with his marvelous pecs. When she let him go, she left him speechless. She said, “I’d better get on with it.” Then she shouted with gleeful surprise, “Terence! Look at you!”

Everyone turned to her interview subject, where the anticipation had been too much for him. Under his uniform, he already had the bulge of a complete erection. Shelly couldn’t help it. She knew she shouldn’t laugh as she did with Miss Bridle there, but the look on Terence’s face was priceless. He had been angry before, but now, like this, he was completely sheepish. Then she started her questions, “So, Terence, tell us, will Coach Williams whip this team into shape?”

“Wh-what?”

“I mean, it’s not as though you boys aren’t already in great shape.”

“I, uh,” he turned to Miss Hartick, “do I really have to, you know?”

“This is unbelievable,” she said. “What is wrong with these boys? Terence, I’ve said it already more than once. During an interview, you are to strip naked. So get to it. And answer Shelly, would you?”

“But, but, I’m already,” he gestured to his boner.

“And? The other boys are in the same boat, and they’re already naked. You don’t have to worry about us. We can handle it.”

“What?” Terence knew he should just give in, but he genuinely had trouble moving. He could lift a lot of weight, but now, he couldn’t even lift his own arms. He was petrified with fear. “I, I can’t. I mean, I just don’t think...”

Miss Bridle stepped in again. “I see what the problem is. Shelly, since he can’t seem to undress, could you help him out? Can you do that and run the interview at the same time?”

“I’ll try my best,” she facetiously answered.

Miss Hartick said proudly, “Shelly has become very capable.”

Shelly stepped to him, “Just doing my job.”

“Wait!” Terence pleaded. “That’s not what I meant!”

Miss Bridle almost felt some of Miss Hartick’s annoyance. These boys resisted far too much.

It wasn't healthy. "Terence, I know this is hard for you, but it shouldn't be. Let yourself get used to it."

Terence gave a funny little noise as Shelly moved the sides of his uniform down his arms. She said, "You haven't answered my question." While he stumbled over his words, and tried to sound intelligent, Shelly took in the sight of his exposure.

"Very nice," she said while fondling his chest. "You boys are worth seeing." She started with her questions again as she rolled his singlet down to his waist. While Terence always stuttered over the first word of his answers a bit, he managed to cooperate other than that. When Shelly got far enough, she decided to peel away both the singlet and the jockstrap at the same time. His erection prevented her from unrolling his singlet. Instead, she reached in, grabbed it, and pulled his junk out before continuing to slide his singlet and jockstrap down. She was amazed that Terence could talk uninterrupted as his stiffy was bared for them all. Of course, she helped herself to a few quick squeezes and strokes.

Terence couldn't help himself. "You can't let her do that! This is completely unfair!"

"Unfair?" Miss Hartick said. "Now would it be fair to let you boys react with those erections, and then say that we can't react in turn? Do you have any idea how hard this would be for Shelly to have to see your nakedness and your lack of self-control, and know that she could never touch you? You wouldn't dangle that candy in front of her and say she can't have any."

Shelly took another quick cock fondle from him as she joked, "Dangle is not the right word."

Terence's panic broke finally and he felt something more like a childish tantrum, but he held still while they stared and Shelly felt him up. "OH! Darn it!" He grumbled under his breath, and unfortunately for him, Miss Hartick heard a word or two he shouldn't have said.

"Young man, that will be a detention for you as well. You'll be there with Charlie at Miss Devasquez's room after school tomorrow."

He quailed under her threatening eyes. "Yes, Miss Hartick." At least Shelly had finished playing with him. She went into serious reporter mode as she asked several simple questions. Terence answered rigidly, but respectfully. He didn't feel any respect, but he showed it. When he thought the interview ended, he asked petulantly, "Can I go now?"

"Sure, Terence," Shelly said with a hand to his bicep. "I'm sorry that my questions were a bit rudimentary. I don't know as much about weightlifting as I do about baseball. I'll have to learn it as I go."

"I'm sure the boys will be happy to help," Miss Bridle said. They were happy all right. They were happy to shuffle by as fast as they thought was safe.

Chapter 28

The Wind

Shelly's spirits were so lifted by the promise of ongoing authority for her fun, that she had another of her wonderful dreams. At first, it had nothing at all to do with naked boys. That might sound a bit odd, but not even Shelly was completely absorbed in her lust. As she slept, she felt as if she wasn't even solid, but rather a piece of wind, or more appropriately, a Breeze. It was a great sensation, to flow freely without a care, to fly above the ground. It was so unreal that she started to realize that it was a dream. That made her wonder. Her best dreams had hunky athletes in them. You'd think she'd get enough of that from her locker room safaris, but Shelly could never get tired of embarrassed naked boys. So, as a Breeze, she set out find some. Surely, in her dreams there would be gorgeous guys to pester.

She flowed along and before long she found one of her studs, tall and hot Brian. Many girls liked Brian, and Brian liked many girls. There he talked to three love-struck young girls. It looked as if he was just done with some sort of workout since he was in sweatpants and a sleeveless shirt that showed off his arms. While he enjoyed the dreamy eyes staring at him, Shelly flew down and into his clothes. She swirled around in there and enjoyed that body. When she built up a bit of pressure, Brian's clothes inflated a bit, which made a comical scene. The girls started to giggle a bit, and even Brian chuckled.

Then Shelly, the Breeze, decided to have some real fun. She shot down fast, and carried his pants and underwear down. Brian was stunned. "AWP!" His cock was out in front of three smitten girls. The sounds of happy shock from them were great. Brian pulled his pants back up fast, but the girls got a good enough look. Shelly enjoyed that enough that she decided to do it again. SWOOSH, and she blasted him bottomless again. "What's going on?" The girls were all wide eyed. Brian had to yank his pants back up, but it took a few moments longer now since Shelly had rolled them into a tangle.

Brian felt the embarrassment as a wave of heat. He was really in the dream, of course, and he would remember the sudden embarrassment clearly, when we woke up. Before he could get away with those two quick little bits of embarrassment though, Shelly had to give the three grinning girls a last good look. This time when Brian felt the cool wind in his clothes he held on to his pants. Not even a strong, baseball boy like him could outdo the wind though. Shelly didn't just drop his pants again. She knocked him over and then swept his pants and underwear all the way off! Brian howled in humiliation as his lower body was out in the open. Shelly

noticed that the two other exposures had given him just the beginning of an erection. She would have fun with that.

The pants she had twirled around, and then flew right into the hands of one of the girls who had adored Brian's charms. Brian saw that and he flushed pale. He had to stand up with his hands over his business while he asked politely for his pants. "Can you please give me those?"

She tee heed with delight. "Give us one more look and I will!"

"Come on!" Brian said, the sensation in his penis became more dire.

"We already saw! Just let us have one good look!"

"No way!"

"Then you'll have to walk home without these!"

"Oh man! This isn't fair! Girls are mean!" What could he do? If he'd known it was just a dream, he could have done anything, but it all felt so real that he thought he had no choice. He pleaded for his pants for just a little longer before he realized that he couldn't get them back without a trade. At last, he showed some open disgust. "Here then!" He threw his hands aside to give them their look at his cock. It was only slightly elevated, but Shelly took care of that. She gave the underside of his handsome cock a windy little tickle and off it went. It rose for his three fanciers to a proud spectacle of masculine embarrassment. "Oh, Oh, Oh man! Can I have my pants back now?"

Shelly thought it was entirely unfair that the girls ran away with his pants, and left him embarrassed and hard out in public. It was unfair, but that unfairness only made her adventure more enjoyable. Shelly swept away triumphantly in search of another of her crushes.

As a Breeze, Shelly could go anywhere and fast. So she headed to a public pool where, sure enough in her dream landscape, some of her hunky athletes were swimming. This time there weren't just three girls to enjoy the show. There were dozens! All those happy ladies enjoyed the sun and the cool water and most of all they enjoyed the bodies of Chad and Peter. Who could blame them? A pair of well-built high school baseball players, shirtless and wet. Whether the boys knew they were the object of so much attention was difficult to tell. Shelly, the Breeze, would make sure they did know!

While they were in the pool, they were untouchable by a wind. As her dream would have it though, Shelly got to watch hot Chad climb out of the pool at a side ladder. Shelly saw the girls and women give discreet glances at his body and the swimsuit that clung to the bulge in front. A bulge is nice, but Shelly was a Breeze who loved nakedness, and she would have it. Once Chad had cleared the pool and taken no more than three steps, Shelly swept down fast and hard into his trunks, and slipped them all the way down to his ankles. On cue, plenty of women howled, "Whooooooo!"

Chad made a sound so funny that it would be hard to write. He had to get those trunks up fast! They were so wet though and Shelly had managed to roll and wrap them into a bind that was hard to fight with, leaving Chad to wiggle around as he fought his trunks back into place. All that while his bare buns gave a show on one side. On the other, his magnificent dick swayed with his movements. Shelly noticed that none of the ladies averted their eyes at all. Chad noticed that as well, and blushed tremendously by the time he recovered his modesty.

As great as that little prank was, Shelly wanted more. While Chad tried to ignore the happy compliments that came from all sides, he walked along with a surprising amount of dignity. The moment she could though, Shelly took him off balance and pushed him into the lap of a very excited woman. Chad felt sheepish enough after his dick was displayed to the whole pool, so he couldn't really look around as he apologized. While he did that, Shelly took her chance to really embarrass him! She didn't just have to roll his trunks down. While he was off his feet, she could blast them all the way off his hot young body. He shouted in shock and shame as he realized he was completely naked and surrounded by curious eyes. The woman he was on was so happy she squealed with pleasure. Two of the other women decided to help Chad to his feet. "Here, you are sweetheart." "We'll help."

Chad blushed even more now that all the happy ladies got another eyeful of his goods. Especially since the embarrassment of it started to give him some lift. No one minded that but him. The moment he was on his feet, he clapped his hands over his intimates. "Where is my swimsuit?!"

As Peter got out of the water, he said, "It landed in the pool. What did you do?"

As Peter handed the suit over, Shelly got in his trunks. Peter felt that cool sensation, but he had no idea what it was. Shelly quickly weaved around the seams of his suit. Her instincts for this were infallible. The moment she had a good windy grip on his trunks, she blasted out in every direction, tore his suit to pieces, and bared him totally penis-naked for all the girls to see. "AAh! AAA! What happened?"

"Give me my swimsuit!" Chad demanded. Shelly wasn't having that though. She stole Chad's swimsuit and tossed it away. That left two sexy studs without a stitch and dripping wet in the middle of a crowd of smiling women.

Now that was fun. Shelly, the Breeze, knew that if she could rip off Peter's swimsuit that she could do that to other clothes. She wanted to strip some other hottie all at once. It was easy to find another one. It was as if she was just pulled along to the next stop on her ENM itinerary. This time it was Greg, he of the fabulous ass. He worked on that body just then actually. He was out running, in a great outfit that really showed off his body. He got plenty of looks from the women he trotted past. Girls who were also out running would slow down a bit to make that eye candy treat last.

Shelly had to have some fun with this. She swooped down to Greg and slipped into his clothes. It was easy. She could keep up and stay with him with no effort. She was able to enjoy the feel of his body in motion. She could tell that he felt her, since his dick gave just a little swell of recognition to the flowing coolness. Of course, he couldn't have known that that little wind was pervert Shelly ready for a great prank.

She had to wait for the right moment. He jogged past one girl, then a pair of girls, and then three girls. Shelly didn't make her move until there were five girls nearby to enjoy the sight.

She wrapped around threads and seams, so she could do what she had done at the pool. She blasted outward in every direction, and carried every bit of clothing off sexy Greg. He slowed to a stop, more astonished than embarrassed right off. Then it hit him; he was naked. He was naked out in public! There were plenty of girls right there who stared at all of him. He turned around so that the girls in front of him couldn't see his dick. That meant that they could see

that incredible ass of his though. It also meant that the girls on the other side were treated to a glimpse of his manhood.

He clapped his hands over that and he started to run as fast as he could. He heard all the happy girls giggle and give chase. They weren't about to let him out of their sight. Poor Greg looked over his shoulder. He knew they would catch up fast if he ran like that, so he had to let go of his modesty and run while his bare penis bounced out in the open.

Shelly was surprised to see that a boy could get an erection even while running. He moved higher and higher as his stick bounced along with every step. He shouted every so often as more and more girls saw him. Women and girls were stunned speechless and happy as the racing boner went past. The gaggle of girls that followed him grew steadily as more and more joined in the chase. Shelly watched that a little while as Greg reached a full embarrassed, running hard-on. It would have been great just to follow that show, but Shelly knew that she had other boys to torment elsewhere.

Shelly loved to strip those poor boys down for the lucky girls, but they had been able to cover or run. Shelly thought she had a way to make the embarrassment last longer for the next one. Who could be more perfect for that experiment than cocky Reggie? Shelly spotted him as he snuck a smoke outside a side door of Prellis High. When Shelly, the Breeze, got to him, so did one of the teachers. Shelly didn't actually recognize the teacher, but it was a dream, so that didn't matter. Reggie put his hand down behind his back to hide the cigarette, but he knew he was caught.

"Just what are you doing, Reggie?"

He blew out a cloud of smoke. He was in trouble anyway, so why not be defiant about it? That was his style. Except for Miss Hartick and her cronies, he loved to give the teachers trouble. He still had his arms down though, the cigarette out of sight. Shelly didn't wait, because she needed him in that position. She swept into his top. She had three things to do fast, but she was a breeze. It wasn't easy, but she blasted open the buttons on his shirt, rolled the whole thing down his arms, then she cycloned herself fast once that shirt was at his wrists. The result was a Reggie who was stunned rather than cocky. His hands were stuck. Shelly, the Breeze, had effectively tied them behind his back. The nameless dream teacher was also stunned. "What just happened?"

"I don't know! Help me get this off." Before that could happen, Shelly was in his pants and popped his fly open. "Hey! What's going on?" Then Shelly dropped those pants. The teacher there couldn't help but burst out with laughter at the boy who was now down to his underwear. He still wore a shirt and pants, but they were at his wrists and ankles, so he couldn't do much about it. Now we all know Shelly. There was no way she would leave Reggie's underwear on him. She blew it down to his knees so that his cock was out in the open.

That wide-eyed teacher smiled and stared. "Oh my!"

Reggie blushed bright the way he did when he was bared. "Help! Don't just stare! Pull my pants back up!"

She didn't. Whatever a real teacher would do, this was Shelly's dream, and Reggie was now a piece of perfectly packaged eye candy. He couldn't help it. He begged frantically. "Oh man! Pull my pants back up! What happened! I'm naked! Pull my pants back up!"

The teacher told him, "I can't figure out why I would do that."

"What? You're a teacher! Stop staring! OH NO!" It happened to him again. He could feel the tickle of embarrassment in the worst place. His penis was out and he could do nothing about it. The lusty eyes of the teacher woke up his cock. He started to lift ever so slowly, tortuously slow. "Oh Oh OH! I've got to get out of here!" As he started to do a silly pants-at-the-ankles shuffle to escape, Shelly gently tickled his shaft to make it rise faster. He couldn't even get to the door before he stood tall. "Damn damn damn! Stop staring at me!" The teacher had walked alongside him, and kept his dick in view for the entire slow waddle to the door.

Reggie was lucky enough to have the door open. Another student came out just as he needed in. He was unlucky enough that it was a pretty girl. A naked boy was the last thing she expected to see. "Oh my gosh!!!! You're naked! hee hee hee, and you're stiff! What happened to you?"

"Shut up and let me through!"

She did that, but as he got close, she copped a feel of his butt. "Hey! Don't do that! You can't do that!" Shelly couldn't follow him in there. Because she was a breeze, she was stuck outside. She could sure hear what happened. There were voices and laughs of other girls inside. Reggie shouted, "Stop looking! It's not my fault! HEY!!! Don't touch me there!"

Shelly looped victoriously. That was great. As fulfilling as it was, Shelly knew that Reggie would get to a boys' room or something even if he did have to push through several girls to do it.

Shelly knew she could come up with something even more humiliating. She knew she had to do it fast though. She didn't know how, but she could feel herself start to fade away. It was slow, but she wouldn't be a breeze for long. She had to find one more boy, and fast! She swept along and she was treated kindly. She found one of the new treats, a weightlifter, Terence.

He had been her first weightlifter interview. Now he would be her first weightlifter dream boy. He kept in shape, naturally. He didn't mind the audience of girls who couldn't help but watch as he did pullups on an outdoor bar. Shelly was so taken by those arms that it took her a moment to realize that this was the perfect set up. There were five girls nearby, some watched him openly, others were a bit coy. Shelly decided to give them a real show.

She got into his sleeveless shirt and she prepared for a fast wind attack. As soon as his arms were straight, Shelly shot his shirt up to the bar. Just as she did with Reggie, she cycloned around fast to tie his wrists, but this time they were tied to something else! Terence was just tall enough that he could put his feet down and stand, but his arms were tied up above his head. His body was bare from the waist up.

"What the hell?" He tugged at his hands, but Shelly had twisted his shirt very well. Even a muscle boy like him would have a hard time to pull himself free. Besides, he didn't know he was in trouble yet. "Hey, could one of you girls help me out here?"

That didn't happen. One of the girls stepped up, but there was no way she would help him once Shelly blasted away at his clothes again. In one sweep, Shelly had his shorts and underwear down at his feet. There he was, buck naked, buff body, bare penis for five suddenly love-struck girls. "AAaaAAAH! Oh my god! Girls! Someone help!" He pulled at the shirt that had his hands up. He noticed that the girl who came to help moved again. This time she had a wide, lusty smile. The other girls moved in too! "No! NoOO! Oh come on! Help me get loose!"

The girls couldn't do that. Terence made all kinds of silly sounds as he felt many feminine hands on his chest, his back, his arms, his butt, and even his cock! "Stop it! Stop it! I have to get loose! HEY! You can't do that!" There was no way to stop them. The girls were a giggling mess as they fondled his penis constantly. One girl grabbed, then another, and another. As they did, he went from soft to fully aroused. Terence could have died of shame. "I can't get free! Stop touching my dick!"

Shelly enjoyed the show a little while. Then the dream ended. She felt herself dissipate. As that happened, she slowly came awake until she was wide eyed in bed. She could remember every detail of what she had done to them all. "Oh god, that was good! I will never see enough dicks!"

The boys all woke up too. For them that was a mercy. No more naked running, covering, or anything else. They could feel it all for several minutes as though it was still happening though. The memories of their dream humiliation would fill the next day. That day would only hold more embarrassment for all of them though.

Chapter 29

A Little Experimenting

It was another day for a baseball practice. Shelly loved to get to see the big weight boys naked, but she was happy to get back to her original victims now. The only bad thing was that going to interview a baseball player meant that she wouldn't get to see Terence and Charlie's detention. Well, you can't have everything.

The situation was another new one though. Miss Devasquez was busy with the detention. Mindy was there with her, and Shelly didn't mind that since she would get to see pictures later on. Miss Hartick was busy though. That was why she sent the boys to Devasquez. This left only one other possible chaperone. Miss Bridle had come to the locker room before, but this would be the first time she would be the only chaperone. Shelly had no idea what to expect from the school counselor. On the one hand, Miss Bridle had come through as a supporter of forced male nudity. On the other hand, she was so well intentioned. She wanted to do what was right. It was only her lust and the careful convincing by the others that let her delude herself enough to think it was right to strip down the boys.

Shelly walked into Miss Bridle's office, and wondered what kind of penis performance she would take part in. Miss Bridle welcomed her as warmly as always. "Hello, Shelly. Are you ready to go to the locker room?"

"I'm always ready for that." Shelly smiled her lusty smile. She loved it that Miss Bridle accepted that as "healthy."

Miss Bridle looked slightly uneasy for a moment though. "Shelly, I would like to ask you to consider something."

"What's that?" Shelly was nervous, but she didn't let it show.

"Well, we're absolutely going to the boys' lockers, and we will absolutely watch them undress. I was wondering if you could get by one time without doing an actual interview."

Believe it or not, dear reader, Shelly didn't like that idea at all. She loved the nudity, but she also loved the fantasy come to life. Just making the boys undress for entertainment's sake wouldn't be as much fun. Granted, she had enjoyed the bow tie only waiters at the celebration party, but that was special occasion. She couldn't stand the thought of just waltzing into the boys' locker room without an agenda. "Well, Miss Bridle, the interviews are the reason we go

there. I mean, I love all the penis as much as you do, but we can't just go and watch."

Miss Bridle giggled, both at Shelly's blatant femininity and at the misunderstanding. "No, you see, I have something else in mind. I won't force it. If you need an interview, then that's what we'll do. However, now that the school board supports our project, I'd like the chance to study the situation, from a psychological point of view."

"What did you have in mind? Are you going to psychoanalyze some naked boys?"

"It's nothing like that. I just want to observe their reactions to different variables."

"Variables?"

"I'd like to bring along two girls I've chosen and have some boys strip for each girl in turn. That's you, and then each other girl. I want to time the erections and watch their facial responses. I'll take notes of course."

"I don't suppose you want to bring along a video camera?"

"Shelly!" Miss Bridle blushed a bit. "I've got to admit I like the idea, but you know we can't do that."

"I was just joking. I suppose I could let one interview opportunity go. I don't suppose you'd let me pick which boys take part in this little experiment."

"I suppose that's only fair. I will group the boys into threes, but you can choose the nine you want."

"It's a deal. Who did you have in mind to bring along?"

"I have them here." Miss Bridle opened the side door to her office. The first girl was Bridget, who was small, quiet, and almost unnoticeable. Shelly understood the experiment now. Bridget was probably the most harmless girl in the school. Would the boys be as embarrassed to strip in front of her?

Next was a girl who was the opposite of Bridget. "Skunk," Shelly said. She didn't call her a name. That was what this girl called herself. Some teachers even called her Skunk. She was dressed in black with that wild hair and the tough girl swagger. She had her hair dyed dark black with a white stripe down the middle to fit her nickname. Everyone knew who she was. She wasn't just a death-metal type though. Skunk was a real criminal type. She'd been arrested a few times. People just stayed out of her way. Shelly was surprised that Miss Bridle would bring this girl. It would make sense for Miss Hartick because not even someone like Skunk wanted trouble with Medusa Hartick. But Miss Bridle?

Shelly couldn't help it. She had to ask, "Uh, is this really a good idea?"

Miss Bridle said, "Eunice has already promised to be on her best behavior."

Eunice, aka Skunk, took it in stride. She didn't mind that kind of reputation. "No sweat, Shelly, I want this as much as any girl does. I won't fuck it up for myself."

"Watch your language, Eunice," Miss Bridle said.

"Miss Bridle, if your name was Eunice, you'd rather be called Skunk too. But if it'll get me in to watch the baseball studs in their underwear, then I'll say sorry. I'll avoid the 'F' word."

What Shelly took from that was the word underwear. Skunk thought they would just see boys in their underwear. “She doesn’t know?” She whispered to Miss Bridle.

Miss Bridle smirked knowingly. “Let’s go, girls.” Miss Bridle led them along happily. She made sure to go to the locker room before the boys were done with practice. She led the girls along to Coach Grady’s office down there. “Now, Bridget, Eunice, I need you to stay in here until I come get you.”

Bridget’s eyes got huge. She would be in a small room alone with Skunk. She couldn’t voice a complaint though. She did manage to ask, “Can I, can I, can I go first though?”

“Well, I need Shelly as a control subject. You can have the next turn though.”

Skunk couldn’t help but give Bridget a look as if she would eat her. Miss Bridle didn’t notice though. She and Shelly waited patiently for the boys to come down. The team had been talking and laughing, but they were quiet with anticipation when they saw two females already there waiting for a show. Miss Bridle said, “Boys, as always I want to thank you for your time and understanding. Today we will do something a bit different. There won’t be an interview today. Today, I’ll just observe the process of your exposure for a few different girls. We will pick nine of you to participate. I would like those nine boys to strip down to your jocks and then wait. You’ll take turns getting naked for some girls.”

“Miss Bridle, come on!” “This is ridiculous!” “How many girls?”

“There are three, not including myself. Shelly, could you pick our subjects?”

The boys groaned. There were mutters, grumbles, and a few stares of anger. Shelly felt a shiver of empowerment. “All right, Brian, Chad, Peter, Greg, and Reggie.”

Miss Bridle should have realized. Shelly had already told her about the windy dream, as had the boys. Those five boys, in that order, had been her dream strippings. Only Terence was missing, but he wasn’t on the baseball team. The boys felt horrible. They still felt the sheer embarrassment of their dream nudity. Now they would have to have it happen for real. Miss Bridle said, “We need four more.”

“Okay,” Shelly smiled as she looked over her menu of sexiness. “Steve, Ted, Arthur, and hot as hell Mark.”

Miss Bridle said, “Okay, boys, you nine can strip down to your underwear, but please leave that on until I tell you to take it off. I’ll want Chad, Reggie, and Ted to come over here as soon as you’re ready.” Miss Bridle and Shelly moved over to that side spot that Miss Devasquez was fond of for removing boys from the rest of the scene. It took more time than it should have, but the three boys were there, lined up against the wall, where they already appeared miserable.

Shelly had to rub it in a bit. “Why so sad, boys? There’s nothing to be ashamed of. It’s perfectly natural for me to want to see you naked.”

Miss Bridle shook her head with a smile. She didn’t want to discourage Shelly at all, but she thought the girl took a bit too much pleasure at the boys’ expense. What could you expect from a high school girl though? Miss Bridle got a stopwatch ready along with a notepad. Once she wrote the boys’ names down, she told them, “If you don’t say a word, then I won’t let Shelly touch you. Now I need you all to go bare at the same time, so you don’t have to take those off. Just pull the underwear down so that we can see your penises. Down to your knees should be

good enough. Ready? Make it fast please. I'm timing your erections."

The boys were horrified at that. Three boys dropped three jockstraps, exposing three nice cocks for the lusty girl reporter. Chad had to ask, "Why – why are you timing us?"

"It's an experiment, Chad. Don't worry about it. Just concentrate on the fact that you're naked with Shelly looking at you."

All three boys flushed wonderfully. How could they help but follow that last bit of instruction? Just concentrate on the fact that you're naked with Shelly looking at you. With it stated openly and blankly as if it wasn't important, all the boys could do was focus on the sheer embarrassment of greedy girl eyes staring at their dicks. They managed to stay quiet in order to preserve some dignity. Shelly couldn't help but prod them a bit. "Nothing to say, boys? You're just going to stay quiet while I watch? They're like statues, Miss Bridle, but I've never seen an old statue with a hard-on. Which one will be first?"

Chad was the first. He crunched his eyes shut when he started to feel the surge of humiliation that he knew would become a riser. He mumbled, "No, no, no, no, no. Come on, stay down." His dick didn't listen to him, though. Even with his eyes shut tight, he just felt the ogling of his body.

He wasn't fast or slow as he came to. He just lifted with an even pace while Shelly said, "Chad's the first. Does that mean he wins or loses?"

Before he was all the way there, Reggie followed. Shelly had a hard time controlling herself. Once Miss Bridle wrote the time of Chad's full arousal, Shelly giggled nonstop. She just knew the boys were mortified at having their speed checked, and she loved it. In a few moments, she said, "Well, it looks as if Chad and Reggie are getting great reception before Ted's radio is even turned on."

Ted felt a swirl of sick embarrassment at that, so he tried to escape.

"Since I'm the last one, can we go now?"

Miss Bridle said, "That's not the point, Ted. We have to wait until you get a full erection. Unless you don't get one at all. Oh, wait, there it goes."

Ted blushed brilliantly at that, as his cock rose up as well. Miss Bridle checked the time and wrote it down. "There we have it. Well done, boys."

"So we can go now?" Ted said, as he felt weak in the knees from this new humiliation.

"Well, no. Reggie can go. He was quiet, as I asked. You and Chad will have to let Shelly and I have a feel."

"Both of you?" Chad whined.

Miss Bridle stepped to him, "I really hate to use that as a reverse incentive. You boys should try being comfortable while the girls touch you. Anyway, I hope this helps."

Chad gave a look of shock as Miss Bridle womanhandled his stiffy with careless abandon. Until now, only Shelly's friend Jean had felt up his penis. Now it was the school counselor, and she acted as if it was his own fault that he didn't want it.

Reggie walked away slowly, as if he didn't want to attract any attention. He couldn't help

but give the other boys a snide grin. He had escaped, while they had to endure some unwanted hand service.

Miss Bridle said, "That really is a nice penis, Chad." When he tightened his mouth into a defiant frown, Miss Bridle told him, "You should thank someone when they compliment you."

It was all Shelly could do to keep from bursting out laughing. After a few giggles, she said, "They just still aren't used to it, Miss Bridle. Can I have a turn with Chad now?"

"Certainly," Miss Bridle said with a sigh. What did she have to do to get these boys to understand? While Shelly put her hand to Chad's rod, Miss Bridle moved over to Ted. Like Chad, Ted had only been groped by students, not by the school staff, so he cringed a bit when Miss Bridle took him in hand. She tried to ease him along. "It's okay, Ted. This is all perfectly natural."

What could he say? After a few moments, he put his hands on hers as if he would push her off his dick. She misunderstood. "There, see? It feels good, doesn't it?"

Ted sighed in frustration. Once Miss Bridle had let him go, it was Shelly's turn. His dick was a toy that the women could share as they saw fit. If only he had kept his mouth shut, he could have avoided this. As it was, he had to let Shelly give him that evil grin while her hand wandered his goods from bottom to top to bottom to top to bottom to top to bottom to top. "Can I go shower now? Aren't the other boys waiting?"

"Shut up, Ted," Steve said from around the corner.

Miss Bridle said, "I suppose you're right. Shelly, you'll have to come with me to the Coach's office to wait while the next girl gets to watch. Steve, you, Brian, and Mark can come around now."

Shelly said to Miss Bridle, "I'm surprised that you used our touching to keep them in line. Aren't they supposed to feel confident about that?"

"Yes, and I wish I had a better way, but this study is very important."

"So use something else. Besides, it's more important for them to understand that we're the ones who get to choose whether they get touched or not. Making those kinds of promises only limits *our* options." She still regretted the promise she made Dean about bringing several girls with her to the locker room. Then, just loud enough for the boys to overhear, Shelly continued, "Tell them that if they can't stay quiet while you time them that they'll have to do fifteen jumping jacks."

"Shelly!" Miss Bridle looked back at the next trio of beautiful bodies. "How did you ever think of that?"

"It's better than threatening them with something they're supposed to be comfortable with isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. I can't say I like the idea," Miss Bridle lied, "but it might work. Steve, Brian, Mark, you heard that?"

"Yes, Miss Bridle," they all said together. They could just imagine bouncing their stiff dicks for an audience.

“Have fun, boys,” Shelly said as she walked away happily. She had to let Bridget out of Coach Grady’s office quickly when the door opened. Shelly always had a feeling of empowerment after she fondled some unwilling stiffy. Even so, she felt a bit intimidated while closed away in a small room with Skunk. Rumor had it that Skunk had once stabbed an ex-boyfriend because he bought a Ford instead of a Chevy, and that was five months after she broke up with him. “H-Hi, Skunk.”

“Hi.” For a moment, the bad ass looked bored. Then she figured she had to say, “Thanks, Shelly.”

“Uh, you’re welcome.”

“I know it wasn’t your idea to bring me, but I figure this is still your party. I don’t know how you pulled it off, but this is the best scam ever.”

“It’s better than you think.”

“What does that mean?”

We could give you more Shelly/Skunk dialogue, but I’m sure you’re dying to get to Bridget’s first time with the athletes. Miss Bridle brought her to the lineup. “Boys, say ‘hi’ to Bridget.”

“Hi, Bridget,” they mumbled. If Miss Bridle hadn’t told them, they wouldn’t have even known her name.

Bridget’s pulse pounded at the sight of these three boys in only their jocks. Her eyes were filled with hope and inspiration. Miss Bridle told her, “Bridget, I want you to really look at these boys. Enjoy it. That’s what you’re here for.”

“O-Okay, Miss Bridle.” Bridget really wanted to ask why, but she couldn’t think of the words. She was just too overwhelmed by this impossible good fortune.

Miss Bridle got ready to time them, then she said, “Okay boys, get your cocks out.”

The boys blushed instantly. Bridget couldn’t believe her ears. She stared at Miss Bridle as though she couldn’t have heard her right. Miss Bridle noticed that, so she had to tell the mild mannered girl, “Keep your eyes on the boys.”

Bridget turned back to them and she was amazed that they had slipped their underwear down. They stood there, hot body glorious, jockstraps around their knees, and their dicks out for her to see.

“ooOOOooOOOooOOH! Oh. OH! OH!!!” She couldn’t believe she saw this. She clapped her hands over her eyes for a moment. Then her embarrassment at that surprise gave way to the sheer pleasure of a penis trio. She stared again, big eyed, with a wide smile. She giggled and squirmed as she looked back and forth from Steve to Brian to Mark. When she finally managed to tear her eyes away from the goodies, she noticed the boys’ embarrassment. They blushed, fidgeted, and couldn’t make eye contact. They didn’t want to be naked! Miss Bridle made them do it! Bridget felt that she might rise off the floor, she was so thrilled. These three popular, handsome baseball players would never even notice her, and now they had no choice but to bare their penises for her! She giggled, “Hee hee hee! Which is my favorite? I can’t choose.” She pointed to Mark first, “Eenie, meenie miney mick, catch a jock boy by the dick! If he shivers, rub his wick!”

Brian muttered something that couldn't be made out, but the tone was obvious. Bridget started up where she left off, "Miss Bridle told me to pick the very best one and you are it!" She pointed to Mark. Right at that moment, he started to lift up fast. Miss Bridle blandly wrote on her notepad, but Bridget covered her mouth in shock. "Oh my gosh! Miss Bridle! Look at his penis! Look what he's doing!"

"I know, Bridget. They always do that. That's what we're here to time."

Bridget burst out laughing. She was always so quiet, but right then she didn't mind the attention from the naked boys. When all three of them glared at her, she just smiled back. They had to look away while they blushed anew. Bridget was all aflutter. "Steve's getting hard now! Brian is also! Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!"

Before long, the boys were a set of humiliated hard-ons for Bridget's non-stop giggles. Miss Bridle finished writing down their times. "All right boys. That will do for you. Before you go though, I want Brian to apologize."

"What?" Brian said.

Miss Bridle sounded angry. "I heard you, Brian, and it didn't sound very pleasant."

"But, but, but, she made fun of us! What do you expect?"

"She just had a little fun, a little harmless fun. Now apologize."

Brian threw his hands up, covered his dick, and then forced his hands away so that they could stare again. "Okay. Sorry, Bridget."

Miss Bridle wasn't done yet. "Now, fifteen jumping jacks."

"WHAT" Brian and Bridget said together.

"Go ahead," Miss Bridle said.

It was too much for Brian. He was too stunned to be completely embarrassed, but he did cover his stiffy. "No! won't do that!"

"Excuse me?" Miss Bridle said. Mark and Steve were still there, and they weren't happy either. Mark hissed at him, "Are you nuts? Hartick will kick you off the team." Steve said, "And we've got the Bluff Lake game coming up. We need you on the team. Man up, and get it over with."

Brian struggled with it, but he realized that he really had no choice at all. "All right. All right."

Miss Bridle said, "Bridget, count for him."

She giggled again as she stared at his dick. It took a second since he had to get his jockstrap all the way off for this. Bridget realized that she would rather have seen Steve do this since his dick was the biggest of the group. Brian would do, though. Oh yes, he would most certainly do. While Bridget forced down her chuckles and counted, she stared in wonder as Brian's bare trophy bounced and bounced for her. When he was done, she commented, "Hee hee hee, it's like a conductor's wand!"

Mark and Steve had quietly slipped away while Brian bounced for the ladies. They knew

what was coming, and they didn't want it. Miss Bridle rested her hand on his shoulder. "See, Brian, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

"Uh, Miss Bridle, can I go shower now?"

"In a minute."

"Oh man." He shut his eyes and did his best to keep quiet while he felt Miss Bridle's hand slide down his body slowly. Bridget watched in awe. Surely, Miss Bridle wasn't really going to... She was! Bridget was amazed to see the school counselor gently fondle that nice baseball player penis. "Can I do that?"

"Yes, Bridget, have a touch."

Bridget could hardly contain herself. She was so excited she felt as if she could burst. These stud athletes wouldn't ever have done any of this willingly for her. However, here she was, able to watch them expose themselves, stiffen in embarrassment, and now she would even get to grab some dick! Her hand trembled with the anticipation. "oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, OH!" She couldn't believe that she did it. Her hand was actually there, wrapped around a penis that should have been unreachable. She let go only to grab him again. She explored that dreamy territory carefully.

Brian had to suppress a shudder. Most girls just toyed with him carelessly. This one had the gentlest touch of them all. "Okay, I don't mean to be disrespectful, but can we get this over with?"

Bridget let him go sheepishly. "Sorry."

"Don't say sorry," Miss Bridle said. "You've done nothing wrong. Has she Brian?"

He couldn't say what he wanted to say. "No. Nothing wrong at all. Can I go now?" He covered his dick up again.

Miss Bridle rolled her eyes at Brian's annoying bashfulness. "Very well, Brian." She reminded herself that she couldn't cure the boys of their harmful inhibitions overnight. At least Bridget had enjoyed it. The girl just glowed. When the door to the Coach's office opened, Bridget giggled again. "That was great!"

Miss Bridle smiled at her enthusiasm. "Skunk, are you ready for your turn now?"

"Oh yeah."

Miss Bridle led her along to where the three boys waited in line. This time it was Arthur, Peter, and Greg. The boys all had wide, panicked eyes when they saw that infamous black and white hairdo. Peter said, "Uh, Miss Bridle, are you sure this is a good idea?"

"Relax, Peter. I know Skunk has a bit of a reputation, but down here she's just another girl who wants a show."

Arthur said, "Yeah, but, um," he wanted to think of some reasonable complaint, but he couldn't think of one that wouldn't get him in trouble.

"Never mind."

Skunk moved her eyes up and down each of the hot, nearly naked bodies. She licked her

chops.

None of the boys had realized it before, but Skunk wasn't an unattractive girl at all. Maybe she wasn't an ordinary kind of pretty, but she wasn't bad looking at all. She had a body. She had a body that those rocked-out clothes really showed off, now that the boys couldn't help noticing. In spite of themselves, all three boys felt a stirring. Their dicks didn't move yet, but they could all feel a bit of involuntary lust. It was terrible because they all knew that it wouldn't take long at all for their nudity to coax erections from them.

Skunk just devoured the boys with her eyes. "Mm mm mm! Can they turn around so I can see some ass?"

Miss Bridle knew that Skunk would have no trouble getting into the spirit of things. However, "That's not what we're here for."

"Right," Skunk said, unable to look away from the hotties. "Whatever."

Miss Bridle said, "This is what we're here for. Boys, give her a look."

All three boys hesitated a moment, but it was such a perfectly synchronized moment of panic that it didn't throw off Miss Bridle's timing. With shaky hands, the boys lowered their jocks to bare themselves. Skunk was shocked. She was truly shocked. Her eyes went wide and her mouth hung open. She didn't lose her cool very often, but she hadn't expected this. She had to turn to Miss Bridle, "Their dicks!"

"What about them?"

"They're naked!"

"Skunk, what are you looking at me for? Three handsome boys are standing there with their penises out. That's not something you get to see every day."

"But, but, but..."

"Enjoy the show. You're supposed to look at the boys. In fact, you're supposed to stare at them."

Skunk couldn't believe her ears. She turned back to the boys, but the first thing she saw was not their treasures. She looked at their blushing faces, which had all turned away a bit. A moment ago, she was thrilled, but now she wasn't sure what to think. When she looked down again, there was that impossible sight. Three bare penises. "Oh man. They've got great equipment."

"Don't they?"

Now Skunk couldn't look away from the boys. "Should we really be doing this?"

Miss Bridle couldn't help a little laugh. "It's good for them. They need to learn to accept their bodies and get past their inhibitions."

Skunk couldn't say anything else. The boys, when they could manage to steal a glance at her, noticed that even though she stared non-stop, Skunk almost looked as if she was uncertain she should look. Then it started. Skunk pointed it out, literally. "Miss Bridle! Peter's, uh,"

Miss Bridle busily made a note of the start of Peter's erection.

“Yes, that always happens. That’s what I’m timing.”

“You’re timing them?” She couldn’t help it. Skunk burst out laughing.

“Oh that’s sick! And look, Greg’s doing it now.”

In another moment, Arthur started too. Miss Bridle said, “They’re rising very slowly this time. Hm.”

As the counselor and the punk girl stared, the boys kept lifting. They did it achingly slowly. So slowly that the boys almost wished their penises would hurry up. The agony of waiting for the climb to finish was mortifying. It was dead silent as the boys reached the peak of their performance. They were three gloriously hard monuments of teen embarrassment.

Miss Bridle said, “They all started faster than the boys did for Shelly or Bridget, but it took them longer to get all the way hard. Interesting.”

Skunk was so wonderstruck that she couldn’t do much more than repeat what she heard. “Yeah, interesting. Oh damn, they’re hot.”

“Are we done?” Greg said. He knew he risked some jumping jacks, but he just couldn’t bear to stand there silent while the girls checked him out.

Miss Bridle might have been annoyed, but she knew that he was right. “I suppose so. Skunk, if you’d like, you can pick your favorite and take a feel.”

“Take a feel,” Skunk repeated. “Wait, what? Take a feel? You mean feel his?”

“Exactly.”

“How the hell do I pick? Oh man.” She looked back over that selection of natural wonders. “I, I can’t.”

“Well, you don’t have to.” Miss Bridle was surprised at the answer.

“I have a boyfriend. I mean, looking is one thing.”

“Oh! Oh, I see. Okay then, boys, you can go shower now.”

Arthur, Peter, and Greg were enormously grateful for Skunk’s loyalty to whatever maniac she was dating. They weren’t even bothered by their penises wagging in front of them as they made their escape. Skunk put her hand to her heart and swooned as any ordinary girl would. “Oh god, that was good!”

Miss Bridle was pleased to see that the bare-naked boys had a strong effect even on this girl. “Well, it does look as if we’re done here for today.”

The boys had carefully hidden themselves away between the rows of lockers when the quartet of satisfied females strolled out. Miss Bridle was preoccupied with her notes already. She looked them over as she said, “Thank you, girls. I hope you had fun.”

While Miss Bridle walked away, Bridget gushed, “The most fun ever! I even felt Brian’s dick!”

“You did that?” Skunk asked.

“Mm-hm! Miss Bridle also made him do jumping jacks so I saw his thingy bounce up and

down. Thanks, Shelly! I hope you invite me again sometime! You're the best!"

Ordinarily Bridget would just shuffle along. Today was different. Skunk watched with amazement. "She's skipping. She's actually skipping, she's so happy."

Shelly wasn't surprised at all. If anything, she was surprised that she hadn't seen any other girls skip away from the locker room. Shelly asked, "Who did you get to handle?"

"Me? You got to?"

"I always do."

"What the hell? Is Miss Bridle crazy or something?"

"She says that it's good for the boys to accept their sexuality. For them to understand our desires. Besides that, it's a big step for girls' rights for a girl reporter to be allowed in the boys' lockers."

Skunk told her, "Miss Bridle believes all that, doesn't she? I bet Miss Hartick does too. You don't though. You're one sick puppy, Shelly. You may look sweet, but you're a bigger freak than I am. How did you get this scam to work?"

Shelly felt more than a bit of pride. "You can tell me, Skunk, which boy did you get to fondle?"

"I didn't. I have a boyfriend. Melvin."

"I thought you broke up with him."

"No way."

Shelly was confused. "But Skunk, you smashed his windshield with a baseball bat right in the school parking lot."

"Well, that doesn't mean I broke up with him."

"Does he know that? Because he made out with Joely the next day."

"He what? He did what? No he didn't."

"Everyone knows about it."

"I DIDN'T! That creep! That lousy, cheating bastard! And I gave up the chance to grope a baseball player for him!"

Chapter 30

Terence and Charlie's Detention

While Miss Bridle had run her three-girl experiment in the locker room, Mindy and Miss Devasquez were having their fun with a detention. Charlie and Terence were so extremely nervous about it, that they had a hard time getting there. They walked and stopped, turned around, and imagined not showing up. They had to do it though. They moved little by little. When they turned the corner at the right hallway, Mindy spotted them. It was too late then. "There you are," she said in a very friendly tone of voice. "We've been waiting for you."

Terence and Charlie relaxed a bit. Mindy sounded perfectly pleasant. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all. Then, when they walked into Miss Devasquez's classroom, they realized that it would be far worse than they thought. Mindy had said, "We've been waiting for you." "We" was not just her and Miss Devasquez. There were five other girls there, all looked as if they could barely contain their excitement.

Charlie couldn't bring himself to say a word. He just tried to imagine that this wasn't happening. Terence said, "M-Miss Devasquez, what's going on?"

"Well, Terence, would you be kind enough to tell the girls why you're here?"

"Why I'm here?"

"How did you get in trouble?"

"We, uh, Charlie and I didn't want to, uh, we didn't want to let Shelly see us, uh, you know."

"You can't even say it, can you? Well, don't worry, Terence. We'll help you get past it. Girls, these two good-looking young men are on the weightlifting team. Our star sports reporter, Shelly, tried to interview them, and they made that difficult. They were very reluctant to let Shelly see them naked." Miss Devasquez paused a moment to let the girls giggle. "It's important for the boys to show respect though, so we need to help teach them. While you girls watch, Charlie and Terence will strip off every piece of their clothing so that you can see every bit of their fabulous bodies."

Lola had to ask, "Even their butts?" As did most students at Prellis High, Lola had heard stories, but she didn't know how much was true.

"Yes," Miss Devasquez said, "you'll see their butts. You'll even see their penises. They will

strip stark naked and bare everything. You'll see it all."

The girls let out another collective giggle. "For real?" Misty asked.

"Yes, for real. It will help them to get past their inhibitions. If they want to be athletes, then the boys will have to be comfortable being nude in front of the school's girls, so I need you girls to help us with this. I don't want you to be shy or even quiet. Enjoy the show. Take in the sight. Make sure the boys know you're staring at them."

"Hee hee hee!" "Oh my god!" "This is going to be great!" "The boys are already blushing!"

Miss Devasquez felt that familiar sick sensation of guilt. She tormented these boys before the stripping even began. She knew she would love it though. She had even missed that feeling of guilt. She always felt it, but now as she stripped two new boys from another sports team, it came back in full force. She almost felt sorry for Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle. They surely loved to see the naked jocks, but neither of them would get to feel the special thrill of knowing that they're doing something wrong.

Charlie and Terence's dread of anticipation had built with every word Miss Devasquez had said. All they wanted was to compete. They didn't want to have to show off their penises to a bunch of girls. For some reason the school thought those two things went hand in hand. Miss Devasquez took a seat as she casually told them, "The first thing the girls want is to see you without your shirts." The little sounds from the girls verified that. Miss Devasquez waved her hand, "What are you waiting for, boys? Shirts off; let's see those muscles you work so much on."

The boys ordinarily wouldn't have minded this part, but since it was the prelude to some real humiliation, it was hard. They tried to look away from their audience. Five girls stared, enraptured as the brawny builds were revealed. There were whispers, and Mindy made a loud and happy squeal.

"Oh, they're hot," Barbara said. "So hot." She was the school's top student currently, which is how she got her invitation. She had dethroned Allison and this was her reward. She couldn't wait to tell the other girls about it. No doubt, a lot of other smart girls would put in more effort to have the chance for a show like this.

Miss Devasquez continued, "Pants now, boys."

Terence started right away, and took his shoes off. Charlie said, "Miss Devasquez, I didn't even do anything wrong. This isn't really fair."

"Pants off, Charlie. I'm not going to ask again."

Soon the two studs were down to their underwear. They managed to stand tall, but their faces showed their growing uncertainty. They really hoped that somehow they wouldn't have to do this. They even let themselves think it was just a test. Miss Devasquez wouldn't make them strip all the way with all these girls watching, would she.

Miss Devasquez felt a lovely heat all over. These two boys were so well built. "Now, how many of you girls want to see what's under that?"

Mindy was the one who actually answered. As though she was one of the schoolgirls, she held up one hand while she shouted, "I do! I do!" Of course, all the other girls echoed that as

well.

Miss Devasquez said, "Boys, I want you to turn around now. Oh yes, I like that. Now you can strip off that underwear. Let us see those buns."

The girls tittered and fidgeted. They just couldn't hold still. Mindy gave a long, loud tone of delight as the buff body buns were bared. Then Mindy went around, collected up the boys' clothes, put them in two separate bags, and then locked the bags away in one of the cabinets. The boys had faced away and were unable to see that their clothes spirited away. After just a couple minutes of that show, Miss Devasquez decided it was time for the main event. "Turn around now, boys. We want a good look."

Every female in the room watched in breathless silence. Charlie had his prize covered with his hands. Terence had managed to turn around without protecting himself at all. There he was, every bit of him, even that nice bare cock. The girls were all oohs and aahs at the sight. Except Mindy, of course, who instead squealed. She tried to show some decorum, but her true nature just got the best of her. She had to tease him. "We can see you naked, Terence! We see your dick! MmMm MM mm MM! Nice, nice naked body on that boy."

The girls all laughed quietly while they took in the sight. Miss Devasquez couldn't keep the satisfied smile off her face even when she tried to be demanding. "Charlie, you can't cover up like that. You have to let us see."

Mindy couldn't help herself. "Yeah, you have to let us see your penis! Move your hands so we can see it all! See it all, see it all, see it all!"

"Shut up!" he shouted.

"What was that?" Miss Devasquez said. All of a sudden, she had no trouble getting into character.

Charlie slumped. "Oh man. I didn't mean to say that! I'm sorry, okay?"

"Charlie, you're disrespecting us all."

"I said I was sorry."

"But you obviously don't mean it. Why are you covering up like that? I won't have you insult the girls like that. Your own decisions brought you here, so accept the consequences. I want you to prove your respect for the girls. Move those hands. Whether you want to or not."

"This is nuts," Charlie muttered. He wasn't in any trouble for that though, since he did move his hands, and it was quite a sight.

"There we have it, girls," Miss Devasquez said. "Two naked weightlifters. Now, ordinarily I might not be too happy with the boys' reluctance, but since they aren't used this, they've done very well. So thank them, girls."

That was no trouble at all. "Thanks, boys!" "Yeah, thanks for showing us your dicks!" "Thanks for being naked!" "Thanks for keeping in such great shape." "Oh my gosh! And thanks for that!" The boys couldn't handle the teases in the gratitude. The embarrassment finally animated their anatomy. They started to rise, but it was evident enough that it silenced the girls completely. Five girl students along with Mindy and Miss Devasquez were all wide-eyed stares. Charlie had to put his hands over his eyes. Terence turned away a moment only to have Mindy

demand that he turn back around again. Slowly the two boys rose up for the girls. Terence was a stiff standing boner. Charlie rose not quite all the way there before he stopped. For nearly half a minute, it looked as if he wouldn't quite get to his apex. He even declined slightly. When all the girls made little sounds of disappointment though, he popped up fast.

"Thank you, boys," Mindy taunted.

Misty asked what other girls had before. "Why did that happen to them?"

Mindy rubbed it in a bit more. "They saw the error of their ways. They knew they were being selfish, so they gave us a better show."

The girls got to keep an eye on those blushing nudies for just a few minutes longer, just long enough to feel so completely, delightfully queasy that it was as if falling in love. Then Miss Devasquez shooed them away.

"That's enough for today, girls. I know you'd all love to stay here with the boys, but I've got to have a talk with them."

The girls' spirits were so lifted that they all knew those naked hardbodies would be all they could think about for hours.

Once the girls were all gone, Terence asked, "So can we get dressed now?"

"Of course not!" Mindy said. "I need souvenirs first."

"HEY!" "STOP IT!" The boys panicked when they saw that camera. They clapped their hands over their goods and turned away. Mindy was more than happy with that though. It gave her a chance to get pictures from another angle. "Nice buns, boys!"

Miss Devasquez strode over to them. "Now boys, you'll have to let Mindy get some good shots."

"Wh-what?" "Can you do this?"

Gently, Miss Devasquez's hands urged Terence back around. She moved his hands so that the camera could get some nice shots of his boner. She did the same with Charlie. Mindy giggled and squealed. Miss Devasquez put a hand to Charlie's body, and enjoyed the feel of his physique. He had no idea what he should do. Shelly had groped him in the locker room, but this was different. This was a teacher taking liberties. It would have bothered him more, but he was more worried about something else. "What are you going to do with those pictures?"

"Don't worry, big guy. We won't let anyone else see them."

"Well, except Shelly," Mindy added.

"Oh, right. Except Shelly. She gets a copy too. But no one else has to see the pictures of your bare penis." As she said that, she fondled him there. Charlie made a funny sound as he felt a small, playful squeeze. Miss Devasquez told them, "No one sees the pictures as long as you two do as we say. Whatever we want. Or else we remove the background of the photo and make so many copies that your naked dicks will be on the inside of every girl's locker."

Terence said, "We'll tell! We'll tell Miss Hartick."

Charlie said, "Shut up, stupid! She won't believe us. And then the pictures get out anyway."

“Oh man.”

Mindy took more photos, and told the boys to pose and flex for her. She didn't take too long to get the shots she wanted though. “Okay, that's enough pictures. I'm just dying for some game time.”

“Game time?” Terence asked.

“Stand over here,” Mindy said, and moved him to the side of the room.

“Good, now stand there as straight up and down as your unit.” She took a quick grab of that unit before she moved away. “Charlie, stand next to him”

Miss Devasquez had pulled several plastic rings from her desk. She gave half to Mindy. “You go first.”

Mindy took careful aim and tossed one ring to her target. It landed perfectly so that it was around Charlie's stiffy. “First try!” she shouted triumphantly.

After that, Mindy only made every third shot. Miss Devasquez had trouble with it though. She couldn't toss a ring that would land around Charlie's penis. “Let's switch boys.”

Mindy told her, “Look. The trick is to throw it at this angle. See?” Terence blushed deeply when the ring slid down his shaft. After a few more tries, Miss Devasquez finally managed to ring Charlie's pecker twice in a row. “That's better.”

They would have let the boys go then, but there was a knock at the door. Terence and Charlie looked as if they were in a hurry to get dressed. “Now stop that,” Miss Devasquez said. “We'll let you know when we're done.”

“Oh, man.” “Who is it?”

Mindy opened the door. Shelly was happy to see that the buff weight boys were still there. “Great, we're not too late.”

Ordinarily Mindy would have loved to push the boys along, but this time Shelly had brought along Skunk. “What's going on?” Mindy asked.

Skunk was more than a little surprised at the sight as the two boys stood there with their hands poised awkwardly over their treasures. “Oh my god! You have naked boys in here! What the hell is wrong with this school?”

Terence said, “See? Even she thinks you should stop.”

“Like hell,” Skunk said. “I've got to see this.”

Shelly was busy staring at the embarrassed boys. Shelly's eyes roamed over those bodies while she told the women, “Skunk was with me in the locker room. She didn't get to touch the boys though because she has a boyfriend.”

“Melvin?” Mindy asked. “But he made out with that other girl, Joely.”

Skunk grumbled, “Does everyone know about this?”

“Don't worry about it,” Shelly said. “You missed out on the baseball fun, but we've got these two studs to grope.”

Then Mindy thought it was funny. She laughed aloud. "Great! The more the merrier! Terence and Charlie don't mind helping a girl out, do you boys?"

"Oh man." "This sucks."

"Now mind your manners," Miss Devasquez said. She asked Skunk, "I supposed you'd like to see what they're hiding."

Skunk's initial surprise had worn off. Filled with lust, her eyes moved up and down the naked, muscular bodies. She didn't even have to think about it. Her eyes just moved involuntarily up and down those brawny hotties.

"Eunice, did you hear me? Wouldn't you like to see what they're hiding?"

With a sudden smile, she said, "Oh, yeah. Oh, hell yeah."

The boys had been more than nervous while Skunk feasted on the sight. It was hard enough covering when they were hard up. Neither of them moved. Mindy had to take Terence's hands and push them away so that the girls could see his skin rocket. Skunk had to concentrate to keep her balance. "Oh, damn. Do you lift weights with that thing too?"

Shelly chuckled, but she also observed, "Actually some baseball boys have bigger penises."

"Yeah," Skunk said, "I know that now. That's so hard though. It looks as strong as the rest of him."

Mindy moved to the other one. "Charlie has a nice dick too!" She moved his hands to prove it.

Skunk's eyes moved back and forth from one hard-on to the other. She shuddered as she forced herself to blink. She didn't like to break her tough girl character, but her voice was quiet and wavered as she asked Shelly, "Can I really touch those?"

Shelly figured that actions spoke louder than words. She walked to Charlie and ran her hand from his chest to his abs to his rod. She thought it was hilarious to see Skunk's stare widen.

"Go ahead. The boys don't mind. Do you boys?" Of course, the boys couldn't answer. They couldn't answer as Shelly moved to Terence to enjoy the feel of his arms, body, and boner. They couldn't answer as Mindy joined in with her soft, high-pitched moans. They certainly couldn't answer when Skunk finally managed to force herself to have some fun. She had to slip off her fingerless gloves, but then she enjoyed the spectacular muscles of Charlie's chest. She ran her hand all over his body. She didn't know him. She didn't even remember his name, but she had one hand fondle his bare ass while the other tickled its way up and down his cock.

She said, "Until now I never had any school spirit." Then she made certain to get a feel of all of Terence's charms as well. She was like Mindy and Miss Devasquez. She would have felt some guilt at forcing these boys to let her enjoy their nakedness. The recent revelation regarding her now *ex*-boyfriend put her in the disposition where she had no problem totally objectifying guys, any guys. Besides, they were so hot, so bare, and so stiff.

Miss Devasquez told the boys, "That's enough for today. You handled that very well, boys. Remember, we want that kind of dedication when we make you get naked. It's good for you, and it's certainly good for us." Mindy went to the cabinet, unlocked it, and retrieved the boys' clothes for them.

Skunk couldn't help saying, "You people are crazy."

Chapter 31

Another Reporter

The school buzzed with excitement. Soon their fabulous baseball team would play another game, this time against Bluff Lake. Shelly was beside herself with anticipation at the thought of another special pregame interview. That wasn't for two days though. Before that, she would have an awesome appetizer of weightlifter locker room again. She had planned to bring her good friend Jean along, and she would get to enjoy the newness of the boys on the weightlifting team. As it turned out though, instead of bringing just one girl to gaze upon the muscular eye candy, she would bring two.

Mina was one of her fellow reporters at the Prellis School Paper. Mina was the star reporter, and for good reason. She was able to get answers and push into situations that other girls couldn't. Shelly wouldn't be surprised to see this girl become a future Miss Hartick. That was years away though. Mina was determined, but she didn't know how to make the world cower at her feet yet. Besides, her confidence was impressive, but it could vanish at times. Even though Mina had pressed Shelly to get an invitation to the boys' locker room, the star reporter was a bit nervous when the time came. "Shelly, are you sure it's okay for me to go down there?"

"I told you, I bring lots of girls to check out the naked boys. What's wrong?"

"I don't know. Nothing, I guess. I've just been a mess lately. There haven't been any stories for me to report on. The most exciting thing lately was when Melvin showed up to school with his arm in a sling."

"So come on and see some penis. That'll make you feel better, trust me. Besides, you can't back out now. We're here. Miss Devasquez? Are you ready to go?"

"You bet I am. Oh god, I've looked forward to this. Charlie and Terence were amazing. I can't wait to see some more of that muscle."

Jean was already there waiting. She giggled, "Thank you for letting me come along."

"It's my pleasure," Shelly said.

The daydreaming females were already gossiping about potential eye candy. Miss Devasquez enjoyed the sound. She wouldn't have minded taking part in the girl talk, but it seemed to her that breaking character from the respectable teacher would spoil her own fun. She just let her students talk until they got down to the room full of studs. The boys were startled at the

appearance of the girls. They had to have known this would happen, but they were new to it. It just wasn't something they expected.

A few of the boys already blushed just slightly, but not one was undressed yet. They all had on their Jaybird blue weightlifting uniforms. It was a silent moment as the boys stared at the group of eager female eyes. The girls looked over those bodies in the revealing outfits. Miss Devasquez asked, "Well, girls, have we made up our minds which bodies we're going to see?" There were mutters from some boys. Miss Devasquez was obviously going to enjoy this, and they hated that already.

Shelly said, "Well, I've already seen them all bare naked. Jean and Mina haven't seen any of them though. So I kind of hoped that I might get to interview one and have two extra?"

"Oh, Shelly, you're such a scamp. I know that we like to bring along extra eye candy, but the weightlifters really aren't used to this yet, so it might not be a good idea to make some of them stand there with their penises on display for you girls. On the other hand, I'm just dying to see some more of these studs myself, so why don't you hold an interview with three of the boys. It'll let them play off each other's answers and it will make them all more comfortable to have a real reason for their nudity."

"I can handle that," Shelly said.

The boys were horrified. Did Miss Devasquez really say she thought this would help them be more comfortable with their nudity? The four ladies looked over the group of awesome bodies in those revealing singlets. Shelly asked Mina and Jean, "Who's penis do you want to see?"

Mina was dizzy with the reality of this. She couldn't believe this was really happening. She had to take a seat on a bench. "You mean you'll just let us pick a boy for your interview? And we get to see him naked?"

"Sure. You, Jean, and Miss Devasquez too."

"Thank you, Shelly," Miss Devasquez said. Miss Devasquez was pleased to have a choice for herself. Shelly had started to enjoy sharing her toys. Miss Devasquez knew how much Shelly enjoyed her little games, so she took a moment to consider it. "Well, I've already seen three of the weightlifters naked. Rick, Terence, and Charlie, so if it's all right with you, I'd like another one. How about Billy? He's hot."

"Oh god, he is," Shelly said.

Frank couldn't stand it, and asked Miss Devasquez, "Can you really just let them pick us out like this?"

Before she could answer, wonder struck Mina repeated that. "Can we do that? I mean, I know that the boys have to let us down here, but can we really just pick out boys to gawk at?"

Miss Devasquez gave a satisfied smile. She didn't mind explaining it to the boys. "Of course, we can. We don't do this just to 'gawk' at the naked boys. We do it for the sake of the locker room reporting program. It's important, you know. Girls need to be treated as equals, and for that, the boys have to learn to be comfortable down here."

The boys could hear her tone and see the lust in her eyes. Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle

were nuts, but they legitimately believed in their reasons. Miss Devasquez just blatantly took advantage of this to force them to show themselves. Billy wanted to get out of it. He could tell that reasoning with Miss Devasquez was pointless, but he still tried, “You just let the girls pick us out though! That doesn’t have anything to do with the interview! Besides, why can’t we keep on the uniforms that we’re wearing?”

Miss Devasquez shook her head. “If I let you do that, then you’d refuse to be casual. Your minds would always be on a way to avoid the nudity. No, boys, you just have to let yourselves get used to this. Now, no more complaining. Jean, who do you want see naked?”

Jean giggled and gushed, “Oh, I want to see Wendell strip off!”

Wendell turned beet red immediately. “Oh man.”

“Mina,” Miss Devasquez started to ask, “have you made up your mind yet?”

“I don’t know if I can do this. I want to watch, but I don’t know if we should be doing it like this.”

Miss Devasquez shrugged. It wasn’t her fault Mina had a conscience.

“Well, if you can’t decide I’ll pick another one. Or maybe I should let Jean.”

Mina realized what she was about to give up. “Wait! Okay, okay, if it’s only going to happen that way anyway, then I’ll choose one.” She was uncharacteristically meek at that moment. “I’m sorry, boys. Could you all stand up?”

The boys grunted angrily, but a gesture from Miss Devasquez had them on their feet to be checked out. Mina took a second to steady herself. She was about to choose a boy for her viewing pleasure. Dizzily, her eyes moved up one muscly arm to another. “Oh my. They’re all so... They’re all so hot. Um, I don’t suppose, uh, I’m having a hard time deciding. Could one of you boys maybe volunteer?”

Jean and Shelly both chuckled at that. They both knew that no boy would willingly step up to share his penis with the girls. It looked as if Mina really had a hard time getting past her inhibitions. When none of the boys answered though, she realized that she had no choice. It was either let her chance slip away or decide which boy to humiliate. “Okay then, has Rick been interviewed?”

“YES!” Rick said quickly.

“He has,” Shelly said, and enjoyed his panic even if he would get to keep his clothes on.

“Oh,” Mina said. “Then how about Red? I kind of, uh,” she blushed a moment. “I kind of have a crush on him.”

“Great!” Jean said. “Now you’ll get to see his dick!”

Mina blushed deeper, but she smiled at the same time. When she made eye contact with Red, she saw his angry blush. She had to look away, but she kept smiling.

Miss Devasquez said, “All right then, boys, this way.” As usual, instead of conducting the interviews where they could watch the rest of the boys undress and shower, she took their choices to the side where those three boys would be the entire show.

Red had a little tremble as he said, “Do we really have to just, uh, get naked for the girls?”

Miss Devasquez sounded sympathetic as she looked him over with elevator eyes. “You have to get naked, but not just for the girls. It serves the school, society, even your sport, your team, and it is even beneficial for you. You should be proud to be part of this.”

The boys looked at each other as if they couldn’t believe anyone would say that. They didn’t do anything else though. Not until Miss Devasquez said, “Get those uniforms off, boys. Don’t dawdle about it.” Once the boys slowly slipped off that outer layer and Mina had let out a soft moan, Miss Devasquez said, “Leave your underwear on though. I’ll let the girls take that off you.”

“What?” “No way!” “You can’t do that!”

With a condescending sigh, Miss Devasquez said, “Yes, I can. Boys, this is all for your own good. Try to relax.”

Mina was as stunned as the boys were though. “Can we do that? Really?”

“Of course.”

Shelly told her, “I’ve done it plenty of times. For boys who aren’t used to it, it’s almost a favor. I mean, it’s has to be hard for them to just put their cocks on display. So we’ll help.”

Jean giggled like crazy. “Yeah! We’re just helping them out! Right boys? HEY!”

Miss Devasquez looked over at the boys. “Just what are you doing? I told you to leave those on!”

Red and Wendell had both decided not to give the girls any more satisfaction than they had to. They had stripped off their jockstraps. Their hands covered their essentials, while their underwear dangled from those fingers. Red tried to sound defiant, but his voice was shaky, “Wh-what difference does it make?”

“I will not allow that kind of disrespect! Boys, you both have a detention in my room tomorrow after school.”

Red and Wendell both stared at her in wonder. They had just earned detentions because they took their own underwear off. They had shown “disrespect” by not letting the lusty girls pull away their pride. They had no idea what to say or do.

Billy knew exactly what he should say. “So, can I go then?”

He was down to his jock, and the girls all turned to him to see that fabulous body. Miss Devasquez was impressed with her own choice, but she needed to make an example of the other two. “I suppose, but first we’ll have to have a look at what you’ve got. Which girl do you want to pull your underwear down?”

“Which girl?” Billy almost wished he had done as the other boys did. Then he realized that at least he would avoid one of the infamous Devasquez detentions. The other boys refused to talk about them, and he sure didn’t want to find out what went on there. He looked across the eager eyes of the girls. Shelly, Jean, and Mina stared at him eagerly. How could he choose a girl to embarrass him? He knew he didn’t want Shelly to do it. This whole thing was her fault, so it was Jean or Mina. Mina had almost sounded as if she didn’t want to help Miss Devasquez,

so Billy figured he might reward her for that. “Uh, I guess, uh, Mina. If that’s okay with her.”

Mina turned a soft pink color while she grinned at him. “Me? O-okay. Um, Miss Devasquez, how do I, uh?”

Miss Devasquez couldn’t help a good laugh. “How? Grab hold of his underwear and pull it down. Do it as fast or as slow as you want. Get a good look of his goods close up. He doesn’t mind. Do you, Billy?”

Billy blushed again. “Yeah, I do, but I have to do it.”

“Well, I suppose that’s good enough. Go ahead, Mina, have fun.”

Mina stepped up to Billy nervously. She looked him over though. Her heart pounded and she wasn’t at all certain she could go through with it. He just looked so nervous. Oh, but he looked so good! Mina knelt down and felt herself smile involuntarily. “Oh gosh. Oh my gosh. Oh goodness!” Then she started to giggle uncontrollably as she slid Billy’s underwear down. Once it was down just far enough to bare his goodies completely, Mina sat back and admired him. “I did it! I really did it! He’s naked!”

Billy was so flustered that he started to turn one way, then the other. Finally, he clasped his hands over himself. “Okay! You saw it! Can I go now?”

Miss Devasquez said, “No, she’ll take them all the way off you.”

Shelly added, “And you can’t cover up like that, silly boy. We want to see your dick!”

Mina turned a wide-eyed look at Shelly. Was this the way they treated the boys? It apparently is since Miss Devasquez had a big grin. Mina felt wonderful until she looked at Billy’s eyes again. He looked so embarrassed that he almost seemed afraid. He did drop his hands though. Mina giggled again at the sight. She tried to finish her job fast, and pulled his jockstrap down so he could step out. She handed it to him nervously.

“I guess you can go now, Billy. Thank you. I mean it, thank you so much. You’re really hot!”

Billy trudged off angrily, but he was at least happy that he had managed to escape before he got an erection. The other boys would not be so lucky. Miss Devasquez turned on them, her smile gone, but the lust still in her eyes. “You two. You should be ashamed of yourselves. I expect you to cooperate. So move those hands and let the girls enjoy the sight.”

“But!” “This is stupid!” They did as Miss Devasquez had told them. As much as they hated it, they moved their hands so that the girls could see.

Mina looked away, then stared a moment, then looked away, then stared a moment. Shelly just gave her evil, twisted smile. Jean smirked with a slight laugh behind it. She couldn’t help but brag to these muscle studs. “We can see everything! We can see everything you’ve got! HEY! Miss Devasquez told you that you couldn’t cover those cocks! Let us look!”

“She’s right, boys. Move those hands. Jean and Mina came to see you naked, so let them look.”

Red and Wendell blushed furiously at that. They had such funny expressions, and they couldn’t look at the girls. Miss Devasquez could tell what bothered them though. She had

ordered enough boys to strip that she could sometimes tell when they were about to salute. She could see the special fear in their eyes and took advantage of it.

“Boys, I know this must be uncomfortable for you, but believe me, if I let you treat the girls that way, it would be much worse for them. It was unfair of you to deny the girls their fun, so I expect you to make up for that by giving them a good show. I expect to see some erections. Red, you first. I want that penis pointing straight up for the girls.”

Her timing was dead on. Right as she said it, the effect of his embarrassment became visible. It was fast too. He rose up while the girls stared in wonder. Even Shelly was amazed. Although she knew Miss Devasquez had timed it that way, it was very impressive. It embarrassed Red in a wonderful way!

Miss Devasquez was spot on with her next comments too. “Wendell, Red is already almost all the way there. What are you waiting for? Stiffen up so the girls can see you hard.”

He gave her a glare of humiliated hatred, but to all appearances, it seemed as though he just did as he was told. At that moment, his erection started, and while it didn't lift as quickly as Red's did, it got there as Jean giggled, Mina stared in shock, and Shelly smirked.

“They're amazing,” Mina whispered. “Oh, that's the sexiest thing I've ever seen. Look at their dicks.”

“Yeah,” Shelly said, “look at their dicks and keep looking. I do have a job to do though. This is fun, Miss Devasquez, but can I start the interview now?”

“Of course. Boys, I expect you to cooperate.”

“Okay,” Wendell muttered. Red just had to nod.

Shelly asked them if their team seemed to be improving. Did Coach Young have a strong effect on their training? What kind of weight training program did Coach Williams have planned? Would they be ready for their first competition? “I know that's a way off, but I'm sure everyone's looking forward to it. I mean, you boys are really in great shape already.” Shelly loved every moment.

After being commanded to rise up, and then doing it, every moment of exposure was torture for the boys. As much fun as it was to watch them try to cope with the attention, Shelly didn't really have much to work with yet. The interview was a short one. “Well, I guess that's it. Thank you, guys.”

“Can we go now?” Wendell asked.

“Almost,” Shelly said. “First, I've got to get better acquainted with these physiques. Since I will write about them, I mean.” She had been dying to put a hand on these muscle studs. Wendell gaped at her as she squeezed one side of his chest, then the other. He stuttered, “M-Miss De-Devasquez? Can I, can I go now?”

“Don't be rude, Wendell.” Then Miss Devasquez stepped to him to have a little fun herself. Wendell felt tremors of excited embarrassment as two females ran their hands over his chest and abs. Miss Devasquez said, “Flex an arm for me, would you, Wendell? Oh, that's impressive,” she said as she felt his flexed bicep.

Jean didn't waste any time. She grabbed Mina's arm to drag her along to Red. Red shivered

as the two girls ganged up on him. They fondled his muscles with gusto. Mina looked as if she couldn't believe she was doing it. She almost wanted to stop, but she couldn't. When she saw Jean take a good fondle of Red's cock, Mina had to have a go herself. Red had to endure the groping all over his body and even his stiffy from Jean and Mina while Wendell got his goods stroked by Shelly and Miss Devasquez.

Miss Devasquez couldn't conceal her smile as she reminded him while she fondled him, "Don't forget, tomorrow you'll be in my classroom after school for a detention. Be ready to get naked again."

"N-n-n-naked again? In a classroom?" He already knew that would have to happen, but hearing it made it real. He was in for more, and soon.

Chapter 32

Red and Wendell's Detention

There was no baseball practice scheduled, nor any weightlifting either. You might think it was an ordinary school day for Shelly. It would have been, except it was a day for a detention. With no other business to interfere, Shelly would have fun watching Red and Wendell get naked again. She knew that she had to fondle Red today since yesterday she focused her affection on Wendell only.

Being her mischievous self, Miss Devasquez had a new plan to embarrass these boys. In the end, they would have another photo session for some blackmail, but before that, the boys would just be display pieces.

Red and Wendell arrived at her classroom glumly. They knew that the boys before them hated their detentions, but didn't know why. What should they expect? Inside, they knew to expect Miss Devasquez. Along with her was Mindy, of course, who eagerly awaited a chance to see some muscular weightlifting bodies stripped bare. There were three other girls though at some of the desks.

"Oh good," Miss Devasquez said. "You're here. Would you two boys wait over there at the front of the room? Cindy, Brenda, and Jasmine are taking a make-up test."

It seemed like a casual atmosphere, so the boys relaxed a bit. Miss Devasquez managed to keep from grinning. The girls had no idea what lay in store for them. All three of them just tried to improve their grades. They didn't know that Miss Devasquez had scheduled it for today to give them a special viewing treat. She handed out the tests and explained it to the girls. She didn't time them. She just wanted them to do as well as they could.

Then she turned to the boys. Miss Devasquez felt a wonderful chill. She had almost come to enjoy the guilty feelings that got the better of her sometimes. She would love to embarrass these boys, even if she might hate herself a little afterward. "Red and Wendell, you were disrespectful to the girls yesterday in the locker room." She noticed that the three girls taking the test heard that. They tried to concentrate, but she knew they were listening. "You never even apologized."

"Apologized?" Wendell said.

Red said, "But it wasn't our fault! Why do we have to, uh," he blushed a bit, and didn't want to say it aloud in front of these three girls.

Miss Devasquez finished his thought for him. "Why do you have to undress during an interview? We've explained all that already. I suppose I'll have to explain it again. Before that though, I want you two to show that you can do as you're told. Right here, right now, I want you both to strip off your clothes."

Oh no. Red and Wendell both went white. This wasn't happening. It was unnatural enough in the locker room, but here? She had told them they would have to get naked, but they thought it was different when they saw the girls ready to take a test. "You want us to, to take off our clothes here? In front of the girls?"

"Yes, in front of the girls. Remove those clothes and get naked in front of the girls."

Mindy couldn't help a bit of high-pitched bragging. "We'll see your dicks! Naked, naked, naked boys! In front of the girls! Naked in front of the girls!"

Red and Wendell went from white to red faced. Neither of them moved yet. Brenda had to look up from her paper. The other two girls weren't certain that this was really happening. Brenda could tell that Miss Devasquez was dead serious, so she had to say, "Miss Devasquez? Uh, I really, really hate to say this, but I can't concentrate on the test with two naked boys in the room and I kind of need the grade."

"I know. Don't worry about it. Red and Wendell? Don't look so relieved. You're not off the hook. You will get naked. In front of the girls. I suppose it isn't fair to you girls to make you take this test while these two handsome boys are bare. A bit of incentive can overcome any distraction though, so here's what I'll do. Tomorrow is a pregame interview with some baseball players. Those boys will have to strip naked during the interview."

"Really?" Cindy said.

"Yes, really. I'll let any of you girls come along to see and enjoy that as long as you get at least a ninety percent on the test. Do you think you can concentrate now?"

The girls had no idea. They had to try though. Jasmine was a bit incredulous though. "You mean you'll just make three more boys get naked for us?"

"No, they'll be naked anyway. That will happen whether you're there or not, but you can come along to watch. Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle think it's good for the girls to enjoy this special interview program. Do your best. Three more fully nude hot athletes will be there for you if you do well."

The girls instantly turned to their papers and got to work. Red and Wendell thought that somehow they might get out of this. They had no idea how, but it just didn't seem possible that a teacher would make them strip off their clothes during a detention just for the sake of doing it. Miss Devasquez saw that they had not started. They didn't even look as if they talked about it. "Boys? Take those shirts off. No. Wait. Better yet, since you didn't want the girls to help you undress in the locker room, you'll have some help here. You can get your shoes and socks off, but everything else Mindy will take off you. Okay? I said, okay?"

Red and Wendell looked at each other, and hoped that the other boy might have some escape plan. There wasn't one though. They had no choice at all. "Okay, Miss Devasquez."

Miss Devasquez saw that the girls truly worked hard at their tests. She could also see that the girls were completely aware of the scene that developed at the front of the classroom. She

hoped that the girls would do well. She thought they might. If not, then she would let them have another crack at it later anyway. That was only fair. Now, the real issue was the buff bodies that were still covered. Mindy had sashayed her way to the boys with the broadest of grins. She got behind Red, “Arms up. Good boy. Hold still while I get this off you.” She stripped his shirt up and off his muscular frame. She was hard pressed to keep her hands off him, but she and Miss Devasquez had already agreed that would come later. For now, she just moved over and helped Wendell with his shirt. She noticed that both Jasmine and Cindy glanced up to get a look at the shirtless wonders. Mindy giggled. The boys grimaced.

It got worse a moment later as Mindy reached around Wendell to undo his jeans. Once she had them undone, she slid them down and urged him to step out. There he was, nearly naked already, and the girls snuck peeks. Red was the next one to lose his pants. As before, Mindy was sure to stand behind him so that the girls at their desks could really watch the show.

Mindy sighed with delight. She noticed that the girls were all looking at their papers. Mindy had to let them know that the moment had arrived.

“Underwear time. Time to get these off you, Red.”

“M-Mindy, come on. I’m, I mean, can’t I just AWP!” Red threw his hands over his goods as Mindy yanked his underwear down. “Oh man oh man oh man. This isn’t fair!”

Miss Devasquez was condescending. “Calm down, Red. Now I need you boys to understand. It’s not natural for you to be so embarrassed about your nudity. It’s unhealthy. Nudity really shouldn’t bother boys at all. So move those hands. Come on, move them. There you go. I can see that you’re not comfortable at all. Don’t worry. You’ll get used to this eventually.” Miss Devasquez loved that lie. She knew that the baseball boys never got used to the enforced nudity, and she loved them for it. It felt so good to see Red’s look of indignation though when told that he should accept this as normal.

Cindy, Brenda, and Jasmine sure were accepting though. For a bit, they were enraptured by the sight of the bare-naked weightlifter. Red felt just washed in shame as Cindy giggled, Brenda sighed, and Jasmine blew him a kiss. He clapped his hands back over his goods, but a stern look from Miss Devasquez got him to uncover again.

Mindy was full of electricity. This was a wonderful show to put on.

“Your turn, Wendell. Get ready to let the girls see your dick.”

Again, the three girls stopped writing all at once. You could hear a pin drop as Mindy slipped Wendell’s underwear down. This time Mindy did it slowly, agonizingly slowly. The girls pulsed with lust at the sight of another penis.

Red and Wendell couldn’t believe how humiliating it was to have to stand there full nude for five pairs of female eyes. Miss Devasquez continued to look over, but she also acted as if their nudity was no big deal. That was an act, of course. She was stunned at how good these boys looked even though she had seen them butt naked just the day before. Mindy enjoyed the show more openly, , leered, grinned, and made her occasional, involuntary, high-pitched sound of lust. For the boys, the worst part was the test-taking girls. They would glance up, and then get back to work. Every few seconds the boys saw Cindy, Brenda, or Jasmine sneak a good look at them, and then look away. The giggles or smiles that accompanied every peek made each one a little delight for the girls and another little embarrassment for the boys.

Then it got worse. Miss Devasquez enjoyed this, but it was just part of the show. There was a knock at the door that she expected. "Come in."

"Come in?!" Red and Wendell repeated as they couldn't believe it. They covered their penises in terror. Someone else would see them naked! They really hoped that it at least wouldn't be another girl. Of course, it was. Sally walked in blandly, carrying out an errand for another teacher. She took a few steps before she saw the boys at the other side of the room.

"What? Uh..."

Miss Devasquez pretended that she didn't even know what bothered Sally. "What do you need, Sally?"

"What do I need? What do I need? Oh, uh, Mrs. Robbins sent me with these for you to sign."

"Oh, right," Miss Devasquez said as if she had forgotten. Mindy tried very hard to keep from laughing, but she couldn't help but giggle a bit. Sally was wonderfully confused as she continued to stare at the boys. The boys stared right back at her with fearful eyes. They were trapped with yet another girl allowed to casually take in their nakedness and their pose of embarrassed cock covering was wonderful.

Miss Devasquez finished putting her name on the forms. She tried to hand them back to Sally, but Sally couldn't tear her eyes from the naked hunks. Miss Devasquez patiently let her watch for about half a minute before she cleared her throat to get the girl's attention. "Did Mrs. Robbins say if she talked to Principal Steadworth yet?"

"Did she do what? Oh," Sally took the papers and she had to think about the question. "Oh, uh, I don't think so. I don't know."

"All right. Did she need anything else?"

"No. Uh, Miss Devasquez, you do realize there are two naked boys in here, don't you?"

"Of course. Red and Wendell are here for a detention. Boys! Just what are you doing?"

Wendell stuttered, "Wh-wh-what?"

Miss Devasquez sounded very cross even though she was secretly delighted at the chance to say, "Move those hands and let the girls see your penises. This instant."

"But, but, but Sally!"

"What about her? I'm sure Sally would like to see your dicks. Wouldn't you, Sally?"

"Would I? OH! Uh, yes! Can I?"

Mindy took her arm to lead her over so that she could get a real good look. The boys were still covering. Mindy smirked triumphantly. "She's asked to see your penises, so let her see your goods, boys."

Red shut his eyes tight. Wendell stared into a corner. They both slowly moved their hands away so that Sally could enjoy the sight of their bare cocks. Sally made a sound like a bad ignition finally turning over. Her eyes were huge as she saw the two sexy boys' most secret of secrets.

“Oh.” That was all she could say. “Oh. Oh. OooooOOOooOh!”

“They’re hot, aren’t they?” Mindy said. “And there they go! Watch them get hard!”

The boys’ embarrassment had finally gotten to them. Their feelings of helpless exposure flooded to their intimates and forced them to move up in the world in two slow salutes. “I can’t believe it,” Sally said.

Mindy squealed, and then she said, “Girls, I know you’re busy with that test, but you really should see this. Uh-uhn, Red, no covering. We want to see that stiffy whether you like it or not.”

The boys reached their height, and their shoulders slumped in defeat. To be naked for the girls was terrible. This was worse. All they could feel was the sensation of their own erections and the stares of all the greedy girls.

Miss Devasquez said, “Well, I’m glad you got to see that, Sally, but you’d better get these to Mrs. Robbins now.”

Sally looked a little heartbroken that she had to leave those fabulous penises behind. “Can I, can’t I, okay, I guess.” She trudged away slowly.

The boys watched her leave and they felt just a bit of relief. Granted, they still noticed the glimpses of the girls at their desks and Miss Devasquez’ and Mindy’s gawks. For a moment though, the slight lapse in attention caused something rare. The boys’ penises declined a bit. They didn’t even dip down to the halfway point, but, much to the girls’ regret, they did slowly lose altitude.

Then there was another knock on the door. “Not again!” Red said.

“Come in,” Miss Devasquez said carelessly. “Oh, hi, Miss Fox. It’s good to see you and your sister again.”

Red and Wendell looked aghast at the beautiful Miss Fox and her sister. These two had been invited by Miss Devasquez of course. She acted as if it was just a normal interruption though. Miss Fox and Miss Austin gabbed a bit with Miss Devasquez. Then they turned to the business at hand. Miss Austin smiled with pride. She was pleased with herself that she had kept this tradition alive. “And what well-built boys you have here. Where’s Shelly though?”

At this point, Miss Austin and Miss Fox walked over slowly, and looked the boys over. Red and Wendell felt the icy embarrassment shoot through them again. Then that concentrated into an urge that animated their penises again. While the ladies grinned broader, the dicks grew taller.

“Very nice,” Miss Fox said. The girls at the desks all giggled.

Miss Austin asked, “Where’s Shelly though?”

“Oh, this isn’t an interview,” Miss Devasquez said, as though Miss Austin really didn’t know. “The boys are just here for a detention. They seem to have trouble adapting to the interview policy. So to help them get past that, I’m making them stand here naked for me, Mindy, and the girls.”

“What a good idea,” Miss Austin said. “And they really are quite a pair of studs, aren’t they?”

"They're on the weightlifting team," Miss Fox said.

"Oh, I can tell. What bodies."

Miss Fox agreed. "I just love to see athletic boys naked and hard like this."

The boys made a few funny little sounds of embarrassment while that conversation took place. They just knew their embarrassment couldn't get any worse. They were wrong though. All it would take to add a little more was to add another spectator. Miss Devasquez had planned this out well. Another knock at the door, made both of the bare body boys groan loudly.

"Don't let anyone else in!" "This isn't fair!"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous, boys. With so many girls and women seeing you naked, what difference would it make if there were more? Come in!"

Mrs. Baker walked in. You remember her, right? The pleasant natured, well-liked secretary from the front office. Until now, she only got to see one Prellis athlete naked. It took her a few moments to realize what happened though, because she complained when she walked in.

"Here are those papers, you needed, Miss Devasquez. I don't see why you couldn't come get them though. OH! Then again, uh, I'm happy to help. Oh. OH MY!"

Red and Wendell did their best to cover up again. It was difficult with their dicks at full mast. Miss Devasquez frowned. "Boys, stop that. I just don't know what's wrong with you. I'm sure Mrs. Baker would like to see what you've got."

Mrs. Baker blushed a bit, but her smile stayed steady. "Yes I would. Oh, these two are quite handsome, aren't they?"

"And buff," Miss Austin said.

"And hard," Miss Fox purred.

That brought Mrs. Baker's attention to the erections. "Yes they are. Do they always do that?"

"They certainly do," Miss Devasquez said. "Every time. Hmmm. Since you didn't know that, I'll have to make certain you get to see some more of our school's finest."

Mrs. Baker was too speechless to thank her for that, but her eyes showed gratitude. It took her a moment to be composed enough to ask, "Would it be all right, that is, if I'm not in the way, can I stay here while the boys are naked?"

Again, the girls giggled. Miss Devasquez said, "Of course. The more the merrier. The boys don't mind, do you, boys?"

"Yes we do!" "Stop staring at us! Can we get dressed now?"

"Oh, knock it off," Miss Devasquez said. "You have to get used to this. Oh, come in," she said to yet another knock at the door.

"No!" the boys shouted at once. Again, they covered, but that only made every female in the room chuckle at their *predickament*.

"I'm so glad I made it in time," Shelly said. "I brought along Gayla. I didn't think you'd mind if she got a look at these hunks."

Gayla's eyes got big behind her glasses. She saw even more of Prellis High's naked glory. Shelly had told her beforehand that this was a no-touching event, and Gayla was sorry for that. She just lived to touch up the boys' boners. Still, it was worth it just to see these two strong, stiff boys while they blushed, muttered, and reluctantly uncovered so that she could see their ravishing rods.

Curious women surrounded the boys, who didn't have to be curious anymore. Miss Devasquez had said they would be naked. She hadn't told them they'd be naked for a mob of lusty females, and not one of them had the decency to look away. Every one of them enjoyed the sight. Mrs. Baker in particular had to have more. "Um, would it be all right if the boys turned around for us?"

The girls were happy with that idea. "Oh yeah, let's see some ass!"

"Will they ever stop blushing?"

Miss Devasquez was happy to help. "Certainly, Boys, let us see you from the other side."

The boys turned to let the ladies have the full show. They were embarrassed about this as well of course, but it let them keep their dicks out of sight, so it wasn't as bad. They both knew it was only a matter of time before they would have to turn back, and they already dreaded that. Red in particular. It was hardly two seconds of being out of sight that let his erection subside slightly. He knew that when he turned back, he would stiffen right back up for the girls. They loved to see that, and he hated it.

Jasmine said, "Um, Miss Devasquez? I've finished the test. Do I have to go though?"

"You can stay until the other girls are finished. It's only fair for you to be able to stare with no need to concentrate on something else. Right, boys? I said, RIGHT, boys?"

"Right," they both muttered.

Miss Devasquez had so much fun with this. "I don't know why they have to act as if this is such a big deal."

The boys would have loved to tell her exactly what they thought of her and this whole embarrassing episode, but they knew better. Their irritation turned to panic anyway as they heard the door open. "Oh man."

"Not again."

They heard Sally's voice. "Hi again, Miss Devasquez. I have everything finished with Mrs. Robbins. I hope it's okay for me to come back."

The boys felt a bit of embarrassment, but Sally at least had already been here.

Miss Devasquez said, "Of course, it is. It's really the best thing for the boys. They're having such a hard time learning to be accommodating."

Sally giggled. "And is it okay that I brought Janet with me?"

"Come on in, Janet. Get a good look at these bodies."

The boys felt yet another wash of cold shame. Another girl saw them. They could hear some heavy breathing from Janet. Wendell looked over his shoulder, and he wished he hadn't.

So many girls and women stared at him. Miss Devasquez said, "Those buns are really nice, but that's enough. Turn around so we can see the front side again."

The spectators' expressions ranged from shocked wonder to gleeful perversion. Predictably, Red's cock rose right back up when he was faced with all that again. The sighs and chuckles made him tremble slightly. He realized something though. "Hey, Miss Devasquez, Cindy and Brenda are done with their tests."

Miss Devasquez looked over, and it was clear that Red was right. The girls said sheepishly. "We didn't want to say so until we got a really good look."

Everyone except the boys had a laugh. Miss Devasquez said, "I can't blame you. Still, we've had enough of a show from these boys."

"So we can get dressed now?" Wendell said.

"In a moment," Miss Devasquez told him. "I have a talk with you first about your attitudes. Not everyone has to be here for that though."

Several girls said, "Aww!" Their fun was over. Mrs. Baker led the way. She was so happy to have been a part of this that she was eager to help Miss Devasquez by being the first to the door. "Come on, girls." One by one, everyone left except the boys, Miss Devasquez, Miss Fox, Miss Austin, Mindy, and Shelly. Even Gayla had to go, but she wished she didn't have to. She had a strong suspicion that once that door closed, some hands-on fun would take place.

They couldn't let Gayla stay though. She wasn't a part of the inner conspiracy the way the others were. These were the women who knew that school board was manipulated, the rules were silly, and that they took photographs of the naked boys. Speaking of which, Mindy got her camera ready. Before she started though, Miss Devasquez showed the boys some photos. There, Red and Wendell saw themselves naked with hard-ons. They were the pictures Greta took during the weigh-in, but she had removed the backgrounds. It was just blank except for the frowning, nude boys.

Red and Wendell were shocked. "Where did you get those?"

Miss Devasquez ignored their question. "How would you like to have every single girl in the school see these?"

Wendell felt a chill, because he understood. Red started to panic again though. "Are you really going to do that?"

She said, "Oh, I don't know. I suppose we could. We could make copies and slip them into every locker in the school. Then again, I'd rather just keep the pictures to ourselves. That's if you can behave, of course."

Red asked, "What more do you want?"

"Whatever. If I want you to come to my house and wash my car while you're butt naked, I expect you to do it."

Miss Fox and Miss Austin both said, "That's not a bad idea!"

Miss Devasquez grinned. "For now, I'll settle for some more pictures."

The boys finally noticed Mindy's camera. She clicked one good picture of them before

they both squawked and covered again. Mindy took a picture like that too because she loved to preserve the embarrassment. Still, she told them, "That won't keep your pictures private. Move those hands and let me get some good shots. That's better. Now turn to the side. Great! MmmM! I want some shots of those fine asses. Now pose for me." She had them flex and pose for the camera, the whole time the boys grimaced and blushed. It was a great addition to the photo collection, but before it was over, Miss Devasquez came close to Wendell. As she put one arm around his waist and one hand wandered over his chest, she said, "Get a picture of this." Wendell was mortified, but not as much he was in the next shot. Miss Devasquez said, "And another like this." Her hand moved down to his cock so that she'd be able to enjoy a photo of herself as she groped the young stud's intimates.

Red had his pictures taken with Miss Devasquez as well. Of course, you can already guess that every one of the ladies wanted pictures with both boys. Red and Wendell felt entirely objectified as they were fondled and touched by one woman after another until everyone had souvenirs.

When Mindy finally put the camera away, Wendell asked, "Can we go now?"

"I suppose so, since you're in such a hurry. But remember, boys, when I want you to do something, anything, you'd better do it."

Chapter 33

A Pirate Adventure

It was the middle of the night, and Shelly was already filled with lusty excitement. Tomorrow would be a special game day interview, and that was wonderful. She was so wrapped up in that idea, that she dreamed about the boys that she would strip down. In her dream, she was a pirate captain, and her crew of lusty women had captured a rival pirate ship, and took four of their crew as prisoners.

There they were, just as real as Shelly, helplessly trapped in her dream, dressed in pirate outfits with their hands tied behind their backs, surrounded by rowdy, pervert pirate girls. Shelly gave her sinister, twisted half smile, the way she did in the real world. “Well, Captain Kent, it looks as if you and your boys are no match for real pirates. You’re prisoners of Captain Shelly, the scourge of the seven seas. Girls, what should we do with Captain Kent?”

All the girl pirates shouted at once, “Make him walk the plank!”

Captain Kent was pulled along to the side of the boat and stood up on a broad plank of wood. One of the pirate girls was there with her sword to threaten him into walking. (I’ve never understood why pirates made people walk the plank instead of just throwing them overboard, but it suits the purposes of our story wonderfully.) Captain Shelly laughed a big pirate laugh and said, “Move him along slow. We might let his crew save him from the water. First, we’ll have fun with Dean. Girls, strip Dean’s clothes off! If he looks good, then Captain Kent can stop walking.”

“Hooray!” the pirate girls cheered. Dean shouted in protest, but he couldn’t fend off the pirate girls. They tore and cut his clothes until he was down to just a hat, some boots, and some tight shorts. Dean grumbled, but the girls all loved it. “He’s hot!” “He’s handsome!” “He’s almost naked!”

Shelly twirled her cutlass. “Captain Kent can stop moving.”

Kent had to hold still on that plank while the pirate girls admired the first of their captives. A couple hands took liberties with him, and enjoyed his chest and his ass. Shelly said, “All right, Captain Kent, if your next man agrees to strip off his own clothes, then you can stay where you are.”

“No way!” Reggie said. “I’m not doing that!”

Immediately the girl on the plank with Kent made him keep walking, but very slowly. Shelly shouted, "Girls, strip those clothes off Reggie! If he looks good enough, then Kent can stop walking."

Again, another studly pirate boy was reduced to his underwear. Reggie howled as feminine hands bared his body was wandered over his arms and abs, while a few squeezed his butt. "He's hot too!" "Look at that body!"

Captain Shelly said, "Captain Kent can stop again! His crew is gorgeous when their clothes are off. There's one left. Chris, will you strip off willingly to keep your Captain where he is?"

Chris was a good guy, but this was just a dream. He didn't see the danger to Kent, but only saw the greedy girlish eyes look him over and couldn't stand the thought of just taking off his clothes for them.

"I can't!"

Again, Kent was urged along slowly while the pirate girls ripped off the clothes of another sexy boy. Chris was also quite a sight in his underwear and his head bandana. The girls oohed and aahed as Kent could stop walking again. He was halfway to the end of the board, and the watery doom below. Kent was nervous, but he wasn't afraid. Some part of his mind knew it was just a dream, and that nothing would be hurt but his pride.

Captain Shelly bit her lip and squirmed a bit at the sight of the three sexy underwear clad pirate boys. "Well, boys, I'll give you a chance to save your Captain's life. Get their underwear off! Let's see some pirate penis!"

"No!" all three boys shouted. The girls all shouted "YES!" A few of Shelly's lusty girl crew went to work removing the boys' modesty. RIP! RIP! RIP! The pirate boys gave groans and embarrassed whimpers as they became a lineup of three hot and humiliated dicks for all the girls to gawk at.

Shelly said, "Get moving, Kent! But if all three of your men can salute my girls with erections then we'll put you back on board!"

Kent was urged on little by little, but the real suspense was the tied trio of nudity. The girls all stared, giggled, sighed, and talked about the boy's bodies and dicks. Dean, Reggie, and Chris all blushed and squirmed, but there was no escaping that scrutiny. They had no choice but to stand there and let the girls look. Of course, you all know what happened next. As the girls' eyes roamed over all that skin, the boys felt the ever-increasing heat of embarrassment. They felt tremors and shock waves of hopeless embarrassment every time they heard a comment or looked into a pair of lusty eyes. All that excitement filled the boys up and tingled in their penises. Little by little all the unwanted attention worked its magic as the boys muttered, "Oh no." "Not this." "I can't stop it!" And they couldn't. The ship became quiet as Dean was the first to start. He almost wished the girls would talk again because the silence was nothing but their lust directed at him. "No, no, no! Oh MAN!" He got there, all the way hard, and stood stiff for the girls' enjoyment. The silence turned to cheers and laughter while Dean's blush only deepened.

Chris was next. He shut his eyes tight when he realized that he couldn't keep calm. All those smiles and wide eyes thrust him upward in a wonderful, quick launch to a stiffy that just announced his embarrassment to the girls. Of course, he had to hear the girls gush over that

high tide. “He’s so sweet!” “He’s the shyest pirate ever!” “Open those beautiful eyes, sweetheart! We’re here whether you see us or not!”

The last one to give out was Reggie. He thought he might hold out. He thought he might keep himself from giving in to his embarrassment. Now that the other two boys were all the way hard though, Reggie noticed every girl stared only at him. The entire crew of pirate girls ogled him with anticipation. Would he give them the same show? He shouted, “Stop staring at me! STOP!” They couldn’t stop staring if they tried. All those eyes focused on one thing and one thing only. Reggie’s penis reciprocated with a dramatic crescendo of growth that started fast but slowed and slowed and slowed. It wouldn’t stop though. It hit its height and the crew cheered again while Reggie wailed in indignation.

Shelly said, “You boys have done well! You’ve saved your captain from the water. Bring Captain Kent back down here on deck. Those erections have saved his life, but they haven’t saved his dignity. I’m the reigning queen of piracy on this ocean. Kent will have to surrender his pride to me.”

“I will not!”

“You don’t have a choice! Girls, strip him naked!”

“No No Let me go! Hey! You can’t do this to me!” The crew of perverted pirate girls descended on him and divested him of every piece of his fine Captain’s clothes. He stood there in a fancy hat and boots, stark naked with his hands tied behind his back, and blushed furiously as the girls took in the sight.

Shelly walked to him. “Well, this is a dick worthy of a pirate captain, isn’t it! It’s the biggest one yet! If your cannons had been as impressive as this thing, you wouldn’t have lost your ship.” Shelly took his rod in hand, caressed it gently before she bounced it in place to make the girls all laugh and cheer. As Shelly ran her hand over his sexy body, Kent gave in to his impulses fast. That sizable treasure rose up hard. Shelly laughed and told him, “You could almost fly a flag from that thing.” Of course, she took another fondle now that he was at his stiffest.

“Well, boys, captives on this ship have to earn their keep. Girls, get them some mops so they can swab the deck!”

The boys were untied, and of course, they all immediately covered their goods. Once the mops and buckets were brought, Captain Kent managed to talk past his embarrassment, “Where are our clothes?”

“Clothes?” Shelly laughed. “You don’t need clothes. You four can just stay naked while you do your jobs. Get to work!”

While the boys were made to clean and scrub, their erections stayed in full force, which was no surprise as the greedy pirate girls took regular fondles of body, butt, and stiffy. Being naked eye-candy for them was bad enough, but every so often a pirate girl would command a boy to stop so that she could run her hand up and down his hard-on a couple times.

Eventually the dream ended as the boys and Shelly all awoke at the same time. The boys all tried to get the memories of naked shame out of their minds, but they all knew it would play out over and over in their heads until some real world embarrassment took its place. Chris, Dean, and Reggie were all scheduled for a game day interview, so they knew they would face

Shelly's lust in Miss Hartick's office.

Shelly sighed as she repeatedly ran over that lovely fantasy. She knew why those three boys were there. It was just a shame that Kent was only a dream extra.

Chapter 34

Another Pre-Game Interview

First, the Consolation Prize

Kent was haunted the entire following day by that horrible pirate dream. He tried to get his mind off it, but he couldn't. Ironically, the dream distraction kept him from realizing he was in for trouble when it came.

Kent didn't like Miss Devasquez's classes, because he always felt as if she undressed him with her eyes. Of course, he was right. He didn't think about that though, when that class ended. He still tried not to think about swabbing the deck with his dick out. He wasn't as suspicious as he should have been when Miss Devasquez kept him from leaving. "Kent? Could I have a word with you before you go? Brenda and Cindy? You too, please."

Kent and the two girls saw that Miss Devasquez didn't want to talk until all the other students were gone. Once she closed and locked the door, it was just the four of them. She sat at her desk while her students waited. She said to Kent, "You won't be present during the interview today, will you Kent?"

He couldn't help a tiny grin. He had been trapped in a bad dream, but at least today, he wouldn't be trapped with horrible Shelly in Miss Hartick's office. "No, I'm not."

"That's too bad. On the other hand, Chris, Dean, and Reggie will be more than enough for Shelly and Jasmine."

Brenda and Cindy looked slightly disappointed. Brenda said, "She got a ninety percent?"

"Ninety-five. She must have really wanted in that room."

Kent couldn't help asking, "So you let her in to watch Shelly because she got a good test grade?"

"That's right. Brenda and Cindy took the same make-up test. They didn't quite make it, but they were so close. Brenda got an eighty-nine and Cindy got an eighty-eight. It doesn't seem fair to me that they should be denied that treat when they were so close. I can't let them go to the interview though. A deal's a deal. So I thought you might help us with that."

"What? Oh no."

“Don’t be like that, Kent. Do these girls a favor. They worked hard for it. They won’t get to see the three naked boys later today, but I thought you’d make a great consolation prize. So how about you pull your pants down and let the girls see what you’ve got.”

Brenda and Cindy were wide-eyed and smiling. Kent was horrified. “Miss Devasquez, that’s not fair! I didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Well, of course, you didn’t, handsome. It’s never a punishment when we make you boys strip down. You should be comfortable when naked for the girls. You should treat it as a privilege.”

“Miss Devasquez, can’t I just go?”

Miss Devasquez smiled wickedly. She couldn’t help it. “I’m afraid not. I want you to act like a gentleman about it, and try not to complain.”

Brenda and Cindy both stared nervously at the handsome baseball player. Miss Devasquez said, “I will write a note for each of you, to excuse your tardiness to your next class. That doesn’t mean we have all day though. Kent, show the girls your penis.”

Kent stared at the floor as his hands started to undo his pants. The girls both mumbled little half words of delight as they waited for the unveiling. Kent stalled as much as he could, but there was no escape. He slid his pants down, and then he fumbled his underwear down too. He managed to keep his hands under control. He felt an overwhelming urge to cover up, but he didn’t. He just let the girls stare in wonder with big eyes and happy smiles.

“He did it! He really did it! We can see his dick!” “Oh, that thing is great! HmHmMMmm! M-Miss Devasquez? Can he maybe take his shirt off?”

“Oh, come on!” Kent said.

“Don’t be like that,” Miss Devasquez said. “She’s right, it would be better if you wore less. Off with it.”

“This is so unfair. You shouldn’t get to do this to us just because we’re on the baseball team.” Even as he complained though, he complied, and bared more of his sexy body. He had to hear the girls’ little sounds get louder and happier.

Miss Devasquez stared as much as the girls did. She had seen Kent’s naked body three times already, but that didn’t make the sight any less inspiring. For Kent, it was no less embarrassing. He finally gave in to his impulses and threw his hands over his tool. “Can’t I go yet?”

Miss Devasquez leaned back and explained, “Not yet. I’m not through enjoying this, so I know the girls aren’t. I’ll tell you what. If you get a good erection going, I’ll count this as extra credit. It’ll help your grade.”

“I don’t want extra credit! I just want to get dressed!”

“Move your hands.”

Kent angrily threw his hands aside again only to hear a pair of high-pitched giggles from the girls. Brenda sighed and said, “He’s got a bigger dick than the other boys did.”

Cindy said, “Will he get hard too?”

“No” Kent said. It was no good though. He knew it was a lost cause. He felt his embarrassment move through his body and rush into his loins. “Oh man.” Much to the delight the girls and Miss Devasquez, he chose that moment to start. It was a slow march upwards for his member as his face turned a lighter but brighter shade of red. “Not this, not this. I hate this! Miss Devasquez, don’t let them look! Let me get dressed now!” She didn’t even answer him. She just mercilessly watched as he arrived at a full hard-on for their unblinking eyes.

Miss Devasquez stood up and said with a carefree voice, “Well, I guess that’ll improve your grade, young man. Well done. I knew you could do it.”

Even though it had happened before, Kent was shocked by his own body’s unwelcome reaction to all that attention. He didn’t even think as he let Miss Devasquez take his hand and lead him forward a few steps to the girls. Once Miss Devasquez let go of his hand, she grabbed his penis. Kent made a funny sound of embarrassment. Miss Devasquez told the girls, “You can have a quick feel too, if you want. Then we really do have to let this sexy young man get on with his school day.”

Brenda didn’t have to be told twice. She wasn’t timid at all, as she wrapped her eager fingers around his shaft. She slid her hand up slowly, and loved the feel. Then she let her fingertips play along the head of his penis a bit before she let Cindy have a turn.

Cindy was a bit intimidated, but she didn’t miss out. She made sure to get a handle on his handle while she grinned and giggled. She wanted more than that, so she ran her hand up his body to feel his physique before she took another quick fondle of penis. “Oh, this is so good. If this is what we get for our grades, I’m really jealous of Jasmine.”

Miss Devasquez was glad that she would be there at the interview. She had waited for that for some time. Before she could let this interlude end though, she said to the girls, “Tell Kent thank you.”

“Oh, THANK YOU, KENT!” “MMMmmm-hmmm! Thank you forever!”

Kent picked up his shirt and got dressed while the girls watched. Miss Devasquez told him, “I hope you do well at the Bluff Lake game tomorrow.”

“Yeah. Whatever.”

For Cindy and Brenda that was the treat of the year. Not only did they get to see another naked stud, this time they were able to feel him up. For Miss Devasquez though, it was just an appetizer. She could hardly contain her excitement. She never got to lead a pregame interview before. Miss Hartick had explained it to her. In fact, Miss Hartick had even made it clear that the pregame interviews didn’t have to be as restrained as the locker room interviews. She encouraged Miss Devasquez to really have fun with it and let Shelly be creative.

And Now, the Interview

Shelly and Miss Devasquez had talked it out before, so Shelly was as excited as Miss Devasquez. She did this before of course, but she was still as thrilled as ever at the thought of forcing some hot athletes to strip naked for her. There was just no limit to this entertainment.

After school though, on her way to Miss Hartick's office, she had a little trouble. The girlfriends of the athletes had harassed her more and more lately, and started to get a bit out of hand. Shelly had always heard insults, and was almost used to jealous girls who would knock her books out of her arm or write dirty things on her locker. Lately these angry girlfriends seemed a bit organized. They weren't even friends with each other, but they would be together at times to stand in Shelly's way, to cut in line in front of her several girls at a time. It got a bit intimidating.

What happened partway to the interview though was a small step in a bad direction. Shelly saw Lita and Bobbi, along with a few other girls. She didn't see any real way to avoid them, so she tried to look away and walk past while she heard the whispers. Anyway, Miss Armstrong was right there. The girls couldn't cause a real problem with a teacher right there, could they?

Then Lita, a tall girl, strode right at Shelly and ran into her, which knocked her down hard. Shelly was more surprised than hurt, but she still stared up in wonder at Lita's arrogant smile. Lita said, "Why don't you watch where you're going? You could get hurt."

Shelly staggered to her feet as she glanced over at Miss Armstrong. Shelly felt intimidated again since Miss Armstrong smiled. Miss Armstrong had tried to stop the interviews for a while. It looked as if she had finally decided that she didn't have to play by the rules. Miss Armstrong walked over and told Shelly, "I saw that. If you pick fights with other girls, Shelly, then you're going to get yourself in real trouble. I'll let it go this time, but I can't overlook it again."

What could Shelly say? She turned away from the laughing girls and tried to get to the interview on time. She felt terrible until she got there. Then she started to feel better once she saw that everyone else had already arrived. Shelly wasn't about to let the mean girls ruin her fun. She would continue to strip their boyfriends. This time the boyfriends in question were Dean, Chris, and Reggie. Those three baseball boys already looked miserable, stood there, and waited for their inevitable embarrassment. Miss Devasquez sat at Miss Hartick's desk with a huge smile. She wouldn't pretend that she didn't love this. Along with those two regulars, were three other lusty females, breathless with anticipation. Jasmine was there, of course. Miss Devasquez was true to her word. Jasmine had aced the test, so now she would get to see three bare baseballers. Shelly had also invited her editor, Nancy. The other one wasn't a student though. Shelly had already promised to get some more boys naked for Coach Young, so she and Miss Devasquez had her tag along to see this.

Coach Young couldn't wait. She had been denied access to the locker room interviews, but she was here now, ready to see three boys naked who weren't even on her weightlifting team. She felt flutters of excitement that made her occasionally shudder in delight. This was really happening! Sexy boys were forced to get naked while she watched!

Miss Devasquez managed to get her own urges under control enough that she could get into character. "All right then. Before we begin, boys, I want each of you to take one of these." She had a Prellis baseball cap for each of them. Then she explained to Coach Young, Nancy, and Jasmine, "Ordinarily we don't like to let the boys cover at all. This time though, just in the interest of helping the interview, Shelly and I have decided to let the boys use these baseball caps to cover their essentials." To the boys she said, "I expect you to show complete composure while you undress and answer the questions. What's more, whenever Shelly tells you to, you'll move those caps so that we can all see your penises. Understand?"

The boys all gave angry glances while they took their caps. They hated being made to strip down; even more so, being told they were selfish for hating it. Yet, most of all, they hated being toyed with. This baseball cap idea was just another way for the women to tease and taunt them. The boys could already imagine themselves standing there naked, holding hats over their cocks.

Reggie was true to form. His cockiness vanished as he started to slip off his clothes. He shook with embarrassment as he felt the eyes on his body. Chris was so nervous that he had a hard time getting his clothes off. Dean was the first one to take off everything. He turned away from the girls so they wouldn't get to see his goods, but he heard gasps, giggles, and Shelly's wolf whistle as soon as they saw his bare ass.

He considered turning around with his cock in full view. He knew they would get to see it anyway. Why give them the satisfaction of giving him a little cover only to take it away? He stood there; back to them all while he tried to work up the nerve. He just couldn't do it. All he could think about was the fact that he was naked in front of five happy females. He stood there starkers except for the baseball cap that protected him like a fig leaf.

The girls were delighted to see Reggie's butt before he turned back around with a cap for cover. Chris was next. He blushed delightfully when he turned around. Jasmine felt as if she couldn't blink if she tried.

"This is great! Look at how naked they are!"

Miss Devasquez couldn't hide her smile. "Oh, buck up, boys. It's not as bad as all that. Show a little self-respect. I swear, I don't know why you boys have to act so bashful about this."

Dean glared at her. "Can we just get this over with?"

Miss Devasquez knew she should have been upset with him, but she just loved his defiance while he stood there bare body wonderful. She couldn't let him get away with that though, so she decided to draw out the embarrassment a bit. "Jasmine?"

"Y-yes?" She couldn't tear her eyes away from those bodies.

"Before they leave here, these boys will bare their penises for you. Which penis do you most look forward to seeing?"

The boys' jaws dropped. Would they just be sized up before the humiliation? Jasmine finally looked away from the boys. She blushed just as they did. She smiled, but she couldn't help a delightful embarrassment at talking about the naked boys while they listened. She almost couldn't stand it, but she admitted, "I, uh, I really have a crush on Chris. Reggie and Dean are hot, but I really want to see Chris." She made eye contact with Chris, and he glanced away. She blushed again while her eyes roamed all over him.

Miss Devasquez said, "Nancy?" Nancy wasn't even a little bothered to answer. She warmed up and grinned as evil as Shelly ever did. "Well, I've seen Chris naked before."

"You have?" Jasmine asked.

"Oh yeah. I've seen Reggie's dick too. I've even felt Reggie's dick while he was hard up."

"You got to do what?" Jasmine demanded.

Nancy smiled at her. "I haven't seen Dean's dick yet though. I can't wait for that."

Miss Devasquez said, “Coach Young? Which boy has your eye?”

“Me?” She couldn’t believe this. She knew this would be a show, but this was unlike the naked weigh-in she’d been there to see. Her heart pounded as she let her eyes wander over the boys. “I don’t know. I want to, Oh, I’m sorry boys, but I want to see all of them uncovered. Oh goodness, I guess, I guess, oh, I can’t pick one. They’re all, uh, they’re all...”

“They’re all hot,” Shelly said. “Miss Devasquez and I have already seen all three of these boys butt naked. You won’t be disappointed. Can I start the interview now, Miss Devasquez?”

“Naturally.”

Shelly asked Jasmine and Nancy, “I’ll start with Chris, and save Dean for last.”

“Sounds good to me,” Nancy said. Jasmine looked Chris over yet again.

“Mm-hm.”

Chris shivered a moment. He was about to give up his modesty again. With nothing but his hat as cover, he clenched his eyes shut tight and waited for it. Then Shelly said, “So, Chris, you had that issue with your shoulder. How’s that coming along?”

“Wh-what? Oh, uh, it wasn’t really a serious injury at all. I’m already recovered.”

“We’re all glad to hear that. Will you play in tomorrow’s game for certain then?”

“Yeah. I can’t wait.”

“Neither can anyone else. Now, tomorrow before the game- Oh wait, I forgot for a moment, could you put that cap on while I interview you?”

Chris froze. For a moment, he had almost thought he’d be spared. How did Shelly do that? Then she wanted him to wear the hat. What she really meant was that she wanted the hat out of the way so all the girls could see his dick.

Miss Devasquez had to urge him on. “Chris? Shelly asked you to move that hat.”

“I – I uh, but,” he glanced around helplessly. “Jasmine, tell her to let me keep the hat here. Please?”

Jasmine did have a crush on him. She’d already admitted to it. She really wanted to do him that favor and save him. Then again, she also really, really wanted to see his penis. She couldn’t answer until Shelly asked her, “Should he move that?” Jasmine gave the littlest devilish grin as she nodded. Chris groaned as he moved the hat aside. All the women inhaled sharply at the sight. He’d heard that sound before, and he hated it every time.

Shelly said, “Put the hat on, Chris, so that you look like a baseball player.”

“A NAKED baseball player!” Nancy added.

Chris had a wonderful pink blush as he capitulated. Jasmine stared happily at his manhood. She had to ask, “Do a lot of girls get to see his penis?”

“Oh yeah,” Shelly said. “Miss Devasquez, Nancy, and I have seen him naked before. So had Miss Hartick, Mindy, and, uh, let’s see if I remember, Gayla, Allison, Jean, Leslie, Nina, Aurora. Oh yeah, and Greta, too. And now you and Coach Young. Wow. More than a dozen girls have seen him like this. You can tell that he has a hard time with it still. Why is that,

Chris?”

“Can you just ask me the sports questions again?”

“You’re right, Chris. I don’t want to get too distracted from my job. You’re not helping me out with that though. Really, Chris, I almost have to wait now that you’re lifting up for us.”

Chris was usually quiet, but this time, he wailed, “Let me cover up!”

“No way!” Nancy said.

Jasmine was all aflutter. “Look at him get hard!”

Miss Devasquez agreed, “If you really didn’t want our attention, Chris, then you shouldn’t have done that.”

Chris felt all the dignity drain out of him, replaced by flowing, angry shame. His penis rose so slowly while they all stared. “This isn’t fair!”

Coach Young was breathless. “He’s gorgeous. Look at that, uh,”

“Dick!” Nancy said. “Look at that dick!”

Miss Devasquez said, “It really is a shame that the boys can’t get over their embarrassment.”

Jasmine giggled, and never took her eyes off Chris’s hard-on. “I don’t think so. I love the way they blush. Hee-hee! Look at him when he wiggles!”

Chris hated that. He couldn’t just hold still, even though he knew that any little motion made his stiffy sway for the girls. The interview rules didn’t allow him to cover his goods, so he covered his eyes instead. The burning blush in his face was almost as terrible a feeling as that involuntary erection. Shelly started in on the interview again while he tried to pretend he wasn’t naked. He couldn’t see the girls, but he could hear them whisper and giggle. When she had only a couple questions left, Shelly gently urged his hand away from his eyes, and made him endure the stares. He flushed red again. “Am I done?”

“I need you to pay attention, Chris. You had a hard time.”

As though he would have an easier time this way. He got through it though. Once Shelly said she had enough, his wavering voice asked, “Can I, can I put the hat back? Where I want it to be, I mean?”

The girls all giggled again, which only sent another shiver of embarrassment through him. Miss Devasquez gave her lusty smile as she looked him over. “I tell you what, Chris. If you can put that hat there without having to hold on, then you can cover up.”

“What? Oh, come on!” Chris was full of indignation, except for that one part that the ladies were all most interested in. Right there it was like a boundary, anger in his body except for his dick where he could feel only cold embarrassment. He knew that as ridiculous as he’d feel if he hung his hat on his hard-on, that it was better than just keeping it out pointing to the sky where the girls could enjoy the sight. His fingers fluttered like butterfly wings as he balanced the hat. The girls all loved the sight. It was a chorus of merrily abusive laughter as he stood there, hands at his side, protected only by the fact that he had reacted so strongly to his embarrassment.

Shelly moved over a few steps. “Well, I guess that means it’s your turn, Reggie. Move that

hat and show us your dick.”

His head twitched. He tried to think of a way to stall, but he couldn't. He just stood there, mute and dreaded the next moment. Miss Devasquez had to urge him on. “Reggie, either show us your penis, right now, or you'll end up naked in detention.”

“But I... I...” He couldn't think of a thing to say. He tried to look cool about it, as he snapped the hat up onto his head. That lasted a split second. Then he threw his hands over his cock.

Nancy and Jasmine loved his discomposure. “What's the matter, Reggie?”

“Don't you want us to look at your goods?”

Reggie tried to give them an angry look, but he couldn't bear to look any of them in the eye. Miss Devasquez said, “Move the hands. Now.”

Reggie clenched his eyes shut as he moved his hands to surrender his dignity. Then his eyes opened wide. “No! No! No!” This was what he feared. His dick started to lift right away. Smiling females had him surrounded, and his penis shot up as fast as it could for them all. He had to struggle to keep his hands at his sides.

Shelly looked up from the stunning salute to his remarkably bashful eyes. He almost looked better when the cockiness was forced out of his face. She said, “Your performance just continues to improve in every game, Reggie. What's it like to be such a rising star?”

“What did you say?” He had heard what she said, along with the laughter from Jasmine, Nancy, and even from Coach Young! He couldn't help it. He grabbed his cap and clapped it over his stick. Miss Devasquez let her irritation show. “Reggie! You stop that this instant! That's better. The girls are here to see what you've got, so let them look. In fact, you can apologize.”

Reggie stared at Miss Devasquez in horror. Then he stared at the others. They didn't look at his dick, rather they looked him square in the eye, and waited to see what he would say. What he wanted to say wasn't anything he could say though. Not if he wanted to continue to play baseball and stay on Miss Hartick's good side. He took a moment to settle his panic, then he said, “Okay, okay. I'm very sorry that I covered my dick. Go ahead,” he had to stop a second to force the words out, “go ahead and look at me.” He couldn't believe he had said all that. A simple ‘I'm sorry’ would have been good enough probably, but the threat of another detention made him compliant. He still had flashbacks to his interview in the coach's office, alone with Miss Devasquez, Mindy, and Shelly.

Reggie felt as if he could just melt with shame while he let the girls stare at his unwilling stiffy. He managed to get through the interview without any more incidents though. Chris didn't though. Partway through Reggie's interview, while the girls stared at someone else, Chris's penis lost some of its swagger. Instead of standing, it started to slouch a bit, and that hat fell right off, and dropped his modesty with it.

“Awp!” He immediately covered with his hands. Instead of Miss Devasquez correcting him though, Coach Young let her impulses get the better of her. She said, “Chris, you can't do that. Move your hands to give us another peek.”

Surprisingly, his penis continued to decline slightly as he asked, “Can I at least use the cap again?”

“I don’t know why you’d bother,” Miss Devasquez said. “We’ll just make you move it again. But if you really can’t take it, then go ahead.”

Chris picked the baseball cap back up so that he could have some cover again for as long as it would last. He knew they loved it that he would try to protect his pride. He knew that they loved it when they made him give himself up again. He couldn’t bring himself to leave his dick out there for them though. It was all too humiliating.

While Reggie stood there stiff and Chris stood there blushing, Shelly finished the second part of her interview. Next was Dean. She saw the frantic look on him. He hoped for some way to escape, but he was hers again. Before she started there, she saw Reggie move his cap down. She gave her evil half smile. “Ah ah ah, Reggie. You can use the cap, but only if it can hang there on its own. If you really want to keep it from falling, just think about all the girls that have already seen everything you have.”

Jasmine was eager to hear that. She’d loved the look on Chris’s face when Shelly listed the girls that had seen his dick. Reggie tried to act as if he didn’t care while Shelly went through her memory. “Let’s see, I’ve seen you naked, of course. Miss Hartick, Miss Devasquez, Mindy, and Miss Bridle as well. Greta saw his dick. So did Hannah, Aurora, Wendy, Allison, Nina, Tatiana, Jean, and Nancy of course. Oh yeah, Miss Fox and Miss Armstrong did too, even if Miss Armstrong had to pretend she didn’t like it. How anyone could dislike that delicious rod of his, I don’t know.” The girls all had another giggle at Reggie’s expense.

“But now it’s your turn, Dean. Before you move that cap and give the girls what they want, let me see if I can remember everyone who’s gotten a look at your tool. Me, of course. Miss Hartick, Miss Devasquez, Mindy, Miss Bridle, Miss Armstrong and Miss Fox. Jean, Greta and Gayla. Wendy, Aurora, Hannah, Nina, Allison, Tatiana, hey wait! You have too seen Dean’s dick, Nancy.”

“Well, yeah, but I haven’t seen him get hard. He will get hard won’t he?”

“No!” he said, and hoped beyond hope that he might finally resist the call to arms.

Miss Devasquez sounded condescending. “Now don’t be like that, Dean. The girls want to see your stiffy. I expect you to give them a good show. Once you’re bare, I want you to harden right up for these girls. All right?”

Dean didn’t answer. He just moved his cap so that they wouldn’t have the pleasure of demanding him to do it. Right away, every female eye turned to his penis. He said, “God, you’re all a bunch of perverts! Why do you make us do this?”

Shelly smiled. “Seventeen girls have seen you naked before. Now Jasmine and Coach Young have too. That’s nearly twenty girls who have now seen your dick. Come on, be a sport, and stiffen up.”

“Would you do your job, already?”

Shelly figured she might as well. “You’re looking forward to tonight’s game, right?”

“At the moment, I can’t even think about it.”

“So what are you thinking about?” She chuckled. “It looks as if you’ll give us a stiffy show after all.”

Dean's eyes were furious, but he blushed at the same time. His penis moved ever so slowly, but it did move. He had to look away from the girls, but the girls stared at his gradual change of direction. Shelly kept up the interview while he kept up that wonderfully entertaining, suspenseful rise. She didn't have too many questions left after the other two boys, but she was careful to draw them out long enough that he got his apex before she was done.

When it was over, Dean snapped the cap off his head and hung it on his dick. He still felt horribly embarrassed, but at least he was covered.

"There. Can we get dressed now?"

"You're joking, right?" Shelly asked Miss Devasquez, "He thinks they're done. Are they done?"

Miss Devasquez managed to sound completely serious. "Now, Dean, you know that wouldn't be fair to the girls."

"Oh come on!" "Don't make us do any more." "Th-th-this isn't f-f-fair!"

Miss Devasquez shook her head. "Why do you boys always say it's unfair? You still don't understand, I guess. Well, maybe we can convince you eventually. You just have to get used to this. It's for your own good, and the girls certainly benefit from it. Now put those caps back on your heads so the girls can get a feel of those siffies."

Coach Young was startled. "Feel? They're going to feel the boys?"

"Don't worry, Coach. You can have a handful of those handles too if you want."

Coach Young was amazed. "Do you do that often?"

"Certainly. You sound unsure. You don't have to step past your comfort zone if you don't want. It would be good for the girls to see that grown women have the same urges they do though. I certainly will enjoy these young men's charms." With that, Miss Devasquez stood up and strode over to nervous Chris.

Chris's eyes were huge until he felt Miss Devasquez's hand on his cock. Then his eyes shut tight. He couldn't even comment when he heard her say, "See, he doesn't mind so much. Granted, the boys don't seem to approve, but they're learning that girls' desires are as important as a boys'." Miss Devasquez slid her hand up and down that wonderful penis slowly. "I really am grateful at how quickly you got back to full arousal once you put that hat back on." She let him go and turned to the anxious audience. "Now girls, we need to be orderly about this. Form a line. Take turns. Start with Chris, and work your way across. Speaking of which, I believe Reggie is next."

He took a step away. "Miss Devasquez, no! There's too many of you!"

"Don't be ridiculous. Plenty of girls have felt you up before. Now come here. If you don't, I'll come to you." She did just that. She ran her hands down his awesome body to his erection while Shelly had her way with Chris's penis. One by one, every boy found his dick in the hand of every girl, first Miss Devasquez, then Shelly, then Jasmine, then Nancy, then Coach Young. Coach Young wasn't sure she would follow through, but as soon as she was close to Chris's inspiring scepter, she just didn't have much choice. She couldn't let the students have all that fun without taking some herself.

“Thank you, Chris! You’re so good looking and well built. This penis of yours marvelous. Oh, I love the way you blush. Don’t look away. Look me in the eye. OoOOoooOoH I love this!” She couldn’t believe her good fortune. One after another, she fondled the rods of three very sexy, naked baseball players.

The boys couldn’t believe it. The embarrassing parade of touches seemed as if there nothing else happening. The boys tried to think of anything else, but they were completely focused on the sensation of hand after hand on their boners.

“We’re almost finished,” Miss Devasquez said.

“Almost!” Reggie shouted.

Shelly loved this. The boys thought they were off the hook, but the ladies were entitled to as much fun as they could get away with. Shelly told him, “We have a tradition. At the end of a special interview, we give the boys an autograph.”

The boys had seen the names written on the butts of other boys in the locker room. “Oh no.” “Not that.” “Why do you even want to do that?”

Miss Devasquez uncapped the marker she had on the desk. “I talked to Miss Hartick about this. She doesn’t actually approve of it. However, she knows that it’s happened every time, so she said it would be okay. Now, to be fair, we’ll let the new girl go first. Jasmine, would you care to write your name on Chris’s butt?”

Jasmine’s eyes and Jasmine’s smile were impossibly big. She took the marker with trembling fingers. “Can I really do that?”

Chris forced out the stammer, “I thought, I thought, you said, um, that y-y-you had a crush on me.”

“Mm-Hm!” Jasmine said happily, and stared at his naked body. Chris wanted to say something about how she should leave him alone then, but he couldn’t since Miss Devasquez turned him around. She urged him with her hands on his shoulders. “Let’s see that butt, young man.”

Chris blushed all over again at the sound of the tittering sighs from every girl who stared at his backside. Jasmine knelt down and tried to get ready to write her name. It was harder than it seemed. She broke out with laughter at what she was about to do. It took her a bit to get control over herself. She put her hand on the bottom of his butt and she almost had the marker to his skin when she started to laugh again. She shook too much to write. Chris shot a look over his shoulder. “Could you get it over with?”

She had to squeeze her words around her giggles. “You want me to put my name on you?”

“No”

She got her laughter under control again. “I’m sorry Chris. Let me take a deep breath. Hee hee hee! Oh my gosh! I’m writing my name on Chris’s butt!” And she was. She still laughed, but managed to scrawl her name there. “Tee hee hee! Oh, that was great!”

“Can I get dressed now?” Chris pled.

“Not yet,” Miss Devasquez said, “because the other boys need their autographs too. I can’t let you get dressed while they’re still naked, can I? You can turn back around though so that we

can get another look at that marvelous penis of yours.”

As Chris reluctantly turned back toward them, they had Reggie turn away from them. Miss Devasquez handed the marker to Coach Young. “Your turn.”

“Me?”

“Why not? Miss Bridle has signed more than one boy’s butt.”

“Not really!”

“Oh yeah, go ahead and give Reggie a reminder.”

Coach Young got down on knee and put her name on him. She took no time at all, but she did take a good squeeze of his other cheek. “There’s my name on Reggie’s fine ass. I almost like that as much as I like to look at their penises. No, not that much. Turn around, Reggie.”

“C-Coach Young..”

“Turn around! I want another look.” She had to practically push him to get him started moving, but there it was, his hard penis right there in front of her. She didn’t just get another look; she helped herself to a playful squeeze before she stood back up.

Dean shivered slightly now that it was his turn. The suspense had been awful. Now he would have to let some girl sign him like a baseball card. “Who, uh, who gets to- You know, I don’t even care.” With a surprising amount of dignity, he turned around. If he hadn’t still been shaking just slightly, and if that dick weren’t still standing tall, no one would have known he was embarrassed.

“Can I?” Nancy said. They handed her the marker and she put her name on his right cheek. Then she gave him a pinch and a caress on the other side.

After Miss Devasquez told Dean to turn back around, and staring at the trio of hard-ons, she said, “Well, only Shelly and I are left. One of you is lucky enough to have only one name. The others will have two autographs.”

“Wait,” Shelly said. “What about Mrs. Baker in the front office? Last time I brought Tommy to the front office so she could sign him.”

“That’s a great idea.” Miss Devasquez loved the loud groan from the boys. “Who will volunteer?” Of course, the boys all looked away.

Shelly said, “Dean is probably the closest to Mrs. Baker’s taste.”

“You might be right. I’m sure she’d love to see any of these boys, but Dean is a good choice.”

Shelly grabbed Dean by the hand and led him along. Dean quickly put his cap over his goods. “Wait! Out there? What if, what if, AH!” Dean was stunned that Shelly led him along out in the open. Shelly had hoped to see a girl or two waiting right outside the door, just like last time, but she had no such luck. Unfortunately for Dean, Mrs. Baker wasn’t the only one in the office. “Oh no! Shelly, you can’t bring me in here!”

A teacher and Daphne, one of her students, were talking to Mrs. Baker. Mrs. Robbins said, “Oh my word! Sally told me about this, but I didn’t expect the boys would really be naked.”

Daphne had to whisper, “Are we allowed to look at him?”

Shelly said, "Of course, you are. The boys need to learn to deal with their nudity. In fact, Dean, why don't you move that cap so the ladies can see what you've got?"

"No"

"Go on," Shelly said with a coaxing voice, "give them a thrill."

Mrs. Robbins couldn't take her eyes off Dean, but she said, "Th-that's not really necessary."

Daphne said, "Don't say that! I want to see!"

"No," Dean repeated. "This is stupid. Shelly let me go back to Miss Hartick's office."

"Not yet. Mrs. Baker hasn't signed you yet."

"What does that mean?" Daphne wanted to know.

Shelly didn't answer that. She knew how to get Dean to play along. She whispered in his ear, "Move the cap or I'll interview you after the next five practices, and I'll always bring along two other girls. Imagine being fondled by two different girls after every practice."

Dean stiffened, but not his dick, because that was already as hard as it could get. His posture straightened up totally. He couldn't help but imagine girl after girl, day after day, handle his goods. He whispered back to Shelly, "Do I have to let these ones touch me?"

Shelly giggled at the bartering. "No. Well, maybe Mrs. Baker if she feels that bold. Not the others."

Dean breathed in deep, swallowed his pride, and moved his cap aside, and bared himself for them. There he was, nice and hard, reaching upward with strength and virility, if not pride. Daphne got the funniest expression ever as she stared. She hadn't really thought she'd get to see that. She certainly didn't expect it to make her feel so funny all at once. Mrs. Robbins also had wide eyes at the sight. She didn't know what she was supposed to do. How was she expected to handle this? She did the opposite of what she wanted. "Okay, we've had our fun, Daphne. Let's get back to class now."

"AAW! Come on, Mrs. Robbins! It's not every day you get to see some naked hunk in school! Oh my gosh, look at how much he's blushing! Shelly, why do you get to do this?" She continued to yammer as Mrs. Robbins urged her out the door.

Shelly sighed contentedly. "Well, that was fun, but now we're alone with Mrs. Baker. Come on over so she can put her name on you."

Mrs. Baker was grateful beyond words. She thanked Shelly repeatedly, but she was also surprised. "He already has a name on him!"

"Yeah, that's Nancy, my editor. We had to let you have another boy to sign though. Don't worry. He doesn't mind. Do you Dean?"

Dean hated Shelly in that moment, but he remembered her threat of continuous interviews. As bad as this was, at least it would be over soon. He mumbled, "Go ahead, Mrs. Baker." Mrs. Baker could tell how much it bothered him, but she couldn't manage to let that bother her. She gave a girlish giggle as she took the marker and carefully put a perfect signature on the young man's wonderful bum. "I really do appreciate this, Dean. Could you turn back around so that I can see that thing of yours again? Oh, THANK YOU! Oh, I don't know why you boys get so

hard, but I'm so glad you do!"

Shelly had hoped that Mrs. Baker might take some liberty with him, but that didn't happen. Shelly led the blushing boy away to where the others were waiting. When she got back to Miss Hartick's office, Shelly had to take a moment to figure out what was going on. Miss Devasquez had the girls playing a game. She had enjoyed the ring toss game from her last detention and wished she remembered to bring the rings with her. That was okay, because she had something else for fun. The women took turns gently lobbing the baseball caps at the boys, to try and get them to stay on an upright penis.

Shelly said, "Oh, that's great! Can I have a turn?"

"It's hard to do," Jasmine said, and handed Shelly a cap. "Nancy got one to stay once."

Coach Young bragged, "I got a cap on the flagpole three times."

Shelly tossed one carefully at Chris. Reggie didn't want to be a target again, so he said, "They're back, so aren't we all done?"

Shelly picked the cap up and got back into throwing position. "Miss Devasquez and I haven't signed you boys yet." She tossed it at Reggie, but she couldn't get it stay there.

Coach Young picked it up. "Look, you have to throw it up high." She tossed a perfect shot that dropped right onto Reggie's waiting boner. There the cap stayed, and protected his penis from view. Instead of that pleasing him, he blushed furiously as the girls applauded Coach Young's skill.

Miss Devasquez got the marker ready. "Reggie's right though. Playtime's over. Shelly's right too though. Two more names have to be written. She looked back and forth at naked Chris and naked Reggie. She gave Reggie a wicked smile. "Ready, Reggie?"

"Miss Devasquez, please don't do that. It's too much. I just want to put my pants back on."

She ignored him of course. When she got close, he started to turn around, but she stopped him. "Uhn-uhn, Reggie. Stay right where you are. I'm putting my name on this," she said as she ran her fingertips along his cock. Reggie mumbled some complaint, but no one could hear it. Miss Devasquez pushed his penis down horizontally so she could get to the other side of it. That's where she wanted her name, where it would be visible when he wasn't hard. She heard Reggie's squeaky little sound of embarrassment as she carefully put her name there.

She handed the marker to Shelly, who stepped over to Chris. "Is your dick ready for my name, Chris?"

"Oh m-m-man!"

He couldn't stand completely still while she held his penis out as Miss Devasquez did. She complimented him, "You're so hard, Chris! I'm surprised you boys don't pass out from the exertion." The boys felt like passing out all right, but from embarrassment. At least with Shelly's last little torment finished, the women allowed them to get dressed. The girls ogled them the whole time. Miss Devasquez said to them, "Thank you, boys. This was more fun than a teacher should have. And Reggie, I can't wait to see my name on you the next time I come to the locker room."

Chapter 35

Journalism Party

The pregame interview had not only been a lot of fun, it had been a great success for the team as well. Chris, Dean, and Reggie played a great game. Their skills were at their height during the game just as their penises had been at their heights during the interview. The school was so thrilled with the spectacular performance of their baseball team that no one paid much attention to the fact that a girl reporter could wander into the locker room at will. Prellis High was a sports school. School spirit soared at the team that wasn't just undefeated. They seemed undefeatable. The players themselves were heroes. In fact, most of the time they were so high on their victories and all the prestige from the win that they didn't feel the embarrassment of the forced nudity of the interviews. The boys had such a sense of pride that they felt no embarrassment except when the time came to entertain Shelly's perversions.

The baseball team wasn't the only group of studs that Shelly liked to take advantage of though. There was also that buffet of buff that was the weightlifting team, and that's where she headed next. It was a day for weightlifting practice, and Miss Hartick had something special in mind for it this time. Shelly trotted down the hallways happily to get to Miss Hartick's office.

"There's our star sports reporter," Miss Hartick said.

"And there's our brilliant vice principal," Shelly said. She was glad that Miss Hartick had waited outside that office. Not far from them were a few of the girls Shelly had recently avoided, girlfriends of the athletes she had stripped. Miss Armstrong wasn't far away either, so if Miss Hartick hadn't been there, Shelly might have had some trouble. As it was, she was safe. She was safe and she was happy. "Who do we have with us? Gayla, I'm glad you could make it. Nancy, Greta, Mina, hi."

Miss Hartick said, "It looks as if everyone's here. Girls, are you ready to go?" The girls were all smiles. Miss Hartick asked, "Shelly, this is a bit different from our other trips to the locker room. There won't be any interview this time. I want to make sure that the other girls get as much attention from the boys as you do."

"No problem," Shelly said happily. By now, she loved to embarrass the boys by baring them for many different girls. Besides, right now she could have some fun at the expense of those girlfriends that watched with cold eyes. Shelly just loved the way Miss Hartick had phrased that. They shared the boys' attention! While the boys hated being put on display, they demonstrated

their humiliation in the most pleasant way. Shelly told her guests, "You're really in for a treat." Shelly knew the other girls who listened had to hate her for that. As she walked past those icy athletes' girlfriends, Shelly gave them a look that told them to eat their hearts out.

"Isn't Miss Bridle coming?"

"She'll meet us there."

Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle led the girls down into the land of fantasy before the weightlifting practice finished. Without the boys in it, the locker room was a boring place. The wait seemed horribly long even though it wasn't. The anticipation made the girls so impatient.

Then the boys arrived. Billy was in the lead, happy with his progress during their training. Then he saw what awaited them. He stopped talking in midsentence. "Oh man." The other boys were as stunned as he was. "What is it this time?" "Can they keep doing this to us?" "I hope it's not me."

Miss Hartick shook her head a bit. "Is that really any way for you boys to behave? The baseball team never gave me this much trouble. You boys have been trouble since your first practice. We're not going to have this. Do you understand?"

The boys shuffled their feet and looked around. Denver was the one who managed to say, "I really don't. We do what you say."

"You boys act as if the girls are not welcome here. You act as if they are doing something wrong. I won't allow that kind of intolerance. Do you have any idea how horrible they must feel, knowing that you boys look down on them like that? You've made it hard for us to be lenient. I know that I have to make some allowances. I know that you boys aren't used to this. However, after both of your other practices there have been detentions. You boys are not behaving at all. I understand that you consider this your domain, and that girls aren't allowed. That kind of boys' club mentality will end."

Rick said, "Would you let us in the girls' locker room?"

Miss Hartick gave him those stony eyes and he shut right up. "That's what I'm talking about. Here we are, trying to break down sexist barriers, and you have to talk like a pervert. If I let you boys in the girls' locker room, then it would only heighten your sexist attitudes. Besides that, girls have a real need for modesty and privacy. You boys don't need any of that. You see the difference, right? I said, you see the difference, right?" Surprisingly, the boys did not voice their agreement. Miss Hartick told them, "You see how chauvinist you really are right now? Trying to deny the girls their place in this school?"

"Their place in our locker room?" Frank said.

"Enough! You refuse to learn by listening, and I suppose I knew you would. You will learn your lesson one way or another. I'm telling you that whether or not you believe it, you will get used to this. To start that, you boys line up and strip naked for these girls. All of you."

The girls all giggled or gasped. *All* of them? The girls knew they would be treated to the sight of some dick, but all the weightlifters' dicks? The boys were as stunned as the girls were and even more so. Their eyes were wide with embarrassed fright. Would Miss Hartick really strip them naked for these girls?

Miss Hartick saw that the boys lined up, even if they did it slowly. She said, “There won’t be any interview today. Today is just an exercise to help you boys get used to this. This shouldn’t so bother you, and you all know it. You will get past it all, starting now. You will bare your bodies for these girls and it doesn’t matter whether you want to or not. You will do it without complaint or hesitation. You will show these girls every bit of courtesy they are due. I know you don’t want to undress, but if you aren’t completely casual about the interview atmosphere, then Shelly can’t do her job. It’s time for you to take her seriously. And if I have to give even one detention, then I’ll have all nine of you stripped naked in a special assembly for an audience of thirty girls.”

The boys felt a cold horror. Not even Miss Hartick would do that, would she? She might. She wasn’t the kind of person who bluffed. She didn’t even have to bluff. Somehow, she had the entire authority of the school and the school board behind her perversions. There was no telling what she could get away with. When Miss Hartick told them to strip off their uniforms, they did it. They couldn’t bring themselves to do it fast. It was just too embarrassing to strip down to their underwear for seven pairs of lusty female eyes. It happened though, and the boys became a set of nine sexy, underwear clad studs. Almost all of their bodies were exposed, except for just that little bit.

The girls were all eyes. It looked as if none of them could blink. The boys felt the heat of all the stares move over their muscular bodies. Surprisingly, the girls were quiet. There had been murmurs and sighs as the uniforms had come off, but so far, that was all.

The lineup of buff boys was a wall of hotness. They stood there stock still, and refused to look in the direction of their audience. Miss Hartick saw that, and in her mind, it was the disrespect she tried to stamp out. Telling them where to look wouldn’t solve that though. She would tell them what they would wear, or rather, what they wouldn’t wear. “All right, we’ll do this one at a time so that the girls can really enjoy each of you. Wendell? Get that underwear off.”

His eyes shot open wide. He was terrified. He looked over at the girls only to wish he hadn’t. Why did she single him out first? He wasn’t even the first in line. Miss Hartick repeated herself. “Take it off, Wendell.”

The other guys could already imagine their fate if he didn’t. They urged him on. “Do it!” “Get on with it, man!” “What are you waiting for?”

Wendell shook all over a moment before he could swallow his pride. Then, with an enormous amount of regret, he started to slip his jockstrap down. Now the girls made noise. Shelly made sure to comment so that the other girls would know it was okay. “That’s it, hot stuff! Show us your dick!” “Woo woo! Look at him blush!” “God he’s hot!”

Wendell stepped out of his underwear and stood up, completely, totally bare-naked for the lusty girls. Miss Hartick told him, “Wendell, you can’t stare off into the corner like that. The idea here is for you to acknowledge the girls. Look this way. That’s better.” It looked as if he might faint. Seeing the girls look him over was awful. He felt a tidal wave of shame move through him.

Miss Hartick just moved on to her next choice. “Billy, get naked.”

“Oh man, oh no, oh man, oh no.” He slipped his underwear off and stood there naked in

front of five girls and two women. He forced himself to look over, but he couldn't make eye contact with them. How could he? The girls were all giggles and smiles while they boasted that they could see his penis. Greta even licked her lips.

Miss Hartick only had to say their names from then on. "Corbin."

Hearing his name made his blood go cold everywhere except in his loins where he could feel the heat of shame and embarrassment as soon as the girls could see it.

Nancy said, "Miss Hartick, can you make Rick go next!" Miss Hartick humored her,

"Rick, Nancy wishes to see you naked now. I'm sure the other girls look forward to it too."

"OH YEAH!" all the girls said. Rick blushed brightly as he quickly peeled away his dignity. He couldn't believe that this was the price to take part in the weightlifting program. He tried to imagine it wasn't happening. He almost thought he might try to imagine the girls naked, but then he realized that would give him an unwanted erection for their feasting eyes.

"Red?" Red gave them all an angry look, but he did as he was told. He stripped off and stood there penis bare, just another exhibit in the ongoing embarrassment museum that their locker room had become.

"Frank?" Frank almost hadn't heard his own name. He did his best to ignore the girls, so he almost got them all in trouble. Right before Miss Hartick had to repeat herself, he glanced over and saw all the expectant stares.

"My turn," he mumbled. He had a hard time forcing his fingers to move. As he slowly removed his jockstrap, he glanced over at the girls. He couldn't help it. He could feel all the embarrassment of this forced stripping push him to an early reaction. He tried to keep himself from stiffening, but it was no use. Right away, his penis started lifting. The other boys still pointed down, but not Frank. He needed the girls to look away. "Who's next?"

"We can wait," Miss Bridle said. "We can wait until you get all the way up."

"No! Come on! This isn't happening. This isn't happening. Stop it," he said to his own penis. It must have listened, because partway through its increase, just a bit above the halfway point, it slowed to a halt. He couldn't get it back down, but amazingly, his willpower won out over any upward progress. After several intense seconds, Greta let out a loud, "AaaAW!" The girls all giggled, and Frank blushed again, but his cock stubbornly refused to rise any more.

"Very good," Miss Hartick said. "Miss Bridle has convinced me that your erections are not a part of your vanity, but I still appreciate your attempts to control your urges."

"Which isn't to say you should be ashamed of those urges," Miss Bridle said quickly. She and Miss Hartick were in a constant tug of war about this idea. Miss Bridle thought the boys' erections were not only allowable, she thought they were important. She truly believed that encouraging the boys to cooperate with that physical tribute would finally be the thing to break through the boys' social inhibitions. "Any of the rest of you who react that way should feel free to do so. We not only understand, but most of us appreciate it." The girls all giggled at that. The boys all blushed. Rick and Billy started to rise up as though they had been invited to. It was a slow climb, but an evident one. Miss Bridle said, "See, doesn't it make you feel better to acknowledge your own sexuality. Go ahead and enjoy."

Enjoy? The boys all felt their stomachs turn. Did Miss Bridle really think they got their hard-ons because they enjoyed this? Their erections weren't pleasurable. Their unwilling erections were pure embarrassment, concentrated on the one bit of anatomy they wanted to hide most. The insult of that helped Rick and Billy out though. Neither of them got even quite halfway before their progress slowed to a crawl. The girls were all smugly disappointed. "They can get hard faster than that. I've seen it."

"Why aren't the others hard yet? I want to see all their dicks totally stiff."

The show had to go on. "Charlie?" Miss Hartick said.

"Yeah?"

She gave him a look. He knew what she wanted. She might have been more than just annoyed, but she knew that the girls loved to hear the words. It was so satisfying to hear the girls' eagerness when she told a boy what she was about to tell Charlie. "It's your turn now. Take that jockstrap off, so the girls can see your penis." As expected, the girls giggled and sighed while Charlie blushed furiously.

He didn't move right away though. "But, Miss Hartick, I, uh, I can't really, I mean... I'm going to..."

Miss Bridle saw a flash of real anger in Miss Hartick's eye. This wasn't supposed to be any kind of punishment for the boys. They were supposed to help the boys get accustomed to it. She told him gently, "Charlie, you know you have to do it. It really is for your own good. Believe me. Just ask the baseball players. They can still be nervous, but they don't mind getting naked for the girls as much now."

Charlie gave a funny look. He could tell that she really believed that. The weightlifters and the baseball players had talked to each other about this dreadful circumstance more than once. Charlie knew that the baseball players stayed as embarrassed as always. A couple had said that it became more humiliating as it went on, not less. There was no way to get used to this, nor any way to get out of it. He took a deep breath and dropped his underwear. He tried so hard to control his feelings, but he couldn't. This was what he had wanted to say. He knew that he was on the verge of an immediate stiffy. The girls were enamored with his bare penis right away, but that only got worse for him in the next moment. His cock grew and rose quickly for them all. He'd been naked for many girls already. He even had his erections fondled by some of them. He knew already that he would always feel the shame and embarrassment every time. This time a bunch of girls laughed at him while his cock gave them a show. His body went as rigid as his dick while the girls continued to chuckle, point, and make lewd comments.

Nancy looked across at the other boys. Rick, Frank, and Billy pointed out into the world. Charlie was already all the way there. Red, Wendell, and Corbin were still soft though. She had to ask, "Why aren't the others getting hard?"

"They will," Shelly said with a smile. "Just wait for it. Or then again, we might get some encouragement right now!" Having the girls look across expectantly had those three boys lift off. The girls had more fun to smile at and giggle over. Neither Red nor Wendell got all the way up though. Like Frank, they only rose partway up. Red was more than halfway, but Wendell was only at about seven o'clock. Corbin's stick kept up a slow march as the girls stared.

Miss Hartick was glad to see that the girls enjoyed this as much as they should. All the same,

she wanted to move this along. She made a point. "Terence?"

Terence's eyes got huge. He knew he would have to do this, but it was still a shock to hear his name and know it was a command for him to surrender his pride. It took him a moment to get past that shock, but then he complied. He didn't want to get hard, and he thought the anticipation was part of that. He peeled off his underwear very fast. He stood up tall with his nice cock on display for the girls. He looked proud while at the same time he blushed furiously. The girls practically held their breath, and waited for another rise. It didn't happen this time though.

Oh well. It was time for the last penis anyway. "Denver," Miss Hartick said. "You're the last one. Show the girls what you've got under that jockstrap."

He could have died of embarrassment just at hearing his name like that. He was the last one in line, and he was the last one chosen to strip off. He stole a glance at his audience. They stared at him. There were eight naked boys in that lineup, but everyone watched him as his unsteady fingers slipped his jockstrap off. The girls made their little sounds of lust as they saw his package. Greta really enjoyed that the most. She liked him the most since they lived next door to each other. She had seen him naked already, but that had only made her want more. "I love to see you naked, Denver. I always wanted to, and now I've seen you naked twice. Will you get hard for us again?"

"No!" Despite his claim, he was. He could feel it right away with all those eyes trained on his goods. It was as if he was under a microscope. He couldn't help it, and felt all the embarrassment rush to his member. "Oh man!" The girls all giggled again once they could see his dick move. It was slow, but it kept rising. Denver reached full arousal right away. That was all of them, stripped nude for the smiling girls. It was a lineup of pointing penises. Not one boy had been able to hold out that long. All of them had started. It was quite a display, a row of penises at various stages.

Mina was breathless. "Can you believe we can see the whole weightlifting team lined up naked like that?"

"Oh, I've seen it before," Shelly said happily.

"You have?"

Greta said, "So have I. I was there too. It was at the weigh-in. They had to take off all their clothes to be weighed accurately, and Shelly and I got to watch."

Miss Bridle said, "This time you'll get to do more than watch though. It's important for you girls to be casual and comfortable with all this too."

Red's penis still rose slowly. It was so slow that he didn't think the girls could see it move, but he could feel it. He couldn't stand the thought of standing there with a full boner for them all, so he tried to escape. "Can't we just go shower now? I've got things to do."

Miss Hartick said, "We'll make this quick. That's only fair. Shelly, when you touch their johnsons, give each one just a moment."

"Okay, Miss Hartick." Shelly's eyes zeroed in on Rick, the first boy in line. He panicked, "You're going to let her touch us?"

Miss Bridle said, "It's only to make sure the girls can be as comfortable as you boys should be. You'll get used to this, I promise. You shouldn't be bothered at all by the girls seeing you naked. Your erections really shouldn't bother you. You also shouldn't be bothered when the girls touch you. You have to be able to deal with that."

"Touch us?" Frank said. He was truly panicked. No girl had felt him up yet. This was only the second time the women made him get naked for them.

Thinking that her authority was needed now, Miss Hartick took over.

"Yes, boys, we will let the girls take turns going down that line and touching each of your penises. I'm sure you don't mind. Right?" There was no answer. "RIGHT?"

"Right," mumbled as many of the boys that could manage it.

Miss Hartick said, "First, of course, we'll have Shelly do it. She is the one that you'll strip for most often."

The boys looked at Shelly, and she looked at them. She found the quivering embarrassment in their eyes just delicious. She gave that wicked half smile of hers as she slowly moved to the first boy in line, Rick. He was the first weightlifter she saw naked, so it was appropriate for him to be the first in line. Her half smile turned into a full smile though as she looked across at the other penises that waited for her hands.

The girls all gave a delighted little squealing shriek. Knowing that the girls would feel them up, the boys couldn't keep their dicks stalled any more, as each started to lift up in response. Only Red and Terence managed to keep at least a bit of control at all, and they were both up to ten o'clock. The other boys all shot up to full arousal. The girls couldn't help but make some loud laughter at the sudden stiffies from all those humiliated hunks. Miss Bridle couldn't help but chuckle along, and even Miss Hartick let her amusement show slightly.

Then it was time for the hands on part of the show. Shelly said, "I've done this with you before, Rick, so I know you don't mind." The look on Rick's face showed that was not the case. Her hand on his hard-on embarrassed him so much, in fact, that he looked paralyzed. His wide eyes hardly blinked as the girls stared at this show with awe. He was so hot, so buff, and so naked; they would each have a turn holding his rod.

Shelly moved over to the next stud. "Frank, though, this is your first time getting touched, isn't it?"

While Shelly's fingers playfully ran up and down his stiffy, he managed to force the answer out, "Yes, can you please stop?"

"Stop?" she asked as she gave him a gentle squeeze. "Why would I stop? Oh, I know. It's because there's still seven dicks in this line waiting for my attention." Shelly loved the collective groan from those boys.

She had fun fondling Red, and felt him go from nearly hard to fully aroused in her hand. Then she groped Charlie while he stood stock-still, and refused to look at her while she turned his body into her toy. Next was Billy, "This is your first time being fondled too, isn't it? You got away last time because Red and Wendell got in trouble. I get to feel how hard you really are this time though, huh?"

Miss Bridle had enjoyed the stripping of the boys and their erections that resulted from it. She wasn't sure that Shelly was being responsible about this though. Her concern only deepened as she heard Shelly taunt the next boy, Wendell. "How many girls have gotten to see you naked like this already? Sixteen, and now with Nancy and Miss Bridle, it's eighteen. That's eighteen girls getting to watch you blush and stiffen up, and that stiffy feels so good."

Shelly wasn't as chatty as she fondled Terence, as she was too busy concentrating on how good it felt to have his dick lift up to its highest and hardest while she held it. Shelly had fun mocking Corbin while she groped him since it was his first time too. Then finally, it was Denver's turn. She looked back at that row of hard-on hotties. She loved it, the entire weightlifting team. She had seen them all bare-naked more than once now, and now, she even got to tease their cocks with her greedy hands, every one of them. Every girl in school fantasized about these studs, and their charms were hers for the taking.

Miss Hartick told the boys, "Shelly is not the only girl reporting for the paper. If any other girl on the paper's staff needs to talk to you, then the doors to this locker room will be open to them. So now another reporter, Mina will have a turn."

Mina was just stunned. Normally she was the kind of girl that could handle anything, but she felt some real hesitation about handling these penises. "I, uh, do I have to do this?"

"Yes, Mina, you do. It's for the good of all the girls in the school."

"Oh, uh, I see. Uhm, here goes." Mina looked down that penis lineup. Most of the boys had declined a little after Shelly had her fun with them. The drawback of them as part of a bigger group is that without the constant attention, they might not stay hard. If it hadn't been for the fact that they would all just get hard again, that would have been great. They hated the way the girls stared while they moved up involuntarily. It was another collection of gasps and giggles from the girls as the six boys who had aimed lower all suddenly rose back up in anticipation of Mina's fingers. She was still a bit hesitant, so she only ran her fingers up the front side of Rick's penis while he made a funny sound, and did the same to Frank and Red. The lust of it all caught up to her when she got to Charlie. She muttered, "Oh, all of you!", while she wrapped her hand around his plaything. Each boy down the line from then had to endure a few moments of the sensuous torture of her gently gliding grip up and down his goods.

The boys started to get upset with their dicks. They kept lowering, which only gave the girls another thing to watch. Seven of them slowly moved downward as Miss Hartick explained, "The school paper doesn't just have reporters on staff, of course. Others might need access as part of story as well. That's why Nancy, the paper's editor is here. Nancy, introduce yourself."

At that, the boys started another liftoff. The feeling of intense embarrassment that coursed through their rods was only matched by the heat from their blushing faces. Nancy had no inhibitions at all. She gave every boy a quick, but happy, stroke and squeeze. She loved Terence and Denver the most though since they didn't quite reach their apex before she grabbed them. She loved to not only see them harden up, but feel it as well.

Miss Hartick said, "Greta is also important to the sports reporting of course since she's the photographer. We won't allow her to bring her camera down here, because we do respect your privacy. She will be present though, so you have to make her feel welcome."

The next wave of unwilling salutes did just that. Greta was all giggles that the boys hardened

up for her just as they had for the other girls. She went down the line and tried to do something a little different for each one. A single slow stroke for the first boy, the next boy got several quick ones, the next only had a little squeeze while another received some tickles up and down each side. She had great fun, especially when she got to Denver.

“Oh, I’m a lucky girl. Thank you so much for being such a hard stud for me, Denver.” She groped him with a special gusto. Denver squirmed as she played with his penis, especially since she wasn’t stopping. The other girls had moved aside when they got the end of the line. Greta just continued to play with him while Miss Hartick said, “The last girl here isn’t on the paper’s staff at all. By now, you all know that we allow for student observers though. That’s why Shelly brought along Gayla. While she doesn’t really a reason to be here, her presence is good for the reporting program, for the girls, for the school, and it’s actually good for you boys too. After she’s done with all of you, then you may go shower. Remain standing here until then, all right? Oh, Greta, I appreciate your enthusiasm, but you have to let go of Denver now to make way. Thank you.” When Greta let go of his scepter, she had to take a quick grab of one butt cheek. Then she stood back to watch the show. She didn’t know why it was fun to watch other girls have their way with the boys, but it was.

This was Gayla’s favorite thing, and caused her to shudder with delight, which made the boys all rise right back up again. Gayla sighed girlishly. Each got hard for her happy hands. Gayla stepped right up and took Rick’s high standing wand in hand. “Eight,” she said, just loud enough to be overheard.

Nancy said, “He looks like a ten to me.”

Shelly chuckled. “No, Gayla keeps count of how many hard-ons she gets to feel.”

Gayla next moved to Frank, and as she fondled his stiffy, she said, “This makes nine.”

Red blushed enough to make his name a description. “Can she keep score like that? That’s ridiculous.”

Miss Bridle gently said, “She’s just being a girl and having some fun. Try to get in the spirit of things, and enjoy it yourself.”

How could he enjoy being numbered, “Ten,” while Gayla ran both hands up his rod?

“Eleven,” she said to Charlie. He told her, “You’d never get to do this normally.”

“I know!” she said happily. “Twelve!” she squealed as she enjoyed Billy’s charms.

One by one, the buff studs had to endure this new embarrassment until Gayla got to “Sixteen! I’ve put my hands on sixteen naked and hard athlete cocks! I love Prellis High! I’ll be there at every meet to cheer you guys on!”

“We can go then?” Frank asked. Unlike the other times, none of the boys had lost any wood. Something about being Gayla’s trophies gave their embarrassment a bitter taste that kept their peckers completely stiff and throbbing.

Miss Hartick sighed, as she almost felt a defeat. The boys sounded more resistant rather than less. What did she have to do to convince them to drop their macho act and let the girls enjoy? “Go ahead, boys, but remember, I want you all to be this well behaved every time you have to take off your clothes for the girls. Be respectful and be polite! We’re not asking you

to do anything you shouldn't." The happy chatter as the girls made their way out restored her good spirits.

"That was great!" "The whole weightlifting team!" "Can we go down there again to get a handle on some muscle?" "Yeah, all that dick was great, but I'd love to touch them everywhere else too."

Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle gave each other a nod. The boys had a hard time still, but at least the girls learned some confidence and poise.

Shelly was on cloud nine. Cloud nine for nine heartthrob, muscle bound, bare-naked penis toys. She thought nothing could break her mood. That was until she got to the parking lot to find out that some of the boys' girlfriends had waited for her. Her blood ran cold. Lita, Halle, and Bobbi were there. Lita was the worst. She was the leader of Shelly's hate club. Her voice dripped with victory. "It looks as if someone let all the air out your tires, Shelly. We didn't see who it was, but we'll tell Miss Armstrong about it. I'm sure that she won't rest until she finds the culprit."

Halle loved this. "Too bad. You finally got a car, even if it is a piece of shit, and now it's stuck here. Did the other girls leave already? It's a long walk to your place."

Shelly didn't dare answer or look away, but she didn't have to. They weren't alone. Skunk had just gotten out of a detention. "Now what the hell is this? Oh, you're kidding me. Did you idiots really take the time to let all the air out of Shelly's tires?"

Lita tried to sound tough, but even she feared Skunk. "This isn't your problem."

Skunk shook her head. "If you're going to do something, do it right. If you're going to flatten a tire, don't just let the air out. Slash it. Of course, you need something sharp. Like this." The switchblade in her hand changed everything. suddenly, the mean girls weren't so mean any more. Skunk looked over, "That's your fancy car over there, isn't it, Lita?"

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Of course not. If I fuck up your car, then how would you give Shelly a ride home?"

Halle and Bobbi said, "Oh, no way!" "I'm getting out of here."

Lita was trapped now, and muttered curses under her breath, but she actually had to give Shelly a lift home. Shelly said to Skunk, "Thanks!"

"It's nothing. Just be sure to give me a chance to have some fun with Lita's boyfriend, Wendell. He's hotter than hell."

Shelly wasn't sure she wanted to answer that as Lita stood right there, but she didn't have a lot of choice either. "Sure, Skunk. I, uh, I don't know when I'll get the chance."

"I can wait. Wendell's worth the wait, right Lita? Oh, look at those eyes. I bet she's never even seen Wendell naked. Let's see who can see him naked first, you or me."

Shelly wasn't sure that provoking Lita that much was such a good idea, but it worked out okay. The ride home in Lita's car was quiet and tense, but Shelly couldn't help but enjoy it.

Chapter 36

Carla's Revenge

Not every day was a day for a sports practice. Some days neither the baseball team nor the weight team would be in the lockers. There were even some occasions when neither team would have a practice for two days. Shelly hated that. She hated to go two whole days unable to see any of her studs in the buff. She knew how ridiculous it was for her to be annoyed at having to wait for them, but she loved to interview the naked boys. She hadn't even had one of her wonderful naked boy dreams to tide her over.

At least she didn't have to worry about Miss Armstrong's enforcers any more. The girls that had made a game out of hounding her had backed off quite a bit. Apparently, they took Skunk's threats seriously. Shelly still had to deal with the insults and taunts, but at least she wasn't in danger of being beat up or having her car vandalized. Imagine her surprise though when the very popular Carla decided to take a seat across from her at lunch. "Hi, Shelly."

"Carla."

It took a few moments for Carla to work up the nerve to talk. "You know, I wasn't one of the girls that picked on you. For Miss Armstrong, I mean. You know she encouraged them to bully you."

"I kind of figured."

"I'll say so if you want. To the Principal, or even Miss Hartick."

"What? Carla, why would you help me?"

"Well, I guess for one thing, I didn't like the way Miss Armstrong had girls gang up on you. Something about it seemed wrong. Miss Armstrong is out to get you even more than any of the girls are. That made it weird."

"Okay. That's one thing. What else?"

Carla concentrated on her food for a second. Then she said, "I, uh, I was hoping you could do me a favor. I mean, I know we don't really like each other, but..."

"I don't get it. What do you want?"

"Philip broke up with me."

"I didn't know that. Sorry."

"He didn't just break up with me, he really dumped me hard. And I never got from him what you and the other girls did."

Shelly couldn't help smiling. "You want to see Philip naked?"

"Well, I never got to! It wouldn't bother me, but other girls who weren't dating him saw everything. You know? Leslie told me that you might help."

Shelly had to snicker a bit. "You want me to bring you along to an interview so you can see your ex-boyfriend naked."

"What's so funny? Leslie said she touched some of the boys. Is that true? How many girls have felt up Philip? For that matter, how many saw him in his birthday suit?"

Shelly thought for a moment. "Well, only Danielle touched his dick. Along with her and me, Jean, Gayla, Hannah, Allison, Tatiana, and Wendy got an eyeful while he was naked. I guess that's eight girls, not counting teachers."

"Oh man. Shelly, please invite me there. Just once! I swear if you let me see Philip and grab his goods, I'll never give you any trouble even if I start dating another baseball player."

How could Shelly resist? She didn't like Carla even without the pestering when she was jealous. It was true that Carla wasn't one of the vicious girls that were getting scary though. Besides, Shelly would love to see Philip's face when he realized that his ex-girlfriend was there to see his dick. "Okay, Carla, okay. I'll see about it tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"That's the next practice."

"That quick? There isn't a line or anything?"

Shelly laughed aloud. This was worth it already. "No, but that's not a bad idea. Maybe I could sell tickets. You want to go tomorrow though because Mindy is supposed to chaperone. She's the one that will let you do what you want."

That gave Shelly something to look forward to. All she could think about was Philip's amazing penis. It was all Carla could think about too. Shelly was a little surprised at how grateful Carla really was.

The next day, as they walked to the locker room door together, Carla said, "I can't thank you enough for this, Shelly."

"Yeah, you said that already, a couple times."

"I'm sorry. I'm just so nervous."

Mindy was there, and smiled as much as the girls. "No need to be nervous. Think of it as a museum, and the boys are just exhibits. Let's go be some art connoisseurs."

Carla laughed, which showed her nervousness again. It was hard for her to believe that she was really doing this, to imagine that in a few minutes she would see more of Philip than she ever had while they dated. She was amazed at the casual way Shelly and Mindy strode along. Carla couldn't believe all the sexy half-dressed boys that were all around. Mindy and Shelly

didn't even react to it. The boys sure did though! Even Carla only spared half a look at the boys even though both the baseball players and the weightlifters had just arrived after their practices. Carla knew she should have been overcome with lust, but she only had eyes for Philip. Until they got to him, the rest was just window dressing.

"Here he is," Shelly said. "You looked good out there today, Philip."

"Oh no," he said. Then he noticed whom Shelly had with her. "Carla! What are you doing here?"

Carla blushed and looked away. Shelly had to answer for her. "She's just along as a guest. You should be used to that by now."

Philip was shocked. "Carla, you can't be here! Not for this."

Mindy didn't want Carla to back out for any reason, so she set the star pitcher straight. "Carla's only here because she had to get a look at what you've got under that uniform. Has she really never seen you naked?"

"What? No. This isn't right. We're not, I mean, I can't... Not for her!"

"Yes, for her," Mindy said. "Be nice, Philip. I want you to take off that uniform. I'm sure Carla is dying to see you in just a jockstrap. Aren't you, Carla?"

Philip practically begged, "Carla, tell them not to do this. Please!"

Carla was overwhelmed. She didn't even know if she could talk Shelly and Mindy out of this now. She knew that all she needed was a reminder of her very reasonable envy. "How many other girls saw you undress down here?"

Shelly knew why Carla wanted it repeated, so she played along. "Eight, and some teachers. Danielle even got to put her hand on his dick."

Carla felt that very reasonable surge of envy again. "Danielle did that?"

Philip said, "That wasn't my fault! I didn't let her! They make us do all that! Oh, come on Carla." He saw no mercy in Carla's eyes now. He tried the others. "Mindy, please. She's my ex-girlfriend. We just broke up."

"Plenty of girls have seen you naked, Philip. You should be used to it by now."

For a second Philip forgot what he was upset about because it always made him mad to hear that. "How can we get used to being stripped and toyed with? This double standard is completely unfair!"

"Wrong answer, Philip," Mindy said. She just ate this up. "You know you boys have to learn to respect the girls. So get that uniform off."

Much to Carla's surprise, Philip's shaky fingers started unbuttoning. Carla had to ask, "You make them get naked to respect us?"

"Of course," Shelly said. "I have to be able to interview them, don't I? And they have to respect my place as a journalist."

None of that made any sense to Carla, but right then she didn't care. Philip slid his pants off. He was down to only his underwear, and oh, he looked good. Shelly said, "Philip was the

second boy I ever interviewed in the locker room. You should have seen how nervous he was that first time Miss Hartick made him strip off his underwear for me. I never have touched his penis, but I did grab that nice ass of his. You want to see it?"

Carla didn't think Philip could look much more nervous than he was right then. She knew that she should feel rotten about this even if Philip dumped her in front of a crowd at Jenny's party. She couldn't help it though. She'd had break ups before, but never got even like this. She could see the sheer embarrassment in Philip's eyes. "Oh yeah, have him turn around."

"Certainly," Shelly said. "Philip?" While the sexy star pitcher turned in place, Shelly started her interview. "So, Philip, with this stunning win record, do you feel more pressure to perform in the upcoming game?"

"Y-yeah, I guess so."

"That is a great ass," Mindy said.

"Mm-hm," Carla agreed.

Mindy told her, "It wouldn't be fair for the other girls to feel his butt without you getting your turn. Go ahead."

"Oh man," Philip said over his shoulder, "come on."

Carla said, "I've actually done that before, but never when he was dressed like this. Oh, mmmmm! Look at those eyes! Don't they ever really get used to this at all?"

Mindy shook her head. She loved that the boys couldn't get used to giving up their pride. "We do our best to make them understand, but they just always seem so ashamed by it all. They don't understand that there is no shame in making the girls feel welcome and comfortable in their locker room."

"Your curve ball keeps improving," Shelly said. "Against Snow Hill High, you'll need more speed balls than breaking balls though, won't you?"

Philip couldn't answer right away. Carla let go of his buns, and he could say, "I know about Snow Hill's hitting record, but I can deal with it." Then he turned and asked with a great deal of gravity, "Carla, can I please keep my underwear on? I'm asking you."

"I, uh, well..."

Mindy said, "No, you may not. You know that you are required to strip buck nude every time Shelly interviews you. That's not just for Carla. It's for Shelly's benefit as well. I also want to see that penis again. Get those off. I've only seen you naked twice now, hot stuff. I can't wait to see it again. No, wait. I have an idea. Carla, would you like to peel Philip's jockstrap off him?"

"No" Philip said.

Carla could hardly talk above a whisper, "I can do that?"

Shelly told her, "I stripped my ex-boyfriend Steve of his jockstrap. You should get to do the same."

Carla's eyes bugged out of her head. Then she had a big, wicked smile as she looked Philip

over with elevator eyes. “Oh my god. Philip, I’m almost sorry.”

“Carla! Carla, wait!” Before he could complain any more, Shelly asked him, “Coach Grady suggested that you might not start against Snow Hill.”

Philip was too busy trying to keep his balance to say anything. Mindy said, “Philip, don’t worry about your jockstrap; Carla will take care of it for you. Just answer Shelly’s question.”

“I, but, how can I? OH NO” There he stood, with his underwear slipped down for the three lusty females to enjoy. Carla in particular, right there, kneeling down to get a good view of his goods, smiled and giggled like mad while she slipped the last of his protection down his legs. In an almost shout, he answered, “No, I’m starting in the game!”

“Oh,” Shelly said casually as if she was unaware of his discomfort. “Can our other pitchers can handle Snow Hill’s hitting?”

Philip went crazy. A completely new kind of hot humiliation filled him now that the girl he had just split up with got to strip him. She stared so greedily at his cock. At the same time, he had to try to answer Shelly’s questions as though nothing was happening! All the while, Carla and Mindy blatantly chattered about his body. “Isn’t that one fine piece of equipment there?” “I can’t believe it! I can’t believe I’m actually seeing his naked dick!” It was all Shelly could do to keep from laughing aloud. Carla would squirm in pleasure, and right after that Philip would squirm in agony. He did quite well keeping his reaction in check though. For several questions, he blushed and shivered, but his penis continued to point to the floor. Shelly thought that maybe his worry about Carla seeing him naked helped him out. She reminded him that she wasn’t the only one to enjoy this. “You really are hot, Philip, and your respectful nudity gives me a smile.”

“What?” He finally turned away from Carla to see Shelly’s infamous, villainous half smile as she checked him out. He lost all sense of self-control. It wasn’t just one perverted girl who stared at him; it was three. He had no choice but to let them look. He clapped his hands over his treasure while he tried to calm down.

Mindy tried to sound bored, but she let loose a very small squeal. “You can’t cover up like that, Philip. You know that. It’s insulting to the girls. You have to set aside that sexism and let us look at that slugger.”

Despite his anger, he did as he was told. The risk of losing his place on the team was enough to keep him emotions in check. For a moment, he almost didn’t care that he was naked for them, but then it hit. Suddenly, the embarrassment spiked as a physical sensation right where it counted most. His eyes widened, he missed one of Shelly’s questions, and his penis started its inevitable climb. His shudders of embarrassment made his breathing sound awkward as he erected with an achingly slow tempo. Carla did not anticipate this would be part of the show. “Look at that. Look at him! Why is he doing that?”

Shelly answered, “Oh, that’s something they always do. They always say that it’s too much for them, but they always manage to get hard for me. Although this time I’m pretty sure he’s getting hard for you, Carla.”

“I am not!” Philip protested.

Unable to keep up her authority figure act, Mindy’s giggle confirmed she enjoyed this as

much as the girls did.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of, Philip. You know, Miss Bridle says you should accept your own urges. Of course, that magnificent boner is for your ex-girlfriend. Carla, isn't it nice to see him go all the way like that? And just for you."

Carla couldn't believe her eyes. "Thank you, Philip."

"Shut up, Carla," he said.

Mindy still couldn't hold back her giggles at his predicament. "Be nice, Philip. You can apologize for that. In fact, you can nicely ask Carla to feel your stiffy."

Philip's indignation turned to quiet shock. "Oh, come on." He got there right then, a full hard-on. The last of his modesty was surrendered with that salute. He saw the look on Mindy's face. "I'll get a detention if I don't, won't I?"

"That's right."

He wondered just what would happen to him if he refused. He couldn't do that. "Okay, okay. Carla, I'm sorry. I want you to, I want you to. >gulp< I'd like it if you would..." He shuddered, which caused that tower of his to quake delightfully. "I, uh, I don't think I can say it. Just get it over with."

Mindy didn't have the chance to chide him for that. Carla was on him too fast. She made a high-pitched sound of happiness. "I'm really doing it! I'm getting to feel your dick! Oh, this is so good! Oh! I never really thought I'd get to, and now you have to let me!"

Philip simmered there as she toyed with him, and made certain to touch every bit of his manhood. She tickled at him and stroked him. She pushed his boner down to see it bounce back into place. When she stopped, he thought it was all over. He breathed a sigh of relief, but Carla said, "Can you let Shelly feel him up too?"

"What?" Philip demanded. "Why?"

Mindy said, "Go ahead, Shelly."

"I think the interview's over, really. Damn, this is a nice rod."

Mindy asked, "Is it all right with you if I have a go?"

Carla laughed. "Can you do that? Oh, do it! I want to see him blush!"

He did. He blushed anew when Mindy fondled his goods. Carla said, "Oh, I love this. Shelly, I take back every rotten thing I ever said about you. Just make sure to give his dick to as many girls as you can. He wants to see other people? Let them see him!" As the girls walked away triumphantly, Carla couldn't stop talking. "Could you believe how hard he got? Oh, I hope every girl in the school gets to see him naked. Shelly, I'm serious; get him naked after every practice."

"Well, part of keeping them embarrassed means letting them have time away from the spotlight, but I can promise he'll have his fair share of entertainment." Shelly had to hear Carla thank her so many times it got old. It was definitely worth it though.

Chapter 37

Working at the Car Wash

Reggie, Zack, Red, and Terence had their weekend spoiled. It wasn't enough that they had to shed their clothes for the girls at school, now they had to put on a show at Miss Austin's house. She and Miss Fox had put this together. All four of the boys knew that this was well beyond the sports reporting program. It didn't matter though. All of them were on the hook because of the photos that Mindy had taken during their naked detentions.

"Do we really have to do this?" Red said. He didn't know what he was in for, but he already dread getting naked for Miss Fox and Miss Austin in private.

Zack said, "What choice do we really have? I thought about just telling her off finally, or even going to the principal or something. I bet I could even tell Miss Hartick about all this to stop them."

"Shut up, Zack," Reggie said. "You're not going to do anything."

Terence hoped one of the other boys might work up the nerve. "Would it really be any worse than what we go through now? I mean, they do what they want to us anyway."

Reggie said, "Then we can let you out here, huh? You want to turn them in, fine, but I don't want every single girl in school seeing those pictures of me. That'd be hundreds of girls. Maybe the pictures would get out everywhere. It'd be like being naked all the time forever. Every time you walk down the halls, every girl in school would look you over, and know what you have under your clothes. No way, man. I'll let a few of these pervert teachers do their thing, but not every girl. Besides, what if Miss Hartick sides with these blackmailers? Would you really take her on?"

"Okay, okay. I'm sorry I said anything."

"You want to know something funny?" Zack said. "They're paying for my gas to drive us out there."

While the boys made their way to Miss Austin's house as slowly as possible, the women were all beside themselves waiting. The only ones you'll recognize, dear reader, are Miss Austin, Miss Fox, Mindy, and her sister Nina. There were others though. They had to put this get together at a place where the boys weren't known. It was risky anyway, but by now the inner circle of that little penis appreciation society felt almost invulnerable.

As Zack's car pulled up, Red said, "Nice place."

"Shut up, Red," Reggie said.

"There they are," Miss Austin said. "Boys, if you'll come this way." One side of Miss Austin's property was walled in, and she took them there where the boys were horrified to see not only three of their regular abusers, but no less than fifteen other women as well!

Reggie's surliness vanished immediately. "Wh-what's going on?"

Miss Austin said, "I've invited some of my friends and neighbors out. I'm so pleased about my promotion that I wanted to have a party. You four are the entertainment."

"Entertainment?" Zack asked.

Miss Austin said, "You see these cars?" There were two of them, covered with mud. "I had some of my girlfriends get them as good and messy as possible. You four will wash them for us. There are two more after that and two more after that. Of course, you'll need working attire for it. Oh, and Mindy will take pictures of the whole thing. Thank you so much for agreeing to this."

The boys' expressions were sheer panic and embarrassment, but all the women could see was how attractive they were. "Oh, Joyce, where did you find these young men?" "They're so handsome." "And they really don't do this for a living?"

"That's right," Miss Austin said. "They need the money though."

The boys were irritated already. It was clear that Miss Austin had made up a story to explain it. The boys had to play along without even being told. Red was the one who tried to appeal to the ladies. "I, uh, I'm not really sure I want to go through with this."

That didn't get the reaction he wanted. A few of the women clearly felt for him, but the rest quite vocally gave him a different kind of support. "Oh, don't worry, honey, you'll do great!" "If your body is as hot as it looks, then you can't go wrong." "He's so sweet! I can't wait!" "I've seen strippers before, but I've never seen one blush."

Mindy told the boys, "This way, I've got the things you need." She led Red along by the hand, and the others followed. Inside Miss Austin's house, Mindy took a few snapshots. "Before pictures, you know? Now, here's what you'll be wearing. Zack, I know you've worn one of these little ties before." Zack groaned as he took it. When he was a naked waiter in the teachers' lounge, all he had on was this silly little fake tie and collar. Mindy had one for each of them. She said, "You'll all wear a thong, a little one, while you wash the cars too."

"Oh man," Reggie said. The boys were all aghast. It meant they wouldn't be completely naked, but this still would be a new kind of humiliation.

Mindy said, "I've got a lot of these, so I know you can all find one that fits. I'll let you change, but don't take too long. If I have to come back to fetch you, then I'll make it worth my while."

Before long the boys were out there, nearly naked for a crowd of almost twenty women. The hoots and hollers had the boys blushing already. Of course, Mindy got some great photos of them in their nothing uniforms. The women offered all kinds of praise to the bodies that were on display, athletic, hot Reggie and Zack along with the brawny weightlifters, Red and

Terence. The only thing left to the imagination was the most essential bit. Miss Fox took a big drink from her glass, then she said, "Boys, turn around and let us see those buns!" All four of the boys turned around. Their shoulders slumped. It was clear that they hated every moment of this. The women loved it though. The cheers and laughs were music to their own ears. The boys only heard their pride fall away little by little with every lewd comment.

"Oh, this is so bad!" "Look at those buns!" "Where do you find hot young men too desperate to keep their clothes on?" "They're gorgeous!" "We can see everything they've got!"

"Not quite," Miss Austin said. "Almost everything. There's a little something that we can't see."

The boys were grateful for that bit of modesty, but it didn't keep the call of the happy lust all around them from ringing in their ears.

Miss Austin said, "It's time to put these sharp dressers to work. Boys, we have a hose, some buckets, soap, and sponges. We want our cars to be sparkling clean. Start with this red one. You can't tell it's red, it's so dirty, but I want all of you to get all that off it. We'll all watch and give you moral support." The women laughed and broke into more squeals and shouts as the boys got to work, and cleaned the first of the cars. The women were on all sides, so there was no safe spot. They were showcased in their embarrassing "outfits" for all these merciless women all the while they worked. The ladies just didn't get tired of the boy's near nudity or their obvious embarrassment. All the while Mindy took pictures.

The boys quickly got the car passably clean, but that wasn't good enough. Miss Austin and Miss Fox looked it over and demanded that the boys get every spot they missed. Once the women finally approved their work, one of the mischievous women took the water hose from Red. She said, "The boys got themselves dirty now. I'll help out." She sprayed them with the hose. The cold water had the boys yelping, but Miss Fox demanded that they hold still. The only thing louder than the boys' complaints was Mindy's squeals of pleasure.

"Well, they're cleaner than they were anyway." "And now they're soaking wet!" "Are they going to wash my car now?"

Miss Austin said, "That's right, Viv. Boys, are you ready to get the next car?"

"Whatever." "Can we get this over with?"

"That's the spirit," Miss Fox said. "This time we will step it up a bit. Mindy, could you give the boys their arm bands?"

Mindy handed a black elastic armband to each of them. Terence said, "What's this for?"

Mindy said, "It's so you have a place to keep your tips, silly."

Miss Fox said, "I'm keeping time. Every so often, our friends here can call one of you over to tip you a dollar. Of course, you have to earn that tip. Terence? Would you step over here? Here's your dollar. That's right, put it in that armband. Now pull down that little nothing you're wearing so that we can see your cock."

Terence colored deep red. He had no idea things could get this out of control. Being part of the weightlifting team had repeatedly cost him his modesty. A dozen different women had already seen him naked. Now all these women would get a look at his penis. He slipped his

thong down so they could all get an eyeful. The noise from the women was terrible as they all just gushed over his sweetstick.

“You did that right,” Miss Fox said as he started to cover back up. “The rest of you, follow his example. Don’t just give a quick flash to earn your extra dollars. Give us a good look. Now get to washing.”

Talk about insult to injury! Now, they required the boys to give away their pride for money! A dollar a peek was cheap, so they knew that they would give away penis ogling time while they went to work. This was only the second car! Miss Austin had said there would be four more after this.

The ladies leered constantly as the boys got dirty and the car got clean. Apparently, Miss Fox and Miss Austin kept some kind of time, because they allowed the ladies to call a boy over every so often. One by one, they tipped the boys for the “extra effort.” Zack was first. Miss Fox told one of the women to take her pick, and she pointed to him. He had to trudge over to her. All the women rushed over to get a good look at the show. He had to put his dollar in his armband, and then he yanked his little outfit down to give them all a good look at his goods. That was met with a chorus of shrieks from the crowd.

After he returned to washing for half a minute or so, another lucky lady decided she wanted to see Red’s toy. He couldn’t believe he did all this. He walked over and snatched his dollar from the woman. He pulled his thong down and stood there, straight and tall, his arms crossed. The ladies loved the derisive look he gave them almost as much as they loved the sight of his bare penis.

Not long after, another lady had a dollar ready. “Oh my, I’m glad I’m going fourth. It would be hard to pick one of these hotties. We haven’t seen that one’s dick yet.”

Reggie really didn’t want to whine, but he couldn’t help it. “Oh, come on! Just let us finish and go!”

“Now now,” Miss Fox said. “She’s doing you a favor, paying you extra. Show a little gratitude.”

He took his tip, bared his rod, and shouted, “This sucks!”

The ladies were all in love with all the body and all four of the cocks. “I thought it was an act. They really don’t want to do this though, do they?” “Oh who cares?” “I like it this way! I’ve never seen anyone blush so much.” “Oh, it’s my turn to tip one! I want that one with the arms.”

Terence had to go again, and bared his intimates and accepted the cash. He tried to turn down the dollar, but Miss Fox wasn’t having that. They were going to sell their self-respect, whether they wanted to or not. He had to take the dollar and give another peek.

By the time that second car was done, every boy had been made to show his goods twice, and Zack had to do it three times! The only good thing about this horrifying dick on demand show was that the boys were able to keep their embarrassment from animating their scepters. They bared their dicks for the audience of estrogen, but at least there wasn’t an erection to be seen.

“This will take a moment,” Miss Austin said. Two women drove the two clean out, and came

back with two more dirty cars to take their place. They were as muddy as the previous ones were. Miss Austin grinned her beautiful grin, but the boys all hated it. She told them, "We'll kick it up one more notch now. Red? Could you bring those buns over here please? Ladies, this time you can tip two dollars instead of one if you want to a handful of ass." She heard Red's grumble, and she had to stifle a laugh. She gave him two dollars, and while he stuffed that in his tip band, she grabbed one cheek, and then the other while the ladies all swooned at the thought of taking a hold of these young men's backsides. "Get to work," she said, and sent Red on with a swat to his bum.

The boys tried to clean the car fast, but they knew that they had to be careful to clean it well enough or Miss Fox and Miss Austin would just make it last longer. Reggie could have died when he heard his name called first. "Damn it." He made his way over to one of Miss Austin's friends. She waved a pair of bills at him. He took them and turned in place. She gave him a good double squeeze while she screamed in pleasure. "God, these guys are hot!"

As the boys cleaned, their hosts would periodically call one over for a fondle. Zack was the next to be tipped, touched, and pinched. They called Terence after that, who tried to keep eye contact with the woman who had picked him out, but he couldn't. He just had to accept the money, but right before he could take it, she asked Miss Austin, "Can I tip him three bucks so that I can grab his ass and then get another look at his penis?"

"I don't see why not. I'm sure he appreciates your generosity, Camille."

Terence flushed and grimaced, but he took the money. As the blackmail show went on, he felt more and more embarrassed about it. He could hardly stand himself as he pulled his thong down to give her a good look. The tremors of embarrassment became real shivers when he turned around to offer her his butt.

All the boys had been groped then, but the third car still wasn't clean. With more money was ready, "It's my turn." a happy woman called. "Oh, that one! Zack! He might be the hottest." That started a debate about which body was the hottest. It didn't delay the show though. Miss Fox escorted him over by the arm. He felt a little lurch of shame as he saw that it was three dollars rather than two. That meant he had to flash his cock first, much to the delight of all the women, including the ones favoring the other boys as hottest. Then, once he had his goodies put away, he had to let her have a grab of his butt. The girlish sigh from this woman, twice his age, made him blush furiously. He was about to walk back to the car, but another woman shouted, "Wait! I've got two bucks for him too!" She rushed over, stuffed a couple bills in his armband, and took a squeeze of each side. Three more women gave him pats, grabs, and pinches before he got back to cleaning.

It was an ugly trend. When it was tip time, the boys had to reveal their rods before they put their buns up for multiple tips. Normally being forced to bare their penises would be the worst thing yet, but so many hands getting to enjoy their charms had the boys wonder what was really the worst part of it all.

When the car was clean, the boys felt a wave of relief. Being halfway done, only three cars remained. Then Miss Fox had to ruin that good feeling by introducing the next tip option. "Okay, girls, this time, when it's your turn to call a boy over, you can tip a dollar for a look at his dick, two dollars for a grab of his butt or instead of two dollars, you can spend three to get to grab his body all over. Except for that little bit that's covered, of course. We're not total

perverts. We won't let all of you fondle their privates. Oh, and if you take a body feel, there's no sharing. It's one at a time for that."

The boys' embarrassment and relief waved up and down with that little speech. Zack said, "Can we start now?"

"Oh, what a good idea. Get to work boys. We just love this."

Zack frowned as he got back to it. He tried to get himself as muddy as he could to discourage the women from fondling him. That wouldn't work, of course. He wasn't the first one called though. That was weightlifter Terence. He had to walk over to a demure looking, but wide smiling suburban kind of woman. At least she didn't make him show his dick. She just handed over three dollars and went to town, and fondled his impressive muscles. Terence had to stand and endure that while the women enjoyed the show. Mindy continued to take photos.

Then it was Mindy's turn to tip one. She had fondled all these boys all over already. She almost chose Zack because he was her favorite, but she loved all the boys. She decided that she hadn't spent enough time enjoying the buffly buff weight boys, so she called Red over for some fun. She paid him his three dollar so that she could caress and massage his chest, arms, and legs all over. When she let go, she said, "Hold on, stud. Here's an extra dollar. Give us all another peep. Oh, and I'm getting a close up picture." While she was down, she got it before and after style, one close up of his little "outfit" and another with it pulled down.

One by one, they called every boy over for a tip. Each had to endure a full body fondling, and, at Mindy's request, had to take an extra dollar to give up another dick shot so that she could get close ups of their equipment too.

Four cars were done. Only two remained. The boys' hearts raced when Miss Fox cleared her throat to get everyone's attention. "Okay, this time, we won't allow any tipping."

There was a collective, "AAaaAAWW!"

"BUT!" She gave the boys an evil leer. "This time the boys will have to dress down a little. You can keep those armbands and bow ties, guys, but take off the rest. We want to see you all stark naked while you wash the last cars." This was met with a great deal of noise and applause from the women and a renewed round of blushes from the hot young athletes. They stood there frozen. Even though all these women had already seen everything, just getting naked and cleaning the cars while the women watched would be mortifying.

Miss Fox said, "Oh, and boys? This time, three of you get to clean while one of you just stands to the side, and face us. We'll keep time so that you know when to switch. Oh, don't look so morose! When it's your turn to take center stage, you get five bucks!" The women all laughed raucously. Miss Austin had to urge the boys on, but they all got naked. It was a lineup of four hot, nude, sexy body, bare dick beefcakes, and boy did all the women there let them hear how much they were adored. Miss Austin let the women stare at them for a minute or so before she said, "Okay, boys, get to work. Terence not you though. You can just stay there so that we can ogle your penis!" Again, the ladies all laughed and applauded. Three boys started to wash the car. Terence stood there, pouted, and blushed while he tried to ignore the women who stared and pointed at him.

Then it happened. They had avoided one major indignity during their car-washing escapade. Although they had been forced to bare themselves, they hadn't risen. Maybe it was that they

weren't completely naked for very long at a time. Maybe it was the task at hand that kept them distracted from their embarrassment. Whatever it was, they had managed to keep from giving away their embarrassment with any grand gestures of tumescence.

Standing there alone and buck naked for a crowd of lusty, wide-eyed women, Terence felt the stirring. It started as a flowing wash of horror at the top of his head that swept downward throughout his body. That physical sensation of humiliation moved from top to bottom, and Terence shuddered with it, which made his penis wiggle for a moment. The laughter of the ladies drew his attention to the one thing he wanted to ignore. His penis was bare, totally exposed, and the subject of the leering gazes of nearly twenty women! The wave of embarrassment focused on his intimate anatomy. There was no avoiding it now. "Oh no." For a second or so he just grew without rising. Then with surprising speed, his dick came to life. It got to the halfway mark fast, and then slowed, but only a little. The women were all agog at the wondrous sight.

"Look at his stiffy!" "Way to go, Terence!" "Oh, I love that!" "Hee hee hee! He can hardly stand still." "Do we have to pay extra for that?"

Terence achieved a full erection while the ladies tittered and commented. He couldn't take it. Not even being womanhandled had been this bad! There were so many of them! "Can I please start washing the car again?"

"Oh, but we can't let you go now!" "What a boneroni!" "MmmMMM!" "Make another one stand there!" "Yeah! I want to see if the others can get hard!"

Miss Fox was delighted. She was worried that the boys would stay soft. There was sexy, muscle boy Terence though, not only naked, but also naked and as hard as hard gets. She had to have more. She took him by the hand, squeezed one butt cheek, and said, "Okay sweetheart, you can take that tower of shame and get back to work, but try to keep that thing going, would you?" She walked him to the car and looked over the other studs. "Now who should be the next one on the hot seat? How about you, Zack?"

"Oh man. Come on, Miss Fox, don't make us do this."

"Oh, but I have to. I couldn't resist if I wanted to. Besides, I have a real responsibility here. I have to try to give all these other worthy women the best show I can. So come on over and see if you can keep that treasure pointing down. I don't think you can."

Zack would have loved to feel indignation or anger. He could feel only embarrassment and shame at his forced nudity as she brought him over as a showpiece for them to see. The stares, hoots, and hollers from them had him feel the urge right away. The boys washing the car knew what would happen. They hoped for anything that might stop it. Zack was desperate for distraction. He tried to think about anything else. The homework he had to get to. The last game he played in. Anything! His mind kept him in the moment though. Fastball, hit it to left field, I'M NAKED! Uh, uh, uh, the history paper, I'M NAKED! I have to get my car's oil checked, I'M NAKED! They're all staring at me. Why can't they shut up! I'M NAKED! "OH NO!" The moment he howled those fateful words, the ladies squealed in anticipation. His ascent was half as fast as Terence's had been at first, but the higher he got, the faster he rose! In very little time at all, he was there at full mast, bare and embarrassed with his powerfully stiff cock filled with screaming humiliation.

"He did it!" "He did! Just like the other one!" "Oh, he's fine!" "Sexy thing you've got here,

honey!” “If you don’t want our attention, then why are you so hard?” “hahahahHAH! He looks as if he might pass out!”

Zack hated the oohs and aahs as his erection became his whole world. All he wanted was to move away and start washing the car again so that at least he wouldn’t be the center of attention. He got his wish. Miss Austin gently urged him back to work. The women all went back to watch the butt naked boys clean the car. “Hey, Terence is losing altitude! Make him get over here again!” “No, no, I want that other big one, what’s his name?” “Red,” Miss Austin answered. “And that’s a good idea. Come on over here and give the girls a show, would you, hot stuff?”

Red threw his sponge a bucket, and the ladies all erupted in laughter. He tried to be angry and let it show so that maybe it wouldn’t get to him. For a few hopeful moments, it worked. He felt the shame of his nudity, but his irritation with all these perverted women kept him from feeling the call. He might’ve been able to resist if all he had to do was stand there. Instead, he had to stand there and listen. As the catcalls, whistles, and gushing commentary on his body and cock continued, his resolve faltered. He couldn’t keep the embarrassment from his penis. All that terrible emotion ran through his rod from the base to the tip in wave after wave of physical, trembling emotion until it started. Then his cock was just a sold piece of embarrassment that had to refuse the law of gravity. There he went in a steady rise until he was totally, completely, throbbingly, humiliatingly hard. It was as bad as it had been for the others. It wasn’t just that he was hard. His cock was as hard as it could ever get. The women all loved him for it, but he had to plea for mercy. “Can I get back to work now? Please? You’ve all already seen it!”

The laughter was terrible, but they did relent and let him get back to the car. The women noticed that both Terence and Zack pointed straight ahead. They had declined to perfectly horizontal states, but they showed no sign of relinquishing that tenuous hold on their embarrassment.

Then it was Reggie’s turn. He was the last of them. He turned bright red instantly because he knew there was no way he could get out of this without giving them exactly what they wanted. He envisioned himself able to stand proud and ignore his own nakedness, but when they called his name, he knew he had to try to get out of it. Naked as he was, his penis bounced wonderfully as he trotted over to Miss Fox and Miss Austin. He whispered pathetically to them, and tried to convince them to let him out of it. He couldn’t stand the thought of being a naked showpiece again. You all already know that Miss Fox and Miss Austin were unmoved. “It wouldn’t be fair to let you off the hook, Reggie.”

“Not when the other boys had to give in. You come right over here where all of us can get a real, real good look.”

Even as he let himself be pulled along, he whined for mercy. He shut up only when he was there, with those lust-filled eyes looking him over, especially at his cock. “Oh man, oh man, oh man!” Standing there nervous and nude for so many greedy, chauvinist women, his heart pounded like crazy. He could feel his pulse all over him, especially where it counted most. “No, no, no, no, I don’t want to get hard.” Thinking about it only made it worse. He took off, little by little. It was a throb upward, and a throb upward and a throb upward, like his dick kept time for a piece of music. The ladies all loved it.

“Well, there it is,” Miss Austin said, “the fourth hard-on. Isn’t he sweet, girls?”

“Oh yeah!” “He’s my favorite.” “Very nice.”

“Reggie, you can help the other boys finish the car now.”

He rushed away, while his erection wagged in front of him. The women were all beside themselves. What a display! One after another, these boys had given wonderful boner shows. None of the boys stayed fully upright while they were washing the car clean though. None of them fell all the way either. The penises were thrust out into the world while the boys finished.

When they were done washing the car, the boys realized again how exposed they were. Without the distraction of the work, they were just a mass of nudity, standing there for a happy crowd of women. Terence could feel himself called to action, so he asked, “Can we get the last car now?”

“In a moment,” Miss Fox said, staring at his dick expectantly. He didn’t rise right away as she expected, so she shrugged and turned to the others. “Now this is the last of it. Once the boys have this car clean, the party is over.”

“AAaaAaAw!”

“But this last one will be the most fun. This time, when you tip one of the boys three bucks, you get to feel his penis.”

The boys protested. “Oh no way!” “You said they wouldn’t get to!”

“We lied,” Miss Fox said. “We really just wanted to save the best for last. So ladies, get your money ready.”

Every woman there hurried to get some more bills out. The boys saw all that cash and they responded with unwilling enthusiasm. One of the women said, “Look! They’re getting ready for it!” All four boys lifted back into their highest position. Those four stiffies demanded attention, and they got it. The ladies were all af flutter again. They couldn’t believe the constant rush they all got from this. Miss Austin said, “Three of you boys can get to washing. But Alice, which one do you want to give your money to?”

“EEEEEEEEE! I want that beefy Terence! I felt his muscles, now I want to feel his dick!” She hurried to him while the other boys all hurried to work. They had to get that car clean fast to cut the groping time down to a minimum. If only these women hadn’t done such a great job getting the cars filthy. This one was the worst!

Terence sheepishly took Alice’s money while she greedily took his rod in hand. He muttered, “I hate this. I really hate this.”

It didn’t look as if Alice would stop, so Miss Austin had to say, “That’s enough, three dollars only buys so much love.”

Terence was about to walk away, but Mindy shouted, “I’ve got three dollars for him!” She could get a hold of these boys easily without paying, but she saw how they hated trading the money for their charms. She thrust the bills in his hand and went to work, playing with his penis. A few other women lined up. Terence said, “Wait, wait! Not so many! Oh man!” He ended up with fifteen more dollars after Mindy.

Then they called Reggie over. He moaned as he trudged over. His cock rose to the occasion before he even had any money. Then he was toyed with by one, two, three, four, five, six, seven

women while he stood there blushingly naked.

Red was next, chosen by Miss Fox herself. He used to fantasize about her, but now, with his blackmailed penis in her hand, he knew he never could again. Of course, she was one of several ladies who wanted a handful of his toy.

Zack was the last. The car was nearly clean, but that didn't get him off the hook. While the second woman waiting for him handed him three bucks, Miss Fox told the other boys, "Good job on that last car! You really got fast with the other five for practice, didn't you? I just wish I owned a car wash. I'd make a fortune with you studs."

Zack said, even while he felt feminine fingers tickle their way up down the front of his pecker, "So that's it? We can stop now?"

"Almost. It looks as if six more of our friends are waiting for their turn with your goods." Zack slapped his forehead and then crossed his arms in frustration, but the blush never left his face as his modesty was robbed for three bucks a pop by several of Miss Austin's friends.

Even after all that, they didn't permit the boys to get dressed. They had to stand there, buck-naked while the last of their performance was negotiated. The boys were still all dirty from the cars, so Miss Fox and Miss Austin auctioned off the right to spray the boys with the hose. Of course, the boys hated to stand there stiff while the women bid on them. They were horrified to find that not even the cold water spray could cool their ardor. Their embarrassment just stayed right there in their cocks, keeping them hard. Soaking wet and shivering slightly from the cold water, the boys were auctioned one last time. Whoever bid the most for a towel would have the right to dry off one of the hunks. Each boy got his last fistful of money before he had to endure a loving dry off from one of the women. Each one had his body rubbed all over with the towel, and once dry, had a quick, final feel up of his cock bare handed from the woman who dried him.

Being all dried off still wasn't enough for Miss Austin and Miss Fox to let the boys get dressed yet. They made the boys return all the lawn furniture, tables, and other stuff back to their original settings.

As the women said their goodbyes and made their way off, the boys were left there gathered together to provide any parting glances the women wished to take. Red asked the others, "Are we going to spend the money?"

"What else would we do with it?" Zack asked disgustedly.

"No, I mean, never mind."

Terence said, "You know, I actually have a part time job at a car wash. Now, I might have to quit."

Chapter 38

From an Artist's Eye

While neither Shelly nor Miss Devasquez was at the car wash, they enjoyed the photographs though. With big smiles, they judged the pictures. "That's a good one." "Oh, Zack looks all like his stiffy self in this one!"

After her review of most of them, Miss Devasquez said, "Those are almost as good as the pictures Greta takes."

"Not hardly," Mindy said. "These are good just because there are hot, naked, blushing boys in them. Even with her special trick cameras, Greta takes real photos though."

Glancing at a couple of her favorite photos again, Miss Devasquez commented, "It's just a shame that we only have a few of the baseball boys blackmailed. We have all the weightlifters. They might not know it yet, but we have naked photos of their entire team. We need more of the baseball team."

Mindy agreed, "mmm-Hmmm! How do we do that though?"

They all agreed not to break their rule against cameras in the locker room. If Miss Hartick came down there while they clicked pictures of the boys, then the whole party would be over. The risk of getting caught wasn't worth it. Miss Devasquez's devilish mind had an idea though. "Well, all we need to do is get them naked somewhere other than the locker room."

"There are the special pre-game interviews I do," Shelly said. "We haven't taken pictures during those yet. Our fun really gets out of hand there now, at least when Miss Hartick isn't there."

"That's not a bad idea," Miss Devasquez said, "but I came up with another plan to put some our studs on a tighter leash." She told them what she had in mind.

The following day, Shelly headed to the locker room again. Since it was baseball practice, she was entitled to interview time in the boys' locker room. Miss Devasquez was good at her part and managed to convince Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle to chaperone Shelly, who needed supervision every time, of course. When it came to chaperones, Shelly had her favorites. Miss Hartick was all business, who indulged Shelly far more than Shelly ever thought she would, but also had the strictest limits. Miss Bridle, the counselor, was more of a free spirit, but also delusional enough about it to believe that they were doing something important and moral.

Shelly preferred Miss Devasquez more because Miss Devasquez knew that the only reason she wanted to go to the boys' lockers was to see the hot athletes naked and cops some feels. Mindy, her teacher's aide, was even better. While Miss Devasquez liked to have fun and take advantage of the boys, Mindy was just truly naughty. She would always push the boundaries further than the rest.

This trip needed the more official presence of Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle though. Shelly would just have to make due teasing the boys as much as she could get away with instead of as much as she wanted.

She put on a show today anyway. At her request, Miss Hartick allowed a guest, as had become more usual than not. Of everything they were subjected to, the boys disliked it most when Shelly brought other girls with her, and this girl was new to the whole thing. A very quiet girl, Adri was neither popular nor unpopular. Even though they got along, she wasn't one of Shelly's friends. Inviting Adri there was for a specific reason. She could drop a hint or two to bring Adri to the proper conclusion. It was preferable if Adri said it on her own. Shelly knew that Adri could swoon over the hot boys at Prellis High. Shelly had heard the typical discussions. Which boy had the best eyes, best smile, and best butt? Yes, Adri loved the boys, and was in a particular class that Shelly had a use for.

Happy to see Adri show up after school, Shelly welcomed her, "You made it."

"Yeah. Uh, are you sure this is all right?"

"Well, Miss Hartick will be with us, so if it's not, she'll say so."

"Okay. Um, I, uh, I kind of..."

Hoping to put her at ease, Shelly laughed, "Don't be nervous."

"I can't help it. Are we really going to the boys' locker room?"

"Yeah."

"And, and will they be changing and showering and stuff? I've heard some stories. Most girls think that the boys get dressed when you're not down there with them though."

With her famous, devilish grin, Shelly responded, "Well, you'll just have to come and see for yourself, won't you?"

Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle met them at the door to the locker room.

"Hello, Adri," Miss Hartick said. As an accomplished student, Miss Hartick evidently approved of Adri as a guest. "Are you ready to join us?"

Clearly, Adri started to feel intimidated just as some previous girls did. "Is, is that all right?"

"Of course," Miss Bridle said. "Come on down." As she led the way, Shelly had to urge Adri along a bit. Then they were there. Adri marveled at the idea that she was actually in the boys' locker room. The boys were there; the studly baseball team was scattered all around. With her pulse rate rising, Adri realized that many of the boys were in the midst of changing clothes. Shelly almost burst out with laughter when Adri averted her eyes. When they walked past the showers, Adri glanced in and came to a sudden stop. Her wide eyes took in the sight of three totally naked boys. Even though they were all turned away, she was still stunned. Then she

covered her eyes and caught up with Miss Bridle.

Miss Bridle brought them right to the boy Shelly wanted to see. "Here he is," Miss Bridle said.

Shirtless and pulling on a pair of blue jeans, Tommy had that deer in the headlights look that Shelly loved so much. "Me?" he said.

Without missing a beat, Shelly asked him, "You're first in the batting lineup in the upcoming game, aren't you?"

"Well, yeah. Okay." Managing to almost appear casual, he was almost finished buttoning his pants.

Almost as if Shelly had willed it, Miss Hartick wasn't about to allow that. "Tommy, just what are you doing? You know the rules."

Taking a step back, Shelly gave Adri a grin, who wondered what would happen next. Adri just hoped that Tommy wouldn't put a shirt on. She also wondered what Miss Hartick was upset about.

Tommy's first mistake was to make eye contact with Shelly, then Adri. With his voice slightly cracked, he attempted to answer, "Uh, Miss Hartick, I know that if we're undressing that we have to continue, but I was putting my clothes back on. Since you didn't catch me in uniform or anything, I mean, there's no, uh," he had to force the word out since it was so ridiculous, "there's no disrespect because even if a boy was interviewing me, I still wouldn't just take my clothes back off."

After considering his answer, Miss Hartick responded, "I'll take that at face value, Tommy. Your misunderstanding, that is. As I have explained before though, we require boys undress for the interviews in order to create an atmosphere that demonstrates your ability to accept Shelly as the school's sportswriter. If I let you forgo that now, then every boy will be in a hurry to get dressed. I'm sure you understand why I can't allow that."

"I'm, uh, I'm not sure."

Seeing that famous, authoritarian temper in Miss Hartick's eye, Miss Bridle knew that if Tommy needed that, then he needed it. No one defied Miss Hartick. If it could be avoided though, then she would help the young man out. "Tommy, if every boy in the locker room rushes to keep Shelly from seeing them naked, then it would be same as saying she doesn't belong down here."

Unable to believe what she just heard, Adri whispered, "Naked?" Had she heard that right? She had to ask though, "Does Shelly belong down here?"

"Of course she does," Miss Hartick said. "Our society can no longer allow such sexist barriers to exist. The boys need to realize that Shelly's position as a sportswriter is more important than their modesty. So, Tommy, I don't want to keep up this debate. Take off those clothes."

Adri's pulse was pounding. By clothes, did Miss Hartick mean everything? Surely not! Adri was stunned when Shelly just started with the interview easily, even though Tommy was taking his pants back off. "Your hitting hasn't always been consistent this season. What can we expect in the Camford game?"

Slipping his legs out of his jeans one at a time, Tommy answered, "I, uh, I'm confident, I guess. Coach has had me focused on hitting breaking balls. That's, uh, that's been my problem."

When he stood up straight, Adri breathed in sharply. There was that fabulous, athletic body in nothing but his underwear. Moving her eyes up from his legs to his face, she saw he blushed so much! Adri couldn't help a little grin, but looked away instead of staring. Having watched her reactions, Miss Bridle also attempted to put her at ease and reassured her, "Adri, it's okay to look."

She couldn't quite bring herself to, but her shy little grin became a toothy smile. "I, uh, I think Tommy is uncomfortable."

"Of course he is," Miss Bridle said, "but that's part of the reason for this. Trust me; it's the best thing for both him and you for you to enjoy this. When the girls come down here, we want them to take in the sight. Go ahead and look him over. Shelly? Could the interview wait just a moment?"

Shelly happily nodded and ceased her questions. Adri forced herself to lock her eyes on Tommy's again. As if coaching her, Miss Bridle told her, "Look at his body. Isn't he marvelous? That's right, Adri, let your eyes move over him. By the way you're smiling, I can tell you like him. You don't need to look away!" Miss Bridle playfully added.

"Really. Neither Shelly nor Miss Hartick is looking away. Check him out." When she was satisfied that Adri was confident enough to keep staring, Miss Bridle moved to him and took hold of his waistband. Adri's eyes got huge as Miss Bridle slowly lowered that underwear. As Miss Bridle bared his goods for this girl, Tommy made funny sounds of pure embarrassment.

The shock of being confronted by this boy's naked penis left Adri having a hard time putting her thoughts together. "Am I, can I, should I, is he, can I really see him like this? Like he's naked, I mean? OOooOoh! Is this really okay?"

Again, Miss Bridle assured her, "Of course it is. The young men's nudity serves to overcome sexism. It also helps them come to terms with their own sexuality. It's often been pointed out that we would never let this happen in the girls' locker room, but that is quite a bit different."

Because the vision of an exposed penis in front of her was so distracting, Adri had no idea what the woman had talked about. "Oh, okay. I can just, I can just keep, uh, keep my eyes on, I can, I'm allowed to see his penis?"

"No," Miss Hartick interjected forcefully, "you're *encouraged* to look at his penis."

Adri almost lost her balance for no reason. He was so hot. She put her hand on her heart and swooned out the words, "I can see Tommy naked. I can see Tommy's penis. Oh, I'm a lucky girl." Having come to her senses for a moment, she asked, "Shelly, have you ever seen him naked before?"

"Oh yes. More than once and I even got to feel his dick."

What did she say? Even though that still shocked Adri, it didn't show in her expression, because she still just ate Tommy up with her eyes. Now they roamed all over him. She realized that she not only enjoyed his nakedness, but she loved that they forced him to do it. She stared at his exposed dick, and he had to let her! She envied Miss Bridle so much for getting to drop that underwear. She even slid it down his legs for him. Shelly started the interview again, so

Tommy stammered out answers as he stood there stark naked.

In spite of his charming blush, Tommy didn't feel any heat. This time the embarrassment was a chill that just wouldn't go away. That was part of what kept the boys so completely humiliated about their forced exposure. They could feel the embarrassment in new ways all the time. Tommy had to clench his eyes shut every so often to keep away the sight of all the female eyes leveled at him. It didn't stop that cold flow of embarrassment from its advance up his body from the floor all the way to the blush in his face. It seemed as if he stood there on display forever even though it had only been a few minutes. Then he felt that dreaded, inevitable self-punishment. All of a sudden, he was all too aware of his own dick, right out there for four pairs of female eyes to adore. Every bit of his manhood shrieked in embarrassment, and that started it rising. He almost had it under control enough at least to lift off slowly, but he heard Adri gasp when she noticed it. He was powerless to prevent his embarrassment from stiffening up his anatomy at a fast rate.

Tommy just despised Shelly. She had seen him and so many of the other boys naked so often, but she still acted as if it was a novelty. When his penis moved upwards, she started to stumble over her own question. It was enough to make Miss Bridle and even Miss Hartick giggle. That sent his erection another signal to rise up quickly.

He stood there totally naked against his will and now with a raging erection that demanded attention. He no longer felt any chills. All he could feel was the spotlight on his anatomy. Shelly went right back into her "professional" sports reporter personality. Adri sure did giggle though. She had that big smile. Her eyes weren't wide though. They had a hazy sort of pallor as if they were in love. In Adri's own mind, she wrote a love letter to Tommy's penis. She wished she could thank it for standing up for her.

The strange scene was interrupted when Miss Hartick strode around the corner of the lockers. They could hear her say, "Ron and Alex. What are you doing?"

Ron wasn't sure what to say. "We, uh, nothing?"

Alex was smarter. "Our, uh, our lockers are right there, but we didn't want to interrupt the interview."

"Is that right?" Miss Hartick said condescendingly. She sighed to herself though. Miss Bridle had convinced her that even though they did have to exert considerable authority to keep the boys in line, they should only do it when necessary. Rather than lose her temper, she rolled her eyes.

"That's very considerate of you two, but you won't be in the way. Go ahead and get dressed."

Adri heard that, and hoped to be treated to more of a stud show. Alex and Ron were certainly a pair of good-looking boys. Adri enjoyed seeing them come around wearing nothing but towels. "Oh my," she said.

Tommy felt relieved that Adri's, Miss Hartick's and Miss Bridle's attention was drawn away from him. He missed Shelly's next question though, so she pinched his butt to get his attention. After he yiped, she said, "I asked if you're the only player whose batting Coach Grady is working with."

While Tommy tried to keep up his answers, Alex and Ron both had to endure the stares of

the ladies. They got their clothes out, and hoped the women would look away. They shut and locked their lockers; and again, hoped the women would look away. It was no good. They would have to drop those towels, and the women would not look away. The boys kept their backs to the ladies, which gave a nice view of their bare buns, but at least it protected their intimates as they started to dress. Only after they both had on their underwear on, Miss Hartick had to say, "Boys, what was that?"

"What, uh, what was what?" "What do you mean?"

"You know very well what I mean. You knew that Adri was watching you. Why the nervousness? You were very careful to keep yourselves out of view. It appears you haven't learned much during our reporting program. Now, I want the two of you to turn around. Good." For a moment, Miss Hartick was just another lust-struck schoolgirl. "Oh, very good. Yes." Then she spoke more like herself. "I mean, that's better. Now, I want you to behave yourselves properly. Pull down your underwear and let Adri have a look at what you've got."

"Oh man." "Seriously?"

Miss Hartick said, "Of course seriously. What's the problem?"

She was insane. What was the problem? The problem was that they were inescapably trapped as stars of an ongoing forced nudity program. They had to give up their modesty again and again to whatever girl happened to come to the locker room. Fourteen different girls have already seen Ron naked, and some got to fondle him! Alex had been exhibited to even more than Ron. Now it was Adri, just another grinning girl in a parade of uncomfortable moments. There was nothing they could do though. Without a choice, they swallowed their pride and slipped their underwear down. Ron got his dick out first. Adri's eyes just shone with admiration. Then it was Alex. Adri fumbled around for a seat on a bench. She could hardly remain standing. Three of the super-sexy baseball boys had been made to show her everything they had!

"Is that enough?" Alex asked.

Miss Hartick sighed. At least they hadn't complained. She also decided that Miss Bridle was probably right to make certain the girls knew their place as well. So she said, "I suppose so. Before you put those away though, Adri, you should thank these boys for the consideration."

Adri took a moment to translate that into a real sentence. "Oh, yeah. Th-thank you, Ron. Thank you, Alex. Um, you don't have to get dressed if you don't want."

Miss Bridle stifled a giggle as well as she could. Ron and Alex blushed anew. "We've got places to be. Sorry, Adri." At least they escaped without hardening up. Nothing was worse than that.

Once they were covered again, she turned back to Tommy. He still pointed straight up. Adri sighed lovingly as she leaned forward on her seat, and held up her face between her hands. "I just love it down here."

"We're about ready to go, though," Shelly said. "The interview's over. Thank you, Tommy." She shook his hand. Then she reached down to give his cock a couple strokes. Shelly saw Adri's stunned expression. She told her, "You want to have a feel?"

"Oh, I couldn't! Could I?" she asked to the teachers. After she asked, she realized just how awkward it was that she asked the women if she could touch his penis without a thought of

asking him.

“Go ahead,” Miss Bridle said with a smile.

Tommy groaned as he tried to take it in stride, but glared at Adri as she gently fondled his rod from the top on down to the base. She actually seemed to like his angry stare though, so he just felt that much more embarrassed. Her repeating words sounded less like a stumble then and more like a dance. “Oh, that was too, it was so, that was so good.”

Her walk became a glide. “I just touched Tommy’s penis! Oh, he is so sexy!” She thanked Shelly and Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle a few times.

Shelly dropped the hint, “Did that give you any new perspective, artistically speaking?”

Adri nodded slowly with a goofy grin. She knew that she would make several private drawings of hot, nudie Tommy and the others. That idea percolated as they made their way along, openly staring at all the half-dressed studs. At the showers, Adri was delighted to see four more bare butts. She even called out Paul’s name, which made him turn to her momentarily. His sudden blush when she got a peek at his penis was wonderful. Almost as much as the actual sight of his naked body, head to toe.

Outside the locker room, she took her chance, “Miss Bridle? Miss Hartick?”

“Yes, Adri?” Miss Bridle said. She always felt such a thrill she shared this experience with the young girls.

Adri already imagined it. “Uhm, you know that, you know that I’m in, I’m in Mrs. Stemmerich’s advanced art class.”

Miss Hartick said, “I know. I saw your recent painting, and you show a lot of talent.”

Smiling at the compliment, Adri went on, “Thanks. I, uh, being in the, in the locker room, I, uh, I kind of thought, and maybe this a bad idea, but I kind of thought maybe we could borrow some boys? For, for life models? You know, nude models? Because we won’t get any other way.”

Miss Bridle and Miss Hartick glanced at each other. Miss Bridle couldn’t help but grin a bit at the way Adri phrased it. “Borrow some boys? Well, to be honest, Adri, that’s a very good idea.”

“You do?” Miss Hartick asked. She liked the idea instantly of course, because it would help the girls in the advanced art class share some empowerment and boundary breaking that she tried to provide.

“Don’t you?” Miss Bridle responded.

“Yes, yes as a matter of fact, that’s an excellent idea. The boys would benefit from that kind of experience. It would help them overcome their lingering inhibitions.”

“Can I go?” Shelly asked. “To interview the boys about it? I know it’s not my usual thing, but I wouldn’t mind writing a different kind of article.”

“I was about to suggest that,” Miss Hartick said. “Now, don’t expect Mrs. Stemmerich to be as lenient as Miss Bridle and I are. Don’t take any of the locker room liberties you ordinarily would.”

“Oh, I know,” Shelly said, “but can I bring Greta along to help with the story? Naturally, she won’t take any photos during the actual modeling.”

Adri gushed, “We’re really going to do this?”

“Which boys do you have in mind?” Miss Hartick asked.

“Uhm, well, I don’t know. I, uh, how many can I have?”

Shelly laughed. “I tell you what, Adri, I’ve seen almost all the baseball boys naked. Do you want me to pick some for you?”

Chapter 39

A Model Day

Even though it was a day without any sports practice, Shelly was still excited because she would get to see the boys naked anyway. When she started her reporter duties, she was reluctant to share her show; however, now she loved sharing it. Watching the boys blush, stutter, and squirm as she forced them to strip down for new girls were just some aspects she relished.

Both Shelly and Greta were in the art room with Mrs. Stemmerich and her students. Meanwhile, at the other end of the building, the boys were in Miss Bridle's office while she and Miss Hartick explained everything. "While I don't have time to be there myself, I expect the four of you to behave as though I was right there. Do I make myself clear? You are to show as much respect to Mrs. Stemmerich and her class as you would to Shelly in your locker room. I don't want to hear about any complaints or defiance. Now, I realize this is a new situation for you, but consider it the same way you think about the locker room interviews. I know that all of you are uncomfortable with that, but you do understand why it's important. Well, this is just as important."

The four baseball players colored slightly. Did Miss Hartick really think that they accepted the locker room interviews? They were forced into it. If they had any real choice at all, then Shelly would never set foot in their locker room again, and none of them would ever speak to her anywhere else for that matter. They loathed Shelly and the way she blatantly took advantage of her position to embarrass them all through nudity and fondling. No one was fooled by it. No one but Miss Bridle and Miss Hartick. If only it hadn't been Miss Hartick. No one else could have pushed things this far. No one could argue with her though. Somehow, and no one knew how, she even had the school board on her side. So it was either quit the team, which none of them would ever do, or put up with the enforced nudity.

This was a strange situation. Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle already had them change out of their clothes into some robes. They let the boys change in private though. That wasn't normal, but it fit their twisted mentality. Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle thought they were doing the right thing. They didn't take advantage of the boys deliberately. They were just delusional.

They listened to Miss Bridle explain the situation again. They would model nude for Mrs. Stemmerich's advanced art class, whether they wanted to or not. The boys already felt that slow tremor of embarrassment. There was a room full of girls who just waited for them to show up

and drop their robes.

They had tried to talk their way out of it. They had tried to be reasonable. Nothing would sway Miss Hartick though. As far as she was concerned, they should be proud to have the privilege to strip naked and prove the school's devotion to equality. Of course, they would never make a girl do this, but that didn't seem to put a dent in Miss Hartick's bizarre theories.

Miss Bridle led the robe-clad quartet through the halls to the art room. She had a spring in her step, and she hummed a happy tune. It was clear that she would enjoy this. The boys shuddered with every few steps as their unjust sentence of public nudity drew closer.

"Here they are," Miss Bridle said as she brought the boys in. "Brian, Chris, Philip, and Ted."

Brian's eyes went wide as he saw all the eager girls sitting next to their easels. "They're all girls."

Mrs. Stemmerich said, "I wasn't sure that it was appropriate to make any of my students participate if they didn't want to. So I asked for volunteers for this lesson. Only these fourteen girls volunteered."

In a bitter voice, Ted guessed, "All the girls in your class."

"Yes," Mrs. Stemmerich said, "the girls seemed much more open minded."

The boys stared at her. It was impossible to tell if she was a feminist fanatic like Miss Hartick or if she was just a lecherous woman like Miss Devasquez. Either way, they sensed no sympathy from her. Miss Bridle and Miss Stemmerich were there to oversee the project. There were fourteen girls in the class. Some had funny little grins. Some looked nervous. Some whispered to each other. Shelly overheard a whisper and answered it. "Oh, these boys have it all. That's why I chose them. No matter how many times I see our baseball players naked, it never gets old."

The boys all gave her an angry glare. She chose them? Of course, she did, and she would be there herself to see the show. "Wait," Chris said, "Greta's with her. She's not taking pictures is she?"

"No, of course not," Miss Bridle said. "Well, before you disrobe she will. And she'll take some photos of the students and the classroom once you're done."

Greta started to click away to get the 'before' shots. Her cover story was that this was for the school paper. In reality, she had a hidden camera with her to take photos of these four naked studs while they posed and had pre-programmed her camera to continue to take pictures at periodic intervals once she set it aside. She couldn't wait to walk around the room while they had to stand there buck naked for as long as Mrs. Stemmerich said. Once she had enough photos of the boys in their robes, she set her camera aside with the lens still pointed to the modeling stage so that no one but her and Shelly would suspect her of taking more.

Miss Stemmerich told her class, "Now girls, I know that this is a special sort of experience for you. I know that you'll enjoy this, and to tell you the truth, so will I. All the same, I want you to concentrate on your work. These boys' bodies are art subjects. That's the way you will think of them."

"Yes, Miss Stemmerich," the class said. However, their expressions betrayed them. Whether

it was pleasure, disbelief, or awkwardness, all the girls just waited to see some dick. Miss Stemmerich asked, "Okay Boys, are you ready?"

"Of course they are," Miss Bridle said even though a couple of the boys shook their heads. "Go on," Miss Bridle said with a smile.

The boys all gulped and tried to will a fire alarm to go off. Miss Stemmerich lined the boys up in front of a group of girls who all stared with big eyes. With shivering fingers, the boys managed to go through with it. One by one, their bodies were exposed, stark naked, full nude, eye candy bare for all the girls. Philip dropped his robe, and the girls all gasped or giggled. Then it was Ted, and the girls' eyes got remarkably bigger. The boys really did it! They showed off everything! Brian was naked next and already blushed so hard he felt like a radiator. The girls pointed, whispered, and breathed hard. Chris was last. Sweet, lovable, incredibly hot Chris was the last one to strip off his robe. For the boys, overhearing the quiet commentary was torture. "eeee!" "Can you believe it?" "Ted's my favorite." "Oh my god, they're gorgeous!" "I can't believe we get to see this!" "My drawing will be on my bedroom wall forever!"

Philip clapped his hands over his goods. "Miss Stemmerich? Can't you make them behave?"

She tapped a rod on an easel. "He's right girls. This is an art class, not a peep show. Even if the boys are all exceptional specimens. But Philip, I need you to show less inhibition."

"Oh, for crying out loud." He rolled his eyes, dropped his hands, and exposed his package again, to the delighted squeals of the artists. He was angry at the moment, but he knew it wouldn't last. He just wanted to stay indignant. That was so much better than the alternative. Eventually the shame of his exposure would catch up to him, though, and he knew it.

The other three 'models' already exhibited their embarrassment. Bright blushes, the occasional shudder, eyes that stared off into corners. The girls started to realize what was happening. The boys wished they didn't have to hear it. "They don't look too happy." "I don't get it. Miss Hartick told us they were volunteers." "I don't think they're acting. They're really embarrassed!" "Look at Brian! Look at that red face!" "Mrs. Stemmerich, are you sure this is okay?"

"It's fine, girls. As I understand it, the boys were more or less drafted into this service. Let's make the most of it though, shall we? I'm sure the boys understand. Don't you boys?"

The boys couldn't answer. None of them could force out the words that Mrs. Stemmerich wanted to hear. It turned out it didn't matter. The art teacher sort of giggled at the boys' reluctance. "Well, maybe they don't understand, but they're ready to model for us anyway. Boys, I want each of you on one of the marks on the floor. Good. Now girls, I want you to spread out evenly around them."

The girls had to tear their eyes away from the body show to move to their places. Then Mrs. Stemmerich went to each boy to put him in a pose.

"Chris, I want you to face the girls on this side. Good. Put one hand here on the back of your head. The other here." One by one, Mrs. Stemmerich moved each boy into the position she wanted, a little nudge here and there. She couldn't help but enjoy that. While there was nothing lewd about it, she still enjoyed touching the naked young men. She was also happy to make certain that each of them had his penis prominently displayed to the girls on that side.

The last one was Ted. She had him put one foot up on wooden block. He took advantage

of that, and used his pose to protect some of his modesty. However, one of the girls said, “Mrs. Stemmerich, can he maybe move so that we can get a better look at his, uh, you know? Because we won’t get many nude models after all, and I want to really face the challenge of it.”

“She’s right,” Mrs. Stemmerich said with a smile. “Switch sides, Ted. This way.” She couldn’t help it. She finally succumbed to her lust and gave his athletic rear end a little pat. She saw him blush a bit darker, but he said nothing. She couldn’t tell what bothered him more, her wandering hand or the way his pose now did the opposite of what he wanted. He really had that hot rod of his right out there for the girls to enjoy.

Mrs. Stemmerich said, “All right, girls, get to work.” She moved out of the way and slowly proceeded to circle the room to enjoy the sight of all four hunks. When Miss Hartick asked her to do this, she thought it was a joke, but now she had four sexy young athletes in her room, unwillingly naked.

Shelly also moved around the room, and took in the sight. She had seen these boys before, more than once, but it was inspiring all the same. She enjoyed asking the artists her questions while they tried to concentrate on their work. The answers were all so funny. “Do you feel this is a real learning tool?”

“Uhm, y-yes because, well, I sort of, uh, it’s very educational.”

It certainly was! Shelly didn’t worry too much about her efforts. She had already talked to her editor, Nancy. She had enjoyed some naked dick now, so was more than happy to help. They would kill this story before it reached the paper, since they didn’t want a record of their shenanigans, not even in a school paper. Rumors abounded, but so far, only those present at an interview knew the way the boys were treated.

Of course, Greta also circled the boys, and meticulously documented the four bodies in photos, especially their dicks. She couldn’t wait to see her work developed.

One of the girls on Brian’s side gasped. “Mrs. Stemmerich! Mrs. Stemmerich! Come over here!”

“What is it, Darlene? Oh! Oh my,” she said with a breathy purr. Brian wasn’t just bare for the girls; his embarrassment had driven him to the inevitable reaction. His stolen modesty surged into his cock. He could feel it there, as it rushed through his vitals; a shock of embarrassment forced his penis upwards. He made a few funny noises, as he arrived at a full erection. He noticed that every girl on his side stopped drawing. They stared with either open mouths or lusty smiles. Mrs. Stemmerich loved it, but she still tried to be a teacher. “Um, Brian, might you calm down a bit?”

“It’s not my fault!”

Shelly said, “It really isn’t. They always do this when we make them get naked.”

“Really?” Mrs. Stemmerich said breathlessly, as she stared at his stiffy. “Then maybe, maybe we should have the other girls wait until the other boys have also arrived at a pose they can hold?”

The girls laughed as quietly as they could manage. The boys tried to stay still, but it just wasn’t possible. Mrs. Stemmerich realized that she got a bit wrapped up in the show. She knew that her students couldn’t possibly help their reactions, so she didn’t stop the stares and giggles.

She did think she might have made a mistake though. “How long will it take for the boys to, uh?”

“Ted’s getting a hard-on now!” one girl said.

Mrs. Stemmerich moved to that side of the room, and tried to look as if she wasn’t hurrying. There he was, moving up slowly and steadily. He had the funniest look of frustration on his face as he fought the urges. All that embarrassment, all of it centered right where he didn’t want it. His cock just screamed for attention as the girls sighed and smiled lovingly.

“Will they stay that way?” one girl asked.

“They usually do,” Shelly said.

Ted was almost all the way hard when Philip started. The squeal of pleasure from a girl on that side brought Mrs. Stemmerich around to see. It also brought Greta, who made sure to get photos of the nude erections.

Before he was halfway there, Chris started. Mrs. Stemmerich was torn. Should she stay to watch hot Philip get to full mast or watch Chris rise from a low point? The girls on Chris’s side were more vocal than the other girls had been. “Oh, Chris, you’re so hot!” “I can’t believe you’re doing that for us!”

Mrs. Stemmerich said, “Girls, behave! That’s not necessary at all. I know that you all like the sight, but try to show some courtesy. These boys are models, so try to act professional.”

“Sorry, Chris,” a few girls muttered.

That didn’t help him at all. Sorry didn’t hide his penis or deflate his rock-hard erection at all. Mrs. Stemmerich said, “Girls, you can get back to drawing now.” She circled the room, and tried to focus as much as she could on the girls’ work, but the penis show in the middle of her classroom constantly distracted her. Not only had each gotten stiff, they almost took turns doing it. The boys blushed and fussed as they were made to stay there, and hold their poses while their dicks stood stiff and tall at attention for the hormone happy artists. It seemed to take forever. The boys all went through the same struggle. The embarrassment would fade slightly as they started to get used to it. Every time that happened though, there would be eye contact with some girl who blatantly checked them out. That brought out a fresh blush and a sudden wave of stiffy power every time.

After what they thought was an eternity, Mrs. Stemmerich announced, “Okay girls, take the next couple of minutes to wrap up your work.” The boys were finally relieved that this embarrassing chapter was about to end.

When most of the girls appeared to be finished, the boys anxiously awaited Mrs. Stemmerich to tell them they could get dressed again. When she addressed them, instead of telling them they could get dressed, she told them to rotate their positions so that they would be modeling for a different group of girls. While that may have let the wind out of their sails as far as hoping they could wrap this up, it did nothing for their current arousal state.

The boys felt entirely used by the time the “lesson” finally finished. As Mrs. Stemmerich told the girls to put their supplies away, she felt some guilt for what she was about to do, but she knew she would never be able to live with herself if she didn’t do her students one last favor. With the boys’ robes in her hand, she hadn’t given them back yet. The boys had treated all the

girls to a marvelous show, but none of them would have been treated to a real good look at each hard-on. “Boys, if you would line up here, I want to make sure you know how much we appreciate your volunteering. Girls, I want you all to say thank you.”

The girls were more than a little distracted. There were four, count 'em four, hot, hard dicks lined up for them. All those young, dreamy eyes moved across that display. “Thank you, boys,” some of them managed to say.

“You can do better than that,” Mrs. Stemmerich said sternly.

The girls all laughed happily. With enthusiasm the class of fourteen erection indoctrinated girls gushed, “Thank you, boys!”

The blushing baseball players were all just happy that crazy Miss Bridle didn't make them say anything in return. They all did notice how maddeningly slowly Mrs. Stemmerich gave back their clothes. “Do I have all four robes here? Let's see. One, two, three, yep they're all here. Which one of you wore which one? I don't suppose you can tell them apart. Oh, here, Brian. Here, Chris. Here, Philip. And here's yours, Ted.”

The boys covered themselves quickly, but noticed the girls were still fascinated by the evident erections beneath the robes. At least it was over. Except that it wasn't. Miss Bridle led them back through the halls, dressed only in their robes. It was during classroom hours, so at least they didn't have to make their way through a mass of students. They would have been safe from any further embarrassment if they hadn't run into Mrs. Baker, the school secretary. She was always happy to see this kind of thing since she had already seen two baseball players and two the weightlifters in the buff. She slowed down as her eyes ran over the boys. By then the erections had subsided nearly completely, but they still had her attention. With a smile she joked, “You know, I don't think the school dress code allows that.”

Miss Bridle stopped and she motioned for the boys to stop too. “Are you having a good day, Mrs. Baker?”

“I really think so. Why are these boys dressed like this? What are they hiding under there?”

“Nothing,” Miss Bridle said. “Literally, they were modeling for Mrs. Stemmerich's art class.”

“Oh! So they're naked under there?”

Miss Bridle grinned. “They were really some troopers. They did their part without complaint.”

Mrs. Baker was usually a quiet kind of woman, but she became very bold in that moment. “Could I have a quick peek?”

The boys flushed again. She didn't even ask them, but rather asked Miss Bridle, as if it was her decision, which it was. Miss Bridle sometimes lost track of her own point of view. She couldn't help it. She just loved the boys' bodies so much. “Real quick, boys.”

“What?” “Come on, Miss Bridle!” “What for?” “We're in the hallway!”

“Oh, no one's around. After all those girls saw you nude, how can you complain about sweet Mrs. Baker? Boys, go on, make it quick.”

She didn't even say it as a demand; rather, as if she coaxed them into behaving. They knew

that if Miss Hartick heard about it and decided that they had defied the rules that they would pay a much bigger price than just flashing Mrs. Baker. They reluctantly undid their robes, except for Brian. Miss Bridle opened his robe for him. She spread it open, and gave a great full body flash to the wide-eyed secretary. Mrs. Baker blushed almost as much as the boys were now that she could see all four of them penis bare. She smiled though, and they grimaced. What's more, after their erection trouble before, they were primed for fast lift offs. Mrs. Baker gave the kind of giggle the boys hated to hear as their penises rose up obediently.

At that moment, a lucky girl rounded the corner. Rita had once walked into Miss Hartick's room during a special interview, so she had seen the forced nudity before. She didn't expect to run into it in the hallways though. "Oh my god!" Then she was all smiles. She burst out laughing.

Ted said, "Can we cover up now?"

Mrs. Bridle nodded. Rita couldn't help but tease just a bit. "Hey, Philip, this is the second time I've seen you like this." As she walked away she said, "I love Prellis High."

Chapter 40

Skunk in the Room

It was so much fun to watch the boys strip down for an entire classroom of starry-eyed art girls. All the same, Shelly was glad to get back to her favorite place, the locker room. Watching the naked boys was thrilling, but she wanted to get in some of her hands-on interviewing. It was a day for weightlifting practice. Muscle studs fresh from their workouts. She couldn't wait, especially since her chaperone this time was Mindy, so not much was off limits. "This will be fun," Mindy gushed.

Shelly's guest this time was a girl she was indebted to. It was somewhat funny though. Skunk was the school's criminal element who was wild and even violent, but she seemed more than a little nervous about this.

"You're sure this is okay?"

Shelly said, "Come on, Skunk. You've been down here before."

"Yeah, but that was with Miss Bridle."

Mindy told her happily, "Miss Bridle and Miss Hartick both have confidence in me, I guess. Now, which boy was it you wanted to see?"

"Any of them," Skunk said. "Wendell though. He's Lita's boyfriend and I told her that I would visit him."

Shelly nodded. "I'm sure he'll love it." With a laugh, she led the way to the locker room.

The boys turned timid the moment they heard Shelly and the others enter. The last time Shelly came down here, Miss Hartick escorted her. Miss Hartick made all the boys line up stark naked while five different girls took turns to go down that line and fondle each dick. The boys were startled when they saw the girl with Shelly and Mindy. "Oh man!"

"Not Skunk!" Skunk wasn't a bad looking girl at all, but she had that reputation. She also had that headbanger outfit and the dark hair with the white Skunk stripe dyed into it. Each boy already hoped she wouldn't choose them.

Mindy loved to call out their names. Typically a squealing, squirmy, boy crazy type, however, when Mindy was in charge, her personality changed to a wicked, condescending one. Just the way she said a boy's name sounded like an indignity. "Wendell?"

“Y – yeah?”

“There you are. Are you ready for an interview with our sports reporter?”

“Uh, Mindy, I’ve already been interviewed once.”

The girls looked him over. He had been in the midst of undressing. From the waist down, he still had on his wrestling uniform, just rolled partway off. Skunk breathed out heavily. “God he looks good. I can’t believe we get to do this.”

Shelly thought it was funny. Skunk had already seen three of the baseball boys stripped down for her in the locker room. She even got to run her hands all over the bodies of two other weightlifters. Many girls were so wonderstruck by the impossible body show that they felt trepidation, but Skunk, the ultimate badass of a girl, should have been audacious. She would be as soon as she got used to it, but first came the trepidation. Shelly and Mindy certainly felt no trepidation. Shelly told Wendell, “I know I interviewed you once already, but Coach Williams and Coach Young both said you’re one of the hardest working boys on the weightlifting team.”

“Remind me to thank them,” he muttered. “Am I going to have to, >gulp< get all this off?”

“You and one other boy,” Mindy said. “Just two this time. Now who was spotting you?”

“Oh come on,” Wendell said. He really didn’t want to give up one of the other guys. He saw the look in her eyes. He really didn’t want to end up in some perverted detention either. It was bad enough here with just a couple girls. He had been put through a naked detention with Red when women and girls just kept coming in. He couldn’t even remember now how many of them had seen him full nude and hard as a rock. He knew he didn’t want to go through that again. He shook his head. “Frank.”

Frank shouted, right away, “Don’t tell them, man!”

One of the other boys said, “It doesn’t matter. If he doesn’t give up your name then she’ll make us all do it.”

Mindy smiled evilly. “You boys are learning. Frank, come on over so that you can take part in the interview.”

“Oh good,” Shelly said. “Skunk hasn’t seen either of these boys naked yet. Have you, Skunk?”

She stared at the boys with wide eyes. Her apprehension broke in favor of open lust. “No I haven’t. Oh, this is good.”

Mindy said, “But I see that Corbin over there is already naked. Corbin, Stand up and uncover. We all want a good look.”

He colored instantly, stood up, and turned his head away. There he was, stark naked, every bit of him, bare for these three perverted girls. Skunk laughed as she stared. Shelly purred. Mindy said, “Very good, Corbin. You can go shower now if you want. But when you’re done, come out here to let one of these lucky girls dry you off.”

“Oh man.” He escaped, but he moved as slowly as he could. He hoped that he could stretch out his shower time so that the interview would end first. Frank shuffled over to take his place next to Wendell. Wendell managed to sound entirely proud when he asked, “Can I at least get

you three to promise not to tell Lita about this?"

They laughed at his concern, but they understood. Mindy's eyes moved over that awesome body. "Afraid your girlfriend will be mad? Okay, Wendell, we'll try, but it's not a promise."

Wendell grimaced. It was better than nothing. After a few moments, he said, "Well, are you going to ask any questions?" He knew that he wouldn't get out of this, but if Shelly will take advantage like this, then at least she would have to pay the price of doing her job.

"Right," Shelly said, "Do you think the coaches are right? Are you really the fastest progressing weightlifter?"

Before he could answer, Mindy said, "Go ahead and start doffing that gear, sweetheart. You can wait until he's naked before you start stripping, Frank."

Frank turned white. He really hoped that Wendell would take his time. Wendell wouldn't do that though. The only good thing about having another boy standing there was that he wouldn't be the only one in the spotlight. Wendell slipped his clothes off quickly as he answered Shelly's questions. Getting his jockstrap off took a bit of willpower, so that wasn't as quick, but it was faster than the boys usually did. Mindy was so pleased with herself, pitting the boys against each other like that. She knew that Frank was annoyed with Wendell for getting naked so fast. That was clear because she had to say, "Frank, your turn. Get it off." Wendell stood there awkwardly, bare penis naked while Shelly kept up the interview. Wendell had stripped fast, but Frank took his time. The girls loved the contrast. Skunk's eyes had lit up in a girlish way that didn't seem natural for her. Shelly had her wicked half smile, as always. Mindy alternated between a smile, half giggle, and a serious tone of authority. She continually went back and forth. Whenever she made eye contact with either boy, she was sternly pleased. Whenever her eyes roamed down those muscles, she softened to a funny little smile, especially when she caught sight of Wendell's nice, naked dick. She had to say, "Keep going, Frank. Don't dawdle so much. We're waiting for your penis now."

"Damn it," he muttered. He tried to take his time, but he could only stall so much. When he got to his jock, Shelly said, "Hold on, there. Skunk, do you want to get that last bit off of him?"

Her eyes got big again. She didn't hesitate though. "Oh man! Thank you, Shelly!"

Frank groaned as she got down in front of him. Skunk's fingers slowly worked their way into his waistband. Mindy taunted him, "You boys are learning to respect women, aren't you? We're all so proud of the way you can let a girl be a girl."

Frank almost said something, but stopped himself just in time. Besides, Skunk just got his jockstrap down. He quivered as his penis was bared, close up for her. Skunk couldn't wait. She took hold of his rod right away while he squawked. "Oh, I like this. You're built all over, aren't you? Nice dick, handsome!"

Frank muttered something, but no one could hear it. Skunk finished sliding his gear off. Then there were two totally buff boys in the buff.

"Well, I can't get him any more naked than that. What a body! I can't tell which I like better."

"This is the way it's supposed to be," Shelly said triumphantly, "a girl reporter in the boys'

locker room treated to the sight of naked athletes. Frank, if you had to choose the most impressive weightlifter on the team, other than yourself, who would it be?"

"Wh-what?" It was the first interview question he had been asked. He blushed all over. He hated that. It was bad enough to strip just for their entertainment, but to be expected to go along with the charade made it much worse. The embarrassment of having to answer interview questions after being forced to strip naked made him feel impossibly nervous. He stumbled over his words and he shifted from one foot to the other. Then his cock responded. "Oh no. Not that." He had let himself believe that it might not happen this time. Shelly kept up the interview as if nothing was happening. Frank was aghast though as he felt his penis harden up for the stares of Mindy and Skunk. Little by little, he lifted off. Trying his best to gain control, he was unsuccessful. He got all the way up, and stood stiff and tall for their greedy eyes. Shelly finally broke character long enough to poke some fun at him.

"Frank, you are one silly boy. Wendell's still totally flaccid. What made you shoot up so fast?"

"I don't know. Can we get this over with?"

Mindy interrupted, "Oh, Corbin! Where are you going? Did you forget that I wanted you over here?"

Hottie Corbin blushed as he trudged over. "I must have forgotten. Sorry."

"Did you hear that?" Mindy said. "He's sorry. What a sweet boy. Now, which of you girls would like to help him get the water off that soaking wet body?" He tried to sound reasonable, but there was just no way to keep all the defiance out of his voice. "If I've got to show you my stuff, then I will, but I can dry myself off."

"Don't be silly," Shelly said. "You should be hospitable to your guests. Skunk? You want to help him out?"

"Wait," he said, "What?" In no time, Skunk already had his towel slipped off of him. He barely had any time to reflexively cover himself with his hands.

"Is he allowed to cover up like that? I want to see everything," she complained. Without waiting for Shelly or Mindy's reprimand, he moved his hands, and bared his goods. Skunk was surprisingly gentle toweling him off, even if she did have that lusty stare going on. The slow, sensual movement of the towel over his body brought him up faster than Frank's rise. Skunk grinned. "You must kind of like me, huh?"

Corbin couldn't say anything, and tried to pretend that this wasn't happening. He couldn't ignore it though. How could Skunk of all people have a touch like that? He ended up totally stiff with his eyes shut tight. Especially when she dried off his goods, which took a disproportionately longer time than it took to dry the rest of him. Once he felt the towel leave him, his eyes snapped back open. That was a mistake because he stared down wide eyed and felt her hand roam its way up his rod without the towel. "Oh man. Can you stop now? Please?"

Mindy would have chastised him, but she enjoyed the look on his face too much when Skunk said, "Sure thing, sweetie. Think of me next time you're doing that." He blushed furiously.

Two of these studs were hard up. Wendell though, still pointed straight down. Mindy

smiled at that. “You know, Miss Hartick would really be proud of your self-control. I would be, but I like to see you boys get hard. Frank and Corbin, you can go now.” They immediately hustled away, while their erections wagged in front of them.

Wendell felt all three pairs of happy female eyes study his anatomy. With the other boys gone, he was alone again, and faced all that lust. He shuddered and muttered some encouragement to himself, but it was no good. That was the key to his reaction right then. He was unable to keep himself calm and almost felt the stares that wandered over his nakedness, particularly his penis. It was like a tragically pleasant warmth. Then he felt the stir. He wasn't excited. He was only embarrassed at being forced into this ridiculous situation. How could even Miss Hartick think this was right? It didn't matter. She had set this up, and he had to deal with it. He couldn't deal with it. His cock decided to perform for the “ladies.” He heard a tiny squeal of delight from one of them, but he couldn't tell who. Every slow moment of his rise to fame was torment. He looked back and forth at the three girls, but none of them made any eye contact with him. Shelly didn't even ask him any questions. They just waited for him to reach his height. He soon did. Hard and true, his stiffy stood as if an antenna broadcasting his embarrassment. He clenched his hands and tried to keep from moving. “Is the interview over yet?”

“Oh sure,” Mindy said. “Now it's just time for a quick bit of dessert.”

“Come on, Mindy, leave me alone!”

“Don't be that way,” she said in a suddenly seductive tone. “All we want is a quick little feel.”

“Not all three of you!” However, he had no escape. Shelly put her hand on his cock, and slowly moved up and down. Mindy had a hand on his chest, and enjoyed the muscle there. Skunk took her cue. There was no reason to wait for a turn. She felt his arm while the others enjoyed. Once Shelly moved her hand away, to his other arm, Mindy's touch moved down his body to his hard-on where she took a good long feel. As soon as her hand moved, Skunk got to fondle his treasure all over. After the other girls had let him go, Skunk didn't stop until both of her hands moved up that fabulous body to grope his chest. She sighed, “Thanks, gorgeous.”

“Can I go shower now?” They sent him on his way with a pat to his rear from one of them and a pinch from another.

Outside the locker room Skunk started whistling, but she stopped herself. “Oh. That's not good.”

“What's wrong?” Shelly asked.

“It'd be bad for my reputation to have people hear me whistle ‘I Feel Pretty’. I'll see you later, Shelly.”

Chapter 41

Another Pre-Game Interview

Miss Devasquez had become talented at manipulating other people. She had managed to convince Miss Hartick to allow Shelly and her guests to touch the naked boys if they wanted. Since then, she has gotten better and better at convincing Miss Hartick to do what “needed to be done.” Not only Miss Hartick. For the upcoming game interview, Miss Devasquez needed both Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle out of the way. She couldn’t risk a camera in the room with either of those crazy women present. If she was caught, then the whole show would end.

Fortunately, it wasn’t that hard. In casual conversation she figured out exactly when to set the pre-game interview so that she and Mindy could be there with Shelly and a few other girls, all free of any real moral supervision, so they would add four more boys to their blackmail list. Greta would have to be there. Hers were the cameras they set up. Hidden in the room, she set cameras to capture the boy’s pictures. They even knew right where to stand the boys for the best possible photos. Granted, they couldn’t get the real great shots that they could by just blatantly photographing the naked studs, at least not until the boys were deeper into the blackmail, but it would do for now.

Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle weren’t the only problems. Miss Devasquez needed to have Mark blackmailed. He was the one Shelly interviewed the first time Miss Devasquez had gone to the locker room. Ever since she watched that blushing hunk forced to strip off and then grow a wonderful hard-on for her, Miss Devasquez had fantasized about him. He wasn’t the only one, of course, but he was probably her favorite. They also wanted Steve there since he was Shelly’s ex-boyfriend. Chris was a good pick since he had the single biggest penis of all the athletes they had enjoyed.

The problem was Shelly though, as she wanted to bring Reggie into the interview. Miss Devasquez and Mindy had to convince her that wasn’t the best idea, since they already had pictures of him, and they were already blackmailing him! He had been at the car wash, forced to bare his body for a group of lusty suburban women while he washed their cars. He would do whatever they said. Shelly wasn’t just boy crazy though; she really loved sports. Reggie was on a hitting streak, and Shelly thought it was important to interview him for the school paper. Miss Devasquez had to put her talents to work to convince their reporter that she had to be more of a pervert than a sports fan. It was because of the photos. They needed every opportunity to get more gorgeous young guys under their influence.

Eventually Shelly gave in and they decided to include David instead. It was all set. They had the place and the time. They had the cameras ready. Soon they would have four boys to strip and embarrass. After that, they would have the blackmail material for more fun!

The walk to Miss Hartick's office was hard for the boys. They knew what was coming. In a small setting, they would be forced to peel off their clothes for some giggling girls. The girls would feel them up. There was no way to know what this would turn into. They considered just not going to the interview and it felt good to talk about it as if they had a choice. They knew that things would only be worse if they didn't. Besides, to refuse Shelly's interviews might get them kicked off the baseball team, the greatest baseball team Prellis High has had in years. None of them would do that.

The girls were treated to the anticipation of it when four boys walked into Miss Hartick's office together. Mark said, "Wait, where is Miss Hartick?" The boys were partially relieved their stern vice-principal with her evil eye wouldn't be there, but they realized that rather than good fortune, this was a case of 'out of the frying pan and into the fire.'

With a smile, Miss Devasquez answered, "Oh, she's busy. I'll oversee the interview today."

The boys knew what she was like. "Oh no." "Oh man." "Not really."

Miss Devasquez only smiled at that. She knew that she would feel the guilt after her fun, but for now, she would enjoy this. "All right, boys, could you come over here?" She, Mindy and Shelly guided the boys where they needed them. Greta had her hidden cameras ready, so they needed the boys at particular spots. To make sure the boys would stay put, Miss Devasquez and Mindy had devised a game.

"Here's how it will work today. I want each of you boys to stand right where you are. Get ready for the interview. You know what I mean by that. Get your clothes off so that Shelly can be as comfortable as she is in the locker room. You can leave your underwear on though."

The boys groaned or shuddered. After stalling for a moment, the clothes came off. The girls sighed or squealed as the boys revealed their bodies. Four hot, underwear-clad baseball studs stood there with looks of disgust.

Miss Devasquez explained the rules. "We have one girl here for each of you. Girls?" The girls took their places and sat next to their favorite boy. Greta was there of course, as was Jean, Shelly's best friend, and Izza. She was a good friend of Skunk, another rebel kind of girl. Since Shelly found Skunk's loyalty so useful, she would expand that. Besides that, girls who were in that crowd didn't have baseball boyfriends, so there were no jealousy issues. The last girl was Penelope. She was a popular kind of girl, but she wasn't the pretty cheerleader type at all. In fact, she was unlikely ever to have a boyfriend as sexy as one of these specimens, so she was excited to see them like this.

Each boy had a smiling girl next to him. Miss Devasquez said, "Now you'll have that underwear on unless Shelly asks you a question. The moment she points to a boy, his girl will pull down that underwear so that we can see what he's got. Once the question and answer is over, the underwear goes back on until his next question. Understand?" The boys rolled their eyes and groaned. No matter how many times they did this, there was always something new to embarrass them.

Miss Devasquez wasn't done yet. "Now, if any of you boys manage to get hard, then your

underwear stays down. That's only if he's fully hard," she clarified to the girls. "But if he stays erect, then not only can you leave him out there, you can go ahead and have a handful of his penis if Shelly's asking him a question. Understand?"

The girls all nodded and happily agreed. The boys already blushed at their impending immodesty. Shelly, Mindy, and Miss Devasquez felt that slow heat of lust. They had seen these hot guys bare-naked before, so they knew they were in for a treat.

Shelly looked at her notes carefully as though she really needed the direction. She chose Mark, Miss Devasquez's favorite boy for the first question. The moment she pointed at him, Izza dropped his tighty whities. "Awp!" He threw his hands over his dick. He knew it was coming, but he still couldn't stop his reflexive reaction. As if she was the one insulted, Shelly told him, "Mark, you can't do that. Be a good sport."

He gave her the evil eye, but he dropped his hands so that the girls could ooh and aah over his bare cock. Shelly asked him something about his fielding and he had to hear the question twice before he could make sense of it. He managed to say, "That's right." Before Izza could get him covered again though, Miss Devasquez told him, as if she was disappointed, "Now, Mark, that won't do. I understand that you're not entirely comfortable with this, but you should understand by now that we only make you do this to prove that you can take the girls seriously. Now, give a real answer."

Mark threw her a wicked look too. Then he looked down at his own naked cock. He could feel the embarrassment move to his goods. He had to say something real and say it fast so that he could hide his shame before he started to rise up. "Okay, okay. Uh, I expect a lot of action in the outfield in tomorrow's game. Is that good enough?"

Izza looked at Miss Devasquez with hopeful eyes, but Miss Devasquez gave Mark the reprieve he wanted. She nodded, so Izza sadly put that penis out of sight. Mark breathed a sigh of relief. He tried to get his willpower going so that he might avoid his feelings of embarrassment and hopefully the erection that he feared.

Shelly pointed to David, who colored wonderfully. Jean yanked his underwear down and breathed out a happy, "Oh, yes!" Shelly chose him because of these four boys, he was the only one she hadn't seen naked. That is, until now. Now she had his bare penis right there close up.

Shelly had a big smile. Not only from the exposure, but also from the silly, straight posture that David shot into once his dick was out there for them all to see. "Uh, David, Camford doesn't have our team's win record of course, but they're pretty impressive this year. What do you think our team's real chances are of winning?"

David's eyes got huge. He felt it right away. "I, uh, I can't really," he cursed softly. Miss Devasquez told him to watch his language, but he could hardly hear her. All he was aware of at that moment was his naked penis as it screamed at him about the indignity. All that embarrassment centered there and he knew he would go stiff before he could say anything intelligent. "What was the question?"

Shelly managed to maintain professional calm as she stared at his growing penis. She repeated her question slowly as if to give his penis enough time to finish erecting, "What are our team's real chances of winning against Camford?"

"I, uh, I don't know. Pretty good, I guess. Oh, man. I, uh, we can only play the game

and see.” He hadn’t stopped it. That fast he had risen up to near total hardness. It was kind of a judgment call though. Was he really there? Jean glanced over at Miss Devasquez. Miss Devasquez had an intense look of concentration. She could sympathize with an umpire who had to make an impossible decision. “Not quite, Jean. Go ahead and put his penis away.”

Jean smirked at her misfortune, but did as she was told, yet knew he probably wouldn’t survive the next question. David breathed out a wavering sigh of relief. It was another guy’s turn in the hot seat. It was Steve’s turn and he blushed furiously when Shelly pointed at him, with her horrible, evil half smile. Without missing a beat, Greta slid his underwear down, and showed the girls his nice, long rod. All the boys had great packages, but Steve’s was the biggest that had bared here so far. After Shelly took a second or two to get her mind working, Steve actually said, “Well? Ask your question!”

Unable to stretch things out further, Shelly just grinned. The bad thing was that Steve was angry enough to answer fast and easy; however, the beginning of a real erection was evident. Despite his early start, he didn’t even make it halfway, so Greta had to put his goodies back.

Last was Kent. Shelly had saved him for last because she knew he had an even bigger cock than Steve had. In fact, he was the most well endowed of all the athletes she had interviewed. Right when his penis was out there, the girls all giggled, Penelope most of all. She couldn’t believe she had just exposed hot stuff Chris to a room full of girls, and she had the best view! Izza joked, “I think I picked the wrong one!”

“No way,” Jean said. “Kent’s hung, but Mark’s got it going on too.”

Izza grinned at her boy. Mark wished he hadn’t made eye contact. Izza said, “Yeah. Yeah, he does.”

“Can we get on with it?” Chris insisted. He got his question, gave his answer, and was happy to have his penis put away. He had to listen to the happy, heavy breathing of Penelope even when he was back in the holster though, so he couldn’t be comfortable.

“David?” Shelly said, as she pointed to him.

“Me again? Wait! Give me a moment, can’t you?” That wasn’t happening. As Jean reintroduced his penis to the girls, his face tightened up in a funny way. Having not declined all the way, he pointed straight out. Right away, he started to rise up to Shelly’s tune. She dragged her question out even longer to give more time to that obedient penis. Despite wishing and hoping that he could finish in time as he did before, he couldn’t. This time he got all the way stiff for the happy girls. Jean even got a quick grope of his goods before Shelly moved on.

With his underwear around his thighs, David stood there stiff. That was the way Shelly wanted all the boys. Which one needed the next question? This was a great game. She slid the next name out tantalizingly. “SSSteeeve?”

“Come on, Shelly! Oh!” Just like that, his nice, big dick was out again. Greta had a wide-eyed, goofy stare behind her glasses. “I love you, Steve.”

He would have loved to speak his mind, but it wasn’t a good idea.

“Yeah, thanks. Oh no.” He could feel himself rise already. He hated that the attention from a girl such as Greta could do that. While not ugly or anything, she sure wasn’t pretty. Shelly had to bark his name out to get his attention, having already asked a question, which he missed. He

spent much more time dueling with his own urges, desperate to keep his dick down. Although he knew he couldn't, he still tried so hard and just as David did, he got completely hard. He did manage to keep it from reaching its height in time. Greta didn't get to touch him. All the same, his boner would stay strong while the girls enjoyed the show.

"Mark?"

Just the sound of his name conjured more exposure. Even though Shelly hadn't even pointed to him yet, Izza had his cock out. She purred with excitement. His underwear was down almost before Shelly even finished saying his name.

"Mmmm!" Trying to stay stern, Mark's voice broke when answering Shelly's question. He was halfway hard. He had made it though. Or so he thought. Shelly said, "A quick follow up question, you know that some of Camford's players are great at stealing bases."

"What?" His eyes got big. What was he supposed to say? Hardly able to hear himself talk as he stuttered out something about keeping an eye on the infield, he reached his peak. "No, no, no!" Like Steve, he had managed to keep it under enough control that Izza missed her chance to put a hand to him. All the same, he was a third rock hard penis that just wouldn't lower. Standing there bare for some girl he wouldn't ordinarily even talk to kept him on the edge of embarrassment, and that embarrassment wouldn't let his erection subside. He dreaded the next question.

Next, Shelly turned her devious eyes to Kent. Without saying his name or even pointing to him yet, she wanted the anticipation to kill him before she got there. Walking back across the penis line up, she stopped right in front of him, and finally said, "Kent."

With a big grin, Penelope took delight in slipping his underwear back down. Clearly, he responded already, but wasn't very far along, yet wasn't completely soft either. During the whole time Shelly asked him two full questions, he managed to keep an even voice and steady eyes. Before he could finish answering the second one, Penelope whined, "Come on, already! Get hard!" All the girls and women burst out laughing.

Chris was doing well. He was more than halfway there, but he would get covered again. Penelope blushed almost as much as he did. She was annoyed that she had to pull his underwear back up.

Turning her attention back to the stiffy line up, Shelly asked, "Are you three still stiff? Good! Okay then, let's see..." She rubbed her chin thoughtfully as she made her decision. "Jean, get ready to enjoy. David, can you tell us about that slight ankle injury?"

David shot back into his intense, upright stance when he felt Jean's hand wander up his shaft. Toying with him happily, she giggled with enthusiasm while he answered. "It, it wasn't even really an injury! It was nothing! Coach had been concerned about it that day! Really, I'm cleared to play! Can you move on now?"

Shelly nodded. Even though Jean had to stop, as a last trick, she pushed that erection down so that she could watch it bounce back into place. David's funny little sound of humiliation thrilled her.

"Mark?" Shelly said. He gave a morose look as Izza began to play with his penis. While his question and answer didn't last long, it was long enough to make her smile and make him blush

like a stop light.

“Steve?” Right away, Greta enjoyed his charms. His erection fascinated her. She had seen plenty of the boys naked and stiff. She was even there to fondle the entire weightlifting team one day. However, not sexy Steve, at least not until now. She was so happy she had taken up photography. It let her enjoy the landscape of the Prellis athletes, whether they liked it or not. They didn’t like it, but she didn’t mind that at all. She took what she wanted from these studs, bared their bodies and sometimes got to touch them up, it was great. Now Steve was one of her favorites.

“Looks like we’re back to you, Kent,” Shelly said. He gave her a look as if he was confident. He couldn’t be entirely confident while some girl slipped his modesty loose, but it appeared as if he thought he could at least keep from pointing up. Shelly sounded perfectly innocent as she asked, “Kent, if you had to characterize the spirit of both our team and Camford’s team, as they compare to each other, what would you say?”

“Wh-what? I’m not sure, I’m not sure I understand.” His eyes were huge. She had to repeat that slowly, probably twice. Then he would have to fumble out some half-assed poetry to answer her. Could he hold out that long? He would have hated Shelly for that, but was too focused on his own increasing embarrassment. He could already hear Penelope’s hard breathing in response to his inclining stick. Bit by bit, his magnificent royal rod reached a full erection. He was there, stiff, hard, and tall for all the girls to enjoy. He could hear them whisper to each other about him. He heard Jean say, “I’ve seen his dick before, but never hard!” Then he felt Penelope’s fingers wrap around his tool. Ironically, her breathing had slowed once she had him in her grasp. As she slowly ran her hand up and down, Chris managed to get through the ordeal. There would be no return to his underwear now though, as that thing kept its perfect posture while he stood there helplessly.

Each boy had one more question. That meant each girl got to grope some dick one more time before the interview was over. The blushing quartet looked ready to faint by the time that was done. Unfortunately for them, it wasn’t over. There was the game interview tradition to be dealt with. Miss Devasquez’s voice glided like a wave of lust through the room.

“Wait a second, boys. You can’t put those stiffies away yet. When we do a game day interview, we always finish it with an autograph session.”

The boys were mortified. “Miss Devasquez, is this necessary?” They knew what she meant. There had seen other boys in the locker room wish they didn’t have the mark of shame on them. “Haven’t we done enough?” “Do something else! Make us do naked push-ups or something!”

“Oooh, that’s a good idea!” Mindy said. “Do some push-ups. You’ll still get autographed though.”

There was a brief and pointless debate the boys inevitably lost. They had to get in position and do some naked push-ups for their audience while they waited for the marker. Mindy happily counted off twenty push-ups while the girls hooted and cheered. Then Miss Devasquez handed the marker over. “Izza, you can go first.”

She took it, but for the first time she showed real nervousness. “Wh-what am I doing?”

“We always leave the boys with a memento after a pregame interview.”

Mindy squealed out the words, “You get to write your name on his butt!”

Izza was stunned. Shelly and Skunk had told her that she would get to see and touch some naked baseball hunk, but she didn't expect this.

“Are you serious?”

Miss Devasquez answered that by telling Mark, “Turn around.”

Izza let out a squeaky laugh. “Oh my god!” Then she realized what she was seeing. “Oh, he's got a great ass!” With no reason to wait, she got down and put one hand on his butt cheek while the other signed her name to the other cheek. She was so enraptured that Shelly had to take the marker from her.

“Your turn, Jean.” Jean took the marker and nudged David to turn around. She put her name on David's butt, and did it with pride. This ‘tradition’ had been her idea in the first place, and was so pleased that they kept it up. She was certainly pleased at the sight of her signature on David's fine ass.

The other two boys turned around as David and Mark had. They realized that it was embarrassing to give up their rear ends like that, but at least they could put their dicks out of sight for a moment. Greta put her name on Steve. Then Penelope got the chance to sign Kent. As the last one, she was a bit bolder than the others were and reached around to take another grab of cock.

When that was over, the fuming boys had to turn back around, and wished they didn't have to see all the greedy eyes leer at their hard-ons. David was the only one who had been signed before. He said, “Are we done then?”

“Wait,” Shelly said. “What about me, Miss Devasquez, and Mindy?”

Mindy said, “And Mrs. Baker? Don't you always let her sign a boy?”

The boys were horrified. Miss Devasquez felt that familiar twist of guilt, but didn't let it stop her. “All right, boys, one of you has to volunteer to go to the front office so that Mrs. Baker can sign you. The others,” she chuckled, “the others get to stay here with us, waiting.”

The boys all went white. What a choice! Stay here with these perverts, with them undoubtedly fondling the remaining boys or head out to the front office where anyone might be there to see. Chris said, “I'll do it.”

“How nice,” Miss Devasquez said.

“Wait!” he said, “I'll do it if you promise that when I get back I won't be grabbed by all of you.”

Miss Devasquez grimaced. “Well, I usually dislike bartering with you boys. You should be comfortable with this by now. However, I suppose it's not entirely unfair. Okay, Kent, I promise that when you get back you won't be touched by any of us.”

Mark panicked. “But the rest of us?”

Miss Devasquez eyed his fabulous piece. “Line up and we'll all take turns to give you a farewell fondle.”

“NO!”

“Oh yes. Shelly, would you take Chris to the front office?”

“Sure thing, Miss Devasquez.” She led him by the arm. She thought about groping that big dick of his, but a deal was a deal. She had never felt Kent’s penis, even after all this time. She figured that she’d get her chance eventually. She felt a strange thrill from denying herself for a moment, but knew that she could satisfy her desire to handle that rod later.

She was thrilled by Kent’s little shiver. She felt that through his arm as he stepped out of the office. With one arm occupied by Shelly, Chris used his other to cover himself. Disappointed, Shelly told him to uncover himself. He tried to plead with her, “Shelly, I uncovered in the office, but out here, anyone could walk by. It’s embarrassing enough to be out here naked, can I at least cover myself.”

Feeling more and more assertive, Shelly stopped walking and held his arm back to stop him as well. With a stern voice, she told him, “We will wait right here until you move your arm aside. The longer it takes you, the greater the chance that someone will come by and see you.” Without putting up any further resistance, Chris moved his arm aside, and exposed himself to Shelly and anyone else who might happen to come upon them. She wasn’t sure which she enjoyed better, seeing his penis exposed in this open environment or that he was her puppet for her to do with as she pleased.

Miss Hartick’s office joined the front offices directly, so they weren’t in the hallway or anything. Shelly hoped someone would wander by to see them. It had happened before. However, fate spared Chris this time, or at least until they got to the front office. Only Mrs. Baker was present there. “Oh my!” she gasped. “Oh my, oh my! He’s, he’s quite well equipped, isn’t he?”

Chris blushed anew. Everyone liked Mrs. Baker. He imagined that even after this he still wouldn’t be upset with her. She was just that nice. That was later though. Right then, at that moment, as his hard-on moved to her, he felt a swarming embarrassment. She couldn’t take her eyes off his penis. “Am I supposed to put my name on him as I did with the other boys?”

Shelly said, “That’s what we’re here for. It’s just our way of showing our appreciation, Mrs. Baker.”

Chris tried to say something, but couldn’t. He just got close, turned in place, and offered up his butt for the marker. Mrs. Baker gave him a pinch, then she carefully put her name on the opposite side that Penelope did. “Oh! Penelope wrote her name there. That’s nice. She’s a nice girl.”

Shelly said, “Kent, thank Mrs. Baker, will you?”

“Thank her? Oh for crying out loud, thank you for, for, for, oh no!” He threw his hands over his cock, but it was hard to cover up in his condition. Mrs. Roy had walked in. She was another quiet, older woman, and quieter than normal at that moment. Her eyes were huge at the sight of the butt naked baseball player in front of her. Shelly had to urge him on, “You boys need to learn to stop doing that. Stop being so bashful and move your hands.”

“NO!”

Mrs. Roy managed to put aside her inhibitions and say, “Oh, please!”

Chris colored up yet again. He hated having to put his penis on display to woman after woman. He knew that refusal could have consequences though. All he had to do was think of Miss Hartick and her temper. “Oh, fine!” He threw his hands aside. Mrs. Roy looked as though she had trouble keeping her balance. She said, “I think Miss Hartick is a genius, don’t you, Mona?”

Mrs. Baker agreed, “Oh, I do. You’re a lucky girl, Shelly. I’m done though. Bye, Kent! I hope to see you again some time.”

“Bye,” he muttered.

By the time they returned to Miss Hartick’s office, each girl along with Miss Devasquez and Mindy had the chance to go down that line of three hard-ons for some quick hands on fun. Twice! “Well, it looks as if that’s over,” Miss Devasquez said, and let go of Steve’s penis. “I guess it’s time to give the last names.” She took the marker. “I think I’ll sign Mark.” Mark groaned as he turned, but Miss Devasquez stopped him. “Not that side! I’m going to sign your dick!” He was horrified as she wrote her name on his stiff standing masterpiece.

Mindy giggled and ran her hand up Steve’s big dick one last time before she signed it. That left Shelly to put her name on David while he blushed and fumed. At last, the interview was over. The boys put their clothes on fast. They were quick to get away even though the bulges in their pants were still obvious.

Izza, Penelope, and Jean all thanked Miss Devasquez. When they were gone, that left only the conspirators to collect the cameras. “I can’t wait to see these!” “I can’t wait to let the boys know what we’ve got!” Miss Devasquez said, “My favorite niece has a birthday soon. Now I have some entertainment for the party!”

Chapter 42

Time to Get Physical

The subsequent game was great. It was a close contest that kept everyone on the edge of their seats. The real heroes of the game were Mark, David, Steve, and Kent. Shelly knew they would be at their best after the embarrassment of the pre-game interview. She didn't think the boys realized those interviews improved their performance. She didn't want to tip them off either. If they figured that out, then it might have a bad impact on Prellis High's baseball season.

As it was though, they had the best team in the region and everyone knew it. The players sure knew it, and the esteem of their place in the school was so great it outweighed the embarrassment of Shelly's locker room antics. At least, it did when she wasn't actually there interviewing them buck-naked.

Shelly enjoyed seeing the boys so proud and happy with themselves almost as much as seeing them blush and tremble when she forced them to strip for her. She loved that so much, that she needed more. Miss Devasquez was right. They really needed more blackmail photos of the baseball players. The next set would be easy.

She explained her plan to Miss Devasquez and Mindy. "I'm telling you that I can convince Nurse Jones to go along with it. She'll love it."

Miss Devasquez read over the school rules for athletics. "Shelly's right. Every boy is required to pass a physical exam at the discretion of the school's medical staff."

Mindy said, "Okay, I see how that can get some boys naked, but how does that help us get pictures?"

Shelly told her, "Trust me. I can get Nurse Jones' permission to do a story on the school's dedication to player safety. While she does her examinations, I'll be right there. All I have to do is invite along Nurse Jones' niece Wanda. I need one of you to sneak a couple of Greta's cameras in there while Nurse Jones is out. Then we get pictures of whatever boy happens to be there."

"Have you talked to Nurse Jones about this?"

"I've dropped the hint and I can tell she's hot for the idea."

Miss Devasquez said, "Maybe I should talk to her about it too. I can approach her directly."

Let's go see her after school today. We need to do this quick, don't we?"

Nurse Jones surely was ready for it! She was good friends with Mrs. Baker. Hearing about bringing the studly young bucks to the front office bare naked filled her with desire. She wanted the same. She could perform a sports exam anytime she wanted, but she was a bit worried about just taking advantage. If she had the support of the school's crazy reporting program though, then she could get by with much more. She was already thrilled at the thought of "examining" the boys without any real discretion.

It surprised Miss Devasquez how little real convincing it took. Nurse Jones did most of the work herself. She talked to Miss Bridle about it, and Miss Bridle happily agreed to be present. It irked Miss Devasquez and Shelly that Miss Bridle would participate, but then again, they didn't really plan to push this too far anyway. They didn't know what they could get away with during Nurse Jones' examinations. All they knew for sure was that she enthusiastically agreed to get any boy they wanted totally naked. She even asked Shelly which ones would be best for the article! Shelly was able to choose her blackmail bait without even asking.

Four more boys! One by one, Shelly would get to watch them stripped bare. She tried to convince Nurse Jones to do more, but that was as much as she would get right away. Shelly went over the possibilities with Mindy and Miss Devasquez. There were still twelve boys left they hadn't photographed yet. Which ones did they want? Each of them chose a single boy she wanted. Then there was a bit of debate about the last one, but Shelly insisted on her choice. In the end, it was a lineup of Alex, Peter, Tommy, and Sam.

They called those four unlucky boys out of class to the nurse's station without warning. From different classes, the boys made their way there. Sam and Alex saw each other right away. "What's going on?" "I don't know."

They got their answer when they saw Nurse Jones. She looked up from some paperwork. "Alex. Sam."

"Hi, Nurse Jones. What's wrong?" Sam asked.

"Nothing's wrong at all," she said with a friendly smile. "Ah, here's Tommy. You boys are on the baseball team. Athletes."

"Yeah?" Alex asked.

"I'm sure you know that the school district takes the safety and health of its athletes very seriously. This is just a quick check up. That's all. I think it may become routine."

"Oh," Tommy said. "How long do you think this will take?"

"Well I don't want to take up too much of your school day. Don't worry. I'll make it quick; check your breathing, take your pulse, you probably know the drill."

"Sure." None of the boys suspected anything yet. Nurse Jones didn't seem to them to be the kind of woman who would take advantage.

"Hello, Peter. I'll need you in here. One at a time, please. For now," she glanced at a clipboard, "uh, Tommy, if you could come this way." She led him away from the other boys and into the next room. He didn't realize he was in trouble until the door closed behind him. "Oh no!"

He was surrounded! Along with Nurse Jones, Miss Bridle, Miss Devasquez, some girl who he thought was named Wendy or something, and worse of all, dreadful, boy crazy, pervert Shelly looked him over. Shelly had her little notepad ready and everything. Nurse Jones still sounded as if it was no big deal. “Shelly is doing a story about the medical care of our athletes.”

“Naturally,” Tommy sneered. No one bothered to be offended by his scorn. He was just too good looking, and soon they would see so much more of him.

Nurse Jones led him to the padded examination table. Miss Devasquez was pleased to see that she had set up the cameras perfectly and doubted that Greta could have done a much better job. They would catch the action from three different angles. There weren't any nudie pictures of Tommy yet, so this was worth it just for that.

Nurse Jones, still seemingly oblivious to any problem, told Tommy, “If you would kindly remove your shirt and your jeans, please.”

Tommy took a second to get used to the idea. He knew it shouldn't bother him to just get down to his underwear. On three different occasions, Shelly had forced him to strip full nude for her. He still had to try to keep calm. These women had this lascivious way of staring as he slipped his shirt up and off. He heard a few very small noises of delight as he got his pants off. He refused to make eye contact with anyone, as he stood there almost uncovered.

Wanda had spoken to her beloved Aunt about this. She knew what would happen, and she didn't want to wait. “Can't he take that underwear off too?”

Nurse Jones looked down at that last article of clothing. “Well, I don't know if that is really necessary. On the other hand, I'm sure Shelly and Wendy would love to see your penis. So why don't you get that off too?”

Tommy's jaw dropped. Was this really happening? Did harmless Nurse Jones order him to strip just to satisfy the girls? He had to try to get out of it. “Uh, Miss Bridle, don't you think, um, I mean, do I have to do this?”

Nurse Jones added, “It will allow for a more thorough examination.”

Miss Bridle seemed to concur. She gave him that encouraging smile. “It isn't any different from what you do for Shelly in the locker room.”

That's what he was afraid of! “But!” He didn't say anything else. He just quickly looked from one face to another. They were all eager to see this. Even Nurse Jones had that lusty gleam in her eye! He had to force his fingers to comply. As he blushed delightfully, he managed to get that last bit of modesty off. He saw Shelly's satisfied smile. He heard Miss Devasquez's dreamy sigh. He heard Wanda's happy giggle. He put his hands over his sensitives. He was gratified that Nurse Jones didn't make him uncover. Granted, she seemed to find some humor in his embarrassed pose, but at least he was able to cover up his cock. When she listened to his breathing, the feel of the stethoscope on his chest and back was more uncomfortable than ever. Then she had to check his blood pressure. That meant moving his arm. One hand wouldn't help as much. Nurse Jones moved his one hand away before he was ready. His other hand covered up only so much. The tip of his penis peeked up over his hand, much to the girls' delight.

Tommy blushed furiously and wondered if this would affect the tests Nurse Jones was doing. He had to stand there, partially bare while she used the blood pressure cuff. Once she had that

done, she wanted to feel his pulse. She switched sides, and pulled his other hand away from his goods. There it was! His marvelous cock was bare for the room! He didn't even bother to put his free hand there. They had him trapped and he knew it. He tried to feel some kind of resignation, but he was just washed in the exposure and embarrassment. While Nurse Jones timed his pulse, checked his reflexes and so on, he felt the inevitable call of his embarrassed erection. He tried to imagine that he still had his clothes on. When that didn't work, he tried to pretend that it was at least only him and the nurse. That didn't work either. Shelly asked the occasional question. "How often are these examinations performed?" Things like that. Tommy's nudity was just part of the day.

Then, when his slow rise got a little more than halfway there, Shelly pointed at it, "Does that happen a lot?"

"Shelly!" he said.

Nurse Jones said, "Nothing to be embarrassed about, Tommy." That was easy for her to say! It lifted faster now! She said, "Is that really something you want in your article?"

"Well, you know, I might say a word or two about need for privacy, that kind of thing."

Tommy tuned them out for a moment. Privacy? A need for privacy? His penis was fully erect and totally exposed for five eagerly staring pairs of female eyes. He snapped back to attention when he heard Nurse Jones say, "As long as he's so prepared for it, I might as well check his sexual development."

"What?"

"Hold still, Tommy. This will only take a moment."

Tommy held his breath as he felt her hand cup his testicles and gently explore each one. She looked closely at his penis as her hand moved all the way up it slowly. Tommy breathed out hard when she let go. Wanda said, "You know I want to study to be nurse, Aunt Maggie."

Shelly and Miss Devasquez were both surprised at how audacious Wanda was. They were even more surprised that Miss Bridle only smiled. Nurse Jones said, "Here's how you do it." She led her niece through that, to make certain that the happy girl could touch every part of Tommy's penis while he stared down in horrified wonder. There wasn't anyone in the room who really believed that Nurse Jones' examination method was quite believable. It didn't matter.

Finally, Nurse Jones said, "You can get dressed now, Tommy. Leave through that door." She had him exit out the other side of the room, so he couldn't tip off the other boys about the nature of the exam.

Next was Peter, who walked in and said, "Oh my god, no!" Like Tommy and any other baseball player, his complaints just didn't matter. The girls could take advantage of their "rights" to get him naked as often as they could make excuses for it. Like Tommy, he had been stripped naked more than once. Three different girls had even fondled his penis. Unlike the previous occasions and unbeknownst to Peter, this time everything was secretly recorded. "I suppose I have to take off all of my clothes."

"Well, if you're offering," Miss Devasquez said.

"No! I wasn't offering! I was just saying!"

Nurse Jones told him, "It's okay. No one will hurt you. Handsome young man like you shouldn't be so worried about it anyway. After making Tommy undress, I suppose I'll have to make all of you do the same thing. I wouldn't want to seem unprofessional."

"Unprofessional?" he said. Then he stood and gulped as she started to unbutton his shirt for him. "It's okay! I can do it myself!" He slowly got out of his clothes, bit by bit. When he was down to only his underwear, he faltered. "Do I really have to, to, to..."

"All of it," Nurse Jones said casually. She didn't even look at him right then. The others sure were, though. Miss Bridle even tried to be herself by telling him, "It's okay, Peter. It's perfectly natural."

Shelly and Miss Devasquez loved the way Miss Bridle's instincts took over so well in these situations. They knew that she really wanted to be legitimately moral about it, but they could count on her to make sure the boys gave a good show. And wow did Peter give a good show! He stood up, without a stitch on, and he didn't even cover up his goodies. He just slumped his shoulder and fumed.

Wanda giggled. "He sure looks healthy to me!"

To make certain that was right, Nurse Jones went through the whole thing. Peter stood there silently disgusted while the women had plenty of time to ogle his naked body. He tried to concentrate on the stethoscope and thermometer, but he glanced around at his audience. Miss Devasquez repeatedly sized him up bit by bit, as she stared. Miss Bridle had that quirky little smile. Shelly wore her devious half smile that he hated almost as much as he hated that victorious gleam in her eyes. Wanda had a dreamy stare but a goofy smile.

"How long will this take?" Peter asked.

"Not much longer," Nurse Jones told him.

Then it was clear why Peter was suddenly in a hurry. He shuffled his feet nervously as he stared up at the ceiling. Surely, it wouldn't happen again. Not again! He felt the spinning vulnerability concentrate on his vitals. He hated that more than anything. He had no idea why sheer embarrassment would harden up his dick. He just wished there was some way to resist it. He tried as hard as he could. He forced himself to calm down. He could feel the climb slow down. However, just then he heard Wanda's happy voice gush, "Look at what he's doing! Will they all do that?"

That penetrated deep. He locked eyes on Wanda, and she started to laugh uncontrollably as his face reddened up. His penis rose up quick, as all it needed was a little encouragement. Peter didn't know Wanda at all, but he loathed her now. She quieted down, but everybody could hear her giggle every few seconds while she took in the sight of his marvelous, rock-hard penis.

Shelly asked, "Is that common during a physical exam?"

Nurse Jones considered his erection carefully. "Well, it's not often that the boys are in quite this state of undress, so I couldn't say. I'll tell you that I do wish you'd leave that out of your article."

"Oh certainly," Shelly said. "I was just curious. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised. The boys always rise up when I interview them; every time. So I bet that they will all do that, Wanda."

“Awesome!” she shouted gleefully.

Peter wished he could speak his mind, but he just stayed there quiet and as still as he could manage. He kept up his blush, and his cock stayed perfectly stiff. Then Nurse Jones said something that surprised him. “I’ll check your genitalia for any abnormalities now.”

“Wh-what? OH!” Her fingers carefully wandered his testicles.

She said, “Now, Shelly, if you’ll watch carefully, you’ll see the proper technique.”

Shelly hoped she had Nurse Jones figured right. “Would it be all right if I tried that?”

Nurse Jones knew she had the chance to show Shelly the proper gratitude. She glanced at Miss Bridle to see how she took it. There was no problem there at all! After she had ‘examined’ his penis, Shelly got a turn, and worked her fingers around his balls, then up his shaft and carefully around the tip. Peter squeaked with anxiety every few moments as he was so meticulously touched all over.

“That’ll do,” Nurse Jones told him. “You can get dressed now.”

Peter practically threw on his clothes. Nurse Jones had made sure to watch Miss Bridle and Miss Devasquez as Shelly enjoyed the feel of Peter’s treasures. Miss Devasquez obviously approved. It was a bit of a surprise to see that Miss Bridle nodded and smiled enthusiastically. Nurse Jones felt safe enough to say, “I hope neither of you are too bothered by the girls’ participation.”

Miss Bridle said, “As I told you before, I think this is healthy for both the girls and the boys. Thank you, Peter. Which one should we call in next?”

It was Alex. Shelly loved to see Alex get naked. He could hold such a sour expression about it. The last time was when she brought Adri into the locker room, not long ago. Shelly hadn’t seen him stiff then, but she saw his cock when Miss Hartick made him pull down his underwear for Adri.

Just watching him walk in was great. The slow realization that they surrounded him was followed by the realization that he probably would have to give yet another full nude body show. He looked at Nurse Jones.

“What are they all doing here?”

“Shelly’s writing an article about sports medicine. If you would please remove your clothing, Alex. All of them.”

After a sickened sigh, he was already getting his shirt off while he complained, “All of them? You mean all of them?”

“It’s all right,” Nurse Jones said, perfectly in character, “remember this is just a medical exam.”

“That I have to get naked for. Why do I have to go that far? Seriously?”

Miss Bridle had spent too much time around Miss Hartick. She would never be able to summon up that kind of irresistible force of will. She began to understand her friend’s impatience with these impertinent athletes though. “Alex, you’ve done this before for no more reason than to let the girls see you. You can do it today without complaint. Now, I want you

to cooperate or you'll end up in detention."

"Great," he muttered. Never before had he heard Miss Bridle make a demand like that. He figured it really wasn't any worse than her regular, supportive tone. He hated the way she could make it sound as if this was all for his benefit.

As he slipped his legs out of his pants, Miss Bridle realized that she should really offer him some encouragement. After all, she liked Alex and he was one of the first baseball boys she saw naked. He was at the detention where she first watched the mandatory strippings.

"Alex, we're all very appreciative of the respect you're showing us today. I'm sure you understand why this is all so important."

That was more like Miss Bridle. As he got himself ready to drop his underwear for these voyeuristic vixens, he shook his head a little. At first, he felt no real pressure at all. He slipped off the last bit of his protection, and stood up with a small frown. Instead of feeling embarrassed, he just looked down on these evil women. That lasted only for the few moments before Nurse Jones started. Then Alex realized that the little pause was just the school nurse who drank in the sight of his bare cock. He blushed a slight shade of pink. Before long, Nurse Jones told him, "Calm down, Alex. I need to listen to you breathe normally."

Calm down? He tried. He just tried to breathe in and out as if he was safe, away from here and fully clothed. It wasn't happening. Nurse Jones said to the girls and women, "I'm having too hard a time with this one. Could you all look away please?"

Miss Bridle did it with no annoyance at all, but the other three were all clearly reluctant to lose sight of this stud's body. Nurse Jones listened to Alex's breathing return to normal. Once she was satisfied, she said, "Okay, you can all look again."

All four of them snapped back to attention. Alex saw every pair of eyes level at his intimates all at once. It was as if a spotlight was on his penis. His start was sudden. His eyes widened as much as the ladies' as his stiffy maintained a steady, fast arc into that perfect, rock hard posture. Wanda tried to stifle her reaction, but she was unable to stop a few spare giggles. Alex changed from a slight blush to a heavy one now that he was not only fully naked, but also naked and as hard as he could be. His breathing returned to the fast panic it was before. "Can I get dressed yet?"

"We're not quite done yet, dear," Nurse Jones said. "Oh my. I can't really take his pulse like this. I'm afraid we'll all have to look away again."

This time it was fun. They all turned away, which made his nudity temporarily private so that Nurse Jones could take an accurate pulse. When she had it, she was more than happy to say, "All right, girls, you can look again."

Alex muttered a curse word as his hard-on became the center of the universe again. If being stared at that way wasn't bad though, he was in for a real surprise with the last of the examination. Nurse Jones ended it the way she had the others. She was so delighted to be able to put her hands to his upstanding trophy that she couldn't keep herself from smiling. She almost felt bad about that, but when she caught Miss Bridle's eye, the school counselor gave her a wink and a nod. "I suppose you're right," Nurse Jones said.

"What?" Alex asked. "Right about what?"

“Oh, I was just commenting on this situation. I was a bit hesitant to include observers, especially female observers,” this was such an incredible lie that she was amazed with herself. She said it so perfectly that even she believed it for a moment. “I suppose it is important for you boys to learn to accept it, especially in a medical situation.” Talking while she palpated every bit of his jewels slowed her down, so Alex had to try to maintain his still, calm pose for longer than any other boy had when Nurse Jones had that last bit of fun.

He breathed out gratefully when she let him go and started to write on her clipboard. Then, without even looking around, she asked, “Would one of you girls like to double check him?”

Alex’s eyes shot open wide. Not here! Not now! Not like this! Surely Miss Bridle wouldn’t let Nurse Jones just give his penis to one of these girls. When he looked at her though, she was unconcerned. In fact, she smiled slightly. He wanted so desperately to say something smart that might break through to Miss Bridle. He knew that if he could make a real point, she might stop this. He couldn’t think though. Wanda advanced on him, and he took a step back. Nurse Jones gripped his arm and urged him back where he belonged. “Oh man.” He stared upwards again as he felt another girl’s hand slowly explore his forbidden territory. Wanda followed the pattern that Nurse Jones followed. Alex knew right where her hand would go every moment before it happened.

At last, it was done and he could sheepishly slip his clothes back on. The women in the room seemed indifferent to his leaving, like they were done and just couldn’t wait for the next boy.

Once Alex was out the door, Nurse Jones called in Sam. He was a reasonably quiet, sandy haired boy, and as good looking as the other baseball players were. This was a special treat. Shelly didn’t mind announcing to them all, “I’ve never interviewed Sam. In fact, I’ve never seen him naked at all.”

“Really?” Miss Bridle said. “Not ever in the locker room?”

“Not once,” she said with a smile. He was one of the few remaining holdouts that had managed to shower and change away from her eyes thus far. No more though. She had waited patiently to get this stud’s dick out. This was as good a time as any.

Sam appeared neither panicked nor afraid. His voice caught on the word though as he asked the only question he could think of. “N-n-naked?”

Wanda let out a quiet, happy wail, and then she asked, “He’s the last one?”

“For today,” Nurse Jones said.

“Too bad,” Wanda said, and looked him over, up and down, and anxiously awaited the unwrapping of this last present.

Miss Devasquez hadn’t realized that this was a special stripping either.

“This is really his first time?” She had seen most of the baseball players in the buff, but there were a couple, like Arthur and Chad, that she hadn’t gotten an eye full of yet, even though she knew they had been stripped. It wasn’t every day you could strip a boy naked for the first time. Her heart was pounding. How wonderful! This unfortunate boy, who didn’t deserve it at all, would have to put on a bare penis show for three women and two female classmates. Miss Devasquez’s insides twisted with that sweet feeling of guilt.

Nurse Jones had to urge him along. “Sam? We don’t have all day. You’ll have to take off those clothes.”

He didn’t have wide eyes or a bright blush at all. In fact, he would have seemed almost unconcerned if his fingers didn’t tremble and his knees didn’t shake. He looked as if he was about to say something, but he couldn’t get the words out. What could he say though? He had always known he would end up in this position, but he didn’t expect it today. He would never have thought that Nurse Jones would be a part of this perverted set up. He was in a daze as he got his shirt and jeans off. He stood in just his underwear. After a few seconds, he asked, “Do I, do I have to take these off r-r-right, right now?”

“Oh, for goodness’ sake,” Nurse Jones said. “What’s wrong with you boys? This is a medical exam. You can’t let modesty stop it. This is important.”

“But but but!”

Miss Bridle tried to help. “Sam, you don’t have to worry. You’re in a safe environment. We all respect you as much as you respect us.”

He didn’t gape at her. Instead, his forehead furrowed as if he tried to figure out what she said. He did manage to say something obvious though. He didn’t complain about the nurse, because that made sense even to him. He didn’t complain about Shelly, because he saw the notepad and knew that she was writing another of her articles. He didn’t even complain about Miss Bridle and Miss Devasquez. However, he did ask, “Why is Wanda here for this though?”

Miss Bridle said, “Um, well...” It hadn’t really occurred to her. Why was Wanda here? Everyone else made sense, at least within her warped worldview, but why was Wanda there?

Shelly saw Miss Bridle’s confusion, but was ready for it. “Miss Bridle, Wanda is here as my guest, the same as at an interview. I did this because I knew this would be Sam’s first time to do anything like this, so I wanted to help him get used to it.”

“Oh!” Miss Bridle said, brightening up. She was the kind of person who believed her own nonsense, and any rationalization was acceptable as long as it fit her own arbitrary rules. “You see, Sam? You should thank Shelly.”

He leaned back, stunned. “Thank? Thank Shelly?” He saw the suddenly stern look in Miss Bridle’s eyes. “Oh god.” Suddenly he was disgusted. There was nothing he could do, though. Not if he wanted to stay on this legendary baseball team. “Okay. Thank you, Shelly. Can we...” He almost asked if he could get on with it, but he realized that was the last thing he wanted. He had managed to keep that last bit of clothing on this long. His time was up though. Nurse Jones said, “Sam? Finish, please.”

He breathed out a warbling sigh of exasperation. He couldn’t believe it. His mind swung back and forth as would a pendulum between contempt for these pervy abusers to his own total, utter, horrifying embarrassment. He would really have to do this. He turned around. He couldn’t face them all while he stripped away the last of his dignity. Wanda made a little noise of pleasure as she saw his bare butt. He also heard Miss Devasquez’s soft moan of pleasure. They liked him. He tried to take encouragement from that. He was the kind of boy who didn’t know how good looking he was. So hearing that did have a small advantage to it. It wasn’t nearly enough to protect him from his own shocking embarrassment though. He had his hands carefully poised over his prize when he managed to turn back around.

He shut his eyes and knew he would hear Nurse Jones tell him to move his hands. She didn't though! He almost felt gratitude for that. He was butt naked in a humiliating pose of self-preservation, but at least he wasn't all out there yet. Nurse Jones went through the exam calmly. Sam even managed to ignore his audience enough to make it all easy for her and almost painless for himself. Next was the blood pressure cuff. Nurse Jones moved one hand away from his cock. Sam's beautiful eyes shot open wide. He wasn't entirely himself as his other hand dropped away from his treasure involuntarily.

He was completely exposed. His eyes opened just a little more than normal. Apart from that, his face was stony though. He looked as if he might faint, but if he did, at least the school nurse was right there. Wanda had managed to say quiet; wide eyed, but quiet. Then she burst out into a giggling fit. "Oh, look at him! MmmM!"

Shelly admired his nice cock. "He certainly was worth waiting for. What do you think, Miss Devasquez?"

She said, "Sam, you really are a handsome boy, all over. I knew you would be."

Miss Bridle told him, "You see, Sam? There was nothing to worry about."

He gave her the strangest look. What the hell was wrong with these women? He stood there stark naked, involuntarily! They thought he was over reacting.

Wanda worried a little. "He doesn't look nervous though. Will he get hard like the others?"

Sam finally blushed. Shelly grinned at that. "It appears so; he's just taking his time. No other boy has been able to avoid it."

Nurse Jones said, "Well, it is perfectly natural."

"That's what I always tell them," Miss Bridle said, her eyes never wavered from his cock. She was as eager as the rest of them.

Sam knew what happened to all the other boys. He had always imagined that he might be able to stay soft. He even fantasized about disappointing them all by keeping his hard-on at bay. He never felt this kind of embarrassment in any fantasy though. In fact, he had never felt this kind of embarrassment ever! He felt as if he was just encased in anticipation. Staring straight ahead, he made no eye contact at all. He tried his best to shut out any sound. He couldn't do it. It was as if a switch flipped. He didn't even know he began to rise until he heard Wanda start to giggle again. "Wh-what?" he asked. Then he looked down. There it was, his penis had begun to rise up into what was destined to be a royal boner.

"AawAahw! MAN! This sucks!"

Miss Bridle said, "Shelly was right. You really do need to get used to this."

Sam felt himself reach his zenith. He couldn't keep centered any more. He looked around at them, and saw the smiles and the lusty eyes. He felt a charge of emotion fly through his hardened cock. He was unaware of Nurse Jones' examination at all. Looking at Shelly sent a shock that flowed through his boner. A glance at lovely Miss Devasquez sent another shock through his member. Miss Bridle? She at least pretended to be considerate, wasn't she? No, she wasn't! She was too caught up in it, and another shock ran through his penis. It was as if an embarrassment lightning bolt hit and his penis was a lightning rod! Then, all at once, he felt

the worst thing possible, that release. He climaxed right there that fast just from being stared at!

He moaned and lurched forward as he shot his white goo. The women were all shocked, but not as much as he was. His embarrassment amplified with each toss. He groaned as it ended. He had to lean against the examination table to keep himself on his feet.

Nurse Jones was too stunned to keep her mind on her work. “Um, here. Here’s a towel. You can get cleaned up and get dressed, I suppose.” She would help him, but wasn’t sure he could take it. There was an awkward, but delighted silence as Sam cleaned himself up. By the time he was dressed again, he was soft. He didn’t realize it, but at the very least, he had escaped a fondling. He meekly left the room. The moment he shut the door behind him, he heard a burst of laughter from several of the women.

Chapter 43

More Experimenting

“Hello, Shelly,” Miss Bridle said in a sunny voice.

“Hi. Ready to go to the locker room again?” Shelly noticed that Miss Bridle beamed. Ever since she became part of the interview program, Miss Bridle had always smiled. Shelly understood that. Even after all the interviews and strippings, she could hardly contain her own enthusiasm. She was going again, and her heart beat fast with anticipation. No matter how many times she saw the boys naked, her excitement was always the same. It looked as if Miss Bridle was the same way.

The boys, however, were the opposite. No matter how many times they had to endure the leers and wandering hands of Shelly and her cohorts, they were always thoroughly embarrassed. Shelly loved them for that. It was wonderful to see them bare their bodies, but it was also wonderful to know they had no choice. They had to let Shelly enjoy their nudity, regardless of whether they like it or not.

It was the weightlifting team again today. Shelly had to learn as much as she could about their sport as fast as she could to put together convincing stories and interviews. She had done it though. Everyone complimented her on her fine reporting. Of course, she had the greatest inspiration. As long as she kept up the good work, she could walk freely into the boys’ locker room after any sports practice. Of course, she had to have a chaperone. She had hinted a few times to Miss Hartick that she might not need one, but that wouldn’t happen. Miss Hartick turned cold just at the suggestion. Shelly needed Miss Hartick. Without her, none of this could have happened.

Miss Bridle had something in common with Miss Hartick of course. She didn’t have Miss Hartick’s impossible authority, but she believed that they were doing the right, moral thing by allowing Shelly into the boys’ lockers, forcing the boys to strip at her whim, and allowing her to touch them. Shelly was amazed that Miss Bridle could really be that delusional. It made sense with Miss Hartick. She was a little crazy, which was part of her power. Miss Bridle was just a sweet, innocent kind of woman though. She just happened to enjoy seeing the naked high school athletes so much she had convinced herself that Miss Hartick’s reporting program was a good idea meaning that Miss Bridle felt obligated to do the right thing though.

Miss Bridle asked her, “Shelly, you remember that day that I accompanied you to the lockers,

and we didn't do any interviews?"

"When you just did your erection timing experiment?" Shelly asked.

"Yes. I hope that you wouldn't find it intrusive if I were to do something like that again. I don't want to stop your interview. I want you to choose the boy you need to talk to and ask your questions. But at the same time I'd like to have three or four other boys strip before that. I want to have them expose their penises one by one so that I can time the results."

Shelly wondered if her own eyes sparkled with amazement. Did Miss Bridle really ask permission to strip four other boys penis naked for them? She played along. "Is it really important?"

"Well naturally it's not as important as the interviews themselves. This is the reporting program, after all. But it will help us better understand the boys' mentality. You see?"

Shelly didn't see that at all. She didn't see how embarrassing additional boys with no motive at all, and timing their embarrassed erections could tell them anything. Shelly had already decided to agree before Miss Bridle gave her reasoning, so was more than happy to allow Miss Bridle's hobby though, especially since it provided her with more dicks to ogle. Shelly would have been happy to have Miss Bridle continue her "Psychiatric Experiment" even without the interview. Shelly loved her work. Even without the nudity, she would have loved to be the sports reporter. All the same, it could get tiring, keeping up enough quality work to create excuses for locker room trips after every single practice. "If it will help, I can live without the interview today."

"That's all right, Shelly. I don't want to interfere with your work. I just want the opportunity to learn."

"It is quite a subject to learn about."

Miss Bridle colored a bit as she would when she got a little embarrassed. She didn't mind saying it though. "Yes it is. I really look forward to this. I do want to bring a few other girls with us."

"The more the merrier," Shelly said. She really didn't mind much when other girls were brought along; she just preferred to invite them herself. All the same, she loved the extra embarrassment on the boys when they were bared for other girls.

So Miss Bridle brought Nancy, Shelly's editor, along with Christina and Markie, both girls who had never been to the locker room yet.

Shelly heard Christina and Markie whisper to Nancy as they walked along, "Are we really going to the boy's lockers?" "What will we get to see?"

Nancy just smiled. She had seen the entire weightlifting team buck naked. She also saw nine of the baseball players stripped and humiliated, and handled quite a few erections as well. Still, she didn't brag. She just gave a little smile, "You'll see."

Shelly led the way down to the locker room. As usual, they were all quiet as they went down those stairs. It was a reverent moment. They were about to enter the land of daydream inspiration. Handsome boys, muscle bodies, and bare cock awaited. Right away, Shelly heard a few groans from the boys and thought it was funny that they could still be surprised when she showed up. She was always there. She never missed one practice. Ever. So why was it a surprise

to see her?

Miss Bridle led the girls along to the showers. "Over here, girls. I want you away from the interview until I'm ready for you, but until then you can watch the boys shower."

"WHAT?" Markie asked. But there they were, Billy and Red, all wet and stark naked right in plain view. Those two studly bodies turned away from the entrance so that the girls could only get a rear view, but it was quite a view, all the same. Markie was stunned speechless and Christina giggled uncontrollably. She said, "We can see them naked! For real!"

"That's right," Miss Bridle said. "But boys, don't be so shy. You know you have to respect the girls."

The boys sighed. They knew what that meant. It was a twisted set of values, but if they didn't let the girls see their goods, it was considered insulting. Blushing already, both Billy and Red turned so that the wide eyed schoolgirls could take in the glory of their fabulous, bare cocks. "Look at them!" "Oh my God, we're really seeing naked boys!"

Shelly knew how they felt. She remembered the first few times she was exposed to the naked athletes. Seeing it through any new girls' eyes made it seem like a new thing to Shelly too. Miss Bridle had done her a real favor. After a few moments of penis show, the boys turned back around.

Miss Bridle said to the other boys. "All right, I'll need some cooperation from you boys today. I need Corbin for Shelly's interview. I'll also need four other boys. Let's see." Miss Bridle moved along to check out the bodies and take her pick. Like Shelly and Nancy she had seen every one of these sexy young guys bare. She decided the best ones for her experiment were, "Frank, Rick, Charlie, and Wendell, come over here please?"

Those four boys and Corbin grumbled, but not loud enough to be heard. They were led to where Nancy, Christina and Markie couldn't see them. Miss Bridle explained, "Today, I'll time your reaction to your nudity. All right?"

"What does that mean?" Rick asked, but Frank bumped into him for being stupid.

Shelly answered for Miss Bridle. "You'll show your dicks, and she'll use a stop watch to see how long it takes for you to get hard."

"Oh man!" "This stinks." "Do we have to do this?"

"Now boys," Miss Bridle said, "remember that we do this for both our benefit and yours. Now, if you would all strip to your jockstraps." She watched breathlessly as the boys stripped down to that little bit of coverage. Their buff bodies already had Miss Bridle's heart pounding. It took her a moment to find the stopwatch she had hung around her neck. "All right then. Um," her eyes moved back and forth along that wall of hotness. "F-Frank. We'll start with you. If you would please lower your underwear so that we can see your penis."

Shelly giggled. She loved the way Miss Bridle could be so polite when she demanded unwilling nudity from the boys. Frank held his breath as she did as he was told. Miss Bridle started her timer, but she had to tell him, "Frank, I need you to open your eyes. You need to be aware of the fact that we're looking at you."

He did that, and he tried to make eye contact as if he wasn't bothered. He couldn't do

that with Miss Bridle because she stared at his dick. He glanced over at Shelly though, and she winked at him! He stammered, “M-Miss Bridle, she, she –”

Miss Bridle interrupted him without looking away from his penis for a moment. “Shh, Frank. Just, just be quite while we watch. That’s important.”

Frank helplessly looked back over at Shelly. She made a quick kissy face. Her little flirtations sent a shock of embarrassment through Frank. He had been indignant, but Shelly had managed to push him into real bashful embarrassment instead. Right away his penis did the predictable thing. “There we go,” Miss Bridle said when she saw him start to rise. “Oh, you’re lifting fast, Frank!”

He felt completely taken advantage of as the sensation of his involuntary erection broadcast his embarrassment to the women. He winced when he heard Miss Bridle click her stopwatch. She smiled as she congratulated him. “Good job, Frank. See? That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“Can I go now?” he muttered.

Miss Bridle sighed. “I suppose so. Go get dressed. I really don’t see why you boys have to sulk. If you would only allow yourselves to get used to this, it wouldn’t bother you.”

The stud lineup all stared at her with confusion. They had heard that before, but they didn’t understand how anyone could believe that. Were there any boys that got used to the forced stripping and the lecherous stares? No. None of the weightlifters, and none of the baseball boys. She was crazy.

Miss Bridle called out, “Nancy? Can you come over here now?”

“What?” Wendell asked. “We’ll have to show her too?”

“Well that’s the experiment. I want to see if you boys get erections faster or slower with more girls watching. Frank rose up pretty fast though, so I don’t expect you to beat that time. You’ll be next though Wendell. Won’t that be nice, Nancy?”

Nancy looked him up and down. “Oh yeah.”

Miss Bridle saw Wendell’s frown. “Now don’t be that way. Nancy, Shelly, and I have all seen you naked already. What’s the problem? Oh, never mind. Pull that underwear down, please.”

All three of them stared happily as another weightlifter’s dick was exposed for them. Wendell stood up and tried to look away, but carefully so that Miss Bridle wouldn’t say anything. She didn’t notice because all of her attention was on his manhood. Wendell’s feeling of shame started at his feet and rose up throughout his body. He heard Nancy giggle and Shelly purr. He knew he wouldn’t last long, but at least that meant he wouldn’t stand there for them for long. “Oh man.” He felt that dreadful tingle as his penis reacted to their lust. He wanted to dash away. He wanted to hide. His penis demanded attention though as it hardened up. Wendell saw that the wicked eyes took in the show got slowly wider as his cock rose. “Can I go yet?”

“You’re not quite all the way there yet,” Miss Bridle said.

“Oh man.” Wendell could feel it. He stalled near his zenith, but not quite at it. He shuddered under the scrutiny. His erection was center stage, and he hated it and wished it would just finish and let him move on. He tried to will it to reach its height and even tried to imagine the three girls who stared at him were naked. His own humiliation prevented his imagination

though. All he could feel was his own embarrassing naked hard-on.

Finally, he got there and Miss Bridle stopped her timer. “Good job, Wendell. We really do appreciate your cooperation. You can go now. Christina! Could you come on over now? There you are. Now, which boy would you like to see naked?”

The boys all felt another quick jolt of embarrassment. This girl would have her choice of stud. She stammered hesitantly, “Um, R-R-Rick is hot. Can I see him?”

Rick muttered something no one could hear, but he wouldn't wait to be told and just dropped his jockstrap so that all of them got an eyeful of his goods. Christina's eyes bugged out of her head. “Oh wow! Look at him!”

“Oh, we're all looking,” Nancy said triumphantly.

“He's blushing so red!” Christina cheered. “Oh, that's adorable!”

Miss Bridle saw that Rick's rod was ready to rise already. She asked, “Did you enjoy watching the boys shower?”

“Yeah, but no other boys went in there. Once Billy and Red were done, the show was over.” She giggled in a dramatic, girly way. “They were hot, but I think Rick is my favorite so far.” She continued to giggle and gush as he slowly made his way upward. Every moment of exposure was agonizing. Every millimeter of height he gained was horrible. When he got to his height, fully stiff for four staring girls, he wanted to feel relief. He was almost done. All he could feel was what he felt every time he was forced to strip, sheer embarrassment, especially in his raging erection.

Miss Bridle checked his time. “That's funny. With two girls, Frank was the slowest, but with three girls Wendell was slower than Rick with four girls.”

Shelly said, “It's as I told you, random. It's sometimes fast, sometimes slow. You can't count on it.”

Miss Bridle said, “Well, all the same, I'll keep studying this. We owe it to the boys.”

Rick grumbled, “Can I go yet?”

Miss Bridle shook her head angrily, “Now, Rick, you know better than that. Apologize to the girls.”

He threw his hands up in exasperation, but his dick was still out there where they could see it. He was desperate to get away. “Okay, okay. I'm sorry. Can I go now?”

Miss Bridle said, “Girls, thank him for being such a good sport.”

“Hee hee hee, thanks, Rick!” “Thank you, Rick!” “Thanks for being so eager.”

Rick shuffled off and wished he had kept his mouth shut. Miss Bridle wanted to empathize with him, but she felt too much satisfaction. “Markie, Come on over to see Charlie's penis.”

Charlie colored right away. Markie was there fast. She was a very cute girl, and Charlie tried not to notice that. Miss Bridle asked him, “Are you ready to show your dick to all five of us?”

He stared at their feet. “What if I just don't get an erection? What then?”

“Has that ever happened?” Miss Bridle asked.

Shelly said, "I've seen Charlie buck naked four times now, and every time he goes from south to north. Just as every other boy does."

Charlie gave her a spiteful look, but of course Shelly looked back with her wicked half smile the boys all hated. Miss Bridle said, "Charlie, it's time to pull down that underwear. Be a gentleman and stop scowling. Try to make the girls feel comfortable about this."

Charlie did as he was told, and bared his penis on command the way he hated. "There, I hope you girls are comfortable. Doesn't it matter if I'm comfortable or not?"

"Not really," Shelly said as she leered. "As long as you get naked when you have to."

Miss Bridle sometimes really wanted to correct Shelly, but she didn't feel that was wise in front of the boys. She did say, "It does matter, Charlie. It's just that you boys should learn to be comfortable like this. I know I've said this before, but I want you to really understand. We're not asking that much from you."

The girls giggled furiously. Charlie put his hands over his tool. Miss Bridle had to tell him to uncover. He said, "I'm sorry. It's just hard to do this." Right then the embarrassment tingles that flowed through his treasure took over. His penis started its embarrassing trek upward, and the girls moved from quiet giggles to out loud laughs. Miss Bridle said, "Girls, try to be understanding." Though she herself smiled far too wide.

Charlie wailed, "OooooOOH! I hate this!" He was all too aware of the hardness that the girls were fascinated with.

"Why do they do that?" Christina asked.

Miss Bridle told her, "It's a perfectly natural response. Charlie, you did very well. Your time was the second longest."

"His cock is also the second longest," Shelly said.

The girls burst out with laughter at the unfortunate, naked athlete again. He didn't wait for permission. He yanked his underwear up and sulked off. Miss Bridle turned to Corbin. "All right, the interview can start now."

Corbin felt a tremor of sheer, anticipatory agony. "Are, are you going to let all the girls watch?"

"Well, it wouldn't be right to kick them out now, so of course, Corbin. Be a sport. Try to act like it doesn't matter to you. Because, of course, it shouldn't."

Shelly started to ask her questions right away. "With the first weightlifting meet coming so soon, is anything different about your training?" As Corbin thought about that, Shelly had to prod him along. "Start undressing, would you?" For Miss Bridle's benefit, she added, "Please? We'd really appreciate it."

Corbin saw that glimmer in her eye. He had to force himself to move. While he lowered his uniform, Shelly reminded him, "You're not answering."

Miss Bridle said, "The wait might have been a bit hard for him, so we'll make it easier. Corbin, you don't have to undress while answering. You can take your clothes off first."

He stared at her dumbfounded. She really thought she did him a favor. When he didn't

move fast enough, she had to say it again. “Corbin, we’re waiting.”

“Oh this is just great.” He slowly slipped out of his clothes, and never once looked at the greedy girls. He was entirely aware of their stares though. He could almost feel the heat of their anxious lust. He felt anger and indignation all the way until his jockstrap was all that remained. Then he suddenly felt a horrible shock of real humiliation. He was about to show them all his intimates. Miss Bridle, Nancy, and Shelly had already seen him like that, but that didn’t help any. It only meant that they could take what they wanted. It was as if his penis belonged to them more than it belonged to him. Christina and Markie had never seen him naked though, and that added a second kind of embarrassment to his stripping. He stood up, stark naked, hands over his boy parts as he pleaded, “Miss Bridle, can I please not do this?”

Miss Bridle started to feel irritated. “Corbin, that’s exactly the kind of sexism that we’re trying to avoid. Now show these girls some respect. They’re supposed to be here in your locker room. They’re supposed to see you naked. You know that. Move your hands.”

Corbin blushed right away as he dropped his hands and lost his modesty.

Shelly gushed, “Isn’t he wonderful? Now Corbin, has your training changed at all?”

He was too stunned to answer without a few seconds of thought. All the while, he stood there bare penis naked for them. He managed to make it through three questions before he started to rise. That forced a few panic breaths when he struggled to keep up with the interview. He couldn’t believe it happened again. He hated that his embarrassment animated his dick that way. He didn’t understand how his humiliation could force his penis to eagerness. It stayed tall and strong for the girls.

Shelly asked her last question, and when Corbin sheepishly reached for his clothes, Miss Bridle said, “Wait a moment, Corbin.”

“W-Wait?”

“Yes, wait. Your time was very good, first of all.” Miss Bridle noticed his blush deepen. He hadn’t realized she timed his penis as well. “I expected you to have the longest time since the interview might distract you.”

“Uh, thanks? What am I supposed to say? I really just want to get dressed now.”

“Not yet,” Miss Bridle said. “I really don’t think it would be fair to these girls.”

“Oh no,” Corbin said. He understood that. He had thought that since the other boys got away after just embarrassing naked erections that he could do the same. But Miss Bridle intended to let these girls have a touch as well. “Miss Bridle, there’s – there’s, uh, all of them?”

Miss Bridle smiled appreciatively. “Calm down, Corbin. They’ll make it quick, won’t you girls? Which of you wants to take a quick feel of his erection before we go?”

Markie’s and Christina’s eyes shot open wide. “Are you kidding?” “Not for real!”

To demonstrate, Shelly stepped to him and ran her hand from his marvelous chest on down to his waiting boner, where her fingers gently wrapped around and ran from bottom to top to bottom to top to bottom to top.

Corbin had already shivered in embarrassment a few times while he had been on display.

Now it was the girls' turn to shiver in surprised anticipation. Markie and Christina still weren't certain what they should do. Nancy had been in the locker room before though and even groped Corbin before, so she wasn't shy at all about taking her turn to run her fingertips up and down the front of his shaft, and the sides and the back before she gave him a grip and a gentle squeeze.

"Me next!" Christina said. She hesitated once she got close, but then she encouraged herself by enjoying the feel of his biceps while he made a few funny sounds. She made the funny sounds though as she felt up his stiffy.

Then Markie quietly put both hands on his goods, felt his treasure all over, while he stared at the ceiling and tried to pretend he didn't mind.

Miss Bridle didn't take any liberties herself. She decided to follow her friend Miss Hartick's example for today. She did tell him, "You see, Corbin, that wasn't so bad, was it? I bet you even enjoyed that, didn't you?"

Was she crazy? Corbin really couldn't figure her out because she sounded so sincere. Did he enjoy being stripped down so that four girls he hardly knew could put their hands on the erection he wished hadn't grown? He watched the five of them walk away happily. He just hoped that Shelly might take a break and leave the locker room alone the next time. That would never happen though.

Chapter 44

Another Party

“Happy birthday, Amy!” Miss Devasquez said. “Am I your favorite aunt?”

Amy’s two other aunts were there, so she didn’t answer with anything more than a smile.

Miss Devasquez said, “Well, if I’m not, I’m about to be. I wanted to have your party here at my house so that I could provide the entertainment.”

“Entertainment?” Amy asked.

Miss Devasquez had looked forward to this. “Boys, come on in.” The blackmail photos they had of the baseball team and weightlifters meant they could do more than just barge into the locker room at will. When they wanted it, they could make the boys put on a show anywhere. Miss Fox and her sister Miss Austin had done that. They put on a naked stud car wash at Miss Austin’s house. Miss Devasquez would do something she had done before. At a celebration in the teachers’ lounge, for herself and a few other special guests in the know, she had made Zack and Greg her naked waiters. Today she had five handsome, buff-body waiters, each waiting to be stripped down and embarrassed.

The boys walked in with varying expressions of contempt, dread, or defiance. At the moment, they were dressed in shorts, sleeveless shirts to show off their muscles, and those silly fake bow tie collars that Mindy had brought. Mindy was the only one from the school there other than Miss Devasquez. As usual, Mindy squealed with delight at the sight of the sexy boys. Four of them were baseball players, boys who had only recently had their naked pictures taken in secret. Just as all the boys they blackmailed, these sweethearts were horrified at the thought of every girl in school having naked photos of them. This certainly wouldn’t be easy. It was a room filled with fifteen college girls, each of whom was already all eyes and whispering anticipation.

Miss Devasquez had enjoyed the naked boy servers so much that she continued that theme today. “These boys are our waiters. They’ll bring you slices of cake, cups of drink, whatever is on the table. All of it is portioned real small, so you’ll call the boys over quite a bit. Don’t be shy. The boys may look shy, but that’s because they don’t want to do this. I found some out of work pretty boys who needed the money so bad they couldn’t say no.” Of course there was no money, but Miss Devasquez couldn’t very well admit that her job as a high school teacher had supplied these hotties.

Standing in line there, already looking miserable, were Brian, Tommy, Alex, Denver from the weightlifting team since they were all blackmailed, and Mark. Miss Devasquez made certain to include him, just as she had been certain that they got blackmail photos of the sexy young man. He was the first athlete that she got to see during one of Shelly's naked interviews. Miss Devasquez had a real soft spot for his rugged good looks and his phenomenal, easy to harden penis. She had enjoyed showing these boys the nude photos she had of them and threatening to drop those photos into every student's locker in school. The boys were so embarrassed, even at the thought of that, that they agreed to do whatever Miss Devasquez wanted. Now they were here, ready for some naked embarrassment in front of all these giggly females. "Now, boys, each of you should get a piece of cake and a cup of punch. Bring it to one of the girls. Alex, you take one to my lovely niece there and Brian, take yours to Mindy."

The boys all shuffled along to deliver the sweets. Miss Devasquez had handed Brian his cake and cup, so he got to Mindy first. The other young women there all noticed that she freely enjoyed a feel of his arm, so the other boys got the same.

Miss Devasquez said, "Before we move on, each of you check your plate, under your cake. One of you will have one that says 'WINNER' on it."

"I do!" a freckly faced coed said.

"Then you get to choose a boy and take his shirt off. After Amy has her pick. It's her birthday, so she gets to go first even without the winning plate." No one minded that.

The girls giggled as Amy looked across the row of unwilling waiters. Her aunt had chosen well. The boys were all handsome, but Alex was the one she liked the most. "I'll take the boy who brought me my cake." She stepped to him confidently enough, but she wasn't certain after that. Miss Devasquez had to help her. Together they lifted Alex's shirt, up and off his impressive body. "Oh, yes," Amy said. When Miss Devasquez ran her hands down his muscles, Amy burst out laughing and did the same. "Oh, you are my favorite aunt, Rebecca!"

Alex gritted his teeth as unfamiliar hands ran down his torso. He had never met Amy before, but she was allowed to strip off his shirt and touch his body. Miss Devasquez had seen him naked before, more than once, but until now she had never touched him.

The 'winner' had big, happy eyes, and saw how the others had enjoyed their pick. She had a bit of trouble choosing. "Oh, I don't know. I like that big one. I also like the boy that brought me my cake. Yeah, him." She summoned Brian over with her finger. He trudged over, and the girls had a guilty but happy look on her face. She already slipped his shirt up when she asked, "Should I really be doing this?" She certainly didn't stop though, in spite of Brian's angry eyes. Then, with an almost Mindy-like squeal, she ran her hands around his chest.

Miss Devasquez told the boys to bring another round of cakes. There were five boys and twenty-five women present, so that meant five rounds of delivery. "Is there a winner every time?" a girl asked.

"That's right," Miss Devasquez said. "And Amy gets her pick every time, no matter what."

All the boys were gloomy. Brian, Alex, and Mark were smart enough to add it up real fast. Once all the cake was handed over, every boy would be stripped to his thong. As the cakes were passed out, girls reached out for a quick touch of bare arm or chest whenever a boy was close. Once the cakes were passed out, Amy got to have her next pick. She wanted to see Mark

without a shirt, so she got to peel it off him and enjoy a little hands-on fun with his chest and abs.

Weightlifter Denver got his shirt stripped off by one of Amy's many friends. His heavily muscled body met with a few gasps and the girl who took his shirt let two other girls also enjoy some fun touching him.

The next round of cakes made it clear that the less the boys were wearing, the handier the women would be. Shirtless bodies were hand candy for any girl within reach, and it would only get worse for the boys. When the cakes were delivered and a winner determined, Miss Devasquez changed the order. "Okay, this time Amy goes second."

That meant that Tommy, the only boy who still wore a shirt, would lose that shirt to Amy's friend. He didn't even know this girl and she got to partially undress him and grope everything that was uncovered.

The girls were all thrilled at the show so far. The mumbling and whispering were constantly interrupted by squeals and gasps and compliments to the boys' anatomy. Miss Devasquez had a big satisfied smile. She told Amy, "There are no more shirts left, so I guess you'll have to take off some boy's shorts."

All the boys blushed instantly. Each hoped that one of the other boys looked more attractive right then. Amy's voice warbled, "OoOoOh, I like them all! What are their names?"

Miss Devasquez felt silly that she hadn't introduced them properly. "Boys? Tell everyone your name."

The supreme annoyance the boys expressed made some girls sigh and others blush, but none looked away. "Brian" "Alex" "Denver" "Tommy" "Mark"

Amy felt a lot of gratitude, and she didn't know that Miss Devasquez had the ability to enjoy these boys' charms whenever she wanted. So she decided to share. "Which one would you pick?"

Miss Devasquez knew who she wanted. "Mark."

Amy liked that choice well enough. "He's yummy. Come on over here, Mark."

Mark turned red as he followed Amy to Miss Devasquez. She didn't have to be told. They just acted together. First though, Miss Devasquez said, "We need to turn him around." She wanted all the girls to get a good look at his butt right away. With his back to the crowd, Mark tried not to squirm as two pairs of female hands lowered his shorts, and revealed his thong-clad buns. The excited sound made him shiver visibly. Then he felt a couple grabs and pinches of his posterior. When he turned around, he could see that all the girls were in love with him. Delivering his next cake would be terrible.

The boys had to move cautiously through the room and tried to avoid as many hands as possible. None of them could stay out of every arm's reach. Mark, in particular, had a tough time keeping the girls from patting him on his ass.

Then it was time for another reveal. When Miss Devasquez told them to line back up, the boys all looked at each other like they wondered if they were still doing this. They knew they had no choice though. Pervert Miss Devasquez could strip their clothes off for a room full of

horny college girls.

Amy had the strangest smile ever. She was both coy and confident at once. Her eyes didn't seem to blink as she looked across the row of shirtless boys, and made her choice. She bit her lower lip, and then she said, "Let me take Alex's shorts off."

When Alex immediately turned red, the girls in the room all laughed. "Look at him blush!" "Oh, he's adorable!" "Let's see his butt!"

Amy beckoned him over and turned him around. He clamped his eyes shut. He couldn't close his ears though. There were many girls in the room who stared as Amy lowered his shorts. He was reduced to the black thong that Mindy gave him. Amy clapped a hand on one cheek, then the other. "Oh this is so much fun! Who do you want, Melodie?"

Melodie had the winning cake plate this time, and she was just beside herself with anticipation. She wasn't the kind of girl who would often have the chance to peel the pants off a boy this hot. She almost couldn't get the words out. "I forget, I forget, I for, forget his name, but the big hunky one. The one with the, with the, with the BIG muscles. What's his, what's his name?"

"Denver," Miss Devasquez said, and led him over by the hand. Denver was a big strong guy, but he felt as if he might pass out at any moment and wished he would. He had no such luck. Hyperventilating Melodie got to slip his shorts down and off, and bared his buns to the room. That also gave Melodie the right to feel his butt first, and she did it with surprising aggression. She would only be the first though. Denver already wondered just how many of these girls would get a handful of him like that.

It was almost like a game, they tried to serve cake and punch while avoiding the grabby hands. Mark, Alex, and Denver had it the worst, getting pats, grabs, and pinches. With this round of cake delivered, the last two boys, Brian and Tommy, were both doomed to bare-ass embarrassment. Amy got to strip and fondle Tommy. Brian didn't even know the name of the girl who bared him.

Miss Devasquez had the nearly naked boys line up again for the crowd of eager eyes. She had them turn around to display their assets, then turn, then turn again, then turn again. Every time the collective squeal of lust shocked the boys into another wave of embarrassment.

Then Miss Devasquez said, "Who wants seconds?"

"WHAT?" the boys all shouted. Every girl had her hand in the air. The boys were vocal finally. "Oh NO!" "Miss Devasquez, you can't be serious" "Come on, they've had enough!" "Aren't any of you girls on a diet?"

Miss Devasquez let the boys keep on pleading. Her experience as a teacher let her talk over them. "Oh, but I just realized that there aren't any more winner plates left. Darn."

Some girls were disappointed. Most of them knew the show would go on no matter what. Miss Devasquez said, "Well, since we can't let you girls take that underwear off the boys, then I guess the boys will just have to do it themselves. After that, they'll bring you your cake."

The boys were horrified. They had thought they would be stripped one by one. However, Miss Devasquez intended for them all to strip down and then, with cocks out, wade through a crowd of greedy, grabby females. The girls were already cheering. There was no restraint at all

as they urged the blushing boys on. The absolute horror on the boys' faces didn't deter the girls at all. In fact, every one of them seemed to like it.

Miss Devasquez said, "Boys, get those off." She waited a few moments. "Come on, boys, drop those thongs. If you're not all naked within ten seconds, then I'll make you all stay here for three hours."

That got them moving. The boys all slipped their dignity off and stood back up with their hands over their goods. The girls were all hysterical at the way the boys hid behind their hands. They all wanted more though. "Make them show us!" "We want dick!" "Move those hands!" "I can't believe their all butt naked!"

The boys could hardly hear Miss Devasquez, but they could tell what she was saying. So they swallowed their pride and one by one, each blackmailed cock came into view. The girls shrieked as if they were at a boy band concert. They had five studly young guys all sexy nude there. The girls' eyes feasted on the final view, while the boys cringed. All five 'waiters' could have died of shame, having given up their penises to a crowd of girls they had never met before.

Amy said, "Aunt Rebecca, I love you!"

"Aren't they hot?" Miss Devasquez said.

Mindy took photos and let out the most enthusiastic squeals of the bunch while she made fun of the boys. "We can all see your dicks! Which one will stand up first?"

None of the birthday guests really heard that and none realized what kind of treat they were in for. For Miss Devasquez, it couldn't have been better. Her personal choice, Mark, was the one who reacted first. He shifted from one foot to the other. He looked at the ceiling and the floor. He couldn't escape it though. The continuous flow of noise and humiliation sent shivers through his whole body, but especially his most intimate piece of anatomy. He suddenly stopped his fidgeting, and he held stock still. Then he could feel the irresistible demand of exposure, the spiraling sensation of sheer, torturous, unwilling nudity in his cock. It started to rise up slowly, then faster and faster and faster! Except for a few random gasps and giggles, the room went silent for just a moment. Then the girls burst out laughing all at once at his predicament. Not only was he naked for them all, he got fully stiff!

Mark threw his hands back over his rod, but Miss Devasquez demanded that he drop them again. There was no escape. His erection was the star of the moment. Mindy started in with her taunts again. Making it worse, many of other girls joined in. "Look at him go!" "Why is he doing that?" "Hee hee hee, naked stiffy! Naked stiffy!" "Oh, sweetheart, why the long face, and why the long dick?"

Finally, he got angry enough to say, "Can we serve the last of the cake and get this over with?"

"Oh YES!" "Please do!" "We love you all, and you most of all, boner boy!" "EEEEEEEEEE!"

Miss Devasquez waved toward the table. The boys each got a plate and a cup. "Who wants it?" Brian sneered.

"I do," a girl at the front said, but the girl next to her batted her hand down. "Don't be greedy. Let Amy have the first one. Amy, wouldn't you be more comfortable back here?"

Amy saw the new game, and she almost doubled over with laughter. "I think I would." She moved to the other side of the room so that the boys had a harder time navigating their way through the girls. Four other girls held their hands up for seconds, all of them on the opposite side as the table.

The boys all groaned. It would have to be this way. They moved through carefully, but were doomed to a lot of groping. Hands reached forward to touch, tickle, and fondle the passing penises. Mark and his boner got there first. He tried to hand his plate to Amy right away, but her hands were too busy to take the cake. Before she would relieve him of his burden, one of her hands traced a path down his frontside. Her other hand groped his erection lovingly.

That became the pattern, of course. Every boy who got to his girl had to submit to body and penis touching before he could hand over the plates. The girls were in heaven. The boys not only hated the hand off, they knew they would have to make their way back through the room. For Brian, it was worse than for the others. He had hardened up, so his penis would attract a lot of handy attention.

The happy girls all watched the five naked penises move along, three dangled, and two pointed straight up. As many girls reached out as possible. Some only got quick touches of a body, but some got to feel a passing cock.

The boys got another five plates of cake, but when they turned around they saw that the next delivery would be across the room again. The girls had rearranged themselves so that the next five were as far as possible from the table.

Those girls giggled and gushed at the sight of muscley Denver's sudden rise to fame. He was as hard as the other boners now. The other boys were all better endowed than he was, but Denver still had plenty enough to entice the girls! He joined the others, trudged along, and tried to turn away from any girl close enough to take a fondle. It was impossible to stay entirely out of arm's reach. The girls didn't really leave their seats much, and when they did, it was only for a step or two. It was a game and the girls loved it. It was like a group game of whack-a-mole except that this was grab-a-pole.

The boys' penises got a lot of love from the fingers and palms of the college crowd. By the time they got to the other side of the room, Tommy was completely hard and Alex was halfway there. The girls who got the cake had the chance for a good grope before the boys could walk away.

It kept up. Every girl there, including Mindy and Miss Devasquez, got their seconds. The five boys were all humiliatingly hard as they had to endure the wandering hands the entire time. There was only enough cake to provide thirds to five girls, but Amy and four of her friends got one last round of fun from the boys.

"This was the best birthday ever," Amy said gratefully. "Do they really have to go?"

"Sorry, girls, but the fun can't last forever. Boys, thank you for the entertainment. I hope it was worth it."

The five blackmailed high school hotties didn't say a word. They just got dressed in another room and escaped as fast as they could.

On their way out, Brian asked the others, "Is it really worth it?"

“Yeah,” Alex said, “This sucked, but at least it’s not girls we know.”

Mark said, “It wouldn’t just be girls we know. It would be every girl we know. This is embarrassing for a day. If those pictures get out, it’ll be embarrassing forever.”

Chapter 45

Gauntlet at the Showers

Shelly jogged down the hall. She ran late, and couldn't have that. This would be a great day for the locker room. There was a baseball practice and weightlifting practice on the same day! Both of the teams of handsome, built, athletic boys that she loved to humiliate! There were thirty-three sexy guys who had no choice but change and shower even with her there to see it, even if she brought a friend or two!

"I was beginning to worry," Mindy said when she got there.

That was the other good thing, Shelly's chaperone was Mindy. There wouldn't be any need to pretend that they were responsible. They could have as much fun as possible, make as much fun of the naked boys as they wanted, and Mindy would only encourage them. Shelly told her, "I'm not that late. I just had a hard time breaking away from Coach Williams. I interviewed him for the paper, and I think he deliberately took as long as he could so that I might not get to the locker room."

"Well practice ended only a bit ago. It's no big deal," Jean said.

Gayla smiled her big, goofy, happy smile. "Maybe the boys will be extra surprised since we're coming in later than normal."

Jean and Gayla were there as Shelly wanted two of her regulars for this. It was fun to introduce new girls to the penises on the team, but with both teams available and Mindy in charge, she wanted to have as much freedom as she could to enjoy.

"Three of the boys have already left," Mindy said, "but that's all. I think Erik wanted to go back in to warn them that we were out here. I wouldn't let him."

"Well good," Shelly said. "Let's go get a show."

The four perverted girls walked proudly into the forbidden territory. The boys were not happy. "Oh no, it's Mindy!" "Damn it, I thought Coach said he'd keep Shelly busy." "Hurry up, let's get gone."

"Oh, no you don't," Mindy said. "Any boy rushing out of this locker room will have a detention tomorrow. A special detention, if you catch my drift. You can do this here, or alone with Miss Devasquez and me in her room. Take your pick."

“Oh man.” “Just keep quiet, maybe she won’t pick on you.”

Mindy smiled at that. “Boys, remember that you are expected to treat your guests with respect. If I were to let you all run off like that, it would be the same as letting you say that Shelly doesn’t belong in your locker room. You’re not saying that, are you?” She didn’t get an answer, of course, so she pointed to a particularly shirtless stud, “Chad? You’re not trying to say that Shelly doesn’t belong here, are you?”

“No, Mindy,” he said, and refused to look at her.

“I’m not sure you mean that. It wasn’t sincere at all. I know. How about you say it again with your pants down. Just to prove that it doesn’t bother you.”

He gave her a cold glare and dropped his pants and underwear as he had been told. With his penis out and his arms crossed, he said angrily, “I know that Shelly is just doing her job. She’s welcome in our locker room any time.”

Mindy’s eyes were directed at his fabulous package. “Very good, Chad. Very good. I’ve never seen your dick before. It’s nice. Since you tried so hard to be polite, you can get dressed and go.”

Chad hurried to get out of sight before the embarrassment caused an erection. He would get away without too much humiliation! He hated Mindy, but he almost wanted to thank her. He didn’t want to think about what the other boys were in for.

Mindy had moved over to where she could get a good look into the showers. “OooOoh! Six boys, butt naked!” There weren’t usually that many boys in the showers when they arrived. One or two. Sometimes a few. So Mindy didn’t mind the delay suddenly. It gave her an idea. “You know, I sometimes worry about you boys. I notice that a lot of you avoid the showers. I suppose that’s our fault. We know you’re not comfortable with us watching you undress and wash those incredible bodies of yours. Still, I think I should be responsible and do something about it. No boy is leaving this locker room without showering first. I see six boys in there now. I want two more naked boys in there. How about Greg and Denver.”

The boys groaned. She had chosen one boy from each team, an agile baseball player and a heavy muscled weightlifter. They knew that if they dawdled, they’d pay for it, so they stripped off quick and made their way over, hands over their goods.

Mindy wasn’t having that of course. “Now boys, show the girls some respect. Act as though you’re comfortable. Show us those cocks.”

Jean and Gayla both broke into quiet giggling fits. That only got worse when they could see these two studs bare all for them. The boys blushed as the girls got their look, and then they stepped into the showers to continue the show.

Gayla and Jean both stared at all the heat in that shower while Mindy said, “Now, which boy did you want to interview, Shelly?”

Shelly had interviewed the weightlifting coach before she went to the locker room, so she already had the substance her article needed. To justify her intrusion on the boys’ changing area though, she needed to talk to one of them, and besides, it was always fun to have a boy of her choice who she would force to strip naked for her. It had to be one of the weightlifters to complement the coach’s interview. “How about Red?”

The girls all looked over at him with eager smiles. Every girl there had seen Red totally naked and totally stiff. It didn't help him at all. He groaned as he realized that he would have to endure another embarrassing stripping. He walked over tall and buff, and already in his street clothes. That was why Shelly chose him. If he'd been a little faster getting his shoes on, he would have escaped the interview completely. He would have been gone before Shelly got there. She was happy to take what she wanted from the one that almost got away

Right as Red got there, Mindy had a little fun with the shower boys. "Mark, I think you've been in there long enough. Come on out, and Paul, you go on in now."

It would be a rotating lineup of hot naked guys for the greedy girls. Paul stripped down glumly, but the girls didn't watch him. They watched nude, shower wet Mark come to them. He was not only stark naked, his cock stood tall, and tingled with the embarrassment from the attention.

"Let me hand you a towel," Mindy said. Before she handed that over, her other hand ran down his impressive physique to his rock hard rod. She groped him there for just a moment. Mark thought that was it, but the towel wasn't his yet. Gayla reached around him to take herself a good feel of his erection. "Seventeen," she said, still keeping count of how many different dicks she had felt. Then Jean did the same. Shelly fondled him even while she asked Red a question. Only when all four of the girls had the chance to grope his boner did they allow him to walk off.

By then, Red's shirt was off and his jeans slid down. Better than that though was bare penis Paul, who tried to slip past into the shower. Mindy stopped him. "Hold on there, stud. Let me have a look at that tool." Mindy had never seen his penis until now. Neither had Gayla nor Jean. They all gazed longingly at his manhood while he tried to pretend it was no big deal. His nervous posture and his blush gave him away though. He was completely uncomfortable.

He flinched when Mindy decided to put her hand to his cock. He wasn't hard at all! The girls usually waited until they were stiff. Not today! Shelly's fingers toyed with his cock and balls for a moment before she made way for the others. Paul's blush went from slight to bright as Jean had her fun with him. Then it was Gayla. "Eighteen," she purred as she enjoyed him for a moment. Shelly managed to have fun with his soft penis without even breaking away from her interview. At least none of them spent much time on the fondling. They wanted the boys to come and go, so each feel was fast.

While the girls stared at the showering athletes who were in various stages of erection, they also stole glances at buff body Red. He stood there in an unnaturally straight posture with his naked body on display. Shelly's famous, wicked half smile was just perpetual. This was so much fun that she almost felt the kind of guilt that she knew Mindy and Miss Devasquez did.

While Shelly took a moment to scribble an answer down on her notepad, Mindy changed up the shower fun again. "Sexy Steve? How about you go on and take your shower now? And ravishing Rick? You can come on out."

The girls were all eyes for weightlifter Rick. You could tell how bothered he was, but he still somehow managed a bit of swagger, he walked while his raging hard-on swayed a bit. Mindy had a ball. Rick was another boy she had never seen naked until then. She was able to feel his hard-on! This time, Jean had his towel, but it was clear that Rick wouldn't get it until they had

taxed him first with loving cock fondles. Mindy went first, and slid her hand up and down that fine tool a few times. Then it was Shelly, followed by giggly Gayla. She had felt Rick up before, so he didn't count to her total. That didn't mean she didn't relish the feel of his unwilling boner. Jean ran her hand up his arm, down his chest, to his abs, and finally took a quick grab of his goods.

Jean was usually a quiet kind of girl, but this situation gave her a great expression of confidence. She got to take her gentle squeezes of Rick's shaft, but that wasn't enough for her this time. "You know, hot stuff, I think I'll just help you dry off."

"Oh come on! Mindy, tell her to give me the towel."

Mindy's normal squeal was gone when she was in charge. Instead, her voice had a sultry sound that the boys hated as much as her other personality. She told him, "She just wants to help, Rick. Go on and let her, if she asks nicely."

Jean held in a snicker. "Rick, could I pretty please run this towel all over your awesome, butt naked body, saving your stiffy for last?"

So Rick had to stand there, bare naked for the girls while Jean had her fun, and rubbed the towel over his muscles. That lasted only a few moments before Jean had to take a quick break though. "Hold on one second, Rick." Steve walked past, and she wouldn't miss the chance to have a feel of his dick. Like Paul, Steve was a little surprised that the girls felt him up before he was hard at all. Jean took just a quick rubbing feel before she returned to her towel duties. Then it was Gayla. She had seen his cock, but never touched it, so she said, "Nineteen!"

Shelly grabbed his cock once before he could get past. That left Mindy. She had felt him when he was at his hardest. It was fun to take a grab when he was at a much lower point. Then he got into the showers where he was part of their eye candy lineup.

Shelly said, "Well, well, Red, look at you go."

He got his inevitable, involuntary erection right then. As that mast rose, it would be a slow but steady rise to defeat. The girls all watched his progress. Jean didn't stop drying Rick though, and Shelly continued to ask him questions that she knew he would stumble over. A growing erection was a terrible obstacle to any words.

Red lived up to his name, and got red in the face again now that his penis called out for attention when it stood up. Jean had dried most of Rick and then carefully and slowly dried off his intensely erect penis. Mindy giggled in her girlish way, which was out of character for the blatant villainy of her chaperone personality. Seeing Red's embarrassment under scrutiny and Rick's embarrassment as Jean 'helped' him was hilarious. She waited until Jean was done with Rick. Of course once Jean was done with the towel she took a quick barehanded fondle of Rick's dick. While he was trapped in Jean's grasp, Gayla got close enough that she had the chance for one last Rick grope. She grabbed his penis, and then sent him away with a little smack to his rear.

It was time for another change then. Tapping her chin at the hard decision, she asked, "Girls, my favorite is probably Zack. Is he your favorite too?"

Jean said, "I like," she had to hesitate since she had a very real crush on him, "I like Greg, but he's already in the shower."

“And he’s hot,” Gayla said, “but Kent’s the boy I like best. He’s got the biggest penis.”

When the girls looked at Shelly, she had to say, “I don’t really have a favorite. All the boys I interview are hot. They’re all a little different, and I love it all.” Shelly managed to keep herself from sounding disappointed. How could any girl choose a favorite from all those bodies and all those cocks?

It did make it easier for Mindy though. She got to go to the locker room more than any of these girls except Shelly, so she would be gracious and allow Gayla her favorite. She didn’t have to worry about the other two girls. “Kent, it’s your turn to shower. Arthur, you can come on out.”

Arthur had been mortified when he realized that these girls would just watch while he showered. Shelly and Mindy had seen his dick, but Jean and Gayla hadn’t until today. It was about to get worse too. Shelly had touched his dick before, but none of the others had. He trudged on out and waited without a word while Mindy looked him up and down. He wasn’t fully hard. He pointed almost straight out, but not quite. His dick just hovered a bit below the equator. Mindy wanted to wait until he rose up, but it didn’t look as if that would happen fast. So she shrugged and took his halfway erect masterpiece in hand for a quick once over.

He was just barely harder than he was. Jean had fun groping him, but his dick rose almost imperceptibly. It was just stubborn. Shelly took a moment away from her interview for this one. Even though she ran her hand in the gentlest, most seductive manner she could, he moved up only slightly.

He wasn’t even at the ten o’clock position, so Gayla whined, “Why won’t he go all the way?” Then he stroked him a couple times. “Oh well. It’s a really nice cock anyway. That makes twenty! He may not get all the way there, but he’s a milestone for me!”

Mindy waved him away. “That was some impressive control, Arthur. I’ll tell Miss Hartick how well you behaved, since she thinks you boys should avoid erections.”

Arthur felt just the slightest sense of victory. Granted, he wasn’t flaccid, but he couldn’t remember any of the boys who kept themselves from full erections when they were on display that long. It didn’t keep him from the embarrassment of his nudity and the feeling up of his rod, but at least it wasn’t as bad as being all the way hard. The embarrassment of the involuntary erections was the most intense part of their embarrassment. He’d resisted that. What’s more, because the girls were irritated by that, they were too distracted to realize that they missed a chance to dry him off.

Kent hoped he could match that performance, but he didn’t see how it was possible. He already felt the dreaded call to arms. He was worried that he’d be hard before he got in the showers.

Gayla happily felt his well-developed piece. Having fondled him before, it didn’t add to her score, but her smile let Kent know that she didn’t mind. He had to wait until his penis was felt over by Jean, Mindy, and then Shelly, all of them used a different touch, tickle, rub, and then squeeze. He got in the showers before he surrendered. He knew he would be hard as a rock before long, but he got through the first round of fondling while he was still soft.

For a moment, all attention turned back to Red, who still stood there at attention, with a penis to match. Shelly ended her interview and shook his hand. “Thanks for taking the time,

Red. I look forward to seeing you boys at your first weightlifting meet.”

Red was amazed that Shelly had opted not to give him a second ‘handshake’. He wasn’t off the hook though. Mindy told him, “You can go on and shower now then, Red.”

“Oh great.” It was bad enough they made him strip down against his will, stand there bare for these four pervs, for his body to defy his wishes and give the girls an erection to ogle, but now he would have to pass through the groping gauntlet.

First was Gayla, who didn’t count him as a number because she had already fondled all the weightlifters, him included. Jean handled his hard-on with one hand while her other squeezed at his pecs. Mindy went last. Right up close as if she was his girlfriend, she ran both her hands slowly down his sexy body and gave his obedient stiffy a quick fondle. She sighed gratefully. “Well, girls, I guess that’s it.”

“We can’t stay and watch all of them shower?” Jean asked.

“No,” Shelly said with a grin. “Remember we’re not here to look at naked boys. We’re here to serve social progress. If we just hung out in the locker room after the interview, then we really would be perverts. This way it serves a cause.” She laughed out loud. She just couldn’t keep a straight face. Leaving really did serve their purposes. Mindy knew it too. They needed the boys to be completely embarrassed every time. They loved to torment the boys with the compulsory nudity and the legitimized fondling. That meant they couldn’t just take every boy every time. The suspense, not knowing which boy would be stripped or what he was in for, that constantly kept the boys on edge. They just couldn’t get past it. That kept their blushes fresh, their cocks hard, and their attitudes right where the girls could enjoy. Yes, a room full of naked boys would be fun, but taking what they wanted from the boys was better than to just have some sweet bodies to play with.

Chapter 46

Pre-Meet Interview

It was almost time for the first weightlifting meet. Shelly would be there to watch her Prellis Jaybirds compete. She would certainly get quotes and interview material there. But she would not be allowed in the locker room that day. It would be the same as it was for the baseball team. Miss Hartick wasn't happy about that compromise, but since even Shelly thought it was best, it was the rule.

No locker room interviews during or after an actual sporting event, but Shelly would get to have one of her special interviews the day before. The weightlifting team had nine hot guys, and Shelly had seen them all fully nude. She'd even fondled each one. So who did she want another helping of blushing nakedness from? Rick? He was a hunk, all right, but she had watched him shower and handled his rod the last time she was in the locker room. Denver? Just the thought of that body could make a girl shudder. But he was also there last time Shelly was in the lockers. She hadn't touched him then, but she sure did watch him wash himself off in the showers. Besides, Denver was the one weightlifter that was at the birthday party. Shelly wasn't there for that, but she had her own copy of the photos.

Shelly decided on Billy and Corbin. Good looking guys, great bodies, and they both were so adorably nervous when they were naked. For such big, strong guys, they acted so timid when they were forced to indulge Shelly's lusts.

Miss Hartick chaperoned the interview herself. Shelly would much rather have had Miss Devasquez. Oh well. If forcing a boy to strip and touching his body wasn't enough, then Shelly knew she was just too greedy for her own good. They would just have to skip any fun and games, such as the hat toss. She would get to sign the boys if she wanted though. Although Miss Hartick didn't like that idea, it had become a tradition for the special interviews with Miss Bridle's help.

The boys were nervous when they walked into Miss Hartick's office. It was more like they crept in on tiptoe after they opened the door as narrow as possible to get through. It was as if they thought that if they were quiet enough they might not be noticed.

Miss Hartick said, "I'm glad to see you, boys. Thank you for coming," as though it was a choice! "Now, I know you boys have been cooperating well. Mindy said that you were all very well behaved when she was chaperoning the locker room interview recently. I know that you

aren't entirely used to the new reporter program yet. So I've asked Shelly to make her interview brief. Also, I've only invited one other student as a guest and one teacher. Sometimes there are more for these special interviews."

Billy and Corbin had hoped that the other two wouldn't be staying. Their eyes widened and their spirits sank when Miss Hartick said, "Trudy is here because she is currently the school's top student." Both Billy and Corbin looked disgusted. To see them strip naked was a prize for a girl with good grades. Why not just set up a carnival booth and see which girl would win? The other teacher was one that the boys tried not to think about. It was Miss Fox, who the athletes had come to realize was at least as sexist as any other teacher at Prellis high. Miss Fox was the subject of many a schoolboy fantasy. What the boys hadn't known was that she had often lusted after the studly students. And now she'd had the chance to see many of them *au natural*. She hadn't seen these two sexy young things naked yet. She looked them over as if they were mice and she was a cat. She already wore a feline smile.

As though this were all business as usual, Miss Hartick said, "I also asked Coach Young if she wanted to be present. We don't allow coaches in the locker room, but there's no restriction here. However, she said that she didn't think it would be appropriate. I'm not certain why since she was there at the weigh-in when all of you boys were naked, but she said it was different."

The boys felt grateful to Coach Young. They knew she had enjoyed the show on weigh-in day, but she hadn't been there to embarrass them since. No, only a rotating group of girls and female teachers. Corbin had been forced to strip naked for ten different girls and women. For Billy, it was eleven. They felt every bit as awkward about it now. They secretly hoped that Miss Hartick had a change of heart. They knew better than that though. She thought that all the enforced nudity was an important social statement and even believed that the boys were better off for it. So they were in for another round of unwilling nudity. Billy tried to sound as if he wasn't bothered, but his voice cracked a little, so the girls giggled just slightly at his nervousness when he said, "So, what are we supposed to do?"

"It's just an interview," Miss Hartick said. "We conduct it under the same rules as the locker room interviews though."

Corbin's nervousness was worse than Billy's was. "So we'll have to, uh, have to be >gulp< naked in front of the girls?"

Miss Hartick tried to stifle her irritation. "Yes, Corbin, in front of the girls. It's nothing you haven't done before. Shelly and I have both seen you without your clothes."

Trudy and Miss Fox hadn't! That didn't matter though. Any girl, any woman, it didn't matter. Here, in the locker room, or anywhere they thought was appropriate. Shelly urged the boys along gently to the center of the office. Standing side by side, the boys were feasted on by the female eyes in the room already. Shelly started her interview right away, and asked about the upcoming meet, the preparation for it, and what the boys expected. She only got a little way into it before Miss Hartick had to stop her. "Hold on, Shelly. Corbin, why aren't you getting undressed? Billy already has his shirt off and his jeans unzipped. He's really showing some cooperation. Why aren't you?"

Both boys felt the heat of embarrassment. Billy felt disgusted at himself that he was 'cooperating' so easily. He just stripped off without even being told. He wished he had been more

like Corbin. Corbin wished he had been like Billy. It would have been so much easier, so much better to act as if he could go through with it easily. The girls all loved to see them embarrassed, and the boys knew it. He had just given them more to enjoy. Miss Hartick gave him that eye. He couldn't think of an intelligent answer, so he gave an honest one instead. "I just don't see why we have to do this. You wouldn't make the girls do it. It's a total double standard."

"That's right," Miss Hartick said, "it is, but it's a double standard that serves a purpose. It proves that girls can be taken seriously and that they can take on roles that are traditionally for men. So get those clothes off and behave. I want you to apologize to the girls."

Corbin couldn't hide his anger as he started to lift off his shirt. "Sorry, Shelly. Sorry Trudy." He did that when his shirt covered his face so they couldn't see his blush, but they certainly saw it when the shirt was off.

Shelly had to push that further. "What are you sorry for, Corbin?"

"Oh man." He tried to be slow about getting his pants off. "I don't know. I'm sorry for not taking my clothes off right away."

Shelly's eyes roamed up and down his impressive body. "You know, your sport is about the way you develop those bodies. I think it's important for me to see your work. Don't you?"

Corbin shot her a hateful look. Billy nudged him though. He thought that if Corbin got in trouble that they might both be in trouble. Corbin said, "Sure. It's important for you to see us naked. Can we get back to the interview now?"

Shelly grinned. "Almost. I want a good look without the underwear first."

Corbin threw his hands up and Billy's shoulders slumped. They were about to do it again, and Shelly had managed to make it her demand. They couldn't believe they really just peeled away every bit of modesty they had. The girls would leer openly. Before they had to hear Miss Hartick's irresistible, authoritarian voice, they had the last bit of cover gone. They were stark naked for four pairs of wide eyes. Their bodies were bare. They felt the shiver of embarrassment move up their spines. They tried to ignore the stares. It was as if spotlights moved over their exposed skin, especially over their dicks! It was important to show their bodies, Shelly had said. Their weightlifting didn't affect that part of their bodies. It didn't matter though. The girls wanted penis, and they got it. Shelly started in on her questions again, completely composed except for her half smile. Trudy had to bite her lip sometimes as she tried to control her smile. She let loose little half giggles constantly. Miss Fox was just her sultry self, as her evil eyes moved back and forth from one piece of forbidden flesh to the other.

Both boys remembered the first time they were forced to do this. It was so humiliating to be forced to strip down then as though Shelly weren't there. This time though, it was worse. They didn't strip naked in spite of the girls' presence. They stripped because of it!

They couldn't believe how embarrassing it still was. They felt chills of shame at their nudity that turned to the horrible tingling in the nether regions though. Both boys felt it at the same time. Shelly noticed the slight change in attitude and the boys' eyes widen. She took a moment as though she tried to find the next question. All she did was wait for the erections to begin. "There they go," she said. The boys' penises didn't really rise in that moment. They had both shifted position slightly though.

Trudy had tried to keep quiet so that she'd be out of the way, but she couldn't help a satisfied smile. "Oh, they're going to get hard! I love that!"

Billy put his hands over his goods for a moment now that the girls talked about it openly. Then he let his hands fall away before he got in trouble. There was nothing he could do. He was powerless to prevent the hard-on that his audience waited for. The twisted impulses their cocks threw the boys into a silent panic. They knew that one of the baseball players had resisted a full erection the last time Shelly was in the locker room. Could they do the same?

Shelly knew how to enjoy the show though. "Miss Hartick, this could be a bit distracting. Is it all right if I take a little break until the boys are done with this?"

Miss Fox helped out. "Besides, they're both rising. I'm really curious to see which one reaches a full erection first."

It turned into a race where neither boy wanted to reach the finish line. They struggled with their impulses. Every little increase only heightened the boys' awareness of their involuntary performance though. Every bit of their overwhelming embarrassment filled their penises. They showed real willpower though. They rose at a dramatic pace, not fast, but fast enough to make it a real event. Shelly, Trudy, Miss Fox and even Miss Hartick stared with unblinking fascination as the boy's rods competed in a slow race to the top. It was impossible to tell who would win the race and lose his dignity first. It wasn't a photo finish though, which was good since there were no hidden cameras this time. Miss Fox, in a grateful, breathy tone, said, "Thank you, Billy. That's really quite an instrument you have there."

The others agreed. "Yes it is." "Mm-hmmm!" "I love it!"

Billy's arms straightened and his fists clenched like a kid throwing a tantrum. In the next moment, Corbin arrived at his height, completely, fully, unyieldingly, humiliatingly erect for the girls.

Shelly joked, "I hope you boys can show that kind of competitive spirit at the meet!" Then she went right back to asking her questions and writing in her notebook.

The boys stayed perfectly hard, thrust upward, announcing their nakedness. They were so involved in their raging embarrassment that they forgot that it could get worse. Shelly wished again that Miss Devasquez had overseen this, but she had a fun game ready that even Miss Hartick would support. "I'd like to get some muscle measurements from you boys, if you don't mind." She had a tailor's measuring tape ready.

Billy and Corbin looked over at Miss Hartick. "Do we have to do that?"

She said, "Boys, it is a reasonable request. It will add some important information to the article."

The boys wanted to say that the size of their biceps wasn't important. It was how much they could lift. They couldn't really complain though. They tried, but it was so hard to find the words with their stiffies demanding all their attention. As well as everyone else's attention!

Shelly had one for herself and one for Trudy. "Let's see how big around those amazing arms are. Which boy do you want to measure, Trudy?"

"Hee hee hee! Oh, I don't know. I kind of like Billy."

“Okay then.” Shelly said, “Corbin, flex your muscle.”

He groaned as he flexed, and Shelly wrapped the measuring tape around. Shelly announced the number and wrote it down in her notebook. Trudy did the same for Billy. The boys had to stand as still as possible while the girls put the measuring tapes around their chests and waists, always with the measurements called out and written down.

Then Shelly did the natural thing. Admit it, dear reader, you knew where she would end up. Corbin made a silly sound when he saw that Shelly got ready to measure his upstanding penis. “M-Miss Hartick! She doesn’t need to do that!”

Shelly looked over at Miss Hartick. Miss Hartick genuinely considered whether she should allow it. Shelly had planned it though. She knew what she was doing. If she had just whipped out a tape measure and put it to his cock, then Miss Hartick might really have sided with the boys. After the other measurements, it just seemed natural to the crazy vice principal. “Go ahead, Shelly. Corbin, you know we encourage the girls to enjoy this. Besides, you’ve got nothing to be ashamed of.”

It was easy for her to say. Shelly very, very carefully measured the exact length of Corbin’s hard-on while he glared up at the ceiling. She called out the measurement and wrote it down. “I won’t put that in the article of course, but I’ll always know.”

Corbin shot her an evil look. (But Captain Quixote! How long was it? That, I feel is best left to the reader’s imagination. To give you a vague frame of reference, the weightlifters in this series aren’t usually as well-endowed as the baseball players, but they are all still attractively gifted as far as every woman and girl has been concerned. Besides, I wasn’t sure whether to use inches or centimeters.) Trudy had watched with wondrous disbelief as Shelly measured that fine cock. She looked into Billy’s eyes. She could see that he silently begged her not to follow Shelly’s example. Trudy also thought they went a bit too far, but how could she resist? She got down and put her measuring tape to Billy’s scepter. Billy blushed anew as his length was called out and written down. At least he beat Corbin’s measure by a small amount.

While her hand gently played up and down Corbin’s sweet stick, Shelly said, “I think that’s all I need. I suppose the interview is over. Except of course for our last little tradition.”

“Wh-what?” Billy asked.

While Miss Hartick didn’t fully approve of this, Shelly was right, it had become a little tradition. Miss Bridle had convinced her that it was harmless enough. So with very apparent annoyance, she told the boys, “The girls will ‘autograph’ your rear ends.”

“Say what?” Corbin said. “Oh man,” Billy said.

Shelly had her permanent marker ready. “Turn around, Corbin.” She had to give him a little push to get him to move, but then his well-formed butt was right next to her, and waited for her signature. She loved the way he clenched while she wrote on him.

She passed the marker over to Trudy who signed Billy’s bum and then copped a quick feel of his dick. She said, “Are you and Miss Fox going to sign the boys?”

“No,” Miss Hartick said. “I don’t think so.”

The boys felt some relief from that at least. You couldn’t tell it from her cool demeanor, but

Miss Fox longed to take part. She imagined writing her name on a boy's body. She wanted so badly to join the girls' pleasure and fondle one of these fabulous young men. It wasn't a good idea with Miss Hartick right there. She needed to stay on Miss Hartick's good side, and besides that, even Miss Fox was afraid of Miss Hartick. It didn't matter much though. Today was eyes only for the school's hottest teacher, but she would have her chance again very soon.

Chapter 47

A Fox in the Locker Room

The weightlifters had outperformed everyone else. Billy and Corbin in particular broke their personal records. Shelly hadn't realized just how much she would enjoy the weightlifting meet. With it over, and the muscle bound boys the new school heroes, it would be a little while before the next weight practice. Baseball was going on still though!

The boys were surprised yet again. It wasn't that Shelly walked in unannounced nor that she wasn't alone. It was her chaperone. This was a first. More than one boy said the name with dread. "Miss Fox."

Sexy Miss Fox had been there to see naked boys in detentions. She had seen blackmailed boys naked in the teachers' lounge. She had even been there to see some wash cars naked at her sister's house! But never in the locker room.

Like Miss Hartick, Miss Fox had special eyes. They stared and leered with an easy expression. It was as if she felt entitled to all this. Just having her look at them made the boys feel squeamish. It was as if they were fish and she was a shark.

Today she wasn't quite as perfectly confident as always. Usually her smile was a subtle, arrogant expression. In the locker room for the first time, she smiled more carelessly. Her eyes wandered a bit. She still had the most casually wolfish manner of any of the boys' admirers though. From her voice, you could tell she was ready for this. There was hardly any eagerness to it at all, but the boys could still hear the blatant passion. "Hello, boys. I'll be Shelly's chaperone today. Miss Devasquez, Mindy and Shelly have finally convinced Miss Hartick to expand the roster of regular chaperones. So you'll see more of me down here after today." Her grin turned a bit more devilish when she heard the groans and mumbles. "Because this is my first time in your locker room, I want all of you here where you can hear me. Do I hear a few boys in the showers? They need to come on out."

The boys felt a chill. They hated Shelly's arrogance and Mindy's squeals. This was yet another brand of female power abuse. Miss Fox was like a villain from a spy movie. She was horribly supercilious. The boys were gathered, three of them were wet and naked with their hands over their cocks. Miss Fox raised one eyebrow as she looked at them. The boys were not only covering, they were spread out. Miss Fox shook her head slightly. "You three, Ron, Reggie and Dean. Miss Hartick and Miss Devasquez told me what to expect. I can't let you cover up

like that. You know it. I want to see those cocks. In fact, don't spread out like that. Make it easy for me. Stand over there."

Ron, Reggie, and Dean fumed as they trudged over to the shower entrance. Miss Fox would be as boy crazy as any of the teachers down there. They had to stand there buck nude while she took in the triple helping of full frontal. She didn't look away from the naked boys at all while she spoke to the whole locker room. "Miss Hartick told me that when she brought Miss Bridle down here the first time that she helped her become comfortable. Do you boys remember that?" She looked away from the shower boys to decide who to pick on next. "Zack, Do you remember how she helped?"

Zack gave that disgusted expression that the girls loved. There was only one thing they were after. "Yeah, I remember. She made some of us show our dicks."

"That's what she told me," Miss Fox, her smile pursed slightly, and her eyes narrowed. "It would really help to have a demonstration of that cooperation. So why don't you go first, Zack? Stand by those other boys at the showers. Then slip your jock down so I can have a look." While Zack walked over, Miss Fox returned her stare to the three naked dicks. This was better than she thought. She had seen Reggie naked before, and oh he was worth it! She hadn't ever seen Ron or Dean though. Then it was Zack, who stood there in nothing but his underwear. Then, with a defiant stare and stiff movements, that young stud dropped his jock and bared his cock. Miss Fox slipped out of character for a moment. "God, you're good looking."

She pulled herself together and looked around the room. "Um, two more boys, I think, and then we can get on with the interview." She heard the collective complaint. The boys only whispered their curses, but all together it was great. She said, "Shelly, which ones would you recommend for a first visit to the locker room?"

Shelly couldn't maintain the serious front that Miss Fox did. She ate this up. Who would she recommend? As though Miss Fox asked what to order from a restaurant. Shelly had a consistent chuckle that made it hard for her to answer. "Try Ted. Ted and Max."

Max's voice almost squeaked. "Me?"

"Not a bad choice," Miss Fox said, then turned her intense interest on him. "Go on over and slip your pants and underwear down, both of you."

Max barely walked at all. His words stumbled out. "But, but, but, I've, I mean, I've only done this, I haven't. I've only had to get naked twice now. Can't you pick someone more, uh, experienced?"

One of the other boys shouted, "You jerk!" Shelly couldn't help a loud laugh. Max looked entirely miserable as he took his place next to Ted. Ted was spared the immediate embarrassment because he was irritated with Max. Max was so morose though as he put his penis on display that Shelly almost felt bad for picking him. Almost.

Miss Fox's eyes moved slowly across that lineup of six dicks. Ron and Dean had full erections going and Zack was halfway there. She sighed happily, as if she was a schoolgirl instead of a school teacher. "They were right. This is very encouraging. I think I can handle the chaperoning duties after all. Thank you, boys for your help. And you three with the boners, thank you especially. You can go about your business now. Philip? You're the interview subject today." She loved his look of utter disappointment. One wasn't enough for her voraciously perverted

eyes. Nothing was better than the compulsory exhibitionism of Prellis High. To think, she almost took that teaching job in Fosterville. "I also need to have Arthur and Sam over please."

Sam panicked as Max had. He had been forced into nudity only once before in the nurse's station. "Me? You want me to? But, uh, Shelly, don't you think..." He saw the look in Shelly's eyes. She was merciless. So he swallowed his pride and accepted his role. "Okay, I guess."

When Shelly told Miss Fox that she hadn't even seen all the boys naked, Miss Fox wanted some of that. Erik and Randy were hot, and no one had stripped them yet. Shelly didn't want that though. She said that if they were going to strip down a new boy that Miss Devasquez should be there to watch too. Miss Fox wasn't upset at all. She liked knowing that Shelly could be loyal. After all, Shelly had many reasons to be loyal to Miss Devasquez.

These three sexy things would be good enough though. Miss Fox followed Shelly's lead. The three boys were coming their way. That meant that the rest of the baseball team would be hidden behind lockers where the girls couldn't watch while they undressed.

Miss Fox was already a step ahead of the game. While Shelly let the boys lead her away from their friends, Miss Fox crept the corner of a row of lockers. She couldn't see the boys there. She could hear them. She heard Paul and Chad talking. "Can you believe this bitch?" "She's as bad as Devasquez."

Miss Fox appeared around the corner then. The boys both looked like cornered mice. Paul was the closest, dressed in only his jockstrap. Miss Fox casually put her hand on his bum, circling around one cheek casually while she said, "Detention. My room, tomorrow after school, Both of you."

"Aw, come on..." "This sucks."

Two more toys for the Fox, but that wasn't today. Today three boys were waiting to show their goods. She strode over with more confidence than she could believe. Philip, Arthur, and Sam couldn't look at her, but they felt her eyes. She said, "Of course, Philip will have to strip naked. Just to make it clear, I want you two to take off every bit of your clothing as well. Whether it seems fair or not, you boys have to show us your bodies, like it or not. I know you don't like it, but thank you all the same. Oh, and before you get those penises out, I want to assure you that I don't share all of Miss Hartick's opinions. I know that she'd rather you resist an erection. But me, I encourage you to get fully hard. I would love to see all three of you standing stiff. I think that would really be a nice compliment."

The boys colored. They really didn't want to take part. They were all hoping that they might be able to resist. Arthur had done that not long ago! So it could be done. Of course, that was why Miss Fox chose Arthur. Shelly had suggested him because she wanted to watch him harden up all the way. Surely Miss Fox staring at his dick would do that.

Miss Fox had seen Philip naked in detention. He was the star pitcher though, so he was a regular for interviews. She had never seen Arthur or Sam. She was looking forward to it as if it was dessert. Shelly asked her very serious, very professional sports questions while the boys slowly doffed one item after another, blushing all the way.

Shelly managed to work in a couple questions for Arthur and Sam as well. It wasn't necessary to legitimize their nakedness, but it was fun watching them panic for a moment when they forgot how to speak English.

Then came the moment. The three studs were down to their jockstraps. They were reluctant to get on with it, looking as if they thought they might be rescued. Miss Fox told them, "You know, boys, I want to see that from behind. Nice!" The buns on display were great, and she walked across giving a quick loving pat to each boys' butt. "Now strip that off and turn around, all right?"

Miss Fox wasn't looking down right away. She watched the boys' expressions first. Arthur and Philip blushed like crazy. Sam closed his eyes tight. When he opened them, he saw lovely Miss Fox, looking right into his eyes. His eyes were saucers as her eyes moved down his body to his cock. It was as if he could feel an alarm go off inside. Right away he felt that reverse pleasure in his penis. He breathed as slowly as he could. He had to stay calm.

Miss Fox took in the sight of the three naked boys like a gourmand. She could see that they already had the same trouble as Sam. How long would it take? For several seconds nothing happened except the staring and the exposure. Then Shelly said, "Should I get on with the interview again?"

"Oh, certainly. Do take your time though. I want to give these young men a good chance to show us what they can do."

All three boys heard the challenge. They were desperate to keep their urges in check. Philip surrendered first. Right in the middle of an answer, his penis started to lift up, reasonably fast. As he stumbled over his words, Miss Fox and Shelly both grinned at his visible embarrassment. He was a goner. There was no way he could stave off the stiffy. He got fully hard, his embarrassment electrified his cock. Even with this, he still had to answer Shelly's questions!

Sam was next. He looked as if he tried to talk his penis into staying put. He looked down at his dick. That's where the girls looked too. He moved up faster than Philip did. Right as he got to his zenith, Miss Fox said, "That's what I wanted. Thank you Sam. You too, Philip. And congratulations. You both have some truly inspirational pieces there. Arthur, you're still pointing down. Aren't you going to make this standing ovation complete?"

Arthur gazed at her as if she was a car wreck. She certainly didn't look like one, but she was a disaster all right. That little joke of hers was all it took to embarrass him into his beginning. "Oh man. Oh no. Stop!" But his cock wouldn't stop. Not right away. Miss Fox and Shelly both beamed as he pointed out into the room. Then he stalled. It was the way it was previously. He was a little less than halfway up. It was a great sight, all the same, but instead of seeming horrified, Arthur smiled slightly. He wasn't happy, but he didn't give the girls everything they wanted. It was a small victory, but by then, the boys had to be happy with what they could get.

Shelly really didn't want to let Arthur get away with that. She was worried that if he could keep it down, the other boys might get the courage to resist. It was a terrible thought, all that unwilling nakedness without any erections? Shelly loved to watch the embarrassed boys harden up. Could Miss Fox really do it, though? Shelly thought that Miss Fox just watching them would be enough, but she was wrong. Arthur actually declined slightly when he looked Miss Fox right in the eye.

Miss Fox was nothing but confident though. She wouldn't put a hand to him yet. Shelly had told her that didn't work the first time. Instead, she acted as if she wasn't concerned. "Is that it, Arthur? Oh well. I know I said that I wanted to see all you boys get hard, but it's okay

if you don't."

It was a cheap trick, but it worked. Arthur's dick got a sudden burst of embarrassment energy that turned his horizontal rod into a tower. He couldn't help it. He was so stiff! His involuntary erection brought big involuntary smiles to the faces of the ladies. Miss Fox's silky voice said, "I knew you could do it. Thank you, Arthur. I really appreciate that." Her eyes scanned across the trio of boners. "Shelly, would it interfere with your interview if I were to, um, have a little fun?"

Shelly snickered at the fallen expressions on the boys, especially rock-hard Arthur. "Well, I don't want Philip distracted, but otherwise go to it."

While Shelly annoyed Philip with a few more sports questions, Miss Fox did much more than annoy Arthur and Sam. She started with Arthur. That was a real win for her. She knew that she had already earned her place in the locker room. Besides that, his penis was marvelous. Arthur's spine stiffened just as his dick had when Miss Fox's fingertips played up the front of his cock. Then she wrapped her hand around and ran it up and down a few times. She walked behind the boys so that she wouldn't disturb the questions. While behind him, she pinched Arthur on the rear, skipped Philip, and gave a good squeeze to one of Sam's buns. When she tickled her way around his tool, he looked as if he could just die. He had been stripped only once before, and when that happened no one touched him. Today sinister Miss Fox touched his dick!

Miss Fox graciously stepped away from the boys so that she could just continue to eye their bodies and dicks. Shelly finished her interview before long. She said, "Thank you, Philip." She shook his hand and then, as usual, she reached down for that second handshake to his intimates. He turned to go, but Miss Fox had positioned herself so that he couldn't get past without paying the toll of a teacher fondle. With her horribly seductive grin, she grabbed his rod and sent him on. Shelly of course made sure to have a quick feel of Arthur's fine cock. Then she took her first fondle of poor, sweet, shy, sexy Sam. "You're so cute," she said.

She and Miss Fox watched the boys' behinds walk away. Without looking away, Miss Fox asked, "How often are you going to have me down here?"

"That's not really up to me." Shelly told her. "See, I don't get to choose my chaperone. I look forward to it though."

Chapter 48

Fox Run Detention

Miss Fox had a friendly smile as she let Paul and Chad into her classroom. “Come on in, boys.”

They sulked into the room, already seething. This “detention” was just an excuse for Miss Fox to get to see them naked. She hadn’t seen either of these boys naked. Granted she’d seen Paul in his jockstrap and even taken a little feel of his bum, but neither had to give up any dick for her yet.

Chad had been naked for five schoolgirls, as well as Mindy and Miss Bridle. He’d even had his dick fondled by Shelly, Jean, and Miss Bridle. Paul had only had to strip for four of his fellow students. Miss Hartick, Miss Devasquez, Miss Bridle and Mindy had also seen him bare. In addition to that, he’d been groped by four of his admirers!

Today there would be more. The boys groaned when they saw that along with Miss Fox, Tina and Lucille waited there. Everyone heard their sound of disgust. “Is that any way to behave?”

The boys were both surprised. “Miss Hartick!” She sat there at Miss Fox’s desk. It was Miss Fox’s idea to get Medusa Hartick involved in her first detention. She wanted to make sure the boys saw a display of power. She knew that this would make the boys obey quickly and quietly. Miss Hartick already had that dangerous stare, which petrified the boys. She told them, “Paul, Chad, I expect better manners. Apologize to the girls.”

They couldn’t hide their irritation, but they said it. “Sorry, Tina. Sorry, Lucille.”

“Now,” Miss Hartick said, “as I understand it, you two boys were rather disrespectful to Miss Fox in the locker room. We’re not going to have that.”

The boys said nothing. Miss Hartick said, “Stand there, at the front of the classroom. Now, I want to make certain that you two boys understand how important this is. We haven’t had much trouble from you boys on the baseball team for a while. Can you two show the decorum worthy of your team?”

Clearly, they had to answer. Paul and Chad glanced at each other. They knew they really had no choice anyway, but Miss Hartick’s authoritarian tone was irresistible. The woman could run an obedience school for barracudas. Unable to make eye contact, the boys just said, “Yes, Miss Hartick. We’re sorry, Miss Fox. It won’t happen again.”

“Well that’s good,” Miss Hartick told them, “but I think we’ll need a demonstration.”

That opened the boys’ eyes wide. Despite knowing what they were walking into, it was always embarrassing. They would be made to strip naked. They saw Miss Hartick’s icy stare and Miss Fox’s greedy smile. Tina and Lucille both squirmed in place. It appeared as if neither girl knew for certain what to expect. They had never been invited to the boys’ locker room. They had never been anywhere the boys had been bared. While the school had plenty of rumors about Shelly and her interviews, the only people who knew for certain what went on were the ones that had been there.

Miss Hartick said, “I want you to tell me why it is that you strip your clothes off for your interviews with Shelly.”

It was time for Tina and Lucille’s eyes to open wide now. What was really going to happen? Just how much would they see? Paul and Chad saw the girls’ timid grins, and felt a flush of heat already. Paul tried to say something, but he stopped. Chad managed to answer. He hated his own words, but if they said nothing, then they would be in a world of trouble. “It shows that we accept women and girls as equals.”

Paul added, “We need the girls to know that we respect them.”

Tina and Lucille both looked a little confused. Equality and respect? What were they talking about?

Miss Hartick approved of the answers though. “You understand. Good. Now I’d ask you why you didn’t seem to understand yesterday, but I doubt you’d say anything worth hearing. Instead, let’s just make sure that you can do what’s required. This isn’t an interview, obviously. Our star reporter Shelly isn’t here. That doesn’t matter though. You need to be able to show respect to any of the girls in the school, as well as the teachers for that matter. Now, with no complaints, I want both of you to strip to your underwear. Try to act as though it doesn’t bother you, because you both know it shouldn’t. If it helps, try to imagine that Shelley was here for an interview.”

As the boys shakily started to remove their shirts, Lucille’s jaw dropped and Tina let out a little squeal. Right away she said, “I’m sorry, Miss Hartick! I couldn’t help it.”

“That’s all right,” Miss Hartick said. “We expect you girls to enjoy this. In fact, we encourage it. You can’t help being girls, and that means that you’d appreciate the sight of a pair of fit, baseball bodies.”

Lucille’s head was swimming. She had really just been given permission to openly ogle the hot bodies in front of her. The boys both had their pants off by then, so they were down to their underwear, and blushed furiously already. They looked so good! Tina bit her lip to hold in another girlish noise of approval.

Now that Miss Hartick had established control, Miss Fox could have some fun. She couldn’t keep the sly villainy from her voice. “Now that’s better. This is how we expect you to behave when we ask you to show those bodies. I can tell that neither of you are comfortable with this, but that’s okay as long as you do as you’re told. You will do as you’re told, right?”

It was bad enough to be stripped nearly naked like this, but they would have to play horrible Miss Fox’s game at the same time. “Yes, Miss Fox.”

“And you won’t complain will, you?”

“No, Miss Fox.”

“We’re really not asking much, are we?”

The boys took a moment to answer that one. “No, Miss Fox.”

“Good. Miss Hartick? Instead of having the boys remove their underwear altogether, maybe we should just have them just lower their briefs. That will emphasize the exposure of the boys’ penises. After all, that’s the thing that the girls want to see the most, and I want the boys to know that while the girls enjoy.”

Miss Hartick nodded sternly. “That’s a good idea, Miss Fox.” She really didn’t see that Miss Fox just humiliated the boys for her own amusement. As far as Miss Hartick was concerned, this was a legitimate suggestion. “Chad? Paul? Get those down so that the girls can see those johnsons.”

The blushes had subsided slightly, but that command made the boys color right back up again. When the boys’ hands moved to their waistbands, the girls both made silly noises of anticipation. Paul and Chad hesitated. Miss Hartick raised one eyebrow. “Boys?”

With heavy hearts and quivering fingers, the boys revealed their secrets. Miss Fox was right. Baring their cocks like that, just lowering the curtain so to speak, was like they put their intimates on stage. Having to let the girls see their jewels was always supremely embarrassing. This was just another kind of embarrassment. This was the women and girls telling them, we don’t need to see you naked, we just need to see what you don’t want us to see.

The girls certainly looked too. Chad and Paul both felt the eager stares of these new girls. Tina let out a few more excited squeals at the sight. Lucille made a funny, low cooing sound while her unblinking eyes moved from one fabulous cock to the other.

“They’re really naked! We can see everything they’ve got!” “They’re hot! Oh, thank you, Miss Hartick!”

“No need to thank me girls. You really should thank the boys though.”

The girls giggled. They couldn’t help but sound superior while they said it. “Thank you for showing us your penises!” “Yeah, thanks! I can’t believe we get to see you like this.”

The two embarrassed boys struggled to hold still. Chad covered his cock for a moment, and then he moved his hands before anyone could complain. He looked at Miss Hartick. She didn’t seem upset since he corrected his own error. His hands continued to twitch toward his goods. It was so hard to leave himself uncovered when he was so aware of all four of the stares. Then the nervousness in his hands was replaced by that dreadful, tingling nervousness in his member. His eyes widened a little. Miss Fox’s smile curled at one corner almost as Shelly’s would do. She knew what was coming.

Chad began to breathe heavy, and he held stock still. He tried as hard as he could to keep the urge at bay, but all that attention called his dick to action. The moment his penis started to lengthen, all eyes were on him. He muttered, “No no no.” However, he was unable to stop it. Little by little, his rod stiffened into an upstanding salute for the girls. He wasn’t just bare. He was performing.

Usually the girls made little sounds or they would laugh a bit; however, Tina and Lucille fell silent with wonder. Tina looked as if she would never blink again. Lucille had her hand over her mouth as if she could not believe it. At length, and without looking away, Tina asked, "Is he allowed to do that?"

Miss Fox couldn't help but burst out laughing. "Oh yes, he is most certainly allowed to show us just how hard and tall that gorgeous cock can get! Paul, why don't you put on a show now?"

Paul reddened up yet again when he saw that Miss Fox, the girls and even Miss Hartick turn their eyes expectantly to his dangling dick. All of a sudden, his prize was center stage. He could feel all the lust aimed at his penis, the starry-eyed amazement of the girls, the hard demand of Miss Hartick and the steamy libido of Miss Fox. He couldn't help it. Chad's dick had lifted with a normal, natural cadence. Paul's moved up fast. It was as if his penis just couldn't wait to be praised by the ladies. Paul hated that and felt betrayed by his own body. His admirers certainly didn't mind his reaction though. "Very nice. Very!" "You really are a good looking young man, Paul." "Oh my god another stiffy! Awesome!" "I can't tell which one I like better!"

Paul's embarrassment didn't stop, but it combined with anger then. He crossed his arms defiantly, which only brought a little more mirth to Miss Fox. He looked ridiculous, proud irritation, but with his boner bare for them all.

Miss Hartick said, "Paul, could you relax?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Hartick, but I don't think I can. Anyway, I'm not stopping anyone from looking."

Miss Fox didn't know how Miss Hartick would react to that, but she loved this futile attitude from the hot athlete. She said, "That's all right, Paul. We know it's difficult. You're doing well though. Isn't he girls?"

"MMMM-hMM!" "Oh yeah!"

"Would you like to touch him?"

The girls were stunned. For the first time they looked away from the penises. "What?" "You're kidding."

Miss Hartick said, "No, she's not. It's only fair to you girls."

Both girls gave her a strange look. They loved all this, but what did she mean it was only fair to them to get to touch the naked boys? Did she really mean touch them? Lucille couldn't have lived with herself if she didn't ask, "Touch them where?"

"Well where do you think?" Miss Hartick asked. "The boys got hard for you, have a feel of those johnsons. They don't mind."

The girls looked into the boys' faces. They most certainly did mind! The boys couldn't bring themselves to make eye contact at all though. They were desperately tried to suppress their erections.

The girls couldn't move. "We – we can't really! I mean, I don't think..." "You really want us to, uh, to, uh?"

Miss Hartick repeated herself, but the girls just seemed to get more hesitant. It was almost as if she couldn't convince the girls it was okay. After a couple minutes, she made up her mind. "Oh, for goodness' sake, Miss Fox, show them."

Miss Fox wasn't certain she heard right. Miss Hartick always encouraged the girls to enjoy the nudity, but no teacher touched the boys when she was there. "You want me to show the girls?"

Miss Hartick gave her that famous look. "Not you too! What's so hard about this? I know that some of you do that when I'm not around. I don't usually care as long as I don't see it, so help these girls out."

If Miss Hartick had said anything else in that demanding voice, Miss Fox would have been intimidated beyond belief. Right now though, she was told to fondle the erections of two hot young baseball players. She didn't need to be told twice.

Paul and Chad looked horror-struck as Miss Fox advanced, and had to force themselves to stay put and stay uncovered. Miss Fox took Chad's rigid boner in hand while he gaped down. He struggled against the feel of her hand as it moved along his rod, up and down slowly and teasingly.

Miss Fox still had him in her grasp when she turned to look at the girls. She saw the happy smiles there. All the same, Miss Fox couldn't feel up Chad and leave Paul untouched. She moved over and tickled her fingers up and down the front of his erection, then around his balls before she stroked him gently a couple times.

Right as Miss Fox cleared the way, both girls squealed as they moved in for the fondling. Chad and Paul had to grit their teeth as they endured the greedy exploring of these uninitiated girls. After several minutes of being treated as toys, they had to go through it again as the girls just traded places.

Paul and Chad died of shame. They stood there bare naked and rock hard, while required to endure the feel of these girls' hands roam over every bit of their manhoods. Chad managed to ask, "Can we, uh, cover up now?"

Miss Fox didn't make eye contact with him. She stared at his erection when she said, "That depends. Do you think you can be respectful the next time I bring Shelly to the locker room?"

There was a flash of anger in the boys' eyes, but if they said anything other than what she wanted to hear, that would cost them their place on the team. "Yes, Miss Fox."

"Then we're done here. Go ahead and get dressed, but remember."

The boys felt the stares continue the entire time they got dressed. As soon as the women were alone, Miss Hartick said, "I think you handled that very well. I wasn't certain it was the best idea, but now I think you'll make a great addition to our reporting program."

"Well, I do enjoy it." They talked for just a bit. Despite the fact that Miss Hartick and Miss Fox didn't like each other, they were both dedicated to Shelly's career, even if it was for two different reasons. Miss Hartick had her social agenda, while Miss Fox just wanted to see the boys naked. Once Miss Hartick left, Miss Fox retrieved the little camera that Mindy helped her hide. She couldn't wait to see the pictures. Neither Chad nor Paul was blackmailed yet, but with these photos, those two hotties would do whatever she wanted.

Chapter 49

Another Visit with the Weightlifters

Miss Devasquez couldn't believe her ears. "Miss Hartick let you grope a couple boners?"

Miss Fox said, "No, she didn't just let me, she told me to!"

"No way!"

"It was only because she wanted to convince Tina and Lucille it was okay. I wouldn't try it again."

Miss Devasquez laughed. "Oh, I bet those boys were mortified!"

"You might say they were scared stiff!"

That was when Shelly came in. "What are we laughing at?"

Miss Devasquez said, "Tell her what happened, Miss Fox."

Shelly had to say, "Hold on. Miss Devasquez, we'll be late. We've got to get down there. I bet Danielle and Aurora are already waiting."

Miss Devasquez grinned. "They'd better be. If I was them, I'd be there the instant school let out."

"Are you coming, Miss Fox?" Shelly asked.

"Not this time, thank you. I'd love to see the locker room as much as you do, Shelly, but I don't get to be the reporter. I'm just a chaperone. I don't want to rock the boat or wear out my welcome. We have to keep up appearances."

Shelly and Miss Devasquez made their way to the boys' locker room as they had so many times in the past. Their guests waited as patiently as possible. Aurora had been in the locker room once before. While Danielle hadn't been in the locker room yet, she was present during a special interview of a few of the baseball boys. She had even fondled Philip's cock, the boyfriend of her rival, Carla.

Neither of the girls had seen the muscular weightlifters though. They really looked forward to this.

The four lusty females strode into the boys' territory, and caused the regular groans and

mutters from the hot athletes. Shelly and Miss Devasquez loved that sound. The boys would put on a show again. The girls would get to see some dick, whether the boys wanted to show it or not.

Miss Devasquez decided to start with a little appetizer. “Danielle? Aurora? Would you check to see how many of the boys are naked right now? I want them out here where we can see them.”

Quickly, the two girls rushed along to get what they wanted. Danielle said, “Sorry, Miss Devasquez, but none of the boys are naked.”

“Oh. Well then, any boy in just his jockstrap can come on out.”

As fast as they had before, Danielle and Aurora made a quick wardrobe check of the buff studs who were waiting with angry eyes. On one side, Danielle said, “Charlie!” Happily, Aurora also found a jockstrap-clad hunk. “Wendell!”

So two hot, strong-bodied boys had to trudge slowly after the girls who had picked them out. In the open area of the locker room, Miss Devasquez and Shelly adored the physiques. The boys on the weightlifting team had muscles. They weren’t overdeveloped types though. They were just very appealingly strong. Wendell and Charlie tried to ignore their predicament as the girls’ eyes wandered over all the exposed skin. Miss Devasquez felt slightly breathless already. Her favorites were on the baseball team, but there was no denying that these brawny marvels were also great fantasy material. Then, why fantasize when she could just do what she wanted? “Well, boys, you know that we strive to make the girls feel welcome and feel comfortable down here in your locker room. To help with that, why don’t the two of you lower your underwear down so that we can get a look at your dicks?”

Charlie took a moment. He looked across all four pairs of eager eyes. Wendell just grunted and slipped his jockstrap down. He seemed irritated, but composed. The moment his dick was out there for the girls, that changed and he blushed wonderfully the moment his tool was in view.

Miss Devasquez had to urge the other showpiece along. “Charlie?”

With a soft sound of regret, Charlie’s strong hands timidly dropped his cover, and removed his modesty and pride. His eyes clenched shut at the swooning sensation of embarrassment now that his penis was on display again.

Miss Devasquez had to tease the boys a little before she could move on. “Oh my. That really is effective, isn’t it girls? Don’t you really feel welcomed?”

Danielle and Aurora said, “Oh yes!” “Mm-hmmm!”

“Isn’t it nice to know that anytime we bring you down here, the boys will have to show you their dicks? However, we’re not down here for these two boys. Who did you want to interview today, Shelly?”

She said, “Denver. Today, I want to talk to Denver.”

From behind some lockers, Denver’s voice was heard. “Oh, man!”

“Should we bring along another boy?” Miss Devasquez asked.

Shelly nodded. “Girls, who would you like to see stripped down today?”

Danielle and Aurora whispered to each other. It was fun for Shelly and Miss Devasquez to hear the desperation in that. They had to agree on just one boy. Could they? As it turned out, they didn’t have a hard time with that. Danielle said, “We kind of want Rick to come along, because he was already getting dressed. All the other boys were still getting their uniforms off, but Rick was close to getting away.”

“Good choice,” Miss Devasquez said. Seeing Charlie and Wendell was nice, but she had seen and even fondled both of her appetizers before. She had seen Rick too. She had never seen Denver. Shelley was the only girl there who had seen him naked, but of course she had seen and touched every penis on the weightlifting team.

Once Rick presented himself, in blue jeans, but bare from the waist up, Miss Devasquez said, “The rest of you boys can go back to getting showered and dressed now.” She took a last look at Charlie and Wendell, but they turned away quick enough that she only got a glimpse. Then she turned her eyes to Rick’s fabulous body. Oh, Danielle and Aurora had good taste. Then again, no matter which of the boys they chose, it would have shown good taste. They were all hot and well built.

Miss Devasquez positioned the interview so that they would have a good line of sight on any boy who walked to the showers. The towels waited for boys who came out, so any boy who went in would be naked. Granted, they wouldn’t get a good look at the boys from in front, but it would still be a fun show in the background.

The foreground had all the attention at that moment though. Shelly started the interview as though that were her only concern. “Denver, Coach Young told me that you might be worried about a minor back injury.”

“Uh, I don’t know. Not really. I’m supposed to see Nurse Jones just because it’s the rules, but it hasn’t been bothering me at all lately.”

“That’s good.”

“Yes,” Miss Devasquez said, “but your clothes are all still on. Denver, I know I don’t have to remind you. We have the rules for a reason. You have to be casual and respectful when Shelly interviews you. Start slipping that uniform off.” She delighted in the grumpy stare that Denver gave a wall. He moved slowly, but he complied. Before the next question could be asked, Miss Devasquez turned to Rick. “You also haven’t started. Do you need a little help from the girls?”

Rick suddenly looked horror-struck. He hated that. Shelly remembered. She said, “The first time I interviewed Rick, I got to strip his underwear off. I think Aurora and Danielle ought to have a little fun.” Rick said, “Wait, wait, I can do it, really.”

“You sound nervous,” Miss Devasquez said with a smile. “Are you suggesting that the girls shouldn’t take part?”

“What? No, I mean, it’s just, why do I have to let them do that?”

He had given her an answer she could use. “Oh, Rick, you know you have to let the girls be girls. How sexist would it be to say that they can’t enjoy this? Now just stand there and let the girls get that off of you. Girls, who wants his jeans, and who wants his underwear?”

The girls whispered to each other angrily. Rick blushed at the realization that they were arguing about who would peel his underwear off. In the end, much to the surprise of Miss Devasquez, the mild mannered Aurora got her way. They could all hear the last thing said, "You got the boy you wanted most! I want to get his underwear off!"

Danielle relented. "Okay, okay. I guess I'll unzip him now."

"Oh man," Rick said, and took a half step back.

Miss Devasquez couldn't hide her humor even though she tried to sound stern. "Rick, behave. Stand still while they undress you."

"This sucks," he said, but he stood at attention while he looked up at the ceiling. While a purring Danielle started to undo his trousers, Denver already had his upper body bared for the ogling eyes. Shelly went right back to her interview, and sounded serious even though she had greedy, staring eyes and that twisted half smile the boys all hated.

Denver hesitated as much as he could get away with. So Rick got to his crisis point faster. Danielle had his pants off completely, which reduced him to his tightie whities. She gave his fabulous bum a quick pat before she moved out of Aurora's way. She was attractive and ordinarily looked so innocent that Rick couldn't believe the look she had on her face. She didn't kneel down as most girls did when they went after underwear. She stood there, looked him right in the eye as her fingers hooked his waistband. Rick helplessly held her stare, felt chills roll up and down his spine while she lowered his briefs. Once they were down low enough, Rick's eyes shot open wide as Aurora took a loving fondle of his jewels. She cupped his balls and toyed with his penis, and he wasn't even hard yet.

After half a minute of handling, Aurora slipped his underwear off so that he stood there stock still, red faced and completely totally, buck-naked. Rick saw all the girls turn their eyes to his bare cock. He hated the way Shelly could gaze over easily without even breaking away from her questions to Denver.

With a bit of a giggle, Miss Devasquez told Aurora, "You know, I usually don't let the girls touch any penis unless a boy gets completely stiff. I'll overlook it this once though."

"Sorry," Aurora said, unable to suppress a smile.

While the girls enjoyed the display of the buff and bare Rick, they also enjoyed Denver's slow, reluctant strip down. He looked great in just his jockstrap. He stood there in his underwear for a while before Miss Devasquez had to press him to continue. "Denver, you're not naked yet. You know you have to get everything off. It would be a real insult to the girls for you to leave your penis covered up that way."

Denver shut his eyes and breathed hard as if he was meditating. Aurora said, "Hey look! He's getting hard already!" Danielle pleaded, "Oh, Miss Devasquez, make him take that off!"

"I really shouldn't have to say it again," Miss Devasquez said.

Denver hung his head and prepared for yet another humiliating bout of enforced nudity. He slipped his underwear down, and tried to keep his mind on the question Shelly had just asked. He could tell that the girls held their breath as he stepped out of his last protection. When he stood back up, his cock has more than halfway hard. He almost managed to sound nonchalant, but his voice cracked on the last syllable when he asked, "I'm sorry, Shelly, what

was the question?”

Shelly's grin was more enamored than sinister right then. She knew that Denver watched her eyes move down his fabulous physique to his eagerly rising penis. “You know, Denver, I can hardly remember what I asked. Give me a moment to get my thoughts together.”

While she ‘gathered her thoughts,’ the whole world revolved around the proudly advancing cock on that supremely embarrassed young man. When he hit his height, Shelly remembered her question and asked again.

Stumbling over his answer, he tried to feel anything other than the embarrassment that coursed through his erection. Terence walked out of the showers and momentarily distracted the girls. Before he could grab a towel, they all saw him bare penis naked!

The girls turned their attention back to Rick. He had a nice, bright blush and a clenched jaw. His penis had also started to rise, but it looked as if it slowed down before it could reach the halfway mark.

As Shelly finished her interview, they all watched Rick with growing anticipation; although, his dick refused to comply with their desire. Not only did he not get any higher, he declined slightly, which brought a pout to both Aurora and Danielle. They complained, “What’s wrong with him? Isn’t he embarrassed?”

“Oh, look at that face, girls,” Miss Devasquez said. “Of course he’s embarrassed. He wishes he could be anywhere else. It’s a little disappointing that he won’t give us a good stiffy to play with, but at least we have the rest of him.” As she said that, she demonstrated by getting close to him. Her hand wandered over his bicep to his chest, where she caressed and squeezed the impressive muscles. “With a body like this, I almost won’t mind missing out on his erection.”

Her hand moved from one side of his chest to the other. Then she saw Rick’s eyes get a little wider. “Oh man!” He couldn’t hold out. Her touch had the desired effect. It might have been more inspired by high school hormones than by embarrassment, but he did get a full erection for the girls.

Again there was a moment when Rick and Denver were spared the inspection. Red walked out of the showers, dripping wet and totally naked. Right after him, another awesome body and cock followed. The girls all got a quick look at Billy, and his naked goodies.

Once the shower boys were out of sight, Rick and Denver were back in the spotlight. For a minute or so, the quartet of perverted femmes just ogled the two naked boys with the involuntary boners. Then Miss Devasquez started the festivities by fondling her way around Rick’s body again. She enjoyed his arms, chest, abs, and buns. Then she finished that treat by roaming her fingers all over his upstanding member.

“So we can feel his dick now?” Danielle asked.

“Of course you can.”

Rick said, “Damn it, this isn’t fair! HEY!” Danielle had his tool in her hand. Denver had Shelly’s attention. She felt her way around his body and his cock while he waited for the next one. Each of the girls felt up each boy thoroughly while they squirmed and groaned in exasperation. They had no choice but to stand there naked while the girls enjoyed their assets. To do anything else would be “disrespectful” to the girls. This ridiculous set of rules deemed the

girls' impulses as more important than the boys' privacy.

Only after each feminine hand had grasped and fondled each masculine cock did they set the boys free to walk away. As the girls watched them walk away, Danielle asked, "Do we have to go now, or can we watch the boys shower?"

Miss Devasquez almost said no. It was fun for her, Shelly, and the rest to limit the other girls' activity in the lockers. It meant that the boys belonged to them. On the other hand, after she fondled Rick and Denver all over, Miss Devasquez was really worked up. She looked at Shelly, and could tell that Shelly was up for it. "Okay, we'll stick around a bit. Let's see which boys are left."

Denver said, "M – Miss Devasquez? Can Rick and I just get dressed and leave?"

Miss Devasquez heard the little whispered pleas from Aurora and Danielle, but she ignored them. "Certainly, boys, you both behaved."

There were only three boys left, Frank, Corbin, and Wendell. The girls had already seen Wendell's dick, but they didn't mind seeing him naked again. Frank was also in the shower. Miss Devasquez realized that one boy tried to slip away. "Corbin, where are you going? You haven't showered. I know. We were watching."

He stammered, "Well, well, I, uh, I knew that. That's why I was kind of waiting. Now I think I might be late if I don't just go."

"Don't be ridiculous. Good hygiene is important. So get that sexy heinie of yours in there."

He frowned, hung his head, dropped his pants, and walked past as the girls stared. Aurora took a pinch of his butt. While the girls studied the boys' nude bodies, the boys reacted. All three of the hot weight lifters tried to act as if they didn't notice the girls, but their cocks gave them away. The embarrassment caused all three of them to rise up delightfully while the girls whispered, giggled, and swooned.

First to walk out, Wendell's blush and erection revealed his supreme embarrassment, but he managed to talk as if he was unaffected. "Could one of you hand me a towel?"

Aurora had one quick. "Here."

"Now wait a moment," Miss Devasquez said. "First we want to have a fondle of that boner."

He couldn't sound manly, and whined a bit. "Miss Devasquez, come on!"

"Now, don't be shy, Wendell. I always give you boys a sporting chance. If you wanted to keep your penis out of our hands, all you had to do was keep it down."

Furiously, he threw his hands to his sides and adopted a posture that invited the girls. Shelly happily grabbed his goods and enjoyed, as she had before. Then Danielle got to touch his dick. Since Aurora had the towel and had to go last, Miss Devasquez was next. She fondled him slowly and lovingly in a way that surpassed the embarrassment factor of the other girls.

While she enjoyed his charms, Frank came out. Shelly stopped him with a hand to his chest. She fondled his muscles there before her hand roamed down to his stiffy and had fun.

Aurora finally had her turn to play with Wendell's hard-on while Danielle groped Frank. Wendell finally got away while the girls focused their attention on Frank. He had to let them

all have a feel before they allowed him to leave.

Of course, the girls waited patiently for sexy Corbin. Just as the others were, he was cock fondled by all four of the females, and Danielle got to towel him off all over.

Aurora and Danielle were a mess of heated giggles. They had fondled the raging, embarrassed erections of five superstud weightlifters. Miss Devasquez got to see some of those boys for the first time as well. Shelly had as much fun as any of them, even though she had already seen and touched every dick on the weightlifting team. She would never tire of the boys' nakedness, erections, and extreme embarrassment.

Chapter 50

Media Attention

It wasn't a locker room day since neither team had practice. All the same, Miss Devasquez, Mindy, and Shelly gushed over some nudie athletes. This time it was just photos. They were the first photos they had of Chad and Paul. Mindy squealed and Miss Devasquez purred. Shelly already imaged some fun with those two boys. "Now they'll do whatever we want."

A knock on the door made Miss Devasquez rush to put the pictures in her desk. Mindy carefully unlocked that door only when she knew it was safe. A very professional looking woman with glasses and perfect hair came in. "I hope this isn't a bad time."

"I know you," Shelly said. "You're Audrie Guffey from channel WLNB."

"Thanks for watching."

Miss Devasquez felt a shudder. A reporter? A famous reporter? "What can we do for you?"

"If you're not too busy, perhaps you could answer a few questions. I'm here doing a story on your sports reporting program. I take it this is the precocious Shelly Marks?"

Shelly realized the trouble they could be in. She saw it in Miss Devasquez's eyes too. They had protected themselves against the school faculty and even the school board. Would the program continue if a big time reporter told everyone in the state about it? "I – I'm Shelly."

"Oh good. I was really only hoping to talk to Miss Devasquez, but it's better if you're both here."

Miss Devasquez tried to control the situation. "What, uh, what brought your attention to us?"

"One of your fellow teachers called in a story tip. Miss Armstrong. I thought it sounded like an interesting piece, breaking down social barriers and all. I'm beginning to get the idea that there might be more to it than I expected. Rumors abound here at Prellis High."

"I suppose there are. Rumors are rumors."

Miss Guffey nodded. "Rumors can make good press."

"Well if you'd like the truth, we can certainly help you with that."

There was no getting out of it, so Miss Devasquez answered Miss Guffey's questions carefully,

and certainly not honestly. Shelly helped out as much as she could. Mindy tried to avoid being noticed. Miss Devasquez couldn't tell if Miss Guffey bought her story, but she did her best. "It's true that the boys might decide to change or shower while we're down there. Of course, we give them time to take care of that first. They have plenty of warning before we'll show up. We want to be sure that the boys receive all the proper respect."

Miss Guffey took down some notes while she said, "I see. Before I came to you, I spoke to Miss Hartick, the Vice Principal. It was her idea to institute this program, wasn't it?"

"It was," Miss Devasquez said, wincing.

"She described the situation quite a bit differently. So did Miss Bridle."

Miss Devasquez didn't say anything right off. Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle weren't just perverts. They really thought they were doing the socially responsible thing. Miss Hartick in particular would have gone into detail about Shelly's escapades. They were doomed.

Miss Guffey said, "Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle both informed me that the boys are required to undress completely during any interview, regardless of how many girls and women are present. They aren't even allowed cover their penises with their hands. Are you telling me that's not correct?"

"Well, you see, it's really a question of expectations."

"I see," Miss Guffey said with an amused smile. "I got the impression that the boys are not willing participants and that they are always highly embarrassed when they're forced to bare their penises."

Miss Devasquez couldn't keep up. "Forced is kind of a strong word."

Miss Guffey said, "Miss Bridle seemed very concerned about the boys' discomfort with their own sexuality. She explained that they are the most embarrassed when they get erections in front of you ladies. She even told me that their penises get completely erect every single time. Is that really true?"

Miss Devasquez started to stammer out an answer, but Shelly interrupted. "Hold on. That's your third penis question in a row. What are you really here for?"

Miss Guffey smiled easily and took a seat. "At first, I was here to write a little uplifting piece about modern social breakthroughs. Then, after talking with Miss Hartick that changed. I'm not sure the woman's all there, but I'd hate to be the one to tell her that. I thought I had a real story then. I was going to run a scandalous piece if it was true, and I can tell that it is."

Miss Devasquez wasn't sure if she was still worried. "Is that still the story you'll write?"

"That depends on you," Miss Guffey answered. "You see, I didn't just talk to Miss Bridle and Miss Hartick. I talked to a few of the boys on the baseball team as well. Oh, and one of the weightlifters. You really get those boys naked whenever you want?"

Shelly knew she could reel her in then. "Any of the boys on either of those teams. Maybe you'd like to come to the locker room with us once, for the sake of your journalistic integrity, of course."

"That sounds like a good idea, Shelly," Miss Guffey said. "I don't know how many of the

boys are that good looking, but just the ones I met were sexy as hell. It's my duty as a reporter to know more."

Mindy even got involved then. "All the boys are hot!"

"Well, not all of them, surely," Miss Guffey said.

Miss Devasquez told her, "No, Mindy's right. Every boy on the baseball team and every boy on the weightlifting team is good looking. They're all in athletic shape too. Of course, you'd have to see it to believe it, but they all have very attractive equipment."

Miss Guffey's eyes almost watered with anticipation. "And you could bring me into your locker room?"

"Anyone we want," Miss Devasquez said. "Of course, out of professional courtesy, we'd expect a certain kind of story."

Miss Guffey dropped the game altogether. "How about no story at all? I think your Miss Armstrong was trying to get you in trouble. She should have called Ken Barker or Nathan Kendall. Instead, she got me. I can afford to drop the occasional story, and I've never had a better reason. Is it possible for me to choose a boy in advance? I mean, could you show me a yearbook or something?"

"I've got a better idea," Miss Devasquez said. "Why don't we head on down to the locker room tomorrow. There's a baseball practice. We'll let you choose three or four boys to enjoy right then."

Miss Guffey almost melted on the spot. "We can do that? We can just pick a boy out like that? And more than one?"

"Well, Shelly will only interview one or two. The others will be there just to add some scenery."

"Does Miss Hartick know you do all that?"

"Of course. She insists on it. If the boys don't cooperate, then it would be disrespectful to us as women. Then they'd be booted off the team, and none of them could live with that. Prellis athletes are the princes of their town. This year it just comes at a high price."

Mindy couldn't help the punchline. "The emperors have no clothes!"

Chapter 51

Media Visit

Yesterday Miss Guffey was perfectly poised. While they walked to the locker room, she seemed nervous, as if she was on a first date. Mindy shook her hand, already smiling wide. She couldn't wait to show off her toys to another woman. "I'm glad you made it, Miss Guffey. I'm Shelly's official chaperone today, but Miss Devasquez is coming too."

"That's probably for the best. Also, call me Audrie, please. How do we do this?"

"Just follow along," Miss Devasquez said. She opened the door, but she let Mindy lead the way. Mindy beamed as she heard the ever-present grumbles of discontent. The boys knew it was time again. All any of them could really do was hope that he wouldn't be chosen. The choice today was left to Miss Guffey.

Mindy was all-aflutter, so she deferred to Miss Devasquez. "Boys," Miss Devasquez said, "if I could have your attention. We have a special guest today. I'm sure some of you recognize Audrie Guffey from WLNB. She is considering doing a piece for TV about our reporting program, so she's here to see Shelly in action. Now we want you boys to be on your best behavior. I want you to be as courteous and comfortable as you would be ordinarily." Her voice broke into a chuckle at the end of that. Mindy and Shelly gave a little laugh as well. Miss Devasquez continued, "We want to show every consideration to our guest, so she'll decide which boys take part today. If you could all come out here where she can see, she'll choose one of you for an interview, and two more just for show. Come on out. A little faster, boys."

Audrie couldn't believe what she saw. They had been right. These boys were hot. All of them! How could she possibly choose just three? The boys stood there awkwardly while they waited for Audrie's judgment. Some hotties were shirtless. Some wore just jockstraps. Two of them were already naked! "Oh my gosh!"

Miss Devasquez followed her eyes. It was Chris and David. Mindy took over as chaperone again then. She planned to enjoy this. "You two! Chris and David, you know you can't do that."

"But Mindy!" "Come on, we don't even know this woman."

"Does that mean that you should be allowed to disrespect her?" Mindy said. "Stop covering those dicks. You know you have to let us see what you've got. Step forward and drop those

hands.”

Audrie stared at Mindy’s boldness. There wasn’t much pretense there at all. Then she stared at Chris and David instead. They had done exactly as they were told! She could really see them bare naked! “oOoOoOH! They’re so very...”

“Yes they are,” Miss Devasquez purred.

“They’re really naked.” Audrie wondered if she would catch her breath. Two sexy high school athletes had just shown her their cocks. Those boys were red in the face, and looked away into corners. Audrie let out a little sound of surprised pleasure at that. She hadn’t realized that she would enjoy that part. She knew that seeing the studly athletes bare themselves would be a treat. It wasn’t just bodies and dicks though. This meant she could just take what she wanted, and the boys had to let her look! She shuddered with delight. She wouldn’t have any trouble making a choice now. “Do I have to choose these boys, or can I see three more penises?”

Mindy smiled one of her more wicked smiles. “Oh, if I were you, I’d take as much as I could get. I already told you, all these boys are worth it.”

“Oh yes.” Audrie took a little bit, and searched with her eyes across the candidates. The boys waited for her decision with sick and angry looks. She said, “Mmmm, that one there,” as she pointed toward Tommy.

Tommy’s heart skipped a beat. “Wh – why me?”

“I’ve just got to watch one of you boys go from full uniform to birthday suit. And you really are a steamy young man.” Then Audrie looked back at her two naked appetizers. “OH! Oh, he really did get hard!”

David was the one with his pecker that pointed straight up. He blushed anew at the sudden, wide-eyed stare from Audrie, and also from the openly mocking giggles from Mindy and Shelly. Mindy told her, “Wait until you see Chris’s boner! Oh, don’t give me that look, Chris. Your penis is a wonderful thing. Go ahead and let it do its thing.”

Chris flinched at the sudden attention from all the ladies. His dick didn’t respond. It was attractive but not attentive. Not yet. Mindy shrugged, “Oh well. He can’t hold out forever. Take your time picking your other two boys, Audrie.”

“Take my time,” she repeated in half a daze. She turned away from Chris’s dangler back to David’s proud, upstanding penis. She smiled innocently. “Right. I’ll take my time then.” She hummed to herself as she went back to shopping for studs. She let her eyes linger on some boys just to see them quail at her attention. Then she knew she had to have one of them. “What’s this boy’s name?”

“That’s Brian,” Shelly said. Brian groaned.

“He’ll do nicely. It might take a few moments for Tommy to strip out of his uniform, but Brian here will only have to get his underwear off. Oh, I can’t wait to see what he’s hiding there.” Audrie heard Miss Devasquez chuckle her approval. The lady reporter just couldn’t believe she got to do this. She glanced over at Chris, but he still wasn’t there yet. His cock had only barely begun to lift. To stall for time, she asked Miss Devasquez, “And the boys do all this voluntarily?”

“Naturally. Of course, they volunteer whether they want to or not. The truth is that as a

member of the baseball team, they have to submit to certain standards of behavior.”

“Right. Then perhaps we could have this brown eyed hunk here volunteer?”

Peter’s shoulders slumped. Miss Devasquez said, “That will do just fine. Chris, how are you doing there?” She looked over at him, as did all the other women. He was over halfway hard, his cock thrust out into the world. Miss Devasquez said, “We can wait until Chris reaches his height though. It won’t take long. The rest of you boys can return to changing and showering.”

“Even me?” David asked.

“I suppose,” Miss Devasquez said, “if you’re in that much of a hurry.”

He was, but turning away from them only gave Audrie the chance to say, “Oh God he’s got a nice ass!”

Then all the attention was focused on Chris’s rising spirits. He struggled to keep himself under control, but it was impossible. Seconds ticked by tortuously as his penis obediently rose for the women. He arrived at full arousal, his embarrassment thundered in his heart and his hard-on. Audrie still hadn’t gotten past her state of wonder. “He is a handsome young man, isn’t he? I mean handsome all over. All over.”

Miss Devasquez grinned. “You can go now, Chris. Tommy, Brian, and Peter, come over here please.”

There was a slight stagger to Audrie’s walk. Miss Devasquez and Shelly took that as a good sign. She was as hopelessly penis crazy as they were. Their little hobby would be safe now. All three boys had been interview subjects previously, so Shelly could take her pick. She had an easy time putting questions to the boys that would create convincing sports articles. She decided on Peter because he was the one that Audrie hadn’t picked out due to his level of undress. He still had his jersey, partly unbuttoned, his jockstrap, his socks, and even his cap. Shelly told him, “I think you’ll get to answer some questions today, but Miss Devasquez, I think the other two ought to strip down completely to let Audrie really get the full experience.”

“That’s a good idea,” Miss Devasquez said. “You two boys don’t mind showing us every inch of your bodies, do you? Out of a sense of propriety and respect, I mean.”

Tommy sighed and Brian grunted, but they both agreed by not verbally objecting. They glanced over at this new woman, this stranger, who had never seen them naked, but was about to. Tommy had been forced to bare himself for a dozen different women and girls. Brian had been exposed for twice as many. It never got easy, though. If it had been just Mindy, Miss Devasquez, and Shelly, who had seen them both nude already, it still would have been mortifying. This was worse. Another first time pair of eyes was ready to steal their dignity for fun.

They had hesitated a moment, so Miss Devasquez said, “Go on, boys.” She said it carelessly. She knew that the boys had a hard time getting their clothes off for an audience. She also knew that they would do as they were told. “But Tommy, you can leave that cap on.”

Brian was almost naked already. As he bent forward and dropped his jock, Audrie’s eyes got huge. Another hottie was going to show his all! Tommy wasn’t even done unbuttoning his jersey, but Brian stood up full nude, gloriously naked and with the sweetest shy expression. Audrie couldn’t help a girlish giggle. She locked eyes with his (and what eyes he had!) before

her stare moved down that sexy body to his goodies. For a moment, he covered up, and then he let his hands drop causing Audrie to giggle again. She continued to glance over at Tommy as he stripped down slowly, but her eyes just feasted on Brian's nakedness. It didn't take long for his embarrassment to animate his anatomy. Audrie put her hand over her heart when he started to rise. "Oh my gosh, he's getting hard too! Miss Bridle wasn't kidding. Do they really do that every time?"

"Nearly," Shelly admitted. "Sometimes they manage to get only partway up, but that's pretty rare. Usually it's full mast. It looks as if Brian's getting there quick. Good job, Brian. We really appreciate your efforts to make this comfortable for us."

Brian threw her a dirty look, but all he got in response was that wicked half smile. He got there fast, and stood tall both in posture and in penis. He could feel the girls stare at his rod. Audrie asked, "Are you really going to make him just stand there while Shelly interviews this other boy?"

"Of course," Miss Devasquez said. "It's important for the boys to recognize the value of their female peers. What could be a better demonstration? Tommy's taking his time though. Tommy, do hurry up please. We're all just dying to see your bare penis."

Tommy shook his head in disgust, but he did it. The last thing he needed was a special detention. He doffed the rest of his clothes quickly while the women blatantly ogled him. Audrie in particular made it difficult. The little giggles and gasps as he moved made it that much harder. Even Mindy was quiet. She was usually a squealer, but this time it was as if she instinctively let Audrie's sounds have the floor so that the boys would be that much more aware of the new eyes.

When he was down to his underwear and his hat, Audrie said, "Oh, he looks so good like that, I almost don't want him to take it off."

Miss Devasquez said, "Tommy, before you drop that jockstrap, turn around so that we can get a look at your buns."

"Oh, you're too accommodating," Audrie said. She stared in wonder again as he put his bum on display. After she got a good look, she said, "Okay, now he can get naked. I mean, if you think he should."

"Of course, he should," Miss Devasquez said. "Anything less would be an insult. Besides, he doesn't mind letting you see all of his body, do you Tommy?"

He had to force out the words, "No, Miss Devasquez." Then he slipped his underwear down and off, and discarded his modesty entirely. Except for his baseball cap, he wore nothing.

Audrie didn't even remotely resemble a professional reporter any more. "eeeEEEE! Look at his dick! Oh, I can't wait to see him get stiff!"

Shelly enjoyed Audrie's display of lust as much as the boys hated it. She said, "I think I'd better start the interview now. Tommy, will get there before I'm done."

"Oh, I hope so."

Shelly started to question Peter, and after only one stern look from Miss Devasquez, he surrendered his pride and started to remove his clothes. He knew he was supposed to keep his

cap on too, but the rest of it slipped away, piece by piece. With each moment, Peter's anxiety grew. He was really doing it. He got naked again! His fingers trembled when he got to the last bit. It was all so unfair! It was all so humiliating! It was as if he was a toy that these women could play with whenever they wanted.

"Peter, it's time to get that off." Shelly sounded so gentle and understanding that Peter almost felt just a slight shade better. Although when he saw the look in her eye and the evil smile on her face, he felt a wave of indignation as he slipped his underwear off to let them enjoy his masculinity.

"There it is," Miss Devasquez said. "Was it worth your time, Audrie?"

"Oh, he's really something. Three naked boys. Three! And they've got it all. Oh! Look! Tommy is starting to rise."

There was a reverent silence from the girls as Tommy's penis saluted them. He turned beet red as he felt his body betray him. His embarrassment moved him into the most ironic of reactions. All he wanted these women to do was leave him alone, but his cock demanded to stand up and call out for attention. He was halfway hard before his humiliation got the best of him. He turned around to protect his modesty.

Miss Devasquez thought that was adorable, but she had to play in character. "Tommy! You turn back around this instant!"

"I can't! I can't take it, Miss Devasquez. At least stop staring at me all at once."

Miss Devasquez could never be as intimidating as Miss Hartick, but she had developed an impressive, villainous hiss. "Tommy, if you don't turn back around then it will be a detention in my room with ten girls present. Ten girls, myself, and Mindy staring at your naked body with no other boys there to distract us."

"Miss Devasquez, please!"

"I told you to turn back around, Tommy. This isn't like you at all. You've never given us any trouble. Turn back around so that we can all stare at your penis. That's what we came down here to do, and it's your duty to show us the respect we deserve as women. Do it now or tomorrow after school for a bunch of girls."

"Okay, okay." He got a hold of himself and turned back around with his eyes shut tight. His cock had declined just a little while he was turned away. He knew that wouldn't last.

Miss Devasquez said, "Tommy, open your eyes and apologize."

Tommy saw all the female eyes move up and down his naked body again. He felt as if he might pass out. "I'm, – I'm sorry." His penis rose slightly.

"What are you sorry for?" Miss Devasquez said.

"I'm sorry that I turned around." Again, his dick rose up just a little.

"Now, we're not asking that much, are we? We have every right to expect you to let us see you naked. This is the boys' locker room after all. Well, answer me, Tommy. Are we asking too much?"

"No, Miss Devasquez." His penis had continued to rise up slowly while she embarrassed

him. When he answered her, his dick just shot up into launch position. The renewed giggles from Shelly and Mindy made him blush and cover his face with his hands a moment. He got a hold of himself again and stood upright with his hands at his sides so they could see both his fully erect cock and his blushing, embarrassed expression.

Audrie turned her eyes back to Peter, the only boy who still pointed to the floor. Shelly started back in on her interview as if nothing else had happened. Her casual nature brought out the embarrassment in Peter perfectly. After just two questions, his penis was lifting. After another three, he was there, a third involuntary performance. "I hate this," he muttered as he reached his peak.

Audrie said, "I'd give up a Pulitzer to have Shelly's job. This was worth it all, Miss Devasquez."

"I'm glad you think so. I know I do."

Shelly continued the interview briefly while all three boys had to endure the attention of their admirers. At last, when she was finished, Shelly said, "Thank you for your time, Peter." She held out her hand, but Peter seemed reluctant to take it. He knew what she was about to do. A little *A-hem* from Miss Devasquez prodded him along. He let Shelly shake his hand. Then she reached down for a second handshake with his pecker.

Audrie gasped. She still couldn't believe that she was allowed to see these boys undress. Did they really just let Shelly touch the boys' penises?

Shelly had double handshakes from Brian, and then Tommy as their blushes bloomed again. Miss Devasquez looked as if she wasn't sure how far to take this. Mindy saw the lust in Audrie's eyes though. She knew what to do. She cuddled close to Brian's side and reached down for a quick fondle of his stiffy. As if she offered to share a candy bar, she asked Audrie, "You want a quick feel before we go? The boys know that it wouldn't be fair for them harden up and then deny us our urges."

Audrie gaped. "Are you serious?"

Miss Devasquez followed Mindy's lead. Mindy moved over to take a quick grope of Peter's peter while Miss Devasquez fondled Tommy, first his chest, then his hard-on while he groaned.

Audrie felt light headed. "You're sure it's okay?"

Shelly said, "Miss Hartick says so, and so does Miss Bridle."

"Well then, if it's official school policy, I guess I won't insult the boys by refusing. I don't know which one to start with."

Mindy and Miss Devasquez backed off to make room for the lady reporter. She gave Brian's boner a quick little playful squeeze. Then she ran her hand up and down Peter's dick. She left Tommy for last and he had to hold still while she wrapped one hand around his rod and lifted his balls with the other. "I wish I knew more about sports," Audrie said.

Contented beyond belief, Audrie actually led the way out of the locker room. She sighed and smiled. "Miss Devasquez, I know this might be asking a bit much, but would it be possible for me to be a special correspondent? I have a keen interest in this news story, and if you'd allow me to observe Shelly's methods every so often, I can promise that it's a story my station will never air."

Miss Devasquez said, "I don't mind at all if Shelly doesn't. It would have to be just an occasional thing to avoid too much attention."

"Oh, I understand that," Audrie said.

Shelly said, "It doesn't solve all our problems though. We might have you in our corner, but what keeps Miss Armstrong from going to some other channel's news department. Or the local newspaper?"

Miss Devasquez asked Audrie, "Is there any way you can help us with that?"

Audrie thought about it. "At my own station, I'm a star, so I have considerable influence. I can't do much about the rest though. I know that there are women at every station that could help. I mean, I'm sure they would if they were to see why they should. You take my meaning. I don't suppose you want me to try to convince them to come here all on particular day. That doesn't really sound practical."

"Not here," Miss Devasquez said, "but how about somewhere else? Like my house. I can have some boys there to help introduce the idea."

Audrie was stunned yet again. "You're allowed to take the boys home to see them naked?"

"No," Miss Devasquez said, "but I can guarantee you that some boys will help us anyway."

Audrie got the picture loud and clear. "I'll make some calls."

Chapter 52

Who's in the Exercise Room?

Audrie would need some time to gather her peers of the press. In the meantime, Shelly was left with her regular responsibilities as a reporter. It had been great fun to bare the baseball players for Audrie, but the next day didn't have any scheduled athletic practice. It would have been just a normal school day, without any penis peeping, but Shelly felt far too tantalized to let the boys off. She knew where to find a few studs who needed a bit of humbling.

She could go to the weight room. She had only done that once, but she remembered it fondly. Three of the baseball boys had been stripped there, along with Rick, the weightlifter. That was the first time she had ever stripped and fondled a weightlifter, and he had so dutifully stiffened up.

She knew that the boys on the baseball team and the weightlifting team kept their grades up. She made a point to know which classes the boys excelled in. Miss Bridle helped her with that. Miss Bridle was also eager to help Shelly get another weight room interview. Miss Bridle thought it would help her understand the boys if she got to see the effect of the interviews in different settings. She got Shelly special permission to skip a biology class so that the two of them could enjoy some different human biology.

On the way, Shelly noticed how Miss Bridle's voice slowly changed from serious counselor to penis greedy enthusiast. "I don't think we'll get to see any of the weightlifters in the weight room," she said. "They get all the workout they need during their practices after school. The baseball players try to get some extra exercise during the school day though."

Shelly asked, "How do you know any of them will be there?"

"Oh, well, uhm, to get permission, the boys have to sign a form. I sort of, uhm, checked to see when and who."

Shelly had to ask, "Are you supposed to have access to that?"

"Not officially, but there's not exactly a rule against it. I'd prefer if you wouldn't tell Miss Hartick."

"I don't think she'd mind," Shelly said with a smile. Then again if Miss Bridle wasn't sure, then it couldn't hurt to keep it secret. "It's just between us though. After all, if this is fun, we'll have to do it again."

Miss Bridle couldn't keep the smile off her face even as she said, "Shelly, you have to remember that we don't do this for fun. This is serious business."

"I know, Miss Bridle. For me it's both."

"I suppose it is for me too," Miss Bridle confessed, and blushed slightly at the admission. She couldn't help but have a major attraction to the boys on the baseball team even though they were students. She had already seen so many of them naked. And hard. And blushing. If only she could convince them not to be embarrassed. She hadn't had any success at that. The upside of that meant that she just had to keep trying. Maybe if the boys weren't in their own territory, the locker room, they wouldn't be so bothered. Did that have anything to do with their reactions?

Shelly asked, "Did you bring your stopwatch?"

Again Miss Bridle felt just a bit of inappropriate nervousness. "I hope you don't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind. In fact, I think it's an interesting experiment. Have you learned anything so far?"

"Well, it's confusing," Miss Bridle said. "I can't seem to notice any pattern at all to the speed of the boys' erections. Although that's somewhat informative in itself."

"Oh certainly," Shelly said. She had to hold back a little laugh. Could even Miss Bridle believe that timing the boys' embarrassed, involuntary erections was important? Apparently so because she continued to do it. Shelly just loved the extra humiliation the boys had to endure, and knew that the stopwatch kept track of the progress of their performances.

"Here we are," Miss Bridle said. "At least two of the baseball boys will be in here."

"Oh good," Shelly said. It turned out to be better than that. Shelly said the boys' names out loud, and each one of the boys looked shocked at the intrusion the moment his name was called. "Greg, Steve, Mark, and Kent."

"Oh no!" "Not here!" "Can't we get a break?" "Miss Bridle, we're kind of busy."

"We'll try not to take up too much of your time then," Miss Bridle said. She meant it too, much to Shelly's annoyance. "It's important that you cooperate with Shelly's career as a reporter though."

Shelly told them, "The last time I did an article about the baseball team's exercise regimen, it was a popular piece. A followup is way overdue."

With crossed arms and stony eyes, Steve asked, "What do we have to do?"

"I'm glad you asked that," Miss Bridle said. "I have my stopwatch here. This is an interview, so you'll all be expected to strip naked, just as you would in the locker room." While that didn't surprise any of the boys, it sure did disappoint them. She continued, "I want the four of you to take off everything except your underwear."

Shelly had a fun idea. "Maybe they could just pull that underwear down every time I ask a question, and then pull it back up after they answer."

Miss Bridle thought about it. "That might make it hard for me to time their response, but it's not a bad idea. I'll take notes, of course. Boys, to make sure that this is done properly, Shelly

will point to you before her question. I want your underwear down right away when she points to you, okay? Then she'll ask her question. You can answer, and when she's satisfied with your answer, she'll let you pull your underwear back up."

Shelly was already having fun. "I'll gesture like this." She held her hand out and flipped her fingers up. The boys all fumed. They felt like pets being told to sit up, speak, and beg.

Miss Bridle was no longer worried about how appropriate any of this was. She was caught up in the moment, and she just wanted to see one dick flash after another. Would this effect the boys' erections?

Shelly made her first choice. "Steve?"

Hearing his name and seeing her point made him frown and shake his head. He did what he had to do though. He slipped his underwear down, and bared his cock for Shelly and Miss Bridle's very eager eyes. After a second or so, he said, "Well?"

Miss Bridle continued to stare at his fabulous goodies even though she told him, "Be patient, Steve."

He crossed his arms, his cock felt the intense embarrassment of exposure. Shelly couldn't hide the smugness in her voice. "How often do you use the weight room during school hours?"

He sighed. Neither of them noticed anything but his intimates as he fumbled through an answer. Once he was done, he had to wait several more seconds for Shelly to give him the sign that he could cover back up. Shelly wished she had Miss Devasquez or Mindy for this. She would have loved to brag about how much fun it was to uncover and cover their dicks with just a point and a wave.

Next, she pointed at Mark. She didn't even say his name. She just smirked and pointed to his briefs. A moment later he was blushing and bare, yet again. He had to let them enjoy while he answered Shelly. Then Shelly let him pull his underwear back up. He still felt the embarrassment, but he could breathe easier with his johnson put away.

Shelly looked at Kent, then Greg, then Kent, then Greg. The agonizing anticipation on the two boys was exquisite. She settled on Greg. He mouthed an obscenity as he lowered his protection, and treated the ladies to good view of his perfect penis. Shelly spent a moment to just take that in before she repeated the same question, "How often do you come here during school hours?"

The tingling embarrassment in his nethers kept Greg from answering easily. He didn't get the cover up gesture the other boys had though. She had to ask him a followup, "Do you think that's typical of the baseball players?"

It took him a second to realize that he had been asked a second question. All the while, his penis screamed the warning sensations. He said, "Wh – what?"

"Is that about the same as the rest of the baseball team? How much time during the school week do most players spend in here?"

"Uh, I don't know. I don't keep track. I don't know!" He sounded hilariously frantic. He couldn't keep the panic out of his voice as his dick began a dramatic rise.

Shelly wasn't about to let him off the hook while he preformed so admirably. "What I mean

is, do you spend as much time working out in here as the others? Or more?"

"Uh, about average, I guess. Can I cover back up now please?"

Shelly almost gave him the go ahead, but she had to wait just a few moments longer so that he would be completely hard. His embarrassment towered there for her amusement. At last, she gave the beet red hottie the signal, and he quickly yanked his underwear back up. With that erection going, his cock pointed up over the boundary of his briefs though. It looked as if he was about to try to tuck it in, but Miss Bridle wouldn't let him. "Greg, just leave it like that."

"But, but you said we could cover up!"

She sighed. "It's not healthy for you boys to be so fanatic about preventing your erections."

He gaped at her. He was frantic about hiding his dick from view and restoring some measure of privacy. It didn't look as if that would happen though. He didn't get to protest though. Shelly already pointed at Kent. She had to say, "Look, Miss Bridle, he's already partway hard, and he hasn't shown us anything yet."

"That's the spirit, Kent," Miss Bridle complimented him.

With stiff movements, he put his dick on display. Shelly took a moment as she had before. "The biggest of them all," she said. Then she asked him the same questions about how often he came to the weight room. He could barely talk above a whisper as his penis betrayed him and rose up to full standing against his will. He was fully conscious of the stares his well-developed erection inspired. In fact, he was hardly conscious of anything else. When Shelly allowed him to raise his underwear back up, he also couldn't cover it completely.

Shelly was thoroughly entertained. "Mark?"

"Wait, what? It's not my turn."

"Hey!" Steve said.

Shelly said, "It's not about turns." Then she pointed again. "Go ahead. Get that dick out where we can see it." She loved to hear the tiny guffaw from Miss Bridle. Not even the well-intentioned guidance counselor could completely hide the humor she felt at the boys' expense.

Furiously, Mark thrust his underwear back down, and bared his goods yet again. Shelly made certain to ask a lengthy question in order to see his length increase. She couldn't get him up quickly the way she had with Greg and Kent, but Mark certainly did move up in the world, pointing right at her.

Then it was Steve's question. His penis returned to view and Miss Bridle sighed lovingly, oblivious now to her own condescending sounds. Steve muttered his replies, and tried hard to prevent his anatomy from entertaining the women. He did better than Mark, but that he had begun to feel the call to arms was clear.

Next Shelly put Greg back on the hot seat. She didn't quite point to him right off. She had to say, "He's declined a bit while we've been paying attention to the others."

"He certainly has," Miss Bridle agreed, and wrote a quick note.

Then Shelly's finger commanded Greg to give up his modesty again. He had felt the fast

return to tumescence just hearing them comment about how he had lost some wood. Shelly didn't even have to finish her question to see him at his stiffest again. In fact, she giggled in the middle of a sentence.

The boys continued to bare and cover up again, Kent, Steve, Mark, Greg, Steve again, Kent again. She avoided a pattern to keep them off balance, but all four boys would have to give up some penis time over and over again. Every time they rose up. Every time they lost a little of that involuntary excitement. By the end of it though, none of the boys were able to decline. All four of them sprouted out above their waistbands, much to the delight of Shelly and her chaperone.

Miss Bridle finally said, "I think the underwear is a bit pointless now. Maybe the boys should just strip it off now." She heard the groans, so she said, "Boys, behave. Don't act as if this is some punishment."

Right. They bared their bodies completely and finally, four erections while Shelly and Miss Bridle looked back and forth along that lineup of naked shame. When Shelly said the questions were over, Miss Bridle said, "I guess we're almost done here. I have to ask you boys though, are you used to your exposure at all?"

"Oh, Miss Bridle, don't ask us that!" "How can we get used to it?"

She gave them a cross expression. "You simply must get used to your nudity, and ideally your erections as well. Miss Hartick is right, you know. We can't allow your sexism to prevent Shelly's work as a reporter. This should be easy by now." She still believed she was doing the best thing for the boys. "Now, I want you all to try to get comfortable. I'll have Shelly touch your penises, and when she does, I want you to tell her it's okay."

The boys looked disgusted. They tried to brace themselves for the last bit of mandatory humiliation, but Shelly had to add to it. She could tell that Miss Bridle was involved in getting the boys to accept more of her shenanigans. "You know, Miss Bridle, the last time I did an interview in here, Miss Hartick made the boys do some jumping jacks. You've got to see the boys' dicks bounce up and down now that they're all so stiff."

Miss Bridle was about to say it wasn't necessary, but she saw the embarrassment in the boys' eyes at the suggestion. Why should they be embarrassed to let Shelly enjoy? Wasn't that exactly what she wanted them to get past? "All right then. Boys, thirty jumping jacks. Shelly can count them for you." Shelly hoped for ten, but was pleasantly surprised when Miss Bridle called for thirty.

"Oh man!" "Do we really have to do this? "This is bullshit!"

"Steve!" Miss Bridle said. "Now I won't have that. I expect you in my office after school today."

He threw his hands up in disgust. "Okay, whatever. Can we get this over with?"

The boys got in position and Shelly gleefully counted as she watched their fabulous stiffies move with the exercise. Every jump bounced the boys' erections up and down. Shelly and Miss Bridle couldn't prevent their involuntary smiles any more than the boys could prevent their boners. Shelly let several jumping jacks go uncounted as she critiqued their style instead of counting. They were up to forty-eight before Miss Bridle stopped her. "Okay, that's enough I

think. Boys, are you ready? I said, are you ready?"

"Yes, Miss Bridle," they all muttered.

Shelly moved in on Kent, the one closest to her, and gently grasped his marvelous toy. She asked him, "Aren't you supposed to say something?"

He blushed deeply, but he managed to stammer out the words, "It's okay for you to feel my penis."

Shelly grinned. "You know this is the first time I've felt you when you were hard. I grabbed your dick once when you weren't standing up, but this is my first Kent hard-on fondling."

She moved on over to Mark. "I've certainly felt your stiffy a few times though, haven't I, Mark?" he had to endure her hand on his rod while he repeated the line. "It's okay for you to feel my penis."

Steve was next. It took him a moment to work up the nerve to say it, but Shelly didn't mind because that was a few more moments with his hard-on in her hand.

Greg was last. While she toyed with his privates, he told her, "It's okay for you to feel my penis." He even added a, "Thank you."

"All right then boys," Miss Bridle said. "You can get to your workouts now. Steve, remember, I expect to see you after school today."

Chapter 53

Another Psychology Experiment

With every step toward Miss Bridle's office, Steve's indignation grew. He almost felt confident; however, when he walked through the door of her office, it was all gone. It had only been a few hours since he had been forced to do nude jumping jacks for Shelly and Miss Bridle. How much worse could this be? It didn't have to be worse though. If were anywhere near as bad, then it would be mortifying.

"Hello, Steve," Miss Bridle said.

"Do I sit or stand or what?" he said. He tried to be nonchalant, but he could already hear the tremor in his voice. "Is it just us?"

"If you'll follow me," she said.

She seemed easy going enough, so Steve almost stopped worrying. Where did she take him though? Not far. "The locker room?"

"Yes, Steve," she said. "It's appropriate, don't you think?"

"For what?"

"Steve, you boys will have to learn respect. I realize that you don't think you should have to get naked for Shelly or the rest of us. I wish I knew how to explain it to you. You'll just have to accept my word for it until you do understand. In the meantime, I want you to learn to at least be polite. All we're asking you to do is act natural. Right?"

Steve was amazed. She was as nutty as Miss Hartick. She thought it was natural for him and the others to just strip off their clothes on command for Shelly and her cronies?

When he didn't answer, Miss Bridle sighed. She began to understand Miss Hartick's exasperation with these boys. Why did they insist on being so reluctant to do something as small as undress? Well, Steve would learn a lesson. He followed her into the locker room. He was stunned to find a dozen girls there, waiting nervously. He panicked "Wh- what's going on?"

Miss Bridle told him, "Steve, you'll just do what you do for Shelly when she's down here."

"Wait, what? You mean you want me to, you want me to take my clothes... You want me to show all these girls...? Oh no."

"I'll be honest, Steve. I have planned this psychological experiment for a while. You volunteered to be first today."

"Miss Bridle, come on! There are too many girls here!"

"Yes, and there's only one of you," she said. "That's the point. Usually you boys are a large group, and the girls are a small group. I wanted to see what the difference would be if one of you boys had to get naked for a large group of girls all on his own. I don't think we've done that yet."

The girls were a mass of gasps, whispers, and giggles. Steve could tell from their eyes that most of these girls didn't really think he would have to show them everything. How many girls had already seen him naked? Fifteen? There were never so many at once, and he was never the only boy who had to bare himself. His stomach turned ice cold, his knees wavered, and the hairs on the back of his neck all stood on end. He could already feel a slight tingling of an embarrassment erection. He concentrated on it. He had to banish that. He might not have a choice about stripping for these girls, but he refused to get a boner for them to enjoy.

Miss Bridle was already smiling. It wasn't a mean spirited smile. She was just eager to see some more dick, and she thought it was the best thing, even for Steve. "Now girls, I want you to spread out a bit, but face this way. You'll all get a good look. I promise."

Another round of nervous female giggles made Steve realize that except for Miss Bridle, none of these girls had seen him naked. Each was a new girl to him! He almost fell over when he realized that. Did Miss Bridle do that on purpose? "Um, Miss Bridle, I, uh, I'm not sure—"

"Whatever it is, Steve, it can wait until you're naked." That created another storm of giggles. "Now, I want you to get down to your underwear. Quickly, please."

"So he'll leave his underwear on?" one girl said. Another girl said, "Nope! I was in Mrs. Stemmerich's art class when they made four of these hunks strip off everything! We'll see it all!" Another round of excited giggles sounded. Steve was filled with embarrassment already, and he hadn't started to strip yet. When Miss Bridle gently reminded him to start, he got to it with quaking fingers. He could hear all the girl noises, the intake of breath, the little squeals, and all those horrible giggles. Piece by piece his clothes were cast off, and dropped to the floor with drama while the girls' enticement grew along with Steve's nervousness. He undressed in front of so many girls! Not one or two or even three or four. There were so many! His heart pounded when he stood there in just his underwear, while those happy eyes feasted on his body.

"Oh, I can't wait!" "Will he really take that off too?" "He's the hottest guy ever!"

Miss Bridle had to talk over the excited girls. "Now, Steve, this is nothing that should bother you. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. The sooner you boys understand that, the sooner you'll be comfortable with all this."

Comfortable with this? Being forced to strip naked and surrender his pride for any girl they wanted to invite along? He had to hide his anger. He tried to act unbothered. The girls could see how nervous he was though, and he knew it. That only excited them that much more. At last Miss Bridle said the fateful words, "Go ahead and take that off please, Steve."

She always said, "please," and always meant it, as though it was a request. Steve took a deep breath and he slipped off the last of his clothes. He stood there buck naked, with no cover and

no dignity as the girls chattered and giggled over his exposed dick.

“Look at him! Look at that!” “eeeEEeE!” “I can’t believe it! I can’t believe we’re really getting to see his dick!” “hee hee hee, don’t look so shy, Steve!” “Oh, is that the biggest penis on the team, Miss Bridle?”

“Well I haven’t seen them all, but there is only one or two I know of that are bigger. I quite like Steve’s piece though, don’t you?”

“YES!” all the girls shouted at once. Steve colored up even worse than before. He couldn’t believe they made him just stand there buck naked for them like this. At least he didn’t feel the tingling in his penis. He felt the embarrassment throughout his body, but the dreaded urge to erect wasn’t there at all. When he realized that, he felt a touch of pride. They could strip his clothes off, but they couldn’t force him to perform. Not this time.

Miss Bridle saw the look in his eyes, and she misunderstood it. “That’s better, Steve. It’s not so terrible, is it?”

Yes it was, but he wouldn’t say so. He didn’t know how in the world he stayed soft in that circumstance, but it wasn’t even difficult. He knew that Miss Bridle was waiting for it, but it didn’t happen. She decided to move things along. She didn’t even sound disappointed when she said, “Steve, I’m sure the girls want to see you from the other side too. Don’t you girls?”

“YES!” “Make him turn around!” “Oh, I’ve got to see his ass!”

Steve turned around easily. With his cock turned away from their eyes, his embarrassment diminished greatly. The girls still checked him openly and vocally, but he didn’t feel bothered now that his intimates were out of view. It was a big irony when he finally felt the call to rise. No one saw his eyes widen. No one heard him whisper, “Oh no. I was keeping it down this time! Oh man!” It was as if his penis had been electrified all at once. His rod was filled with a powerful sensation as it started to move upward. “No no no!” Nonetheless, it didn’t stop, nor did it slow down.

“Steve? You can turn back around now.”

No he couldn’t! “Uh, but, Miss Bridle, uh, are you sure the girls are done with that side?” Not only did he not slow down, he erected faster. He had to delay them. He had to regain control.

“I appreciate that you’re trying to get into the spirit of things, Steve, but the girls are almost ready to say goodbye. I want them to have another look at your penis first though. Okay?”

“I, I... They’ve already seen it!”

“Steve, turn back around.”

He hung his head in shame, but his cock didn’t hang at all. It was completely stiff, and reached upward. When the girls saw his exceptional erection, there was a moment of stunned silence. Then they all burst out laughing. Steve covered his cock. “Stop laughing! It’s not my fault!”

Miss Bridle sighed. “Steve, you have to let the girls look. You know that.”

With great effort he moved his hands aside. He was helplessly hard and nude for a dozen

girls. Some of them he shared classes with. The laughing wasn't as loud, but the girls still giggled, whispered, and pointed! He saw the fingers aimed at his boner. "Can I get dressed yet? You said it was almost over!"

Miss Bridle said, "Almost. There's one last thing."

"No! Come on, Miss Bridle! There's too many of them!"

She agreed. "You know, I think you're right. I won't let all the girls touch your penis. Only three of them." The girls shrieked in excitement at that. Miss Bridle continued. "Pick three girls please, Steve."

"Me? You want me to pick the girls to play with my..? You can't be serious."

"Steve. Choose three girls. It's all part of what I'm trying to learn here. If you can't choose three, then I'll choose six."

"No, wait!" he panicked. "Okay, okay. Give me a second." He had to force himself to make eye contact with the girls. He had been desperate to avoid that until that moment. He heard the girls try to get his attention. "Pick me, pick me!" "No me!" "Over here, Steve. I've always had a crush on you."

He paid attention. He would pick the quietest, shyest girls from this motley crew. "Uh, uh, her, in the blue shirt."

Breathlessly, the chosen girl said, "Me? You're letting me?"

"Yeah, you. And you, in the glasses over there. Isn't your name Gina or something?"

"Gianna." Her gratitude was evident in her voice. That wasn't comfortable, but it beat the smugness he was used to. "My name's Gianna."

"Okay, Gianna. And, oh man, Margaret."

She didn't say anything. She just let out an amazed squeal. A few of the unlucky girls celebrated for the three Steve chose. "Go get him, Margaret!" "Oh, you lucky girls!" The rest of the girls grumbled about it. None of them turned away though. They all watched with that same fascination as Steve's last pick, Margaret, went first. She carefully put her fingertips on his dick as if she wasn't certain what would happen. Then she pulled her hand back fast and giggled uncontrollably. She only needed one more try to feel his dick. Steve's face was hilarious as she enjoyed his hard-on in her hand. Her giggling stopped, and she just stared at her own work as she wandered from the middle to the top to the bottom to the top again. At last, she let go and stepped aside, and breathed heavily. She whispered, "Thank you, Steve."

Steve rolled his eyes. Then it was Gianna. She was timid, but not quite as much as Margaret had been. Steve had to force himself to hold still while she gently moved her hand along his shaft, then down to fondle his testicles, and then back up along his dick again. She thanked him several times while she played.

Steve reminded himself that it was nearly over. He just died of shame and embarrassment. The last girl had to introduce herself, since he didn't know her name. "I'm Edina. I think you'll remember that."

Steve's eyes shot open wide. This girl was not timid at all! She had a twisted smile that

rivalled Shelly's. She gave his cock a few happy little squeezes before he made sure to fondle and stroke it all over with authority. "I never thought I'd get to do this," she bragged. "Are you enjoying this as much as I am, Steve?"

Edina taunted him while she felt him up. The other girls were shocked that Miss Bridle let her talk like that. Steve wasn't. He knew that this was part of the girls "enjoying their urges." He knew what the girls could get away with, but that didn't make it any easier on him at all. Especially since he had expected this girl to be so different. Miss Bridle actually had to tell her to let go when it became clear that she wouldn't stop on her own.

Miss Bridle scribbled some last notes down while all the girls continued to stare at Steve's fabulous cock. Then, at long last, it was over. Miss Bridle told him, "That was good, Steve. You behaved better than I expected. I do expect you to show more respect during an interview. You will though, right?"

He mumbled, "Yes, Miss Bridle. Can I get dressed now?"

"Certainly. Girls, tell Steve thanks."

"Thank you, Steve!"

Chapter 54

The Pre-Game Interview Morphs

Audrie Guffey had managed to plan a meeting with the other influential media women. Getting them together all at once wasn't easy, so that special party wouldn't happen until the following week. Miss Devasquez could keep entertained easily enough. This weekend was another baseball game. They would play against Equality High. Miss Devasquez found it somewhat funny that her studly Prellis Jaybirds suffered from a terrible inequality of privacy. They were stripped and fondled by girls and women who would never have to face that indignity themselves. The Unequal Jaybirds were a fabulously talented team though, and it was a given that Equality would be defeated.

Everyone knew how it would go. Prellis was still a baseball town, so everyone still looked forward to it. Especially the reporting program since a baseball game meant a special pregame interview. Add to it Miss Devasquez, with her blatant abuse of power, would chaperone!

Shelly talked it over with her to decide which hotties they wanted to enjoy. Shelly was a bit surprised that Miss Devasquez didn't mention Mark, since he was her favorite. Then again, favorite or not, the team was filled with sexy guys who all needed the humbling experience of the interview, so it wasn't too much of a surprise after all.

Early in the school day, Shelly was let out of class, along with Alex, Ted, and Zack. The boys reported to Miss Devasquez's classroom in timely fashion. They already dreaded another round of abuse, but at least this time they were nowhere near the front office. None of them would be marched out where they could be seen by anyone.

Each wondered 'How many girls would be there?' All the boys walked in together. They preferred that because it was easier to face humiliation as part of a group rather than individually. The ladies didn't mind at all. It was like a three course meal of lust satisfaction that arrived all at once. The boys said nothing. They couldn't get used to the embarrassment of their enforced nudity, but they didn't complain as much; it never did them any good. All they did was count the greedy females in the room. Shelly and Miss Devasquez were there, as expected, and Miss Devasquez had invited Coach Young along again. She figured that she deserved it. Since coaches were not allowed to be present during locker room interviews, Coach Young would never get to see an actual locker room interview. She could come along to these, though! And she was so very eager to see the school's sexy athletes stripped of their clothes. Along with them, were

three extra students, Penelope, Bridget, and Margaret. Shelly had fun with that. They weren't pretty, popular girls. They wouldn't get to see these boys naked ever, not normally. With the Prellis reporting program though, they would get to enjoy.

They were also harmless, quiet girls. The boys noticed that the typical whispers were quieter than normal. The girls weren't as smug either. In fact, Penelope and Margaret looked almost nervous about it themselves. Bridget didn't, but she didn't taunt the boys either. She just stared dreamily and patiently, and waited for the unveiling. She had seen Brian, Mark, and Steve naked once when Miss Bridle invited her to the locker room. She was excited to see three more.

She wouldn't have to wait long. Miss Devasquez told the boys. "We've moved these desks to make space for a reason. Usually we wait until the interview is over before any fun and games. Coach Young had a great idea though. We'll watch you boys jump rope naked. We wanted to see that before you were all stiffened up. Strip down to your underwear real quick."

That elicited the giggles the boys hated so much. The boys moved as slow as they dared while they stripped down. The girls didn't mind it much. The anticipation was great as more and more was exposed. The boys managed to minimize their blushing as they all stood there wearing only their briefs. The girls stared openly, as always. This time Shelly's guests were all prone to sigh lovingly with sweet smiles of satisfaction.

Coach Young handed each young man a jump rope. Alex got his last, and she rested one hand on his chest for just a moment before she stepped away. She couldn't keep quiet. "God, they are hot, aren't they?" She had seen every boy on her weightlifting team stark naked and stiff, along with a few of the baseball players too. Never these three though. She wanted to tell the boys what to do but she felt just a bit overwhelmed.

Noticing that, Miss Devasquez nodded appreciatively. Even though she had stripped the boys so many times, she still sometimes had to force herself to speak. Nothing inspired her more than these student bodies. "Boys, when I say go, I want each of you to strip off that underwear and start to jump rope immediately. Understand? If you move as slow as you did getting the rest of that off, then it's detention for all of you. I'll even make you choose a few extra boys to join you."

She would too. They knew it. With just a few muttered complaints that were almost too quiet to be heard, the boys prepared themselves, as best they could. Miss Devasquez had the world's biggest smile when she said, "GO!"

As though they raced toward their own humiliation, each boy quickly removed his briefs and started in. The girls were a reasonably quiet audience, but the boys were still all too aware of the stares and smiles. The girls were thrilled to see the butt naked boys in motion. Especially their bouncing cocks! Every female eye was wide open with surprise at the show. Knowing it would happen didn't prepare them for the spectacle of three nudie baseballers with their penises flailing up and down.

After just a little while, Margaret started to laugh uncontrollably. Without taking her eyes off the show, she was nearly hysterical with the erotic humor of it. Her laughs inspired the others to laugh as well. All the girls laughed hilariously at the naked, bouncing boys. Even Miss Devasquez and Coach Young were at open hysterics.

The boys were filled with indignation as they continued the jumping penis show. Ted had

it the worst. Alex and Zack felt as much anger as embarrassment. Ted was just filled with the cold, stomach twisting sensation of embarrassment and nothing else. He wasn't even aware of his own reaction until Coach Young pointed and shouted, "Look! He's actually getting a boner while he's jumping rope!"

The laughter stopped, but the staring didn't. It was all oohs and aahs as the girls stared at Ted and Ted alone. His blush was flaming hot, and he didn't know how he kept the rope spinning. As he kept bouncing, his penis went from flaccid to hard, the wave of the bounce changing with every moment.

Miss Devasquez braced herself against her desk for balance. "All – all right boys, that's good enough. You can stop now."

Pointing right at Ted's cock, Margaret had to point out the obvious, "He didn't get all the way hard."

He hadn't. He was about three quarters of the way there when he stopped jumping. With every female eye trained on his anatomy though, the attention inspired him to keep moving up. Without a sound in the room, he got his full height while fully naked and fully, fully embarrassed.

The other boys hadn't started their erections at all, so Miss Devasquez said, "Um, Alex and Zack. You can have a seat while Shelly interviews Ted."

Frowning, Ted had center stage all to himself, and he would keep it a while. He felt another surge of embarrassment shoot through his boner. Unable to even hear Shelly's first question, she had to repeat it. He still didn't respond, Miss Devasquez had to try not to smile too much. "Ted, are you still with us?"

"Oh man. I, I, I... What did you ask me, Shelly?" The the girls' giggling as he stuttered around his own embarrassment just embarrassed him further. He could keep up though and managed to press through his interview while the girls enjoyed his high standing nudity. He was overwhelmed with relief when Miss Devasquez said, "I guess you can take a seat now, Ted."

"Th – th – thank you."

Next up was Zack. Miss Devasquez didn't have to say his name. She just gave him a questioning look as if asking why he wasn't already standing where they could see his dick. He got up and stood there for the girls. He didn't see them because he stared at the floor, but he heard the whispered chatter. Miss Devasquez agreed with one girl out loud. "Yes, he does have a body, doesn't he?"

"Can we start now?" he said.

"Don't be impatient," Miss Devasquez said.

Zack wished he'd kept his mouth shut. It was hard not to complain. He put his hands over his penis without even knowing he did it. Miss Devasquez had to tell him to let everyone look. As he uncovered, he felt it. His eyes shut tight, as he tried to ward off the beginnings of an erection. Miss Devasquez saw his look. "Hold on just one moment," she said to Shelly. "I think he's starting already."

Zack gave her a cold look, but of course she just returned that with a careless grin. He

announced his own embarrassment, “Aw man, not again!” The girls were thrilled at the sight of another rising penis. Zack looked across the lust filled faces stared at his surrendered penis. Coach Young actually had her hand over her mouth to stifle a laugh. He said to Shelly, “Can’t you ask a question now?” He was desperate for some distraction that might slow his upward progress. As Shelly moved into her interview, dutifully as always, it didn’t help. Zack concentrated on the questions. For a split second, his penis hovered without movement. Then his ascension continued until he got his zenith, a proudly upstanding and wonderfully attractive cock for all the girls to ogle and comment on. He tried to shut out the girl talk and listen only to his interview, but he couldn’t do that. By the time they allowed him to sit back down, he was completely disappointed with himself. Why couldn’t he ever keep his penis down? Why did it always have to stand up and beg for attention?

Miss Devasquez called up Alex. Being last made him squirm. The anticipation had been horrible. His tight-jawed irritation made Bridget, Margaret, and Penelope look very guilty. Miss Devasquez and Shelly just gave him their smug smiles. Coach Young hadn’t even noticed his anger. She just stared at his naked cock without seeing anything else in the room. Alex managed to maintain his defiance for the first few questions, but then his resolve broke. He just couldn’t keep that up. His voice started to crack a little, his eyes started to wander, his feet shuffled a bit, and his penis started to rise.

Once his boner started, the nervousness on Shelly’s guests vanished. Alex was all too aware of those three girls suddenly who suddenly took an open interest in his anatomy. It was a hilarious demonstration. Alex’s dick acted as if it was reluctant to rise. He lifted, and then stalled and dropped just a little. Then he rose a little more, and declined a very little bit. Then he rose and slowed, and declined just a little. His penis slowly danced its way up, and gave the girls a great show. He didn’t make it all the way though. He was three quarters of the way before his penis decided that every tiny decline could be every bit as much as the little lifts. In between a pair of questions, mild mannered Bridget had to look over her shoulder while she asked loudly, “What’s he pointing at?”

All the women burst out in laughter and tried to find out if his penis was attempting to tell them something. Miss Devasquez said, “Nothing there. His penis is like a student that keeps staring out the window.”

Alex blushed furiously. His hands moved around helplessly trying to avoid covering up. “I want to sit back down now!”

“Oh no,” Miss Devasquez said. “If the interviews are over, then we’ll finish things up with a bit of playtime.” Shelly’s three guests all made happy sounds of approval. Shelly nodded that she was ready to move on. Alex clapped a hand to his forehead while his penis just stayed where it was though.

Miss Devasquez stared at that rod that still wavered like a politician. “We were thinking of playing a quick game of ring toss, but I’m not sure that I wouldn’t just want to see some more rope skipping instead.”

First they had to explain the ring toss game to the new girls. It sounded fun, but that first display had been breathtaking. There was a quick consensus. They all just wanted to watch the boys bounce up and down again. Coach Young led Ted and Zack along and handed out the jump ropes. Like the coach she was, she ordered, “Get to it, boys. Get those heart rates up!”

That wasn't the only thing the girls wanted to get up. It was almost funny how well the boys moved along into their up and down performance. Bridget, Penelope, and Margaret openly laughed again as they saw the blushing, naked boys jump up and down with their cocks moving along. This time it wasn't just one of them that felt the urge. All the boys still had that terrible, lingering embarrassment, so they were ready to rise again. The girls were amazed that the boys' embarrassment could inspire three erections even while they jumped rope. Watching the cocks go from flaccid chaos to the harmony of the bouncing erections was great. The boys finally lost their ability to keep time. They kept tripping themselves up, and had to get the ropes turning again. After a couple of mistakes like that, Zack finally said, "Can't we stop now?"

The heated complaint from a naked hottie with a raging erection was hilarious, so Miss Devasquez had mercy on them, "All right, Zack. Boys you can stop now. In fact, we're almost done. Just one last thing."

"NO!" "Come on! Don't do that!" "This isn't fair!"

None of these boys had been signed before, but they knew about it. They had seen the embarrassing autographs on other boys in the locker room. "Don't be like that," Miss Devasquez chided them playfully. "It's just a little harmless fun." She handed permanent markers out to Bridget, Penelope, and Margaret. "What are these for?" Penelope asked.

"You each get to write your name on some lucky boy's bare buns."

The girls stared at her. Was she serious? They had all seen naked cocks and touched them, but this? Miss Devasquez said, "I mean it. We do this every time we have a special interview. It's a tradition now. Once you've signed your boy, you can feel free to take a handful of his penis." That got the girls moving. They nearly ran into each other as they tried to claim their favorite. It wasn't clear which girl wanted which boy, because they all politely moved to the most convenient boy instead. Bridget got to turn Ted around and put her name on his ass. She giggled nonstop, so her signature was a messy one. Ted yelped when she gave his other cheek a firm pinch. "Sorry, Ted. I had to!" Then she reached around to fondle his fabulous stiffy from bottom to top.

Penelope got to put her name on Zack. She did it so conscientiously that it was the most perfect bare ass signature of all time. She almost looked as if she wouldn't touch his cock after that. Then, right when Zack thought he had a reprieve, she helped herself to a soft, nervous fondle of his balls and his rod while he flinched.

Margaret had her name on Alex. She made sure to take a good grab on his butt before she moved to the other side. "Oh, this wasn't so hard when you were answering questions. It's all the way hard now though! Oh, that's sexy, Alex!" He gave her a dirty look, but she didn't notice. His gropable erection had all of her attention.

Ted asked, "Are we finally done then?"

Coach Young said, "Not yet! The rest of us haven't had the chance to sign our names." Another round of groans from the boys was music to the women's ears. Miss Devasquez gathered the markers. She said, "Now I intend to invoke chaperone's privilege. I'll sign one of these fine, young hard-ons."

The boys all changed from indignation. Their eyes were all aghast as the markers approached again. Miss Devasquez told Coach Young, "You want to feel them up before you write so that

you don't get the ink on your hand."

"Right," she cheerily agreed. She had signed Reggie's butt at another of these events. She looked forward to this. Shelly and Miss Devasquez held back a moment, and allowed Coach Young to have her choice. She had a hard time choosing, but went with buff Zack. As she had been instructed, she gleefully fondled his bare cock a few moments before she put her name along his shaft. Once she was done, her hand wandered up his body to enjoy his muscles.

Shelly got to grope and sign Alex while he moaned quietly in rage. Miss Devasquez enjoyed Ted's charms before she marked him as her conquest. "Well that was fun," she said, "but I think you boys and girls do have to get back to class now. Go ahead and get dressed, sweethearts."

The boys trudged through the motions of getting redressed. The names on their bodies tingled in their minds. How long would it be before that would wash away? The embarrassment never would.

Chapter 55

Showerside Interview

The game went as expected. Prellis's victory over Equality High was a shutout. Alex, Zack, and Ted in particular stood out. Shelly loved to watch her interviewees play like heroes, inspired to greatness by the embarrassment. She doubted that the boys had any idea, but she liked it just fine that way.

The following Monday was not a day for baseball practice, of course. Shelly had to work anyway. It was a weightlifting practice instead, and another weightlifting meet was scheduled soon. Some girls who had been in the locker room or the detentions would pester Shelly for invitations. Shelly decided that Wendy and Hannah were friendly enough to bring along again. Besides, they had seen naked baseball players, but neither Wendy nor Hannah had seen the bodylicious weightlifters with their clothes off.

On their way to the locker room, Miss Hartick told Shelly, "I'm very pleased to see how well you cover the weightlifting team. Your articles are always engaging."

"Why, thank you, Miss Hartick," Shelly said. "Of course, the boys are quite inspiring." She saw Miss Hartick make a sour face. Any of the other locker room chaperones would have smiled, but Miss Hartick obviously didn't appreciate the implication that Shelly's success could be attributed to the boys' nudity. She expected Shelly to be a strong female, free of any masculine influence. That sounded good to Shelly too, but she knew that her work environment and all the fringe benefits drove her to be a better sports reporter than she could have been on her own. It just wasn't a good idea to say so to Vice Principal Hartick. Shelly was just glad that Miss Hartick didn't seem to mind Miss Devasquez volunteering to chaperone so many of the special pregame interviews. Miss Hartick may have been the cause of the crazy sports reporting program that made all the boys get naked, but she was also ironically the most reserved of the chaperones. Shelly didn't mind that so much since even with Miss Hartick she would get her regular allotment of enforced male nudity and penis fondling.

Then again, sometimes Miss Hartick surprised Shelly with something special. This time Shelly had told her that she wasn't certain which boy she wanted to interview, and Miss Hartick had seemed pleased by that. Shelly didn't know why until they got to the locker room. Usually they got there after the boys had been down there a little while. Shelly loved that because it was always fun to walk in while the boys were undressing. Some naked, some covered, some halfway there. All the sudden embarrassment and the sounds from the boys was great. This

time though, they got there before the boys came down from practice.

Frank got to the locker room first. He changed from casual to cautious the moment he saw Miss Hartick and three girls waiting. Miss Hartick waved him in. "Come on, come on. All you boys can come on in. Everybody here?"

As the last of them arrived, someone said, "Denver's not here. He wasn't in class today."

"Good enough," Miss Hartick said, and quietly surveyed the sexy, buff weightlifter bodies in the tight fitting uniforms. "I would like to see how cooperative you boys have become. I know you've come a long way, and I'm very proud of the way you young athletes have really shed your inhibitions."

Shelly stifled a giggle. The boys hated the interviews as much as ever. The only thing that had changed was that they didn't resist as much because they knew it would get them in trouble. The truth was Shelly enjoyed being a part of the special detentions, so she wouldn't mind a little more trouble from the boys. Their blushing obedience would have to do though.

Miss Hartick continued, "I know that you boys are ready to do what's necessary, but I think it's important that you not only do as you're told. I want you to really embrace the reporting program. I know that at first none of you understood why we make you do your interviews naked when you're down here in your locker room. By now, you should take some pride in breaking through those sexist barriers. Baring yourselves to Shelly is a small price to pay to have the chance to make the school more tolerant, don't you think?" The boys only muttered their responses. Miss Hartick couldn't tell what they said. She wouldn't chide them yet though. "What I want you to do today is volunteer. You see, Shelly doesn't need to talk to a particular weightlifter. She's free to let two of you volunteer. I think it's a real opportunity for you boys to prove your dedication to ending sexism. Who wants to take part today?"

None of them said a word. Most of them just looked away hopelessly. A few managed to look at Shelly and Miss Hartick, but their eyes were completely nervous. Miss Hartick continued, "Anyone? Surely at least one of you will step up to represent your team and your school. Boys! I want just two volunteers for an interview!" She started to get upset. The boys cringed slightly already. Shelly even took a half step away from the crazy lady. They all thought that famous temper was about to flare. Instead, Miss Hartick lowered a voice a bit. It was clear she had difficulty remaining calm, but there was only a moderate amount of earth shaking menace as she explained, "You're going to volunteer one way or another. You will prove your dedication to Shelly's career. All of you. Right now. I want all eight of you boys to get out of those uniforms right now. Nothing but jockstraps on you. There's no getting out of your duty to the school. NOW, boys!"

Miss Hartick's irritation subsided slightly at the spectacular show. Shelly and her friends just loved the exposure as the boys stripped down to their underwear, nearly everything bare. Eight bashful boys stood there, bodies on display and hearts hammering. Miss Hartick's icy voice explained, "Always remember, boys, your nakedness serves a purpose. You should be proud to put your modesty and privacy aside to make the school a better place for the girls. Turn around now and let us sell you from the other side. I'm sure Shelly and the girls are just dying to see your buns. And to be honest, so am I."

Shelly's heart was also hammering, but for a different reason. She had seen all these boys

totally naked more than once, but it would always thrill her. Shelly, Wendy, and Hannah all made sure to enjoy the sight of the lined up, muscleboy butts for a bit before Miss Hartick told them they could turn back around. "That was just to prove that you'll do what is required," Miss Hartick told them. "Now, I want all you boys to lower your underwear so that the girls can see your johnsons. That's how you will volunteer. Whoever is the first and second to sport a full erection will be interviewed. Understand?" When the boys all groaned, Miss Hartick took that as a yes. "Then get those jocks down. Now."

None of the boys wanted to do it, but none wanted to be the last, so eight jockstraps were peeled down to mid-thigh, which bared eight hot cocks. The sexy weightlifters all blushed and shuddered as they were exposed for their female classmates yet again. The girls' eyes just lit up with wonder at the show. It wasn't one of the boys or even a few. It was all of them! Miss Hartick made every boy there line up and get his dick out!

Shelly loved this the most about the weightlifting team. Yes, they were handsome and brawny, but the best thing was that she had seen all of them all at once like this a couple times now. The weightlifting team didn't have nearly as many boys as the baseball team, but she got to see ALL of them naked all at once sometimes.

The girls stared back and forth between the unwilling exposures. Every few seconds one or two of the boys would cover up his goodies, but that lasted only a moment. One stern glance from 'Medusa' Hartick was all it took to get those cocks uncovered again. The girls didn't mind the game of peek-a-boo. It was fun and let them see just how much the boys wished they could keep their penises out of view. They couldn't though! They will always have to let the girls see everything! After a bit, Wendy asked, "How long are you going to make them stand there like that?"

"Until two of them volunteer," Miss Hartick said.

The boys took a little longer than normal because the attention was spread out. Then the performance began. Red, Rick, and Billy started to rise up just a bit. Hannah was all giggles as she pointed out the boner beginnings. "It looks like we have some winners!"

"No," Miss Hartick said, "not until they are all the way up. Sometimes some boys lift up slow and others rise fast. We'll wait to see which ones get to their height first."

Wendy and Hannah were all giggles at that. Shelly laughed along with them. She loved to watch the boys blush and give dirty looks when they heard the girls' enjoyment. A couple more cocks began to move up. Then a couple more. The girls loved the race. So many buff bodies arrived at the ultimate embarrassment. The boys that had started their erections were so completely timid that the girls started to say their names just to make sure the boys knew where they were looking. "Terence is trying to win!" "Mmm, look at Charlie's dick!" "Aw! Corbin slowed down!"

Miss Hartick announced the winners. "It looks like Frank and Billy have volunteered. Well done, boys."

"So can the rest of us go now?" Corbin asked.

"Be patient," Miss Hartick said. The boys were still getting there, and they wanted to get out of sight. There was only one boy who hadn't started at all, and Miss Hartick had to comment. "Red, I'm very impressed with your control. I know that the rest of you boys can't help your

reactions, but all the same, I do think it's wonderful to see a boy prove that he can be that calm and relaxed while naked. It really does show some respect. Girls, I want you all to thank Red."

Hannah wasn't certain she understood. "You want us to thank him for not getting an erection?"

"That's right," Miss Hartick said. "Oh. Maybe not." Being fixed at the center of every girls' attention got to Red all at once, and he quickly erected, so fast it was funny. Miss Hartick sighed. "Well, it was a nice try, Red."

"Can I go now?" he pleaded hopelessly.

Miss Hartick told him, "As long as you're on your way up, you may as well let the girls watch you get completely hard, don't you think? I mean, it's only fair."

He gaped at her. How could she even say something like that? He did as she asked, though he wished he could stop. His cock was thrust upward, filled with supreme embarrassment. Miss Hartick looked across all the boys' penises. Nearly all of them were totally hard by then. Charlie and Wendell managed to stall a little below maximum altitude, but they still pointed up and away. Miss Hartick said, "The rest of you boys can go shower now." The boys shuffled away, while their erections wagged back and forth as they walked, which caused Wendy and Hannah to laugh mercilessly at the boys' predicament. Miss Hartick said, "Shelly, I'd like to hold the interview where we can see the shower entrance so that the girls can keep enjoying. Unless that will be too much of a distraction to you."

"No, I'm good," Shelly said. "I don't mind at all. I might steal a few peeks at the boys as they come out, but I can keep up the interview."

"That's the spirit," Miss Hartick said.

As soon as they were in place, the interview began. Frank and Billy maintained their intense erections for as long as Shelly's career held them hostage as eye candy. She did her job as dutifully as always. The boys were sickened that she could hold a serious sports interview while she kept eying their naked bodies. Her sinister stare and twisted half smile were terrible. Just as bad were Wendy and Hannah, who cheerily whispered in each other's ears every so often while they eyed the muscles and boners. The boys couldn't hear them, but that didn't make it any better. In fact, wondering what the girls said about them while they stood there only made it worse!

The show wasn't just stiffy naked Frank and Billy. One by one, the other boys wandered out of the showers, dripping wet and fully nude. Even though their erections had subsided, it was still an inspiring sight, muscles and bare cock from one burly weightlifter after another. Each time, the boys tried to just slide past without being noticed, but Miss Hartick wouldn't let them. "Hold on, Charlie. Don't just slink past. Let the girls have another good look at that penis. Now you can go."

It went like that. Wendy and Hannah were breathlessly entertained by the captive cocks of the interview and the penis traffic from the showers. The girls were filled with lusty anticipation by the time Shelly was done. They knew how the interviews always ended. Showing her usual professional courtesy, Shelly shook Billy's hand, then she ran her hand up and down his cock a couple times. Frank was next, a handshake and a fondle from the reporter. Miss Hartick asked their guests, "Would you girls care to have a quick feel before we go?"

“Would we!” “Oh, I love Prellis High!”

Frank and Billy blushed anew, a dark shade that entertained Shelly because she knew it revealed silent rage mixed with their embarrassment. With no choice though, they had to let any girl Shelly brought along play with their goods before they could go. Wendy giggled like a clown as she toyed with Billy’s cock and balls. Then Frank got the same while he rolled his eyes. Hannah’s hand roamed over Billy’s tool gently but thoroughly before she moved over to Frank. Before she grabbed his rod, she just had to fondle that fabulous physique first. Her hands massaged his pecs before they wandered on down to his hydraulics. “Oh man, he’s so hot! SO hot!”

Miss Hartick said, “Very good, boys. You can both go shower now.” Instead of leaving though, she followed the two naked boys to the shower room. While most of the boys had walked out while the interview went on, Wendell was still in there. Miss Hartick asked, “Wendell, is there some reason that you’re still in here? Did you think I’d just let you hide from these girls like that?”

He was suddenly nervous. Over his shoulder, he said, “Uh, I was just, I mean, I really worked up a sweat, you know?”

Miss Hartick said, “You can’t even turn around to talk to us. Wendell, you’re clean enough. Come on out here.”

Much to his chagrin, he turned off the water and trudged out to the waiting girls. There he was, handsome, built, bashful, and totally bare for the girls. For a second, his hands covered up his essentials, but only for a moment before he got control of his embarrassment. Miss Hartick handed a towel to Hannah. “Would you mind drying this young man off?”

Wendell said, “What? Hold on, wait! I can, uh, I can do it. I’m sorry that I didn’t come out before.”

Miss Hartick’s eyes showed her fury, but she managed to keep her voice fairly level. “Would you prefer a special detention, Wendell, or do you want to allow these girls to enjoy your nudity? That is their right, isn’t it?”

He tried to think of an intelligent answer. He couldn’t say yes to that. “I – I guess she can go ahead and dry me off. I’ll – I’ll pretend it doesn’t bother me.”

Miss Hartick frowned. “It shouldn’t bother you at all. We’re only asking you to acknowledge the girls as equals after all. I’ll be honest though, I don’t care if it bothers you or not, as long as you don’t complain.”

Wendell hated the way she could sound so smug while she told them that she had the right to ignore their modesty. While Hannah gleefully ran the towel all over his body, he squirmed and shuddered the entire time. So much for pretending it didn’t bother him. Hannah was greedy about it too. She started with his bare cock, and fondled it through the towel right off. Then, after she very enthusiastically rubbed off his chest, she returned to his penis, halfway hard at that point. Then his back. Then his penis again. Then his arms. Then his penis again, while it was fully erect. Then his legs and his bum. Then one last careful drying of his unyielding hard-on, followed by a few moments of a bare handed rub.

Miss Hartick told him, “Wendell, you boys will have to learn to accept the girls in your

locker room. It really is for your own good as well as for the school's good. The next time the girls are down here, I expect you to show a little more ease about it. Okay?"

"Sure, Miss Hartick." He had to force the words out as Wendy helped herself to a quick rub of his front while Miss Hartick dressed him down. While the girls sauntered off happily, Wendell muttered to himself, "All I had to do was walk out of the shower, but noOoO! I had to wait to be dried off."

Chapter 56

Media Party

Miss Devasquez felt a special thrill. She couldn't be one hundred percent certain that these women were all honest about the invitations. Audrie had gathered women from every news outlet that could be trouble. Along with Audrie, the reporter from WLNB, there were editors from two newspapers and news directors from two other channels. They were all women, and they all looked very eager to see the boys for themselves. They all brought along lady photographers to preserve the moment. They had asked for video instead, but Miss Devasquez wasn't quite ready to make that leap. Photos were enough. To make sure she had her own mementos, Miss Devasquez had brought along Greta, the photographer for the school newspaper, and Shelly was there of course. Mindy was in charge of the show. While Miss Devasquez sat the women down and explained it all, several boys were nervously preparing in another room at Mindy's direction. The boys had no idea who they were showing off for. All they knew was that they were at Miss Devasquez's place, getting ready for another humiliating round of black-mailed nudity. It was going to be terrible, but it was better than having naked pictures of them spread around to every girl in school.

Miss Devasquez told her special guests, "I think you'll enjoy this. You're all encouraged to be quite vocal in your encouragement to the boys. They won't really appreciate that, but you certainly will. I'll tell you now, the more embarrassed the boys are, the more certain it is that they'll rise to the occasion, if you catch my meaning." Miss Devasquez was pleased to hear the excited little whispers from these respectable women.

Mindy poked her head in the room. "Are we ready yet?"

"Bring them in!" Miss Devasquez watched the first of their showpieces trudge in with his eyes downcast. He wore nothing but his jockstrap and baseball cap, his fit young body almost entirely bare for a room full of women he'd never met. Miss Devasquez told her audience, "This is David, one of our baseball players, but I'm sure his uniform gave that away." The laughter at her joke satisfied Miss Devasquez greatly. David of course surged with warm embarrassment. He finally realized that there were cameras preserving his predicament. "Hey! You didn't say anything about pictures!"

For a moment the photographers stopped clicking away, except Greta, since she was delighted to have permission to openly get her snapshots of a gorgeous, nearly naked athlete.

Miss Devasquez told them, “You can take pictures. He’ll even turn around so you can get his better side, won’t you David?”

David turned a furious scarlet, but turned around and gave them all a nice look at his toned derriere. Cameras started clicking away again and the ladies in the room were full of quiet commentary.

Miss Devasquez had him turn back around again before she announced the next boy. “When we interview the boys in the locker room, they’re either undressing or they’re getting back into their every day clothes, like Paul here.”

Mindy had to give Paul a little push to get him to walk in the room. His ‘everyday clothes’ was nothing more than his underwear, white briefs, with nothing else to protect his sexy build from view. The women in the room were all a twitter again at the sight of a second boy with next to nothing on. Miss Devasquez made him stand next to David so that everyone could ogle them together easily, and the cameras could easily get them both in the shot.

Miss Devasquez continued the show. “Of course, I think I like it best when a boy is ready for the showers, like Chris here.” Poor, sweet, handsome Chris was nudged in by Mindy. He had a towel around his waist, but that was all.

Miss Devasquez let the women take in the sight of sexy Chris in line for just a few moments. Then she introduced the next blackmailed athlete. “The baseball team isn’t our only source of interview material. Prellis High also has a very accomplished weightlifting team. Corbin is here to represent them. Corbin came in wearing his weightlifter uniform. It was tight and revealing, but nowhere near as much as the other boys’ outfits. So Miss Devasquez told him, “I think the ladies would like to see a bit more of you, Corbin. You wouldn’t mind bringing that down the top of that outfit would you?”

Corbin gave her a stony look as he started slipping his clothes down to his waist. That fabulous, muscular form definitely gave the media mavens in the room a thrill. They were completely silent for a few moments except for the cameras frantically capturing every moment of his exposure. From the waist up his body was uncovered.

Miss Devasquez said, “Finally we have one last boy, Philip, our star pitcher. On special occasions, like this one, we like to have the boys dress up. We like a real classy, professional look.” When Philip walked in, instantly washed in shame, he wore one of the waiter outfits that Mindy got for the boys, a bow tie, a black thong, and nothing more. The women in the room just howled in laughter.

Miss Devasquez knew she had them. Audrie had done a great job bringing all these women together. She gave Audrie a knowing wink. It wasn’t going to be hard keeping their special reporter program out of the press now.

Miss Devasquez walked behind her buff boy lineup as she said, “You all came here expecting a show, and this is just the beginning. You see, when Shelly and any of her chaperones go to the boys’ locker room, we are guaranteed to see what we want. We get to enjoy the boys’ bodies. All of their bodies.” At that moment she whipped off Chris’s towel, and made him yelp and throw his hands down over his manhood. There were gasps and chuckles, and the cameras kept taking it in. Miss Devasquez took hold of Chris’s wrist. “I said, we get to see all of your bodies, didn’t I?”

Chris let out an exasperated wail. He had to move his hands and let them all get an unfettered view of his bare cock. That brought about a round of loud commentary. “Whoo whoo!” “Oh my gosh, he’s really naked!” “Audrie, you’re my competition, but you’re also my best friend.” “He’s gorgeous! Look at that!”

Chris covered up again while he blushed, but Miss Devasquez gave his arm a little nudge to get him to bare himself again. “Boys, don’t the rest of you have something to show these ladies?”

With groans, hateful glares, and trembling fingers, the boys all lowered their outfits to give up their goods. Their modesty was removed again, as they stood there, a lineup of five fabulous, unwillingly bared penises for greedy women and professional photographers.

Miss Devasquez enjoyed the show as much as any other woman there. She said, “Our rules for the locker room interviews are simple. The boys are required to remove all their clothing whenever Shelly chooses to ask them any questions. Other boys can be brought along just to add extra nudity, in order to demonstrate the boys’ willingness to accept a female reporter and also to make sure that Shelly and any other girl she brings is completely comfortable. We want you all to enjoy the same kind of environment that Shelly does on a regular basis. Boys, it’s good to see you cooperating by exposing yourselves like that, but I think you’d better just slip those completely off. Full nudity. We’re going to keep you all totally naked until it’s time to go. Oh, but you can keep the baseball cap and the bow tie on, okay?”

The worst part of that was knowing that they would stay naked ornaments. The boys did as they were told, stripping down all the way. The reaction that Miss Devasquez waited for happened while the boys doffed what little they started with. Chris and Paul both started slow rises to fame. Of course, Miss Devasquez had to comment on that. She had to raise her voice a bit to overcome the giggles and murmurs of the women watching the young men. “I’m sure you’ve all noticed that two of our volunteers have decided to call out for extra attention. That’s not uncommon at all. In fact, the boys get erections nearly every time we make them get naked for us. Isn’t that nice?”

The wide eyed stares from all around made the boys squirm under the scrutiny. David, Corbin, and Philip joined the other two, surrendering to the urge of embarrassment. The shrieking discomfort filled their loins and brought them all to a very visible status of expansion. It was a great variety though. The rate of ascent was different for each boy. None of them were arriving fast, so the ladies got to watch with thrilling anticipation as one penis after another reached the halfway point, and then slowed down a little once they got beyond that. None of them stopped though except for Philip. Miss Devasquez noticed that the other boys’ trek to the height of humiliation continued unabated, although Philip stalled right there with this penis pointing straight out into the room. That was going to be useful. First she had to demonstrate just how far their reporting program could go though. “Now it would be unfair of the boys to undress and erect like this while denying the girls their natural instincts. We don’t pretend that the girls aren’t interested in the boys’ bodies of course. That’s why we allow them to touch the boys.” A shock of fear ran through each of the embarrassed studs. Surely Miss Devasquez wasn’t going to do this. They knew they were going to be displayed naked, but would she let all these women put their hands on them?

Miss Devasquez was next to David because he was at the end of the hottie line up. She

ran her hand down the front of his body while the watching women gasped and smiled. Then David let out a funny little noise and stood straight and tall suddenly as Miss Devasquez's hand reached his penis. She let her gentle grip run from bottom to top before she cupped his balls.

Then she walked behind the ever increasing boys to the other end of the line where Philip's half master waited. From behind him with her hands on his shoulders, she said, "Philip, would you care to be our first party favor?"

"Wh- wh- what? I, uh, are you, OH!"

Miss Devasquez had taken a hold of his cock, and urged him along similar to a pull toy to the first of the media VIPs. "Go ahead," she said, releasing Philip. He had risen just slightly as she had forced him along. The giggling woman there tried to refuse. "Oh, I couldn't. It's just not, um, you know."

But Miss Devasquez urged her on, moving her hand over to Philip's waiting tool. The woman screamed in shrill pleasure as she took his penis in hand. Photos commemorated the moment as she got to toy with him.

Philip was beet red. Miss Devasquez moved him along with a little pat to his ass, "Go on to the next one, Philip."

"Oh man!" As he stepped away, he yelped as he took a pinch from that first woman. The next woman waiting didn't have to be convinced. She started enjoying his charms the moment he came within reach. Miss Devasquez had waved over the next boy in line, beefy Corbin. After a bit, the boys were moved on to the next waiting woman. One by one each of the boys got hard as a rock as they were forced to make the rounds. All the media mavens got to handle each of the five unlucky studs. That wasn't where the fondle train stopped either. Mindy and Audrie made sure to urge the boys over to the lady photographers for some fun. While the boys had to blushingly accept the hands-on advances of all four of the professional camera women, Greta made sure to get that all on film.

That was part of their plan. In case any of these women had any idea that she might double cross them, they couldn't. They all knew that Miss Devasquez and her high school paper photographer had evidence that they had all taken part in this mass groping game.

"Now if we could get down to business," Miss Devasquez said. "Any of you that want any refreshment, a drink or some of these delightful sweets Mindy baked, you just have one of the boys bring you some, and they'll be happy to do it. Right, Paul?"

Paul had managed to calm down slightly since he wasn't in arm's reach of any of the women. He blushed anew when Miss Devasquez singled him out, and muttered something that only he could hear as he got a cup and a plate to bring over to his teacher. She didn't take both at once. She took her drink in one hand while her other hand took a quick liberty, grasping his amazingly stiff embarrassment hard-on. Only after she was done, did she take her plate.

The display was perfectly understood by the others. Every few moments one of the boys would be summoned to one of the waiting ladies so that they could have a snack, a drink, and a quick grope of an ever stiff penis.

While the embarrassed, naked young waiters fulfilled their duties, Miss Devasquez explained the situation. "Of course, we want to keep our special reporting practice out of the media. We've

got the school and the school board both on our side, but we don't want the kind of widespread attention that you ladies could give us. I don't think we have to worry about that after today, but it wouldn't be fair to give you all just one taste of fun in exchange for your help."

There was a sound of agreement from all the women, especially the one who was at that moment tickling her fingertips all over David's cock and balls.

Miss Devasquez told her new accomplices, "We can't just have you all crowd into the locker room though. Even without fear of media attention, we still need to play by Miss Hartick's rules. Without her, none of this happens. Now I've already spoken to her. She's deluded enough to think that media support would help us. So she agreed to have a special correspondent accompany Shelly during her interviews from time to time. That's Audrie Guffey, of course. I'm sorry to any of you that would have liked that spot, but Miss Armstrong contacted her first, so she gets the position. However, every time we invite Miss Guffey along, we'll happily include one of you as well. There can't be any cameras in the locker room, I'm afraid. The photos you have today will have to suffice."

"How often will you invite us along?" one woman asked

"I don't really know yet," Miss Devasquez said. "I can't do it every time, so I'll have to play it by ear."

"Hey, just give me a call anytime!" another woman said, and the others all happily agreed with that.

"Are there any questions?" Miss Devasquez said. She answered a few questions about what the actual locker room practices were. What were they allowed to do and what was against the rules. Miss Devasquez enjoyed the entire time. When they were through, it was time for the last bit of fun. "All right, gals, now that we're almost ready to call it quits, I want to give you the chance to get any last pictures you want."

She made the grumbling boys stand next to any woman who wanted a memento. Photos clicked again and again, sometimes with one of the lusty ladies' hands on their anatomy. "Now for the last thing," Miss Devasquez said. "We need to decide who gets invited first. I think to be fair, we'll play a little game. Whoever gets the high score gets to come along the next time we bring Audrie to the locker room."

Mindy handed out some plastic rings. "One at a time, try to toss your ring over one of the rods. Whoever gets the most wins!"

The boys' reactions ranged for furiously dark blush to pale and horrified stares as they were lined up, boners awaiting the game. Rings were thrown and women cackled, cheered, booed, and bragged as rings fell to the floor or landed around a waiting cock. At long last, she permitted the boys to leave so they could get dressed and go home. Miss Devasquez announced the winner. "Four rings makes Janice Shultz the winner. We look forward to bringing you along to see more of our school pride!"

Chapter 57

Another Locker Room Adventure

Shelly was glad that she had Mindy as her chaperone again. There wasn't going to be any order this time. It would be just cruel voyeurism. Mindy didn't care how she talked to the boys. In fact, she liked to tease them. She loved to make fun of them while forcing them to get naked. To get the most out of it, Shelly brought along a couple girls that had been in the locker room before. One was her own best friend, Jean and the other was Bridget. Bridget had been in the locker room once, and had been at a special interview. It entertained Shelly immensely to have this sweet nerdy girl there to see the studly jocks get their cocks out.

Bridget giggled quietly as they walked into the boys' locker room again. They weren't even where they could see the boys yet, but the little laughs had Shelly and Jean giggling along with her. Mindy was even hard pressed to hold that in. She grinned like the cat that ate the canary when she got to the locker room. "Hello again, boys."

The girls loved the muttering, groaning, and cursing welcome from the embarrassed boys. The boys all stopped what they were doing. "Boys, can you all come where we can see you?" The boys moved out to where the girls could ogle all the bodies at once. Various states of undress all over, but none were naked. Three of them were in their jocks though, almost totally naked. The girls looked across the bodies, a buffet of potential embarrassment, and all of them smoking hot.

Mindy started in. She was in her smug, villain mode rather than her boy-crazy mode. She loved being the one to tell the boys what to do. "Thank you for that. I don't know that the girls are feeling entirely comfortable. This is your territory, boys, and the girls might not feel entirely welcome. What do you think, girls, could the boys make you feel a bit more at home?"

Bridget's eyes got real wide. Jean smiled greedily. Mindy continued, "I know. You three boys, Ron, Chad, and Arthur, since you're only in your underwear anyway, how about you peel that down to let us all see your dicks?"

The three handsome boys blushed, gritted their teeth, gave hateful stares at Mindy, and did as they were told. Three jockstraps dropped to mid thigh, baring three hot young dicks for the girls.

Mindy sighed, "I feel better already, how about you, girls?"

“Oh yeah!” “These boys are so considerate!” Bridget just giggled like crazy as she stared at one, two, three bare penises.

The immediate eye candy was just an appetizer. Mindy said, “Today, boys, I thought about doing something different. Then I decided that I like things the way they are. So we’ll just do things the way we always do them. We’ll pick out a few of you that really give us an itch. Those lucky boys will strip off their clothes for us while we stare and tease you. I’d very much like it if you’d get some hard-ons for us. I’m sure your embarrassment will take care of that. Then we might decide to feel you up. Oh, and Shelly will ask you some sports questions. Everyone ready?”

The girls were ready. The boys tried to look as unattractive as possible, but the Prellis High baseball team was made up of sexy, athletic studs. Ron, Chad, and Arthur died of shame, standing there, penis bare as if they were just ornaments to a schoolgirl fantasy. The staring, the smiling, and Mindy’s taunting had focused them so much on their own objectification that all they could feel were their own organs. The embarrassment only got worse as they stood on display, and it inspired the reaction that the girls loved. Chad was the first. He could feel the swelling. He tried to ignore it and command his body to stay calm. It was impossible though. He hadn’t risen yet, but the twitches of emergence were there already for the happy girls.

While the boys struggled with their involuntary urges, Shelly made her choices. This time she had asked Mindy to let her pick her interview subjects. Mindy didn’t mind since there was no bad choice on this team. Shelly would have some real fun. She didn’t want any of the real veterans of penis humiliation; instead, she wanted the boys that hadn’t shown their goods very often. First she chose, “Max, would you mind?”

Max’s eyes got real big. He’d been stripped only three times before. The first had been with seven girls watching! He’d even had a special detention with grabby Mindy and Miss Devasquez. He had only been chosen three times while the other boys were chosen again and again. He was blushing already. He stood up and walked over, coyly avoiding any eye contact.

Mindy said, “Good job, Chad. We really appreciate the effort.” His cock had started to rise, and the moment she pointed it out, it went into overdrive, rapidly hitting its height, as stiff as possible, signaling his humiliation for the girls.

Shelly nodded her thanks to that stiffy, and chose her next boy. “Now let’s see. How about Sam?”

“M – m – me?” Shy Sam had only been stripped twice. The first time was in the nurse’s office where he had climaxed from sheer embarrassment. He already dreaded the girls’ eyes. He could feel them looking him over, anxiously undressing him in their eyes before seeing it for real.

Another of the underwear down boys had hardened up by then. Mindy held in her chuckles, because Jean and Bridget couldn’t stifle their entertainment. Mindy said, “Congratulations, Arthur. That fine boner of yours really lets us know how much you respect us. I really appreciate your dedication to the interview program.” He flushed deep red.

Shelly glanced over at Ron, the last bare cock. He was clearly getting ready for lift off, but he hadn’t moved up yet. She wanted to drag this out, both to give Ron time to harden up and to increase the other boys’ suspense. She made like she was about to point, and her finger moved

back and forth along the boys as though she was making up her mind. Then she stopped, “Randy. Why don’t you come along for some fun?”

Randy looked as if he wanted to vanish. Mindy was surprised too. “Randy?”

“Why not?” Shelly asked. Randy was one of only three boys left on the team that had never been naked for any of the girls. He had managed to keep his modesty, but that was over. Shelly was ready for a new treat. Before long, it would be time for the swimming team to start their practices. Shelly would have a whole new team of incredible hotties to play with. So she was ready to start peeling the clothes off the last of the baseball boys. “Come on, Randy. Come on over. Time to let us see what you’ve been hiding all this time.” Then her eyes flicked back over to Ron. “Oh thanks, Ron. I was hoping that all three of you would rise to the occasion.”

Mindy said, “Girls, thank the three boys who showed you their goodies. They can go and shower now.”

The girls thanked the boys exuberantly. The lineup of studs broke up gratefully. Three boys were ready to have their dignity sacrificed for the amusement of Shelly the sports reporter and her crew of pervert girls. Mindy led them aside so that those three could be the focus of the girls’ attention without the other boys distracting from it. Shelly was right, these boys needed some special attention. Shelly even said so. “Max, you are so good looking, and I just haven’t seen your penis enough. Are you ready to get naked for us? And Randy! Mmm, I’ve waited for this for a while. Time for your debut. Well, what we’re doing today, I’m going to interview the three of you, and you can take off what I tell you as I tell you. All right?” The only answer she got was a trio of horrified stares. She shrugged, gave them her famous, evil half smile, and started in. “So, Max, I’ve noticed that your fielding has improved over the season so far. Sam and Randy, you can take your shirts off to catch up to Max.”

She said it casually as if it was no big deal. Sam and Randy both gave her startled looks, but a little *ahem* from Mindy had them unbuttoning while Max answered his question.

Shelly asked, “Randy, how’s that in-” She paused a moment. “Great abs. Really. But that injured knee, is it feeling better? Are you a hundred percent? Max, get your pants off.”

Max went pale, then he started to unzip while Jean and Bridget went into another giggling fit. Randy assured Shelly that he was fit to play. One boy was down to his underwear. The other two were bare from the waist up. Turning to Sam, Shelly asked him two questions without giving any stripping instruction. Then she said, “You missed a couple easy plays in the last game, Sam. What was going on in your head? Randy, pants off now.”

Sam was embarrassed by the question about his baseball performance, but not nearly as much as Randy while he stripped to his underwear. Randy stood there, almost naked. Only his goodies were covered. The rest of his body was exposed, and he felt as if he could just melt from the blatant staring. Jean even made it a point to walk behind him to look at his buns.

Shelly asked Randy the next question just to hear him fumble his words around. At the same time, She ordered Sam to get down to his jockstrap.

Shelly took several moments to soak in the sight of the three hot, underwear clad baseball studs. Then she asked each one a fast question apiece just to heighten their anticipation. They shuffled their feet and fidgeted. The girls smiled and ate up their embarrassing exposure. Shelly looked at her notepad. “I’ve only got a couple more questions, but before I get to them, I think

I'd better make sure that we're going along with school policy. I wouldn't want you boys to be accused of breaking the rules. So it's naked time. We'll start with, hmmmmmm...." She looked each boy over served up on a dessert cart. Then her gaze moved from one jockstrap to the next, making up her mind which cock she wanted a peek at first. The boys actually shivered in fear.

Shelly couldn't help the sing song arrogance when she announced the first name. "Max, why don't you go first? Get that off, and give us a good look at your penis."

Despite mumbling a few words, Max couldn't word out a coherent sentence. With much hesitation, he lowered his underwear, surrendering his modesty on command. While he had done it before, that didn't make it any easier. The more experienced boys had told him that the humiliation never went away. Now he knew they were right. He felt every bit as ashamed and embarrassed as had the first time. Maybe even more so! He stood up tall and still, his glazed eyes stared at nothing. Of course the girls stared at him. For several seconds, there was no sound at all as his fully nude body became the center of the universe. Then sweet, shy Bridget sighed with such girlish glee that the other girls burst out laughing. Max's face immediately went red and he tried to block out the sound of the girls laughing at his predicament, but couldn't. Looking at the happy girls, he knew that their enjoyment was at his expense. All of this together caused his cock to respond. While they all laughed, his penis decided it was time to perform. The attention forced him to an even paced rise.

Max felt completely betrayed. Not only did the girls make him bare his body for them, but now his penis gave the girls a real show, stiffening up in salute to their greedy egos.

"Wonderful," Shelly said. "That's a great cock you've got, Max. I feel that my femininity has been affirmed. You boys have learned how to respect a girl. I need more though. Sam, show us your bat and balls."

"Shelly!" he said bitterly, but managed to keep his next thought from escaping his lips though. That would only get him a special detention and more naked time. So he breathed in hard, hung his head, and stripped away the last of his cover. With his clothes and his pride peeled away for the girls, he started to rise right away. Its ascent was so slow that it was torture. He couldn't stand it, being bared and having his body perform. He turned his head away, but managed to keep from covering up. His rise to fame was slow enough that Shelly didn't wait for it to point all the way up.

Her lusty eyes turned to Randy. Sexy Randy, who had never shown any girl his penis at all. It was time now, though. At long last, he would have to bare his soul. All it took was a word from her. She saw him blush a sweet shade of pink while he waited.

She needed to taunt him a little first. "You haven't gotten naked for me yet, have you?"

"Uh, n -n -no."

"You know we're dying to see what you've got. It's only fair, you know. You do have to act like we belong here in your locker room. I am just doing my job, after all, and I can't do any real reporting if you boys act as if I'm unwelcome. Are you ready to let us see everything? Are you ready to get completely, totally bare naked for four happy girls? I'm not just talking to myself here. Are you ready to get naked and show us your cock or not?"

"But, but I, Shelly, I, come on, don't make me talk! I can't say it."

“Oh, poor Randy. For the first time he has to show it all. All right, I guess you can just get to it. After all, the other boys are already naked and getting hard up. You’re going to get hard for us too, aren’t you? We’ll see, won’t we? Get that jockstrap off and give us a look.”

Randy shuddered from his head to his toes. His fingers moved to his underwear, then away, then to it again. He struggled several seconds to force himself to comply. He bent forward, slipping the last of his clothes off. Once that was gone, he stood up blushing anew with his hands over his goods. He stuttered something for a moment, but before the girls could chastise him for covering, he dropped his hands. A cold shock of humiliation washed over him. The girls were all thrilled. “Mm, nice dick.” “What would you call that, about medium sized? By baseball team standards, I mean?” “Hee hee hee!” “You’re naked, Randy! Totally naked!”

“I know!” he shouted. “Can we get on with the interview now?”

“Mind your manners, Randy. Apologize. In fact, you can thank us for letting you take part in the reporting program.” Mindy demanded.

He threw his hands back over his jewels. “You want me to thank you for this?”

“Well first, I want you to move your hands. That’s completely disrespectful, you know. Then you can apologize, and thank us. Or we might need a few of your teammates to join you in a special detention.”

From somewhere else in the locker room, another boy shouted, “Just get it over with, Randy!”

“Okay, okay.” He scrunched his eyes shut, hunched his shoulders, put his hands at his sides, and forced out the words. It was extremely difficult with the giggles and grins and the staring at his junk. “I’m, I’m sorry that I got mad. I didn’t mean to, I’m just not used to it. And, and what else was I supposed to say?”

“You were supposed to thank us,” Mindy said in her villainous voice.

“For what?”

“For taking an interest in you as an athlete, and letting you participate in this revolutionary reporting program.”

“I, do I have to say all that?”

“Move your hands, hot stuff. That’s better. I tell you what, you can just thank us for letting you get naked. And for staring at your penis.”

He gaped at her. “This isn’t fair!” He forced himself to move his hands away from his goods again. “Thank you for, for making me get naked, and thank you for, oh my god, thank you for looking at my penis.”

Bridget said, “You’re welcome!”

The girls leveled their eyes at all three naked cocks. Both Max and Sam were at full mast. Randy hadn’t budged though. He was naked and hot, but his dick remained a slave to gravity. It had swelled a little, but it hadn’t lifted up at all.

Shelly continued her interview, deliberately dragging out the questions, and always making sure that Randy felt entirely uncomfortable. His penis just wouldn’t cooperate. Shelly smiled.

She enjoyed a challenge. “Well, the interview is over.”

Randy couldn't keep quiet. “Can we go now?”

“Well, not yet,” Mindy said. “That wouldn't be fair, now would it?”

Shelly turned her attention to Randy. She looked him in the eye. Then her gaze moved down his nice, athletic body to his dangler, then back up to his angry stare. She told him, “We're going to have to feel that dick. We can't let you show it off and then keep our hands to ourselves, can we? That would deny our sexuality, and you can't disrespect us like that. Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle both say so. So all four of us are going to have a little fun with that thing. You don't mind, do you?”

It started. That was the thing that brought his embarrassment to such a high pitch that he couldn't hold in the reaction. His dick started to lift up just a little. Mindy helped out. “Randy, I want you to tell the girls that you don't mind. You can say it.”

“I – I – I...”

“Say it,” Mindy said with happy authority.

His dick rose up some more. It was agonizing. He tried to ignore it. He tried to make it go away. “It's, it's, I don't mind.” That was as good as he could do, but it was enough. The moment he said that, his slow rise accelerated hilariously to a full, strong, hard, slightly quivering boner for the girls. They all burst out laughing at him. He was ridiculous, standing there fully nude with an involuntary erection, just waiting for their grabby hands.

“Do you want to go first, Bridget?” Shelly asked.

Bridget let out a silly squeal. She stood to Randy's side so that the other girls could watch as she ran her hand up and down his pole. Once she had felt him top to bottom to top to bottom, she moved over to give Sam the same treatment. Jean was next. She went over Randy's goods slowly, like her hand was committing it to memory. Then she moved over to Sam to fondle him real good while Bridget's soft touch was tormenting Max.

Shelly went next and Mindy was last. Each boy stood there shocked and embarrassed as the girls were allowed to play with his stiffy. At last Mindy dismissed the boys. The girls loved watching the hard-ons sway and wiggle as the boys walked off.

Chapter 58

Demonstrating for a New Coach

With a triumphant smile, Miss Devasquez led three nervous boys into Miss Hartick's office. This wasn't a special interview or a detention, but rather it was just a demonstration for the sake of the new swimming coach. Dean, Tommy, and Wendell were the boys Miss Devasquez, Mindy, and Shelly had chosen for this. They chose Wendell after a bit of debate, but that wasn't as important. They already had all the weightlifters on their blackmail list. They were determined to get nudie photos of all the boys on the baseball team so that they could force the boys into some afterschool nudity whenever they wanted. There weren't any pictures of Dean and Ron, and oh, did they want those two studs on their list of entertainers.

It was risky because they had Greta set up a couple of her hidden cameras in Miss Hartick's office. With Miss Hartick's full confidence though, Miss Devasquez had an easy time being there in the vice principal's office at a moment when the vice principal was gone. So the cameras were there and well hidden. Unless someone searched for them before Miss Devasquez retrieved them later, they would be safe with a new pair of boy toys for later.

Even without the camera scheme, this would be fun. It was always fun to force the boys to undress, all in the name of equality, of course. With Miss Hartick there, they needed to play by the rules, so they couldn't abuse their power as openly as they would on their own. All the same, the rules favored the girls and women so heavily that it was ridiculous.

This time, three boys were going to be forced to strip off just to explain the rules and the reasons for it. Dean, Ron, and Wendell knew they were in for it once they stepped in. There was Miss Hartick herself, the irresistible authority that no one ever argued with. Miss Devasquez was there along with Shelly and Allison. Allison had been there for locker room fun and for special detentions. They needed a girl familiar with the scene, and she was as good as any. Miss Harrison was also there.

Miss Hartick was as friendly as she could be. "Boys, I want to thank you for taking time to welcome the new coach of the swimming team to the reporting program."

It wasn't as though the boys had any choice. They knew what they were in for and if they had their way, they would be anywhere else. Whatever the excuse was, the boys were going to be compelled to strip off their clothes so that the ladies could enjoy the bare young bodies. Ron asked, "Who is the new swim coach?"

“Miss Harrison is,” Miss Hartick told him. “I can’t blame you for being a little surprised. Prellis High has never had a female head coach of any male sports team ever. Because we are breaking down barriers at our school, I thought it was time for this.”

Miss Harrison said, “I’m grateful for the opportunity.”

“There’s no one better qualified,” Miss Hartick said. She told the boys, “She has been an exceptional teacher and coach for the girls. She is an Olympic silver medalist. She’ll get the swimming team whipped into shape. Of course, when we explained the reporting program to her, she was very interested. We are thinking of employing special policies for the swimmers.”

The boys were glad it wasn’t their teams that would be involved in the special policies. That didn’t protect them from this though. Miss Devasquez told them, “We want you boys to demonstrate an interview for Coach Harrison’s sake, okay?”

The boys didn’t answer and instead just nodded or shrugged shyly. Miss Hartick said, “Good. Now, Coach Harrison, you understand that no coach is allowed in the locker room after practice. That’s Shelly’s time to interview the athletes.”

“That was explained to me,” Coach Harrison said.

“The boys all know the rules. They are expected to behave as though Shelly has every right to be present in their locker room as a sports reporter, because of course she does. We make certain that the boys show absolute respect by acting as though there is nothing out of the ordinary having a girl reporter where they undress and shower. To demonstrate that, the boys are required to strip fully nude during any locker room interview. For today Shelly has a few simple questions that she won’t likely use in a real article. All the same, during an interview in private, even here in my office, the boys have to show the same decorum as they would in their locker room. Boys, would you begin removing your clothes please? Leave the underwear until I tell you though.”

The boys took a moment to act. Every eye was on them. With the exception of Coach Harrison, all these women had seen Dean naked. Ron and Wendell had been seen by all of them except the Coach and Allison. Allison was already grinning wide as she leered openly at the boys. With a look of complete wonder, Coach Harrison watched the shirts come off, baring hot, young athletic bodies that began blushing immediately. Miss Hartick commented on that. “The boys are rather bashful. I’m sorry to say that they never seem to get over that. They do comply and usually try to be polite. That’s all we can expect. Miss Bridle and I have tried to explain to the boys that they have nothing to be embarrassed about, but they can’t seem to accept that.”

“You said that they do this voluntarily,” Coach Harrison said. Her eyes didn’t even blink as the boys stripped off to their underwear.

Miss Hartick said, “Strictly speaking, they are made to follow the rules. What I meant was that by joining a sports team, they have agreed to the rules. Since they gain the benefits of the team, they also have to abide by the code of conduct of the athletes. Here at Prellis High, we are progressive enough to recognize the rights of the female students.”

Coach Harrison smiled. “So they don’t want to do this?”

“No, but they do want to lift weights and play baseball. The boys on your team will want

to swim. Asking them to take part in the reporting program isn't asking much at all. I hope you can see that."

Coach Harrison couldn't keep the sunshine out of her voice. "I wasn't certain before, but I am becoming convinced. Can the girls remain calm and controlled when the boys are... naked?"

"Well, you can't expect them to act as though they aren't interested," Miss Hartick said. "That wouldn't be fair to them as girls. It also gives the boys the opportunity to recognize the girls' worth and to add to the girls' self esteem."

"I imagine so," Coach Harrison said.

Miss Hartick said, "Boys, please remove those and let us see your penises."

Coach Harrison asked, "You're that blunt?"

Miss Hartick said, "To pretend that we're not going to look would be insulting to the boys."

"Ah," Coach Harrison said. She couldn't say much more, and she couldn't blink. Three sexy young studs stood there fidgeting with their bodies completely bare. She could see everything the boys had, and it was an inspiring sight. A trio of hot bodies. Three hot, unwillingly bared penises.

Miss Hartick said, "Sometimes the girls will laugh a little or even poke a little fun at the boys for being naked. It's all lighthearted and in good fun, so we allow this and even encourage it, really."

Coach Harrison, stared at the bare dicks, and said, "I imagine you'd have to keep things casual."

Shelly couldn't help a laugh at that. How could anyone say something like that with a straight face? Miss Devasquez covered that reaction by saying, "You see that even Shelly, who has seen so many boys naked all time, has trouble keeping full composure."

Miss Hartick said, "You notice how well the boys handle this. It's clear that they want to cover up, but they don't. They let us keep staring at their johnsons. Sometimes a boy can't help covering up with his hands for a moment, but once you tell him to stop, he exposes his body again. It might take your swimming team a little while to get fully compliant. All the other boys come along though."

Shelly went into her interview. She just asked the boys the most rudimentary questions. The boys answered with quiet voices and stutters. After a couple questions, Allison started giggling as Ron's cock started to slowly rise in response to the stares.

Miss Hartick said, "Hold on, Shelly. Now you see that, Coach, Harrison. The boys will always become aroused during their forced nudity. It's hard to say what exactly causes that, but it's important for the boys to cope with their own reactions. That's another benefit they take from this."

Coach Harrison said, "They always do that?"

Miss Hartick said, "I'm told that occasionally a boy gets only halfway hard, but when I've been present, the boys have always gained full erections."

Shelly had trouble keeping another laugh in. She knew what caused the boys to stiffen up.

It was the sheer embarrassment of it. As they talked about it, Ron's slow rise gained speed until he was at maximum altitude. You could see that his humiliation had grown just as his cock had. Wendell was starting right then as well!

Shelly asked if she could continue her questions. Wendell's rod climbed up slowly. Although last to start, Dean grew faster than Wendell, so it looked as if he would beat the weightlifter to the height of embarrassment. It was a great race, a photo finish. The girls were the winners, of course, being treated to a triple boner show. The three boys all looked defeated, but their cocks looked triumphant, standing there tall and hard, showing off for the girls who just feasted on the show.

Coach Harrison said, "You told me that you even allow the girls to touch the boys?"

Allison shivered with delight at the suggestion. She had felt up some dick before, but none of these boys. Shelly had previously grabbed them all by the cock, and didn't mind doing it again. Miss Devasquez envied the girls. As a teacher, she could only get away with fondling the boys when Miss Hartick wasn't there. While not against the rules, she wanted to stay on Miss Hartick's good side as much as anyone did.

Miss Hartick said, "When we started, that wasn't part of the reporting program. It didn't take us too long to realize just how unfair it was for the girls to demand that they deny their own feminine urges. The girls can certainly learn from this. It's good for them to be able to express their sexuality. They don't take advantage of the boys, just the situation."

Shelly faked a cough to cover another laugh. Did that even make sense? She was grateful that Miss Hartick was completely crazy, completely chauvinist, and completely on the girls' side. It let her enjoy the boys' charms thoroughly without even "taking advantage." To show Coach Harrison, Shelly moved to Dean. He stood sharply at attention all of a sudden, trying to ignore what was about to happen. His eyes closed and he shuddered as Shelly groped around his cock happily. Shelly spared a couple glances at the swimming coach. Clearly, she didn't mind at all. So Shelly stepped over to give Ron's boner a grope.

Allison asked, "Can I go too?"

"Of course," Miss Devasquez responded.

Dean had to stand still and try not to make any noise while a second girl got to fondle his involuntary hard-on. The girls moved on over. As she fondled Ron, Allison giggled like crazy. Shelly had her half grin as she ran her hand over Wendell's sexy muscular body, then over his bare cock. Allison finished the show by enjoying Wendell's charms. Miss Hartick said, "Boys, you can get dressed now."

Once the boys were out of the room, Miss Hartick assured Coach Harrison that the boys' grades actually improved and their athletic performances also improved. The boys were clearly embarrassed by the process, but it didn't impair their school life at all. Coach Harrison was impressed. Shelly couldn't tell for sure if this new coach went along with a gag like Miss Devasquez and Miss Fox or if she sincerely believed in the program like Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle. As long as Shelly got to see the boys on the swim team without their rudders showing, she didn't mind.

Chapter 59

Meet the Swimmers

Coach Harrison was completely on board, that was for sure. Shelly wasn't sure why Miss Hartick had gone out of her way to bring the swimming coach into the fold since the coaches had no choice but to go along with it anyway. The boys didn't have any choice either. Shelly had a whole new sports team of sexy boys to interview.

Miss Hartick took her down to the locker room personally. Shelly had goosebumps already at the thought of a whole new group of sexy boys that would learn the rules. She hadn't watched the boys at practice. Miss Hartick and Coach Harrison had asked her to wait until the next one to put in an appearance. Instead, she would go straight to the locker room.

Shelly and Miss Hartick were there before the boys came down. It wasn't just a swimming day. The weightlifting boys had also just finished a practice. So two teams of studs came on down. The nine weightlifters arrived first. They all had those disappointed expressions when they saw the ladies waiting for them. Right after that, the swim team started coming down. The first swimmers were a bit surprised. "Whoa!" "What's going on?" "This is the boys' locker room."

"Exactly," Miss Hartick said. "Shelly is our sports reporter, and she conducts locker room interviews regularly."

"Say what?" "You let her in here?" "It's really true?"

"Well, of course it's true," Miss Hartick said. She wasn't angry at all yet. She understood that the boys would be reluctant at first. They always had been. Of course, that reluctance never seemed to wear off, but as long as they did as they were told, it was acceptable. "Now, Shelly will never come down here alone. She will always have a chaperone. Today that's me, and I expect you boys to behave and follow the rules."

"Wh-what are the rules?" Simon asked.

Shelly's eyes just ate up Simon's body. And all the rest. Prellis High had two of their swimmers make it all the way to the Olympics, so it was a popular sport. There were twenty-three boys on the swim team, all hot and built with those sleek swimmers' physiques. They weren't wearing too much to start with, so it was a great show already. They didn't wear tiny briefs, but their swimsuits were tight and they only went down to the upper thigh.

Once Miss Hartick noted that the swimmers were all there, she started. "I want to show you boys what you're expected to do. Billy? Denver? Come over here, please." The two sexy weightlifters sighed and shuffled over. The shy hesitation in the movement of these two muscle boys was so silly that Shelly had to stifle a giggle. Miss Hartick told the swimmers, "Shelly is granted access to the boys' locker room after any practice. During and after your actual swim meets she won't be allowed. That's a compromise that I hope we can do away with eventually. For now though, you can concentrate on your athletics on those days without distraction. After a swim practice though, you will usually find Shelly here ready to talk to one or more of you. Those of you who aren't being interviewed are expected to go about your business as usual."

One of the boys asked, "You mean you want us to change and shower with Shelly down here?"

"Naturally. You aren't trying to tell me that you think she doesn't belong just because she's a girl? She's a reporter, and you will show her all the respect that requires. That's more than just acting as though her presence is normal. I've learned that you boys have real difficulty behaving around girls in the locker room. To make sure that you understand just how important this is, and to be sure that the girls feel comfortable when they come down here, any boy interviewed will be required to remove his clothes during the interview. You will not be allowed to cover yourselves. You will act as though your nudity is not compulsory, and let Shelly and any guest she brings down here see you in the raw because that demonstrates respect for Shelly as a reporter."

The boys could tell that she meant it. More than one of them wanted to complain, but this was Miss Hartick. Her temper was infamous, and no one argued with her. She ran the school with an iron fist, and the boys knew they were lucky that any "compromise" had been made at all. Jim had to ask, "Why – why would she bring guests with her? Are you serious about that?"

"Of course, I'm serious. We can't have it appear as though seeing you boys naked is a priority, so we make sure that other girls also get the chance. Just to be fair to the girls and to you."

Needless to say, the swimmers were more than a little confused. How did Miss Hartick figure that bringing extra girls down to the locker room was fair to them? Miss Hartick didn't want this to turn into a question and answer session, so she made her demonstration. "You boys on the swim team aren't the first to take part in the reporting program. The baseball team has become quite gracious in their acceptance. The weightlifters have also learned how to show their respect and acceptance."

Shelly had snorted a couple times holding in her laughter. Acceptance? Respect? The boys resented her completely for the way she enjoyed her role. They hated it that more than one of her chaperones also loved to take advantage of the rules to enjoy the boys' nude bodies. The swimmers would learn all about that soon enough. For now, they were going to see it in action. Miss Hartick said, "Billy and Denver, please remove your clothes so that Shelly and I can see your johnsons."

The swim team all stared in horror. This wasn't a joke. It was actually happening. The two weightlifters slowly peeled off their uniforms while Shelly openly leered and grinned. There wasn't any pretense at all about what was happening. Simon said, "Are you interviewing them?"

"No," Miss Hartick said, smiling a little herself now that the two buff boys were down to

their jockstraps. “But we expect you boys to behave and do as you’re told. Sometimes we have extra boys along for the interview just to make sure the girls are treated right.”

The swimmers all murmured. That turned to shocked gasps when the two weightlifters stepped out of their underwear and stood there, with their dicks out for the reporter and the vice principal. Everyone saw how humiliated Billy and Denver were. Miss Hartick’s display made it clear. This was the Prellis High locker room, home of naked, embarrassed boys and happy girls.

Miss Hartick stared at Denver’s cock and said, “Denver, could you tell the boys what else we allow Shelly to do?”

His hands twitched as he forced them to stay at his sides. “She, she, she, she—”

“For goodness’ sake,” Miss Hartick said, her gaze moving to the other exposed cock. “Billy, you tell them.”

“She gets to touch us if she wants,” he said.

“And why is that?” Miss Hartick asked.

“I don’t know! Wait!” he panicked when he saw the fiery look from the school’s dragon lady. “It – it’s because we have to be fair.”

“That’s right,” Miss Hartick said, satisfied. “Shelly, would you like a handful of these two handsome boys?”

Much to the horror of the swim team, Shelly strode right up and took each dick in hand. She fondled them liberally for a few seconds while Billy and Denver grimaced and squirmed. Then she turned her arrogant grin to the swim team. She let the weightlifters go. “So can I choose a swimmer to interview now?”

“Of course,” Miss Hartick said. “First though, I want to make certain that these boys understand. So, hmmm, Adam, I’d like to have you volunteer for a demonstration. Step forward.”

Adam couldn’t blink. He pointed to himself as if he wasn’t certain she had called his name. Shelly giggled quietly. She loved how Miss Hartick had chosen the swimmer that she wanted to see naked first. Miss Hartick might have been crazy enough to believe her own rationales for this, but she sure did love baring the boys’ cocks! Adam took as long as he could to take two steps forward. Miss Hartick would make it easy for him. Instead of telling him to expose himself, she would just pull his swimsuit down for him!

Adam took a step back, but Miss Hartick took his hand and firmly urged him back into position. “Now I realize this is difficult the first time, Adam, but hold still. It won’t hurt, after all.”

“Y-yeah, but I AWWP!” He squeaked when Miss Hartick started slipping his cover down. Miss Hartick was moved aside enough to make sure that Shelly could see what he had right away. Adam cried, “Wait, wait wait!” But Miss Hartick didn’t wait, and had his suit down exposing his penis completely. Miss Hartick grabbed his wrists before he even started to cover. “Now leave your hands at your sides, Adam. You have to let us look. It would be completely disrespectful to hide your penis. You have to be completely at ease in Shelly’s presence to make it clear that you recognize her right to be here. Besides, Shelly wants to see what you’ve got.”

Shelly gushed, "That is nice! You are hot, Adam."

One of the boys said, "Can she talk to us like that?"

Miss Hartick couldn't tell who said that. Her temper flared for a moment. She was about to demand to know who would question her. Then she realized that it was only fair to expect the boys to have questions. She decided to act as Miss Bridle would. Her voice was icy enough that the boys were all cowed into silence. "Yes, she can comment on your anatomy if she chooses. She is a girl after all, and she can hardly help it if you boys are that attractive. Besides, it would be insulting to you boys for her to pretend that she doesn't enjoy looking. For that matter, so do the teachers and staff that chaperone her. I know that I'm impressed. Shelly is right, Adam, that is one handsome penis you have."

Adam blushed so deeply that Shelly thought he might faint. He had never been so embarrassed in his life, having to stand there with his cock bare for two perverted females to ogle and compliment. His ordeal was over though. Miss Hartick said, "That's very good, Adam. You can go ahead and shower now." She sent him off with a little pat to his bum.

Shelly was momentarily shocked. Miss Hartick never touched the boys. Adam must have gotten to her. Who could blame her? After watching Adam waggle away, Shelly turned her lusty eyes to the rest of the sexy boys. "It's almost impossible to pick just one, but I'm not too worried. I'll see all of them naked sooner or later."

Miss Hartick frowned a little. "Of course, that's not why she's here."

Shelly nodded as she continued to look over the buffet of buffness. "Oh, I take my writing seriously. Anyone who reads the sports section of the school paper knows that. I think that today I'd like to talk to Eddy."

Eddy's heart sunk. Why did it have to be him? Was it because he was the tallest on the team? He felt his knees wobble slightly as he shifted weight from one foot to the other. Miss Hartick dismissed the other boys, who were quick to escape. They wondered how they would get to the showers without Shelly seeing them. The towels were at the door to the showers.

Shelly sighed lovingly as she looked Eddy's gorgeous body over. "I don't have many questions, so if you could just get naked before I start, that would be great."

Eddy stared at her in horror. He looked at Miss Hartick, and he could tell that she expected him to do as he was told. He wasn't certain he could. Could he just strip off his swimsuit so that they could size him up? He breathed in hard. He couldn't get his hands to work. Then Miss Hartick said, "Now, Eddy!" He snapped into action. There was no way to defy horrible Medusa Hartick's authoritarian voice. He slipped his suit down and stepped out. He shook a little as he stood back up with his hands over his goods. Miss Hartick groaned. "Do you not understand, Eddy? You can't do that."

"But, Miss Hartick! Look at the way she's looking at me!"

"Uncover that penis this instant, Eddy! We want to see what you're hiding. Act like a man and show some responsibility, and your johnson."

Eddy panicked. He almost laughed himself. He couldn't understand why he was smiling. Then he dropped his hands, and his smile dropped too. He scrunched his eyes shut and sneered. He was actually naked! He was naked for Miss Hartick and Shelly. He forced himself to look.

The ladies' eyes were locked on his cock. He couldn't have been more humiliated if he'd been under a spotlight. Shelly asked him, "How do you think Coach Harrison is going to do with the team?"

"Wh – what?"

"How do you think Coach Harrison is going to do with the team?" she repeated.

"I don't know. I guess I just don't know." The truth was he couldn't understand. His embarrassment kept him from understanding Shelly's words. Shelly had to ask two more times to get him to give a real answer.

Eddy felt a shiver run all the way through his body. Then that sickening tremor focused entirely on his jewels. His eyes rolled up a bit. He tried to ignore his own nakedness, but all he could feel was the exposure of his privates. Shelly kept asking him questions multiple times. Eddy could hardly say a word. Then he realized it would get worse. How could it be? How could his dick feel that familiar tension? He would get a hard-on right in front of these two! Trying to fight off the urge to rise was torture. He noticed that Shelly kept glancing over at the boys on their way to the showers. Although she could only see them from behind, she sure did enjoy the show anyway.

All of a sudden, the walking buns were no more concern. Shelly noticed the twitch that she knew would lead to a girder strong erection if she could get him to think about it. She smiled in her girlish way as she visibly mooned over his bare cock. He covered up for a moment, but one word from Miss Hartick had him bare again. He felt as if he could just vanish as his body performed. His penis rose up, rose up, rose up, bit by bit, in quick stages. Then it was there, a triumph of biology. Shelly had to poke a little fun at him while his penis was at that marvelous height. She managed to make it sound to Miss Hartick as if she was being comforting, but Eddy knew that she was making fun of him. "You don't have to worry about that. That always happens when I interview naked boys. Besides, I do like it. I think we're done anyway."

"Oh thank god," Eddy said. As he started to walk away, Shelly made it clear that she expected him to shake her hand. He shook his head in disbelief, then he stepped to her, his monument swaying to and fro. Shelly shook his hand firmly, then she reached down to give him a second handshake more gently. Eddy's eyes were huge when her hand made contact with his member. He felt her hand move all the way up and down his rod. He made a couple funny little sounds until she was done. She had to run her hand over his abs and chest before she could let him leave though.

When they were out of the locker room, Shelly said to Miss Hartick, "I was surprised that you patted Adam's butt like that!"

Miss Hartick had done that on impulse. Even she had impulses. It wasn't until Shelly mentioned it that she realized what she had done. "Oh my goodness! Shelly! I broke the rules!"

"Well not really, Miss Hartick."

"Please don't tell anyone about that, Shelly. I try to be the most responsible of us. I wouldn't want the boys' bodies to get the better of me."

Shelly agreed easily enough. She had always wondered how long it would be before Miss Hartick finally gave in. Surely that icy dragon lady could control herself most of the time. Now

Shelly wondered which boy would get the next little pinch or pat from the vice principal.

Chapter 60

The New Coach's Special Interview

The next weightlifting meet was coming up soon, Shelly was entitled to a “special interview” with the school’s most muscular boys. It gave her a shiver, just imagining them stripping out of their every day clothes for her and whatever audience she chose. Normally she would be free to enjoy some of her fun and games along with it, but Miss Devasquez wasn’t running this interview. This time Miss Bridle, the silly school counselor who was convinced that this was all for the boys’ own good, would run it. Fortunately, Miss Bridle was willing to push the envelope in order to help the boys come to terms with their own sexuality. Miss Bridle was more than happy to have the boys strip down and be fondled. She did some fondling herself since she thought the boys needed it. Shelly knew how to convince her to have some fun; all she needed was an excuse.

Coach Harrison of the swim team was invited so she could see what happens at them. Shelly hoped that the swim coach would enjoy this as much as she had before. What woman could resist the bodies of the Prellis weightlifters though?

Miss Bridle greeted Shelly’s other guests when they arrived. “Hello, Brenda, Daphne, Nancy.”

Brenda had been there for a few strippings. She even felt some baseball team stiffy before. Nancy was Shelly’s editor on the school paper, so naturally she had seen and enjoyed some naked boys. Daphne had only seen one of the baseball boys naked one time. She happened to be in the front office once when Shelly brought Dean in for Mrs. Baker’s signature. Daphne was a little nervous, but she also had the smile of the cat who was about to eat the canary.

“The boys should be here anytime,” Miss Bridle said, and right then Charlie opened the door. Terence followed him in. “Oh man.”

Miss Bridle said, “Hello, boys. You know that today you’ll be interviewed so that Shelly has some material for her article on the weightlifting meet. I know you’ll be happy to cooperate. Right?” The boys didn’t answer right away, so Miss Bridle had to say it again. “You’ll be happy to cooperate, right?”

“Yeah.” “Sure.”

Coach Harrison couldn’t help a little laughing cough. Shelly saw that the swim coach had

already looked the boys over eagerly, as had her three girl guests. Miss Bridle seemed to be just completely natural. She told them, "Shelly has agreed to a little experiment I've been dying to try. We need to know more about your reactions to the reporting program. So, before the interview begins, we're going to have you both strip to your underwear, but you'll keep that on until I'm ready for you to take it off."

"Now?" the boys asked.

Miss Bridle said, "Well of course, now."

The boys sighed and looked around at their audience. This wasn't going to be easy. How many times would they have to surrender their dignity? Nearly twenty different girls had seen Charlie naked already, and eight of them had felt him up. He wished that he could just get past his embarrassment, but every time he felt as if he was just dying of humiliation. He thought it might be worse now than it was that first time when all of them were weighed naked. He knew that he was in for it. He could already feel his embarrassment coursing through him.

Terence had it even worse. He had been stripped a bunch of times at school. He had also been there at Miss Fox's car wash. So many girls and women had enjoyed his naked body against his will. He hated the way they leered. He hated being touched up. And he hated getting hard with the girls staring at him.

They didn't show any of their hesitation right away, though, managing to quickly get their clothes off. Once they were both standing there in their underwear, faced with those wide eyes, smiles, and giggles, it really hit. Charlie and Terence could both feel those trembling waves of embarrassment.

Miss Bridle tried to make eye contact with the boys, but her gaze wandered around the pecs, abs, and arms. "First I want Charlie to take off his underwear, but Terence can leave his on. I want you girls to look and enjoy, but keep quiet. No commentary or even giggling if you can help it. After that, Terence will let us see his penis. When Terence does it, I want all of you to enjoy very vocally. I'm going to time both of the erections to see if there is a real difference."

Terence hung his head. This was going to be awful. He was already dreading the sounds and girl noises. How could Miss Bridle think that encouraging the girls to make fun of him was for his own good? Terence was still covered though. Charlie had to go first and at Miss Bridle's urging, he dropped his underwear and stood up tall and bare. Apart from the running stopwatch, there wasn't any other sound. The girls were curious to see what would happen. All eyes were on his body, especially his exposed rod. Fully nude for the girls as though an exhibit in a museum. They didn't talk to him, but he could still feel the girls watch and wait for him to rise to the occasion. He became completely conscious of his cock and nothing else. "Please don't close your eyes," Miss Bridle told him. So he had to wait for his own reaction. The terrible thing wasn't just that he was naked. It wasn't just that he would get a hard-on for them, nor even that they would wait until he got there, but rather that they all knew that he would get a full erection. It was inevitable. The embarrassment always took over throwing his biology into such confusion that it had to show off. The moment Charlie felt the thickening of his piece, he groaned a little. He could see the girls' anticipation heighten. He didn't even bother to fight the urge. He shuddered a little and blushed immensely as he felt his virility succeed and his modesty fail. That rising tide of manhood was all the girls cared about, and it was all that Charlie could feel. With aching precision of pace, his penis lifted to its height. Miss Bridle

clicked the stopwatch. “Very good, Charlie! You should be proud of yourself!”

His blush went deeper. “Can I put my underwear back on now?”

It hadn't occurred to Miss Bridle that it might be best to keep him out of sight while the girls concentrated on the next boy. What she hadn't realized was that Terence had been right there, not naked, but close to it the entire time. The girls occasionally glanced over at him, ready for the encore. Terence had been all too aware of his impending humiliation. Miss Bridle said, “Terence! You've ruined the experiment. I can't time you now.”

The girls burst out laughing when they saw that Terence had grown quite a bit waiting for his turn. He rubbed his eyes with one hand like he was just annoyed. Then he realized that all the girls were staring at him, waiting for the unveiling.

Miss Bridle thought about what she could do, but it was too late. “Well, we might as well get on with the interview anyway. Terence, please get naked now.”

The girls were all happy. “Oh, please do!” “Mm-mm!” “Let's see it!”

Terence groaned as he dropped his underwear. He stood up with his pecker pointing right out at the girls, halfway up. It didn't take long for that embarrassment to finish the show. As the girls sighed, chuckled, and pointed, his dick completed its journey.

The girls were completely fascinated with the bodies. They had two gorgeous, bare naked, brawny weight lifting boys, and they were both hard as steel. Shelly went through her interview carefully while the girls whispered back and forth discussing the exposure. Daphne was just beside herself. She had been lucky enough to see hottie Dean naked that one time. Now she had two more of the school's sexy athletes bare for her to gawk at. She was allowed to just stare and stare and stare too! She didn't have to avert her eyes at all or pretend she wasn't interested.

The boys stumbled over their answers to Shelly's questions. They blushed and fumed while they stood there with their fabulous erections. The best part was about to come. As soon as Shelly finished her interview, Miss Bridle asked Shelly, “Now, I know the boys are dying to get covered, but I think it's best not to encourage them. They need to learn to accept this, and the girls need to be comfortable and supported at the school.”

Shelly loved the way Miss Bridle believed that. Shelly said, “Besides that, I hope to get some more for my interview. I don't have any more questions, but at the last special interview with the weightlifters, we measured Billy and Corbin. Their arms, their chests, and so on. You know, to see the results of their workouts.”

Miss Bridle nodded. “That's a good idea.”

“I even brought a measuring tape,” Shelly said.

Terence said, “Miss Bridle, come on!”

Miss Bridle said, “Be a good sport, Terence.”

He said, “Can't we at least put our underwear back on while she does that? I mean, she doesn't need us naked for that.”

Miss Bridle shook her head. “But you're not just naked for that. You're naked like you would be in the locker room. It's important to respect the girls by acting natural.”

"While Shelly puts a measuring tape around us?" He said.

Shelly had it ready. She didn't want to argue any more, and was dying to see how Terence's body compared. Terence complained some more, but he just sighed in defeat when Shelly put the measuring tape to his impressive chest. She ran it around him and wrote down the number before she let her greedy hand run across that chest. Terence colored up again, not just because Shelly touched him, but also because Brenda and Daphne giggled about it. Shelly measured around each of his arms, squeezing each bicep afterward. She measured his waist. Then finally, with a mischievous half smile, she got ready to measure his stiffy. Terence tried to say something, anything to Miss Bridle, but he saw that both she and Coach Harrison didn't seem to mind the liberty Shelly took. He had to stand there completely ashamed while Shelly carefully got the exact length of his cock from base to tip. The moment she was done, she took a gentle feel and squeeze of his rod. She heard Daphne gasp. Brenda was glowing.

Shelly didn't mind sharing the fun. She told the other girls, "Do you want to measure Charlie?"

Charlie said, "NO!"

No one listened to him. Shelly handed the measuring tape over to Brenda. Brenda measured his chest carefully and called out the number to Shelly. Shelly said, "Nancy, you'd better double check that."

Nancy took her time getting the exact measure. Then she fondled his pecs while she said that Brenda indeed got it right.

Daphne and Brenda each got to measure an arm while they swooned. Nancy got the measuring tape. She wasn't waiting for the best bit. She knelt down, and poor, humiliated Charlie looked up at the ceiling in an attempt to try to ignore his predicament. He stood at attention while Nancy got the exact length of his dick and then ran her hand up and down that prize. Shelly encouraged them saying, "I think you'd better both double check that."

Daphne looked over at Miss Bridle wide eyed as if she couldn't believe it. Brenda didn't hesitate at all. She measured his cock, but got a slightly shorter measurement than Nancy did. Then, of course, Brenda took her chance to get a grab of weightlifter cock. Daphne was next. She almost looked as if she couldn't bring herself to do it. She got into a high pitched giggling fit when she was close to Charlie's goodies. She managed though. She decided that Nancy had the right measurement. While Shelly wrote that down, Daphne forced herself to take a real good, long fondle of Charlie's fabulous cock and balls.

"Well that will do it for me," Shelly said. "But, of course we want to do the last thing."

Miss Bridle smiled. She couldn't help letting her entertainment show. "Boys, please turn around so the girls can give you their autographs."

The boys already knew how it would end. They groaned as they presented their butts for the girls' names. Shelly already had a permanent marker. Brenda, Daphne, and even Nancy started to giggle furiously when they saw Shelly put her name on Charlie's right cheek. Then Shelly gave his other cheek a quick squeeze. Then she had a real fast grab of his dick too.

The girls went one by one, Nancy, Brenda, and Daphne, each put her name on a boy's butt, and copped a feel. The blushing weightlifters turned back around and Terence reached for his

clothes, but Miss Bridle said, "Not so fast! Coach Harrison and I need to add our names."

"Oh man!" "But the girls already took up both sides."

Miss Bridle took the marker. Terence was about to turn back around, but Miss Bridle stopped him. "Thank you, but I'll sign you right here." She took her fondle of the young man's raging hard-on before she carefully signed her name up that staff.

Terence's expression was hilarious, but not as much as Charlie's was. Coach Harrison was about to sign him. The swim coach looked slightly uncertain, but Miss Bridle assured her that this was the best thing for the boys. She took the marker and moved right in front of sexy, hard body Charlie. She tentatively ran her fingertips up his cock. It was so inviting that she had to take a little squeeze before she put her name on the poor boy. The moment she was done, Charlie demanded, "Can we get dressed now?"

"You've been very polite," Miss Bridle said. "Don't ruin it now. Apologize to the girls. Then you can go."

He muttered, "Sorry."

"You can do better than that."

He breathed in hard, his autographed cock the focus of every girls' stare. "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. Please can I get dressed now?"

"Oh, all right. We'll see you boys at the meet. I know I'll be rooting for you."

Chapter 61

A First Timer

It was baseball day again! Shelly had Mindy and Miss Devasquez with her. Shelly looked forward to this. They had talked about it prior to interview time. Shelly was determined to uncover the last few baseball bats that they hadn't seen yet. There were two holdouts. She didn't want them at the same time because it was such a treat. She decided to let Miss Devasquez have her pick. After all, Shelly was heavily indebted to that horny teacher. Without her manipulating crazy Miss Hartick, the reporting program would never have made it this far. "Which one do you want, Miss Devasquez, Erik or James?"

The boy-crazy teacher smiled. She loved embarrassing the studly boys. "Which one, which one? I think Erik."

"All right. I had interview questions ready for each of them. I want to have just Erik alone, so that when he strips down for the first time that he's really under the spotlight."

Miss Devasquez grinned. "You're so wicked, Shelly. Should we bring some guests along to make it harder for him?"

"You mean to make him harder, right?"

Miss Devasquez said, "I had Cindy and Janet in mind. I let Cindy feel Kent's boner once after class in my room. She also got a good look at a couple of the weightlifters that had to stand there naked while she took a test. Janet was there too. She came in with Sally when those same boys were on display during detention."

"I remember that," Shelly said. "Okay. I want to bring along Aurora. She's been pretty friendly to me ever since I got her ex-boyfriend naked for her."

"Good enough. Is that all?"

"I think that's enough," Shelly said.

They were on their way to the locker room with three extra girls in tow for the first time stripping of a serious stud. Walking into the boys' locker room was the same thrill as always. There were groans and muttered complaints. For Shelly the thrill just never wore off. She loved to force the boys to do what she wanted. Of course, all she wanted was for them to get naked while she watched, to get hard because they were embarrassed, and to let her feel their bare

cocks while they blushed. When the reporting program started, she wondered if she would ever get too used to it. Now she knew that she never would. She had stripped and humiliated the boys again and again. They never got used to it and they were always embarrassed, every time. She was always thrilled, both by the hot naked bodies and the adorable embarrassment.

Shelly happily led the way. She was on the hunt for a particular boy, but Cindy, Janet, and Aurora stared this way and that down each row of lockers they passed. Each one had a different treat, boys getting undressed. Some were just in their underwear and a few were nude! Those boys managed to turn away so that the girls only got real quick glimpses of some cock, but they did get to see plenty of exposed skin and some great, athletic asses.

Then Shelly took them down a particular row of lockers where two boys were getting undressed, while a third was still in full uniform. It was that boy, the one who was still clothed, who even still had his baseball cap on, that Shelly wanted to see. Her pulse had risen already when she saw those smoldering dark eyes. "Here he is. Erik."

His head twitched when he heard his name. "Me?"

"You," Shelly said. To her guests, she said, "This is the very first time that Erik has been interviewed. I've not even seen him naked, but today we'll see everything he has!"

Erik took a step back, "Wait, wait..."

Miss Devasquez said, "Calm down, Erik. This is all perfectly natural. Speaking of which, Brian and Tommy? It looks as if you're in no hurry to get those clothes off. Don't you need to shower?"

Brian said, "Well, uh, yes, Miss Devasquez."

Miss Devasquez smiled at the way those two boys had to stare at the floor to avoid looking at the girls that were sneaking peeks at them. She noticed that Erik appeared as if he was frozen in place. "Since it's Erik's first time doing this, I think we might need to help him out. Shelly, if you want to start the interview, I think I'll get his shirt off."

Erik moved backward another step, and that made him bump into the lockers. Shelly got her notebook ready. She managed to keep from smiling at Erik's bewildered expression. He couldn't believe that Miss Devasquez had unbuttoned his shirt for him. Shelly asked, "Coach Grady told me that there will be changes to the batting lineup. Could you comment on that?"

"Can I what?" he said. "Miss Devasquez!" She slipped his shirt off his shoulders.

Miss Devasquez did stop a moment. Naked Brian shuffled by. "Hold on, young man. Be a gentleman. Don't just slip on past like you're trying to escape. Turn to the girls and really let them get a look at you."

Brian colored red and turned to his audience. Shelly's voracious gaze just ate up his nudity. Mindy made her funny little noises while she looked him over. The other girls looked, but didn't stare. Although they were all smiles, they were a little nervous. Miss Devasquez had seen girls do that plenty of times. "Now don't be shy, girls. Brian is certainly shy, but you don't have to be. I don't want you to get only a glimpse of this sexy young man. I want you to look. Go ahead and stare." The girls did as they were told. Shelly and Miss Devasquez got considerable satisfaction from Brian's heightened embarrassment. Miss Devasquez had to give just a little more direction though. "That's sweet of you girls to try to make eye contact with Brian that

way, but we all know that you want to see his dick. Go ahead and stare. He doesn't mind. Do you, Brian? Be honest."

He wasn't sure she meant that, but he was honest. "I just want to go shower now. Can I go? I thought you were here to see Erik."

Erik said, "Hey shut up, Brian!"

Miss Devasquez shrugged. "I guess Brian does mind, but that doesn't matter. You girls have the right to be down here in the boys' locker room. You shouldn't have to avert your eyes at all. The boys should accept that, and show respect to your femininity. So go ahead and keep looking."

Once the girls got enough of an eyeful for them to have a memory so perfect they could have described naked Brian to a sketch artist, Miss Devasquez finally let him go. With a playful swat to his bum, she said, "Go on, get clean then, Brian." She turned back to Erik. "Oh that's right. He's having trouble getting his clothes off. Aurora, help him out of his shirt."

Aurora was more than happy to slip that off him while Shelly continued her interview. Miss Devasquez let Janet take over the undressing. She was undoing Erik's pants while he stuttered. But it was time for a second helping of collateral nudity before she could get those pants down. Tommy had to walk past without a stitch on. He hoped that Brian's show was a one-time treat, but of course it wasn't. Miss Devasquez made Tommy do the same thing. He had to turn to the girls with his dick showing. He grimaced and groaned while Miss Devasquez casually taunted him. "Now be sure to get a good look at his naked body, girls. You're supposed to enjoy it, even if he doesn't. Trying to pretend that you don't want to see everything he's got would just be an insult to him. Right, Tommy?"

He said, "I don't care! They can just ignore me if they want. Can I go now?" He nearly trembled at the embarrassment of having to stand there buck naked for the girls. He'd been naked for more than a dozen different girls already. How many more would get to see him put on an embarrassment display? Again, he was openly ogled for a bit before Miss Devasquez sent him off with a pinch to his rear. He hated being pinched like that.

The girls were thrilled. They got a great penis show from two of the school's popular athletes already and they would have a third. Brian and Tommy both blushed so well that the girls didn't know how much more embarrassed Erik could be. His heavy, panicked breathing let them know how horrible the anticipation was for him though.

Shelly went right back into her interview as if everything was normal. Janet finished getting Erik out of his pants. Once that was done, and he was in just his cap and jockstrap, Miss Devasquez made him turn around for the girls. Shelly didn't stop the interview at all. He had to keep answering as well as he could while he heard the girls titter at the sight of his butt. He heard Miss Devasquez say, "His ass might be as fine as Greg's! Look at that!" She didn't just look either. She squeezed one cheek, and then the other before he had him face front again.

Shelly said, "Well, that's all my questions."

Erik suddenly smiled. "So, that's it? I can go?"

Miss Devasquez was about to burst out laughing at his enthusiasm, but she controlled it. She managed to sound stern when she corrected him. "Of course not, Erik. The girls haven't

seen you naked yet.”

“But, but! But the interview’s over. I mean, do I have to...”

“Yes, you have to.”

He looked over at the eager eyes and could hardly get the words out, “In front of the girls?”

Miss Devasquez finally smiled. “Yes, in front of the girls; that’s the point. I know you haven’t been interviewed yet, but you know the rules. You boys are required to strip fully nude every time you are interviewed or even just chosen for no reason. You have to prove that you accept Shelly’s role as our sports reporter, and you do that by stripping all of your clothes off for her and any girls she brings with her. After all, you wouldn’t hesitate to undress if they weren’t here, would you?”

“But they are here,” he complained.

“Oh all right,” Miss Devasquez said. She saw his little smile break into a quivering frown when she said, “You don’t have to take your underwear off. Cindy can do it for you.”

Cindy didn’t waste any time. After having Brian and Tommy both stop and stand still for her perusal, she wasn’t shy any more. She was down at his waist, pulling his underwear down while he struggled to stand still. His little embarrassment dance made it harder to get his jock off, but Cindy didn’t mind. She was right there, eye level at his cock.

She moved aside, and embarrassed Erik threw his hands over his manhood. He turned around, and took his cap off so that he could use it as a modesty shield when he turned back. Miss Devasquez thought he looked adorable, standing there with his cap over his cock, his eyes pleading for mercy. She couldn’t let him have his way though, and she wouldn’t have even if she could. “Erik, put that cap back on your head this instant. The girls are dying to see what you’ve got, and you will let them.”

Erik felt a wave of heat under the unwanted scrutiny. Shelly had her arrogant half smile and her eyebrows were raised as if she was asking him what was taking so long. Mindy made her muffled little squeaks and squeals. Cindy, Janet, and Aurora were all pent up and wide eyed. Miss Devasquez had a stony stare that reminded Erik of Miss Hartick. He shut his eyes, swallowed his pride, and surrendered his dignity. He moved his cap aside and let them stare at his bare cock. Erik was in a daze; he couldn’t believe he was naked for these girls. The giggling, sighing, and leering were torture. Miss Devasquez said, “I told you to put your cap back on your head. We like to see you baseball boys naked except for the hat.” Once he did as he was told, Miss Devasquez’s hard eyes turned soft and sweet again. She grinned. “That’s better. Doesn’t he look adorable, girls? Just all naked and hot in his baseball cap.”

“Oh, he’s gorgeous!” “Look at that face!” “Hee hee hee! Look at that dick! Look at it!”

Erik felt surge after surge of raging embarrassment as the girls took in the sight. Then he felt it and knew what would happen. The other guys had talked about it, but somehow he thought it would be different for him. All of that indignity moved through his body in waves, all of it centering on his exposed cock. He shuddered at the sensation. All the attention had an effect. He didn’t understand it. He wasn’t turned on, wasn’t enjoying this at all, instead he was mortified. But the swarming embarrassment gave him a lift. He heard three girls inhale deeply and hold their breath as he started to rise. He wanted to say something, to ask Miss Devasquez

to let him walk away, but he couldn't. He couldn't make himself move or talk. All he could do was stare in horror at the girls, as they stared at his jewels. The rise started gradually, then suddenly went into overdrive. Up, up, up, he hardened up so much that his stiffy was all that he could feel. It was a world unto itself, and he was just a satellite of emotion orbiting around it. Talk about the tail wagging the dog!

The girls shined brilliantly, overjoyed at the manly display of rugged humiliation. Aurora mooned, "Is that a big one, Shelly?"

"I think it's great!" Janet said dreamily.

Shelly answered. "Of course it's great. All the Jaybird Baseball boys have great cocks. Size wise it's about mid-range for the baseballers. So that's a little above average by weightlifter standards."

"I've seen a couple of the weightlifters naked. They've got nice penises," Cindy said.

Shelly agreed. "Oh yeah, the Baseball boys are a little bigger though."

Miss Devasquez managed to tear her eyes away from the high rise for moment when she realized that something was missing. She turned sharply and strode out where the other boys were. In a voice that a drill sergeant would envy, she demanded, "Which of you boys belong to these lockers?" She turned and asked Erik, "Who has a locker near yours?"

Erik "I, I don't know who already showered and who didn't. I don't know who's still here."

She knew that she could get him to answer, but it didn't matter. She saw that a couple of boys were in there, towels around their waists, just loitering instead of getting on with it. Every boy that saw her was stunned at how Hartick-like she turned. "Reggie and Greg. Are you waiting to get dressed?"

Greg knew he was caught, but he was quick to think of something. "We just didn't want to be in the way of the interview."

"So you weren't just trying to avoid being seen naked by the girls?"

"Well, we, we just thought that, you know..."

Miss Devasquez told the boys, "Get to your lockers. You shouldn't be timid like that. And to teach you that, I want both of you in my room for a special detention tomorrow after school."

"Oh man!" "Can we just apologize and skip the detention?"

"Move it, boys!" she said. Greg and Reggie trudged over to where the girls were waiting. Miss Devasquez was right behind them. Right when they got in view, she snapped Reggie's towel off him.

"Awp!" His hands covered his goods as he turned one way and another.

Miss Devasquez didn't sound crazy any more but she did sound annoyed. "What are you doing, Reggie? I was almost going to rescind the detention, but then you had to disrespect the girls like that. You know better. Show the girls that penis. I don't want you or Greg getting dressed until I tell you."

Another one! The girls were thrilled that yet another stud was bare naked for them! Hot

Reggie looked strangely demure for such a swaggering jerk. Miss Devasquez told Greg, “What are you waiting for? Get that towel off. I shouldn’t even have to say it.”

Greg looked more angry than embarrassed as he slipped his towel off, baring his body for the girls. He was unwillingly naked for no reason, but he almost looked dignified in spite of his predicament. Miss Devasquez had to tell him, “Don’t stand there with your arms crossed like that. We’re not asking you for very much are we? Is it such a chore to let the girls see you naked? Anyway, I know that I usually don’t let the girls touch a boy’s penis until he’s completely hard like Erik is, but I think this time since you boys were so reluctant that I’ll let them go ahead and have their fun right away. Once they’re done, you ungrateful boys can get dressed.”

Reggie stared up at the ceiling in frustration. Greg hung his head. His defiance finally turned to shame. It wasn’t quite over for them. Miss Devasquez said, “There’s six of us and three of you boys, so we’ll split up. Two girls will feel you up, then we’ll be done. So, who wants which boy?”

She was asking Cindy, Janet, and Aurora. Cindy started giggling again, “Oh my gosh, Reggie’s starting to get hard waiting for it! I want him!”

Soft spoken Aurora made her pick fast, “I want Erik. I want to touch that boner.”

Janet said, “I guess I’ll take Greg then.”

Miss Devasquez moved to Greg’s side. Shelly was beside Erik, so Mindy sidled on up to Reggie. She ran her hand along his chest, “Mm, keep moving on up, Reggie.” Reggie rose slowly. Cindy held her breath when she grabbed his cock. Then she mooned, “Oh, I like the way it feels while he’s getting harder.” Reggie’s eyes closed hard. His bare cock was in the hand of a girl who was thrilled that he was lifting up.

Shelly was gracious to her guest. “Aurora, no one’s touched Erik at all. You want to be the first to feel that dick?”

Aurora had a huge smile. She reached, but was a little timid. She pulled away, then reached again, then pulled away. “You’ll let me go first?” When Shelly nodded, that was all Aurora needed. She shuddered when she felt Erik’s fabulous stiffy. “Ooo OoOoooH! How hot!”

Greg was still soft while Janet greedily played with his penis, felt him all over, and bounced it around. After enough of that to make it real fun, he started his inevitable lift. Janet squealed. “Eeee! He’s getting hard too! I was afraid he wouldn’t! Oh HOT!”

The three girls enjoyed the cocks for a few more minutes, and by then all three of the boys stood up straight and hard. All three girls let go at once. For a moment, the boys let out an exhale of relief. Then the second round began. Shelly, Mindy, and Miss Devasquez got to fondle some stiffy for a little bit, while the blushing boys had to stand there and take it. It wasn’t just hands on their cocks and balls either. Other hands roamed round their athletic bodies.

At last, Miss Devasquez said, “I think that’s enough. Now remember, Greg and Reggie, I want you in my room after school tomorrow.”

“Great.” “This sucks.”

“What was that, Reggie? I was about to let you off the hook, but if that’s how you’re going to be, then you need to learn how to respect the girls. Mindy and Shelly will both be there,

too.”

Shelly said, “Actually I have to interview the swimming team tomorrow, but have a bunch of fun for me.”

Once they were out of the locker room, Mindy told Miss Devasquez, “That was a real impressive Hartick impression you did there. You almost sounded just like her. If I didn’t know better, I’d have thought you were mad at the boys for hiding from us.”

“Thanks,” Miss Devasquez said. She was a little worried. She had been angry, and she knew better. She was happy to take advantage of the boys, but she didn’t believe that the boys should have to do any of that. “I’ll see you tomorrow. Bring a camera.”

Chapter 62

Swim Practice

It was the second swim practice. This time instead of waiting in the locker room to ambush the boys, Miss Hartick had insisted that Shelly go with her to the pool. They brought Miss Fox with them as well. Coach Harrison was happy to have Shelly there. When the team was all at the pool in their swimsuits, the Coach told the boys, “I know that you’re all aware of the special reporting program.” She paused a moment, and that let Shelly enjoy the boys’ expressions. Coach Harrison told them, “Here at Prellis High, we are breaking down boundaries. We’re making it possible for girls to be taken seriously as sports reporters and now I’m the first female coach of the boys’ swim team. I really want to be a part of this, so our team will go the extra mile supporting Miss Hartick’s reporting program. You already know that Shelly is permitted in your locker room for interviews. You also know to provide a comfortable, supportive environment for her to work in by removing your clothes during the interview. Now, I want us to really encourage her to take part in our sport. We want her to engage with us here at the pool as much as she does in the locker room. Unfortunately there is incentive for her wait for interviews until she is in the locker room. So we’re going to make sure she has reason to attend our swim practices. We’re going to expand the locker room rules to the pool area.”

There were gasps and grumbles from the boys. Someone asked, “What does that mean?”

Coach Harrison told them, “At first, I thought that I might just have you boys practice the way it used to be done. I considered just having you practice in the nude, no swimsuits at all. Miss Devasquez and Miss Fox thought that was a bad idea. I’m not sure why, but I trust their judgment.”

Shelly knew why. The thought of all these sexy studs having to swim buck naked while she watched sounded like fun, but she didn’t want it that way all the time. She loved to see the boys bare, but she also loved being able to make the boys do what she wanted. She loved being able to pick whatever boy caught her fancy, and she loved to watch their supreme embarrassment when she compelled them to drop their clothes. She couldn’t have all that if the boys were always naked. Miss Fox and Miss Devasquez were right, even if they couldn’t tell Coach Harrison why.

Coach Harrison explained it to the boys. “Shelly wants to interview you as a team, not just as individual athletes in the locker room. So while you’re here at practice, she can ask any boy to answer a few questions. When she does that, you will extend the same courtesy that you would in the locker room. Before she asks her question, you will slip your swimsuit down so

that she can see your penis. Now, I want to make it clear that you are not to cover back up until she tells you that you can. If she decides that the sight is not enough for her, she will also be allowed to touch your body anywhere she wants, including your penis. Understand?”

The boys’ all had wide eyes. After that first day in the locker room, they knew what they were in for. The boys on the baseball team and the weightlifting team had told them about it. Were they really going to have to just give up their dicks to Shelly any time here at the pool?

Coach Harrison went on, “Now, if Shelly would prefer, she might ask you to simply remove your swimsuit all together instead of just pulling it down. If she’d prefer that you just continue naked, then you will be expected to go through the rest of the practice in the nude.”

Shelly tried to figure out Coach Harrison. Did the woman think this was all the right thing to do like Miss Hartick and Miss Bridle did? Or was she like Miss Devasquez and Miss Fox, just taking advantage of the rules to get the boys naked? It was hard to tell. The “stay naked if Shelly wants it” rule sounded as if she was like Miss Devasquez. She sounded so completely sincere though. If she was acting, then she did it real well.

“One more thing,” Coach Harrison said. “I don’t think it’s fair to Shelly to force her to spread her work out or to come up with bad questions. I want her to focus on her real purpose for being here. We don’t want your bodies to be some kind of reward to her. That’s not fair to her or you. So Miss Hartick and I decided that Shelly can request exposure or nudity of any boy on the team whether she has a question for him or not. Shelly, Shelly, are you listening?”

Shelly had to get ahold of herself. The coach just handed her the keys to the kingdom. The sexy swim team was a candy store of dick! She could just make them give up their modesty on command right here at the pool. She couldn’t take her eyes off the awesome bodies that she would enjoy. The boys’ bodies belonged to her while they are at practice. Especially their dicks! She had to keep the glee out of her voice, “Yes, Coach?”

“I know how responsible you are, but I still have to make sure you understand. I don’t want you to interfere with the boys’ practice. You can fill your role as reporter as much as you need or want. You can talk to my swimmers, one or a few at a time. I want you to make sure that they can still get what they need out of a practice. Right?”

“Of course,” Shelly said. She decided to be honest for a moment. “If I really want more time with any one boy, I can get that in the locker room.”

“Exactly,” Coach Harrison said.

Miss Hartick stepped forward. It had appeared that a couple of the boys might be ready to complain or question the new rules. All it took from Medusa Hartick was a hard look and that impossible voice. “Before we move on, I want two of you boys to demonstrate the new rules. Shelly? Would you pick two boys to show their johnsons?”

Shelly shivered in delight. This was too much. “Um, how about Calvin?” She saw Calvin point to himself as if he wasn’t sure. A word from Miss Hartick had him step forward. Shelly knew she wanted to give Miss Hartick a little treat. The vice principal had already given in to a little temptation once when she patted Adam on the ass. “Adam, I already saw what you’ve got, but would you show it to me again?”

The two boys were front and center, looking disgusted. Miss Hartick cleared her throat, and

the boys got on with it. Slowly, they lowered their suits. The suspense was wonderful torment as Shelly waited for the reveal. Then she had them. Two hot swimmers stood there, dicks out for her amusement. She grinned wide. So did Miss Fox, of course. Miss Hartick didn't often smile, but she sure did stare. Shelly looked at Coach Harrison. She was also eyeing the boys' cocks, but she neither leered nor grinned.

Calvin and Adam both had funny little frowns on their faces. Their embarrassment was huge, but it didn't last long. Shelly wanted to enjoy this by having the boys always wonder how long they would be put on display. "You can cover back up now. Thank you, boys."

The swimsuits that peeled down slow went back up fast. Shelly couldn't help a chuckle at the boys' speedy recovery of their modesty. Two of them already, and she could take whichever one she wanted!

Miss Hartick told the boys, "Here at your practice, Shelly will always have a chaperone. That's for her benefit of course. I know that you boys wouldn't be too quick to follow the rules if she was on her own. Coach Harrison will also be here, of course, but she needs to focus on the actual practice. So if it's me or anyone else on the staff, I expect cooperation. Miss Fox here is also one of Shelly's chaperones. Miss Bridle will be here sometimes. She was too busy today. Miss Devasquez and her teacher's aide, Mindy, are also on the chaperone list. They're busy with a detention for the boys that caused problems during the last interview. I'm sure you'd all rather play along here than be put through one of our special detentions."

The boys heard that loud and clear. They were busy right away though. Coach Harrison had them lining up to take turns swimming laps. (A quick writer's note here. I don't know anything at all about competitive swimming. Or swimming at all. I sink like a stone. So if it doesn't sound like a real swimming practice or swimming team, I'm sorry about that.) Shelly stood back and admired the boys. It took her a little while to come to a decision. So many boys, so little time. Then again, she had plenty of time. She would be able to crash any swimming practice to strip the boys down. Sooner or later, she would see all of them exposed. In fact, she would see them all again and again! "I love Prellis High," she said. "Scott, could you step over here?"

For a moment, Scott thought he would pretend that he didn't hear. He could hear the tapping of Miss Hartick's foot though, so he dragged his feet over to Shelly. Shelly acted completely professional. She had her notebook ready, but there was a long pause before she reminded him, "Scott, you're supposed to show me your dick before I ask you a question."

Scott flushed red right away. He asked Miss Hartick, "Can she say that?"

"She doesn't mean anything derogatory," Miss Hartick said. "We try to keep things casual is all."

"Right." His head dropped a little. "So do I just, uh..."

"Go ahead," Miss Fox said with her sultry voice. "We're all waiting for it."

Scott's hands fumbled at his waist a few moments. "I, ah, do I have to, um, okay." He slipped his suit down quick, as if peeling off a band-aid. Right away he clapped his hands over his goods though.

Miss Hartick said, "Scott, you can't do that. It's entirely disrespectful."

“I, I can’t just, I can’t...”

Miss Fox stepped to him. She gently pulled his hands away. “There. That’s not so bad is it?”

Scott couldn’t help an involuntary wiggle that moved his penis with it. “Oh man.”

Shelly asked him a few questions about making the swim team, and what his expectations were. While he struggled to answer, his biology took over. The other boys had been embarrassed, but Scott was truly panicked. His cock revealed his anxiety when it started to lift off. He almost covered up again, but Miss Fox grabbed his wrist to stop him. When Shelly was done, he was pointing right straight ahead. “Am I done now?”

Shelly looked him in the eye, then she looked down at his gradual rise. “We can wait just a few seconds, I think.”

He looked to Miss Hartick desperately. Would she make him stand there because Shelly wanted to see his cock all the way hard? Scott’s heart sank when he saw that Miss Hartick was every bit as interested as Shelly was. He couldn’t control his breathing, stand still, nor stop his boner! It got all the way up, and stood tall and proud for the women. They loved it, but Scott hated every moment. Shelly was satisfied with the profound hard-on. “Thanks for your time,” she said shaking his hand. Scott had actually forgotten that Shelly was allowed to do more, so he was stunned when she reached down to give him a second handshake. His eyes bugged out of his head when he felt her hand lovingly wrap around his stiffy. “Oh man, oh man, oh man!”

Shelly let him cover up finally. His erection couldn’t be put away all the way. The swimsuit rode low on the hips, so he was peeking out at them when he turned away. Shelly sighed, “That was fun.”

She wanted more right away. She chose a couple of boys who were waiting near the end of the line. “Pierce, Victor, could you come over here?”

The boys looked over at their coach. She just gave them a little wave as if to say they had better get a move on. They glanced back at Shelly. She wore the sweetest expression, so they thought maybe it wouldn’t be as bad as they imagined. They hadn’t really paid attention to the other boys’ trouble. With wide-eyed innocence, Shelly made eye contact as if she was waiting for something. When the boys didn’t react right away, she looked down at their swimsuits. The boys sighed. Pierce asked, “Why do we have to do this?”

Miss Hartick said, “Weren’t you listening the other day in the locker room?”

“Yeah, but I don’t get it. How is showing Shelly our-”

Miss Hartick cut him off with that icy tone. “It is because you boys will resist and resent Shelly’s role as reporter if we don’t force you to accept it. The nudity is related to the locker room where the reporting program started, but you boys aren’t the first to expose yourselves other places. In the locker room, you’re expected to act completely natural as though there is no problem with Shelly’s presence. So, we’re going to ask you to do the same here. Now get those down and show her your penises.”

“But-”

“Right now, Pierce!”

Victor wasn't waiting. He slipped his suit down to give up his goods. Miss Hartick had him too intimidated. The moment he noticed Shelly eying his cock though, he went from timid to completely embarrassed.

Pierce took a moment. It wasn't that he wasn't going to do it. He couldn't resist Miss Hartick any more than anyone else could. He just felt too much anxiety about showing his dick to all three of them like that. He hesitated a moment too long. Miss Hartick told him, "Detention, tomorrow, my office. If you aren't there, ready to behave better than this, then you will be cut from the team."

Pierce strutted as he dropped his suit. "I – I wasn't t-trying to get out of it. I-I j-just don't get it. How does this help her interview?"

Victor and Pierce looked at Shelly and saw that her face had changed. A moment ago she looked so harmless. Now that they were bared for her, she had that cocky, half smile that all the other boys hated so much. You could see the power trip in her eyes. She enjoyed this. "You two do look great."

Miss Hartick wished Shelly could just enjoy silently. She knew that would be unfair to the girl though, so she ignored that. She told the boys, "It doesn't help her interviews. In fact, I'm surprised that it doesn't distract her more."

"I'll say!" Miss Fox said. "Look at those boys! They're so hot!" Both the boys instinctively covered up.

Miss Hartick shook her head. Why did she have to be the only mature one? "Boys, stop that. To answer your question, I said move those hands! There, now that we can see your penis again, Pierce, I'll explain. Your nudity doesn't help her interviews. It helps her position as a reporter though. You see? By making you acknowledge her place as reporter and by making you demonstrate your willingness to take her seriously, it lets her do her job. You see now?"

Neither Pierce nor Victor understood that at all. They weren't certain it made sense, but it was clear that nothing they could say would help them. Pierce couldn't be concerned with it any more anyway. All he could be concerned about was his impending erection. He was stone faced serious. "Can we start then?"

Shelly noticed that Pierce's sexy cock had grown just a little. She knew that she might have to stall. She went through her initial questions, getting to know the team. She did it slowly and with pauses between as if she wasn't certain what to ask.

He didn't let it show, but Pierce was furious. He knew that he was jousting with Shelly. She tried to delay, so that she could watch him get hard. As though she had to! He tried to force his penis to behave and ignore the attention, but he couldn't though. As much as he wanted to avoid any advance, he could feel the heat of the lusty stares from all three of the women. He showed some real willpower though. Size increased, but he didn't lift.

Then Shelly looked over at Victor. "There, we go. I love it when that happens."

Pierce held out, but Victor succumbed suddenly. His penis started an unexpected, rapid rise. Shelly asked him, "Is that because you're a little embarrassed?"

Victor just said, "Uh, I, oh, uh." He got there fast, full arousal. He blushed anew, once he saw the smiles on Shelly and Miss Fox. They loved his upstanding cock. His cock didn't love the

stares though. Victor could almost feel his penis's embarrassment as if it was another person. His rod announced the supreme embarrassment of his involuntary exposure. It was practically a radio antenna that gave off waves of indignation.

Miss Fox told him, "It's okay to be embarrassed. It can't be easy to just let us see you like that. All the boys do it. We've gotten used to it."

Pierce made a groan that brought all eyes to him. He couldn't hold out any longer. He lifted very, very slowly, but there was no avoiding it. All he wanted was to be invisible, but his rising piece drew every woman's eye. He even noticed Coach Harrison move to get a better look.

Miss Fox asked, "Which one is bigger?"

"I can't tell," Shelly answered. "I like them both, that's for certain."

Pierce blushed furiously. He almost covered up again, but he was already in enough trouble, and didn't want to risk his place on the team. That would be social suicide at Prellis High. He couldn't keep his anger hidden though. "Are we done? Can we get back in line now?"

"Almost," Shelly said. She sidled over to Victor. The horror in his eyes was delicious. She gently felt her way up and down his glorious boner, then she gave him a couple playful little squeezes. She loved the look on Pierce's face as she stepped over to him. That was all it took to finish his erection. He was high and hard for her. She looked closer. "I think Pierce is just a little bigger now that he's all the way hard." She liberally fondled him before she let him get dressed. Watching the boys walk away with their penises sticking out of their swimsuits was hilarious.

Coach Harrison said, "I want you two boys to go right now. I'm curious to see if your erections affect your performance at all."

It was a double face palm from the embarrassed boys, then they got in the water and shot along like a pair of torpedoes. "It doesn't seem to slow them down at all," Shelly said.

This was great. Shelly was treated to the sight of the boys' inspiring swimming performance, as well as to the sight of their bodies. For a little while, she just watched them swim. Even without noticing the boys' physiques, it was impressive. Then, after a while she noticed Brandon. He swam, and got out of the pool. Then he swam again and got out of the pool. Shelly loved all the boys, but at that moment he was the only one that had her eye. He was tall with gorgeous eyes. Just perfect. And that body! She actually felt a bit timid. "B – Brandon?"

He didn't even look over. "Yeah?"

When he didn't move right away, she called to him, "Come on over?"

Looking completely irritated, he walked over to where she sat. "You want to talk to me now?" he asked.

"Um, no. I just want to see you naked. Could you get that swimsuit off? All the way off?"

His shoulders dropped, and he gave a look to Miss Hartick expecting her to stop this. We all know how that was going to be though. She told him, "Brandon, she asked politely. Get that off. She wants to see you in the buff."

"Just like that?" he said.

Miss Hartick stood up. "You'll be joining Pierce tomorrow for a detention. Right now, you'll strip buck naked and stand there while Shelly and the rest of us enjoy the sight. What's more, once you're naked, you'll apologize and then you'll thank us for allowing you to participate in the reporting program."

Brandon almost looked defiant. Almost. For a brief moment, Shelly was afraid that she had finally met a Prellis athlete who wasn't desperate to be on the team. He gave in though. His jaw locked in place, he gave Shelly an icy stare, and he peeled off his protection. After he stepped out of them, he immediately changed. He had his hands over his treasure, and looked as if he was too afraid to move. He asked Shelly, "Okay, look, can I just please do this another time?"

Shelly looked him over. Now that he was undressed and hiding his modesty with his hands, she felt empowered. He was so good looking. All the boys were, but Brandon had a perfect, movie star look to him. His body was hers for the perusal. She looked as if she considered it, but then she said, "No, I have to see your dick. You can turn around first though. Let me get a look at your butt."

"Oh man!" He turned around obediently before Miss Hartick could reinforce Shelly's command.

Miss Fox said, "Mm-hm, I like that!"

"So do I," Shelly said, giving him a pinch.

"Hey!" Brandon complained. That only made Shelly want more, so she squeezed one cheek, then the other. She told him to turn back around. She didn't tell him to move his hands right away. She enjoyed the anticipation and knew it was torture for him. Then, as if she was doing him a favor, she said, "You can let us see it now."

Brandon threw his hands aside. He looked angry again, almost heroic, but most of all, he looked naked. Oh so naked and hot! Shelly's grin twisted a little more at the sight. "Very nice."

"Very," Miss Fox agreed.

Miss Hartick reminded him, "You were supposed to say something."

"Oh come on, Miss Hartick. I'm standing here naked. Isn't that enough?" He saw that she would not relent at all. He had to squeeze out the words. "I'm, I'm sorry." He felt it then. The forced apology sent his exasperation into overdrive and his penis responded to the humiliation and started to grow.

Miss Hartick hadn't noticed his physical reaction yet (in spite of Miss Fox's adoring sighs) because she was busy keeping harsh eye contact with the young man. "You can do better than that. Apologize like you mean it. Otherwise, I will make you choose three other members of your team to join you at the detention."

"Are you serious? Wait! Okay. I'm, I'm really, really, really sorry. I, I should have just, oh man, I should have just taken off my swimsuit right away. I'm sorry." Every syllable lifted his cock a bit more. He wasn't halfway up yet, which disappointed Shelly since he stopped rising the moment his apologies stopped.

"What else were you supposed to say?" Miss Hartick asked.

"Um, oh man. Thank you for letting me get naked for you." He wished he had phrased that

differently because his erection recognized his complete loss of dignity. He continued rising until he quickly had a raging claim to fame. He wasn't even quite average size by Prellis athlete standards, but he had enough to be inspiring, especially since his cock had a shape that matched his perfect features.

Miss Fox was certainly impressed, and it showed in her voice. "Should he just stay naked, do you think, Shelly?"

That sounded good, but Shelly wanted to save that for another practice. "No, he can get dressed again. In a minute."

Brandon went cold. Except for his cock, which was practically radioactive. Shelly swaggered to him and ran her hand over his incredible body. Brandon could hardly hold still as he felt her wandering, squeezing touch on his chest, arms, and then slowly down his front to his cock! She serviced his hardware so lovingly that Brandon had to clap a hand over his eyes and try to pretend it wasn't happening. When she was done toying with him, he was free to slip back into his swimsuit and get back to practice.

Shelly liked the idea of another sports team that she could take her time with. She stripped the baseball team boy after boy for a long time. There was still one boy on that team she hadn't seen naked! The weightlifters had all had to strip nude for her all at once though. It was pretty clear that she would get to the first strippings of each swimmer pretty quick. It was a great power game for her, but she was hesitant to just keep going during the first practice. After they watched the boys for a while, Miss Hartick had to prod Shelly a bit to get her to do her job. "Don't you think you should have a word with one or two more boys for your first article?"

Shelly wanted to ration the exposure a bit more, but she decided it was best to play along. Besides, she had to do a good job to keep on embarrassing the boys. "You're probably right." She gazed across the landscape of sex appeal. "Let's see. Uh, Theo? Can you step out of line a moment?"

Theo's performance was the first of its kind. He was instantly cringing at what he would be made to do, but he knew there was no way out of it except off the team. He wasn't about to do that. So he tried to play along. He walked over with hardly any trepidation in his step at all. He even managed a polite smile. "All right, Shelly."

Shelly didn't let her disappointment show. She could tell that Theo was bothered, but she wanted real, extreme embarrassment from her naked subjects. He wasn't going to do it without being told at least. "Can you get that cock out for us, stud?"

With a slight flinch, he did it. He peeled that swimsuit down revealing an exceptionally attractive package. "Wow," was all Shelly could say.

Miss Fox was equally impressed. "Is that the nicest looking penis we've seen today?"

Theo's piece was something special. It wasn't huge, but it was bigger than any of the other swimmers yet, except Calvin. And it was perfect, a flawless specimen. Theo's smile had faded a bit with the women's appraisal of his dick, but he still stood there faithfully, and waited for the first question.

Shelly asked the obvious questions, the same ones she had asked the other boys already about what the team was like, what they expected, were they looking forward to competing

and so on. Theo couldn't keep his embarrassment hidden. "I – I, you know, I well, um..."

Shelly loved his nervous stuttering. The blush on him was so adorable, and it only got worse when he would notice her and the others staring at his goods. He had such a hard time getting the words out that it was hard to tell if his slow rise upset him any more. When he was aimed a little less than straight ahead, Shelly decided to help him. She managed to get close to him little by little so that he wouldn't see it coming when she gently grasped his barometer. He stopped in mid-stutter. Shelly toyed with him softly and casually. "Calm down, Theo. It's okay. You're just naked. It's not that big of a deal." She could feel him harden up a little more in her hand.

He shuddered, then nodded. "I think everyone on the team will support each other. We all have guys on the team we were friends with anyway. So it won't be hard to work together."

Shelly let him go and enjoyed the deep blush on him now that she'd felt him up. She was busy making eye contact, but she could tell from Miss Fox's eyes that he was still growing, little by little. "How much work did you put into making the team?" she asked.

"I, you know, I just I had to, I mean – oh – this is, I can't..."

Shelly had to purse her lips to keep from laughing. She caressed his penis again, happy to feel the raised position. He still wasn't all the way up, but had made progress. He answered easily again with her hand on his rod. "I keep in shape anyway. Especially swimming. I had to put some real time into it. I think with Coach Harrison's help though, I can improve even more."

"Good answers," Shelly said, writing them down. She glanced down. He was closing in on full arousal. Shelly told Miss Hartick, "You notice that he stops stuttering when I touch his penis?"

"I did," Miss Hartick said with great interest. "I'll have to tell Miss Bridle about this. I'm sure she'll be very interested."

Theo couldn't hide his irritation any more. He scowled at the way they treated his exposure as if they were entitled to it. Without looking at any of them, he said, "Can I get back to swimming now?"

"Mind your manners," Miss Hartick said. "I know it's embarrassing for you to stand there with your penis showing, but you know that Shelly has every right to do this. And you have a responsibility to accommodate her."

"That's all right," Shelly said with a gleam. Theo was finally there, all the way stiff and hard, gloriously bare and erect. It had such a perfect shape, a perfect poise of purpose in its rigidity.

It was funny that his stance was as stiff as his cock. She told Miss Hartick, "He did try to cooperate after all."

Miss Hartick agreed. "Yes, I suppose he did. In the future though, Theo, I expect you to be grateful for the chance to take part in this. So before you go, I want you to thank Shelly."

He grimaced. He had to shut his eyes to concentrate. "Th – th – than- thank – thank – rr – th -AWP!" Shelly had grabbed his cock again. This time she wasn't as sweet about it. With a firmer grasp, she stroked him slowly. His startled eyes made Miss Fox giggle. He was quick to answer all of a sudden. "Thank you, Shelly, for interviewing me and for taking an interest in

our team.”

With that, Shelly let him go. “You can get covered up now.” No he couldn’t. Like the other boys, he peeped out of the top of his swimsuit. Shelly told Miss Hartick “He really does do better when he’s being fondled, doesn’t he?”

“He certainly does,” Miss Hartick said.

Theo muttered, “This sucks.” Shelly and Miss Fox grinned. Even Miss Hartick decided not to notice since he had been so entertaining.

Before too long, Shelly said, “One more I think.” She asked Miss Fox, “Who do you want to see naked?”

Miss Hartick sighed. Shelly heard that, so she said, “Miss Fox’s comfort as a woman is important too, isn’t it? Haven’t you made the boys expose themselves to keep us all comfortable before?”

As always, Miss Hartick’s own twisted logic worked on her. “You know, you’re right. I suppose it doesn’t matter much which boy you talk to now.”

Miss Fox couldn’t hide her enthusiasm. “Xavier. I want to see Xavier. Make him take his swimsuit all the way off.”

Shelly called Xavier over. He was a short guy, but he was good looking and he had that sleek, buff swimmer’s build, not heavy, but well muscled and lean. Shelly saw the anger in his eyes. She would enjoy tormenting this one. “Take that off all the way, would you? We want to see you totally, completely, stark naked.”

“This is ridiculous,” he said as he started peeling it off.

“What was that?” Miss Hartick demanded.

Xavier actually stopped. He stood up. “We shouldn’t have to do this. It doesn’t make sense.”

“Oh really?” She had that tone. Xavier hunched up a little at the sound. How could anyone be so forceful and intimidating? Miss Hartick gave him that stony stare. He couldn’t keep eye contact at all. Like a kid caught stealing a cookie, he stared at the floor. She said, “Are you telling me that you think Shelly shouldn’t be our reporter?”

“Wh – what? I’m talking about having to get naked,” he said.

“Exactly,” Miss Hartick said furiously. “You boys need to learn to accept the girls. You will do everything you can to make that possible. No one is asking anything of you that you shouldn’t give freely.”

“I can talk to her with my swimsuit on just as well,” Xavier said to the floor.

Miss Hartick let loose the full power of her authority voice. The entire room came to a halt. “Of course you can! And you would do that, wouldn’t you? You would deny Shelly her femininity just because you can’t be bothered to recognize your own sexism! All we ask is that you show your tolerance for the school’s girls, and of course you say you shouldn’t have to! Well, you will learn to be unbiased and equitable right now. Get that off!”

There was just no way that Xavier could say another word. He slipped out of his suit and

stood there, full nude. Both Shelly and Miss Fox loved the sight. Their appreciation was a bit dampened because of the Hartick tirade, but the boy was hot.

Miss Hartick took Xavier by the arm. "Come with me."

He was startled, "Where are we going?"

She marched him out into the hall, still full nude. Xavier had his free hand over his cock as best he could. He was in full panic mode. She walked him around the school naked! It was after school, so he had to hope they didn't run into anyone. He wasn't that lucky. Miss Hartick spotted two girls who were just then going home. "You girls there, come over here."

"What's going on? Is that Xavier?" "Is he really naked? Oh my gosh!"

Miss Hartick had him stand right in front of these two girls. They knew him because he was a sexy athlete, but he didn't know either of their names. Miss Hartick told him, "Stop that cowering. Uncover yourself this instant!"

He gaped at her. Show his cock to these girls he didn't even know? Out here? Miss Hartick demanded, "NOW!"

The girls were stunned when he did it. He let go of himself and hung there, opening the girls' eyes as wide as they could go. Miss Hartick saw that the girls both looked away, so she told them, "Look at his penis! Get a real good look! There," Miss Hartick said. "Now let's head to the office." They left the laughing girls behind. Xavier's humiliation was in overdrive. His cock started a fast rise. When they got to the office, he was fully hard. His penis almost looked as if it could dance. Miss Hartick said to the school secretary, "Mrs. Baker, here's a handsome, naked young man. He wants you to enjoy the sight."

Obviously, he did not. He looked as if he could die of shame. Mrs. Baker was usually such a perfectly pleasant woman that everyone liked her. The sight of his inspiring hard-on, brought right to her like she had ordered it, had her sighing like one of the students. She had a hard time noticing just how embarrassed the boy was since she was so taken by his erection.

Miss Hartick noticed that another girl was there. "Don't be shy. Check out his johnson. Look at how hard it is! That's better. Go ahead and giggle. It's only natural. He doesn't mind. Xavier, thank her."

She meant it. He said, "Don't make me say that. Please, Miss Hartick, just let me get back to the swimming pool."

"Thank her for helping you!"

He whispered, "I don't know her name."

Miss Hartick turned to the goggle eyed girl, "He wants to know your name."

No he didn't. In fact, he wished he hadn't said a word. She smiled as she looked him up and down. "I'm Roberta."

Xavier muttered, "Thank you, Roberta."

Miss Hartick said, "Good enough, but in the future, I want you to show real respect."

"I feel really respected," Roberta volunteered. She was surprised at herself, but she couldn't

help it. "Can I see him naked again sometime?"

"I'll have Shelly invite you along to an interview so that you can see other boys nude. Come along, Xavier." She walked him back to the pool. His throbbing erection swayed in front of him comically, which was terrible since the first two girls who saw him in the hallway were still hovering around hoping for some additional viewing, along with yet another girl on his way back.

When she got back, she stood him right in front of Shelly. "Now you can interview him."

Shelly tried not to laugh, but the hangdog look on him combined with that meteoric boner brought out a big guffaw. She said, "That's all right. I think he's got the point, and I've got plenty to work with. I don't even think I'll get to the locker room today. I would like to feel that cock though."

Xavier's eyes shot open again. He went from slouching to standing at awkward attention. "Do I have to thank her?"

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," Miss Hartick said like a threat.

Shelly almost wanted to show a little pity, but that cock! She had to have it and fondled him mercilessly. She loved it when he forced out the words, "Thank you for helping me, Shelly."

"No problem, Xavier. I'm glad we can get along. I think I'm ready to go now, Miss Hartick."

Miss Hartick told Xavier, "You will be at the detention tomorrow in my office, Xavier." As they walked out, Miss Hartick said, "Don't worry, Shelly. We'll get these boys in line and fast."

Shelly certainly believed that.