**Thornbush Academy**

by luv2custrip

**Thornbush Academy Ch. 02 - Maggie Is Used**

*Miss Maggie is stripped and becomes a class demonstration.*

(The following is taken and excerpted directly from visiting American Professor David Rogers' diary. All of the young ladies in our Academy have been certified as being over eighteen. All of our Professors are certifiably so much older.)

I had just pulled down Miss Maggie's thong in the back: or should I say, I extricated that thin black string from being devoured by her ass cheeks! I noted that her buttocks-- indeed her entire body-- was lightly sweated, perhaps from the embarrassment of being undressed in front of all of her classmates and the Dean.

I also spontaneously-- and literally-- kissed her sweet ass, which resulted in a sigh and a sense of relaxation and possibly the acceptance of her fate. Her responses were noted; however, she still had to learn that, to the dominant male, she is dressed at our whim-- a girl's clothing may be removed at any time. If our Miss Maggie continued to be cooperative though, I would gladly reward her with increasingly intimate kisses all over her firm young form.

Maggie was about 5' 7", a slender redhead with nicely sized, probably D cup breasts. I had just been introduced to the Academy's nineteen female students aged eighteen to nineteen. They had put on quite a show which included hiking up and then removing their skirts, and finally taking off their blouses. They were now all clad in nothing but black open-shelf bras, black thongs, and black open-toe strappy heels.

Except for poor Maggie.

I had chosen her to demonstrate my control over submissive young women, and also to illustrate the Academy's key tenets of Compliance and Discipline. When I was done with her class demonstration, I was going to collar and leash her and use her as my naked guide and nude little pet for the rest of the school day.

I unclasped her pretty bra next, and pulled it completely off. Maggie was already bare-breasted in her shelf bra: nevertheless, it is absolutely necessary to strip a young woman completely naked for a proper intimate exam.

I noted that Maggie's breasts drooped only slightly, but as firm young teats, they were wonderful to behold. As I stepped in front of her to begin her breast exam, I noticed that Dean Willams was now standing up, next to the front row of girls. Undoubtedly he did not want to miss anything.

I took each of Maggie's delightfully young tits in each hand as if I were weighing them. This shy young redhead was looking at my hands as they were kneading her firm flesh, not at me. I spoke out loud for the class's benefit once I got to her nipples:

"Completely brown nipples and areolae are relatively rare in young women, but many men find nipples like these 'naughty' and therefore very sexually attractive. As do I."

And then I proceeded to bend just a bit. I took Miss Maggie's left breast in hand and squeezed her big nipple into my greedy mouth.

The whole class went deathly quiet as I suckled. I deliberately made some very naughty noises. I thought poor Maggie was somewhere in between a state of shock and a state of unbelievable arousal.

Once I was done treating both breasts in a similar fashion, I stepped back and instructed the class to observe how long and how hard Maggie's brown nips had become. Then, in keeping with Maggie's preferences, I bent down again and gave each nipple a nice wet kiss.

Now Maggie was meeting my eyes. She was licking her lips and trying to slow her breathing to prepare herself for what was next. I was quite glad to observe what a good girl she was, and I fully intended to reward her with some extremely nice kisses in many of her special areas once I had her leashed and naked and alone.

Now it was time to totally remove Maggie's panties and move on the most rewarding areas of the young female body. I caught the Dean's eye and he was glancing toward his antique desk. I smiled when I noticed the worn down area in the middle; I wondered how many naked young ladies over the years had leaned their bare little asses back against that very spot with their pretty legs spread wide open.

I led Maggie over to that spot. I took her arm gently and she was practically beaming with pleasure at my touch. I told her simply to remove her panties, place them on the desk, and lean back. I went and brought over my chair-- I'd had enough of bending!

When I returned sweet Maggie already had her panties off and her legs wide open. She was watching me intently and had a look on her face that said that she had had enough of the preliminaries and just wanted me inside her.

This was only day two of the Academy's second four-week semester. I knew that Maggie was already getting naked for classes in striptease and nude dancing and for masturbation class. She was also being penetrated two to three times a week by a very skilled and very lucky professor who took on that task with a class of up to five girls-- and who remained hard throughout without ejaculating.

I brought my chair up close and I licked my lips as I got my first look at what I was working with. Maggie had a narrow landing strip of reddish-brown fur above some plump, firm outer lips. Those lips were nicely open with her legs spread, and her clitoral hood was already wet and bright pink with her white-pink love nub poking out. I played with it and pulled on it and Maggie started squirming. I gave her a look and she held still. Her inner folds weren't as red as I imagined but a really good bright pink-- and getting very plump and fleshy and totally wet.

She had such a surprisingly plump little pussy protruding out for me that I couldn't take my eyes off of her.

I finally turned to the class. "We are going to discuss my method of intercourse which results-- when done correctly-- in two to three combined clitoral and 'G-spot' orgasms for the female, while an experienced male may remain fully erect. You will all be personally trained in 'the David Method' by me, in the next few weeks."

The girls now were looking at each other, blushing hotly and giggling. "Personally trained" meant that each of these girls would soon be riding my cock as I instructed them to pump their sweet asses up and down on my command.

I turned back to patiently naked Maggie. "I will attempt to simulate my method by using my fingers on Miss Maggie." Her eyes got wide.

"I've never attempted this manually before, but I'm sure that Maggie won't mind if I need to attempt this repeatedly..." I leaned close to naked, spread-open Maggie as some of the girls giggled. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to place my entire hand inside of you, poor thing!" I whispered.

"Ah, but I do want you-- the real you-- inside of me," she whispered back. Her soft voice had a slight Irish lilt but it seemed like she was consciously trying to project a more learned, BBC broadcaster accent.

I moved closer and put my right hand upon her vulva to try to distract the watchers from our whispers.

"Now Maggie, you know that isn't allowed outside of classroom training," I said.

"There's a place," she was barely moving her lips, "a secret place beyond the pond. All the girls know of it. Once I am leashed for you I will take you there." She paused and looked down at my hand which was now blatantly stroking her wet folds. "But it is of course against the rules," she fake-pouted, seeing if I would rise to the challenge.

I began to push my middle finger between her inner lips and started teasing the sensitive girl-flesh around her vulva. "I didn't get this far in my life by always following the silly rules!" I boldly proclaimed.

And then Miss Maggie slowly lifted up her pretty head and stared deep into my eyes and I saw the exciting, sexually confident, dynamic young woman she was about to become.

"Professor David," Dean's voice interrupted our intimate moment. "If you are quite done with giving the young lady, uh... her special instructions, the rest of us would like an unobstructed view of your vaginal manipulations."

"Of course," I said and I sat back down, reluctantly withdrawing my hand from between Maggie's legs. I held my finger up and sniffed it and tasted it and of course the girls giggled yet again. I ignored them. I was tasting a mix of Maggie and Brigette, the French maid I had only recently manhandled in the hallway.

I have long contemplated actually collecting and somehow preserving a young woman's juices... and I was now tasting a heady, pungent blend! How would I label it: "a charming cross-Channel mixture of eighteen-year-old English/Irish and twenty-something French; a rare treat for all of the senses."

I shook myself out of those imaginations and returned to Maggie's still-open genitalia. I massaged just outside of her vagina for a while as if I was circling the drain. Her hole was already pulsating: contracting closed and then winking open. I observed copious amounts of mostly clear liquid emanating from that hole at first, then it began to turn a pale, globular milky white. I threw preliminaries aside at that stage of arousal and I thrust four tightly bunched fingers inside her.

"Oh! Oh! Ahhh... oh my goodness! Oh god, professor!" she exclaimed. I love recording all of an aroused young female's vocalizations as best I can. They are programmed by nature to excite her as well as the male with their increasingly enticing naughtiness.

It was time to explain to the class what I was attempting, that I really had a purpose in going in there besides leading to a nice fist-fuck.

"I am attempting to insert my entire hand inside Miss Maggie's vagina. I will then massage her G-spot with my thumb. Simultaneously, I will spread out my other fingers and press outward toward her internal clitoral structure. I'm sure you girls have been taught that most of the clitoris is internal."

I looked to Maggie's face and caught her eyes. "I'm pushing in all the way now my sweet girl. Such a good girl for me! So... just take a deep breath... relax."

I pushed in nice and slow and firm and our eyes never left the other. This was one very special girl and I knew that I was going to take a very personal interest in her intimate training.

Once I was in to my wrist, we both relaxed. I saw her eyes widen in awe as she looked down; she was trying to assimilate the fact that a strange man that she had just met was now buried up to his wrist in her tight little cunnie.

I turned once again to the class. "As you may know, the legendary G-spot is a bundle of nerve endings about five centimeters in to the vagina. It is actually associated with the unseen internal extension of the clitoris. In my method, the female rides the male organ and is directed to move in such a way that this entire clitoral extension is rather fiercely rubbed from within. This should result in several combined clitoral/vaginal orgasms."

I stopped and smiled. "That was the boring scientific description. What I'm really trying to do is make Miss Maggie cum all the way from her clit to down to her cunnie, all from inside."

The girls were laughing and smiling now. They were intrigued and I had won them over. I was more concerned with Maggie though.

"How are you doing, my love?" I asked. "I'm about to start," I said softly.

"I so wish you would," she sighed. "I do want something else deep inside me so the sooner we get this over with..."

I tightened my lips and concentrated on the task at hand-- or in hand. I poked my thumb around until I found what I hoped was her G-spot. I studied her reactions, until:

"Oh yes! Oh oh oh: right there. Oh please don't stop. Oh my god my sweet sweet man!"

With that spot determined I pushed my four fingers together and then up, visually concentrating on the external portion of her clitoris which was visibly elongated and bright pink. Then:

"Oh my god! Oh professor... oh you can't... oh no... not there... oh fuck me!"

I began to rotate thumb and fingers rhythmically, trying to tune my movements to dear Maggie's increasingly rapid vaginal contractions.

"Oh professor!" she begged. "Oh no please no oh no you'll make me cum so hard I... I can't do that... oh my god sweet David please don't... oh fuck... fuck! FUCK!!"

Maggie's whole body started shuddering and spasming from the inside out. I felt my hand being pulled into her as she was out of control and wanted nothing but man-flesh deep inside. Then she scrunched up her eyes so tight and she let out a long, low soft moan. It was about the most intensely sexual thing I had ever heard and I knew my underwear was getting soaked with pre-cum.

The classroom was so quiet. I knew that every girl in the room wanted to cum like that-- maybe not in public-- and they were all looking at Maggie now with a combination of sympathy and jealousy.

I slowly slowly pulled out my hand. It was as if I was pulling out the cork from a bottle as dollops of Maggie's pungent female lubrication came pouring out. The poor girl had long, glistening wet streaks running down both of her slender legs. She had one especially long rivulet of girlie-goo the terminus of which was almost kissing her left kneecap. I saw no need to clean her up though, as I fully intended to mess her up again.

I felt a presence and I saw one of the girls with darker skin standing by me expectantly. She had the leash and the collar that I had previously requested. I looked over to Dean who merely nodded. I believe he was in a similar state to the rest of the awestruck girls.

"Thank you," I said. "And you are...?"

"Andie," she replied in an Indian accent. "Dean told me to get these for you while you were... occupied."

"Thank you Andie! You are so sweet!" I took the B&D accessories and looked over at Maggie who was breathless and still recovering.

"Can you help me get these things on her-- and her shoes off? I know I've taken up so much of everyone's time..."

Andie nodded and went to work. She knew exactly how to attach the black metal-ringed collar to Maggie's pretty neck and then the matching leash to the collar.

I had a chance to study Andie. She was wiry and muscular with maybe 32A's on top and the legs of a runner. She had black shoulder-length hair and a very pretty but serious face with a very determined expression. I took her to be a nineteen-year-old second-year girl.

I so wanted to follow all of the girls like Maggie and Andie from their earliest days of sexual training all the way to graduation. That was held outside in early May; everyone hoped for good weather as the girls all started out nude.

They would climb the platform to receive their diploma from the Dean who would give them one last deep wet kiss and one last long naked hug. Then he would hold out a pair of lacy white panties for them to step into. Each girl would then sit in a chair provided and put on rather sensible, low-heeled white shoes. Finally, as she stood up, the Dean would drop a white gown over her head and shoulders that fell to just above her knees. He would help her zip it in the back and give her a chaste kiss on the cheek. His parting words: "It's up to you now."

The implication was clear: it was now up to each girl-- now each young woman-- to choose the next man who would dress and undress her. She was about to enter the real world in which sexual relationships were dangerously fraught with emotional peril. But.. she always had the experience of the Academy. She was already many steps beyond the others out there.

Maggie had by now come down from her orgasmic high. She was looking down, seemingly amused at the fact that a classmate had to jump in to take her shoes off. Maggie tugged on the leash experimentally and caught my eyes and smiled.

I regularly fell in love or in lust or a combination thereof with most of my female students. I knew some trainers who stayed coldly professional; that wasn't me. These were all potentially vulnerable young women that we were stripping and groping and fucking. I for one could not hold back my emotional response.

Maggie was now properly nude, collared and leashed for my use. She looked to me expectantly.

Dean Williams finally roused himself and that bear of a man was still determined to squeeze the life out of my right hand.

"What a demonstration! My god!" he exclaimed. He got close and lowered his voice. "If I had my way, I would let you be the one to take each of these young ones out, collared and nude for your pleasure. You are so young and yet you are already far beyond many of us. You are an inspiration, young man: an inspiration!"

He at last noticed that I kept looking over at Maggie. "Claim your prize!" he whispered. "You deserve her. Do with her as you will."

And I was finally released from the Dean's meaty paw and exchanged that for the looped handle of the leash.

"Are you ready to go, my dear?" I asked.

Maggie licked her luscious lips. "I am more than ready sir."

I let her lead me all the way out, down the dark hallways and out a side door into the sunlight. Her whole naked body, her whole self, reacted instantly to being outside. I could sense her skin tingling in the crisp autumn air. I could feel the bright sunlight warming her in places that had never seen the sun before.

"The pond?" she breathed out.

"The pond and beyond," I answered.

Then Miss Maggie went off ahead of me, tugging on the leash in her excitement. I wanted to just strip off and drop the leash and run beside her naked and feel every single thing that she was feeling in that moment.

I followed her as best I could without strangling her on that silly leash. And then we went out of the sunlight and under the trees and she must have felt chilled as she slowed and stopped and waited for me to come to her then my sweet little Maggie wrapped her naked self around me and kissed me so hard with her tongue in my mouth and one hand slipped inside my trousers and she found my throbbing cock as she held me and squeezed me tight.