**Thornbush Academy**

by luv2custrip

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

*I help a girl with her Daddy issues while penetrating her.*

I waited, sprawled out naked on my mattress, a fresh white towel spread out before me for the next nude girl to lie on. I had the taste of McClean's scotch in my mouth-- cheap scotch my ass!-- and I was ready to replace it with the taste of a hot wet teenager's dripping cunt.

McClean had just demonstrated his impressive vaginal stretching and exercise techniques on my Maggie. I could only hope to match him 50%! The professor was simply one of most skilled girl-handlers I had ever seen. He had actually made Miss Maggie cum by trying to insert her clitoris into his cock hole.

Maggie was back with the other girls, presumably getting her exceptionally messy pussy all cleaned up. I was so ready to just move on to Miss Andie. We had quickly developed a quite intense sexual longing for each other. How was I going to break it to Professor McClean that I only wanted to drag that naked little light brown-skinned girl out of here and fuck her mercilessly, and in private?

"Professor...?" I heard a sweet, young girl's very pleasant voice on the other side of the privacy curtain. McClean was going to "do" another girl just a few mattresses away, so we had some shielding. I was more than ready to simply use a curvy little nineteen-year-old blonde's hot young body to keep me warm and hard for Miss Andie.

This next girl would be the first one whose vagina I would stretch out on my own, and who would then demonstrate to me that she had done her Kegels by clamping down on me from the inside.

Miss Emily entered, stark naked as I had requested, silly little robe left behind. She had such a sweet smile on her girlish face, with her hands clasped behind her back. How can I describe her? Google 'curvy naked nineteen-year-old blonde' and see.

Her hair was long and richly flowing-- cascading past her shoulder blades with bright highlights. I'm guessing she was 34B - 24 - 35. Her breasts were perfectly round with dark pink nipples that were simply the hard buttons poking out of her circular areolae.

Emily was in such fine shape-- though not overly muscular-- that one could trace the line of her firm body from mid-clavicle to between her breasts, and then all the way down to her rounded belly which retained only a hint of her baby fat.

Of course, I had already encountered this sweet young thing this morning in Dean's homeroom class, but then she was just one of a dizzying array of delightful bodies stripping off their skirts and their blouses for my enjoyment.

Emily's pussy was among the nicest and tidiest that I had ever seen. First, she had it lightly trimmed over her outer labia but then let it get jungle thick and a bit messy about a third of the way up to her tummy. Her vulva was neatly divided into three sections between her firm, meaty outer lips. First was her clitoral hood which simply looked like a perky little treat and totally sandwiched in place. Then her inner labia suddenly spread out in a lacy looking droopy and darker-pink sprawl. Finally, her vagina was a deceptively slit-like affair, deep pink and framed by a delicate ring of rippled lighter pink female flesh.

"Do you like me?" she asked.

What a silly question! I was lying back naked with a raging erection. Still...

"Turn around for me, you little cutie! Let me see that famous bubble butt of yours."

She did a 180 and giggled. Oh. My. Yes: this was one of roundest, cutest, firmest, most touchable and kissable asses I had seen in a long time.

Miss Emily looked over her bare left shoulder with her soulful brown eyes. "My Dad's the one who calls me 'bubble butt.'"

I told her to turn around. Now that statement was out there and I went for it.

"Has your Dad seen you naked?"

Emily's eyes got wide and she blinked. Finally a sigh. "I kinda grew up that way. We weren't nudists per se, but none of us wore clothes if we didn't feel like it. It was just my Mum and Dad and me. Except when someone came over-- until I was eighteen, I had to cover up."

I bit my lip and stared. "You're some kind of mix of British and American... your accent, and some of your expressions..."

She laughed. "You got me, Mr Holmes! I grew up in the Midwest until I was nine. Then my Dad got assigned to the London embassy and I've lived here ever since."

Everything she said was a tease to another story. "Who saw you naked when you turned eighteen?"

Emily's eyes widened. "Oh. It was my eighteenth birthday, so Daddy took me to the Institute. He's sort of an unofficial consultant there. You haven't heard of it? It's a place where the filthy rich set up charitable foundations to feel better about themselves. Oh and they hang out naked."

I shook my head. I got up and circled her. I started to lightly touch her body: her ribcage, her waist, her hips, her thighs. "Go on," I said.

"Ummm... my Daddy kinda presented me naked to everyone... outdoors by the big pool. It was my birthday party, and there were all these billionaires, celebrities, athletes. I was in such a state: naked men and women coming up to me, hugging me."

I was in front of her now, my hands around her waist. Miss Emily was trembling; whether at my touch or her memories I didn't know.

"Go on," I said again. I pulled her closer-- my hands went behind her, dropping to her perfect ass, my fingers tracing the elegant curves of each sweet cheek.

"Ohhh... ummm... there was a young man-- a naked server wearing nothing but a white scarf. He was so beautiful, like the statue of David-- except he was so hard!"

I started kissing her: her lips, her neck, her shoulders, the tops of her breasts.

"Ahhhh... we... my Daddy slipped me our key card. He said to go with him. He said I needed it. I... took that boy's hand and we went up naked to our suite and we made love. He... it was my first time and there was blood and he got so upset he pulled out. I kissed him and touched him down there until he came. So... it was only technically my first time."

I kissed her full on her soft lips. I wet her lips with my tongue. Her tongue eagerly responded and she stuck it inside my mouth. We sank to our knees, wrapped around each other.

"Oh God," Emily said. "I'm talking too much. I know you just want to be inside me, and I want you too!"

I gently pulled her down to the mattress. I propped myself up over her. I kissed her soft round breasts and bit her nipples. I kissed her belly button and made her squirm. I started running my hands through the wet thickness of her pubic hair, dropping my fingers down, tracing the fullness of her vulval slit.

"But you have really made love since," I inquired as my fingers began to open her more.

"Oh yes! Ahhh... my... ummm... my Mum died just two years ago. She was a strong, beautiful lady and she lived a good life. My parents had... an open marriage. There was an older man, a widower, he would come over...

"They only made love to friends they loved! He came over last year; my father was away. We sat on the porch. This older man-- ten, fifteen years past my Dad, started crying over my Mum. Then he got me crying. We looked at each other, I took his hand...

"That was real love-making. We kissed each others tears away as we slipped off our clothes. He was really upset-- it wasn't a ruse to get to me-- he was flushed and red and so embarrassed-- I had to get a cool wet cloth to calm him down." Emily sighed. I was kissing her soft lower lips, teasing her open. I tugged out her inner lips between my fingers and marveled at how they stayed that way, as if she was molded out of soft, wet clay. "It was beautiful," she said.

"You're beautiful," I told her. I was now licking her up and down, sucking in the sweet honey dripping from her clit, lapping up the tangy gush of fluids from her leaky, pulsing cunt.

"Oh god! Thank you. Oh please: I want you inside me!"

I positioned myself over her, teasing Miss Emily with my dripping cockhead. "But there's more..." I said. "Why did your father do that: displaying you naked; giving away your virginity?"

Emily stared at me. "Because he wanted me! He just couldn't... he couldn't be my first!"

She nearly shouted and I put my finger to her lips. I could hear a masculine voice and some feminine sighs just twenty feet away. The Prof was "doin" the next girl.

"Your own father wanted you, and you wanted him?!"

She opened her eyes wide. "Yes."

"Then why didn't he slip away with you, take you to your room, lie you down on his bed...?"

"We were sharing a room and I was teasing him that first night. I came out in a baby doll negligee with nothing but sheer panties underneath. And he held me lightly by the waist and told me I was just too beautiful but we had to get some sleep. But I wanted him so much! He was always my hero; I love him and I still want him!"

Emily was sobbing out loud, eyes scrunched closed. I leaned over her and kissed at least some of her tears away.

"Tell your Daddy how much you want him inside you. He's here right now: his big long hard cock poised at your entrance. Tell him that there's no other man that you want inside you more."

Miss Emily stopped crying. She opened her big brown doe eyes and stared at me. "Now we're doing role play?" She blinked and smiled. "You started off as Sherlock Holmes; now you're Sigmund Freud!"

She was so fucking adorable and I told her so. "Just humor me: you do realize we really only met ten minutes ago-- we're both naked, and you're waiting for me to slide my penis into your cunnie. So... it's already a little weird!"

Suddenly her eyes, and her whole sweet face were smiling. "My Daddy calls me 'Miss Em.'"

Now I was grinning. "I love you, Miss Em."

"Oh Daddy." Miss Em had her eyes closed. "Just please please please... after all of our touching and kissing-- and now we're finally naked!-- please just be inside me now! I want to feel how much you love me... deep deep inside."

"Oh my little sweetheart!" I exclaimed (or was it Daddy talking?) "I can't hold back-- I just can't!"

I took a deep breath and as I let it out I simply slid all the way in and up her tight hot tunnel.

Miss Em responded instantly, her firm vaginal muscles started pulsating, pulling me inward. Oh god! She felt so good: so warm so wet and so tight.

"Oh Daddy, oh Daddy" she kept repeating and moaning.

"Love my girl so much" I was sputtering now-- why was I getting all choked up and emotional? This was just another naked female student to train with my long, expert cock. I was supposed to be dispassionate; I was supposed to be professional.

Then Miss Em opened her eyes and looked deep inside mine and I almost lost it.

"I can't... I can't cum inside you, little girl," I gasped.

"But you want to," she observed. Now who was being dispassionate?! "I have just about the sweetest, firmest little body you ever felt under you... look at my tits all hard for you... and feel how I'm soft and tight inside, all at the same time... you just wanna lose it all and get that big cock lost inside me." She wrapped her arms and her long sexy legs around me and held me tight. She had the legs of a runner: lean but shapely, with such strong thighs.

"You little devil!" I gasped. I slowly and very sadly began to pull out.

"I want to cum," Miss Em declared. "You need to make me cum hard... Daddy," she added wickedly.

"Very well, little Miss Em." I was trying to tease her cuntal opening with just the tip of my cock head, but I did not have the immense self-control of the good Professor. I reluctantly pulled all the way out and pushed her legs back and then I knelt down, about in between her dimpled knees. I lowered my head, down on my elbows, until my mouth was at her cunnie level.

"Are you ready for me to eat you up, little girl? You are all so drippy and messy and sticky down here."

I didn't wait. I couldn't wait. I am admittedly addicted to pussy juice. I actually not only lick it up, I try to drink it in. Every girl is different, and every girl produces different smelling, tasting, and also different varieties of stickiness at different levels of arousal.

Miss Em had drools of clear sweet nectar from her clitoris while her vagina was pulsing out pungent gobs of milky white.

I dove in full mouth on Emily's vulva from her clit to her cunt. I mixed her excretions together with my tongue, creating a special blend that I lapped up like a thirsty dog.

Miss Em was such a quiet girl! I only heard murmurs like "Oh god, oh god" and occasionally "Daddy... oh my Daddy."

I put both hands under her ass and lifted her lower body up and into my mouth. That seemed to do the trick. Emily's girlie-goo was all over and had dripped down to her anus. My fingers pried her open easily and got stuck inside as I lifted her up.

Emily came hard. First, she stiffened up her whole body: long legs stretched out, pretty head and long soft flowing golden hair thrown back. Then, as soon as she seemed to relax, she had little mini-spasms. This process reoccurred at least four times to a lesser and lesser degree: stiffening up, followed by those spasms. The only sound she made as she came were a series of quick and then drawn-out "Pffffff"s, as if she was forcing air out through her closed lips.

When she had at last quieted I lay down next to her. I wished I had my watch: it was awfully silent from the other mattress and I did not want to hold up class again.

Emily turned to me. "Your face is a mess."

"That was your mess," I informed her, but I did wipe my lips with my hand. I had already noticed quite a pool of her mixed juices on the towel beneath her ass... I would be able to collect my sample without further disturbance.

We were silent for a long minute. "You are a special man," Miss Em stated.

"And you are a special woman."

"Not a girl?"

"Oh no: you're a beautiful woman, one with... some choices to make."

Emily sat up and seemed to pull herself together: straightening her shoulders and flicking her hair back the way that pretty young girls do. She was so beautiful in that moment that I wanted to take her back in my arms and hold her tight.

"My father is picking me up at the end of this... semester, or whatever they call it. He usually takes me back to his suite in London. I will have a lot to tell him, and a lot more to show him."

"Just be careful," I said. "Those contraceptives they give you will be starting to wear off."

Emily stood up. She bent down and kissed me. "Then, I will have to act quickly. I love him and I want him so much... we have to work through all this."

I stood up and hugged her.

As Emily started to walk away: "Be good to Andie-- and to Maggie! Don't forget Maggie: let her be part of showing Andie your love. They are both crazy for you, in their own way."

I watched her turn away. I followed her bouncy bubble butt up the three stairs to the stage and then around the corner. She knew I was watching.

Now what to do? I went back to my pile of clothes and found my watch-- it was getting late. Now there were less than ten minutes left in Vaginal Stretching class, and I still had to break it to Professor McClean that I wanted Andie to myself. And, what about her next class?

I had to get dressed. As soon as I slipped on my sports jacket, I remembered Miss Emily's pool of pussy juice. I simply had to get some for my special collection.

As I was bending over the sopping wet towel with my collection kit, a vision appeared on the stage: three people-- two of them completely naked women in collars with leashes attached. They were being led by a lion of a man in much too-tight, worn out jeans and an oversized corduroy shirt.

It was Maggie and Andie. And Professor McClean was leading them down the few stairs; presenting their naked bodies to me.

I was speechless.

Both girls looked...

Can you be in a state of blissful surrender-- and total shock-- both at the same time? That's how both girls looked.

"I am a full professor, an' I ken update the records ta show that Miss Andie is startin' her first hour of Compliance and Discipline trainin'. Therefore she is excused from 'er next class. An', bein' that she is havin' her weekly full intercourse session I will mark it down as well. You will have to fill out an evaluation afterwards; the forms are on our internal server."

He was speaking to me. I was still not capable of speech, but I did nod fiercely.

The Prof handed me their leashes. "Do take them out to that 'secret place' beyond the pond. You will be amazed at what's there."

He gently patted both of their bare bottoms. "Be good to them. They are both very special gurls."