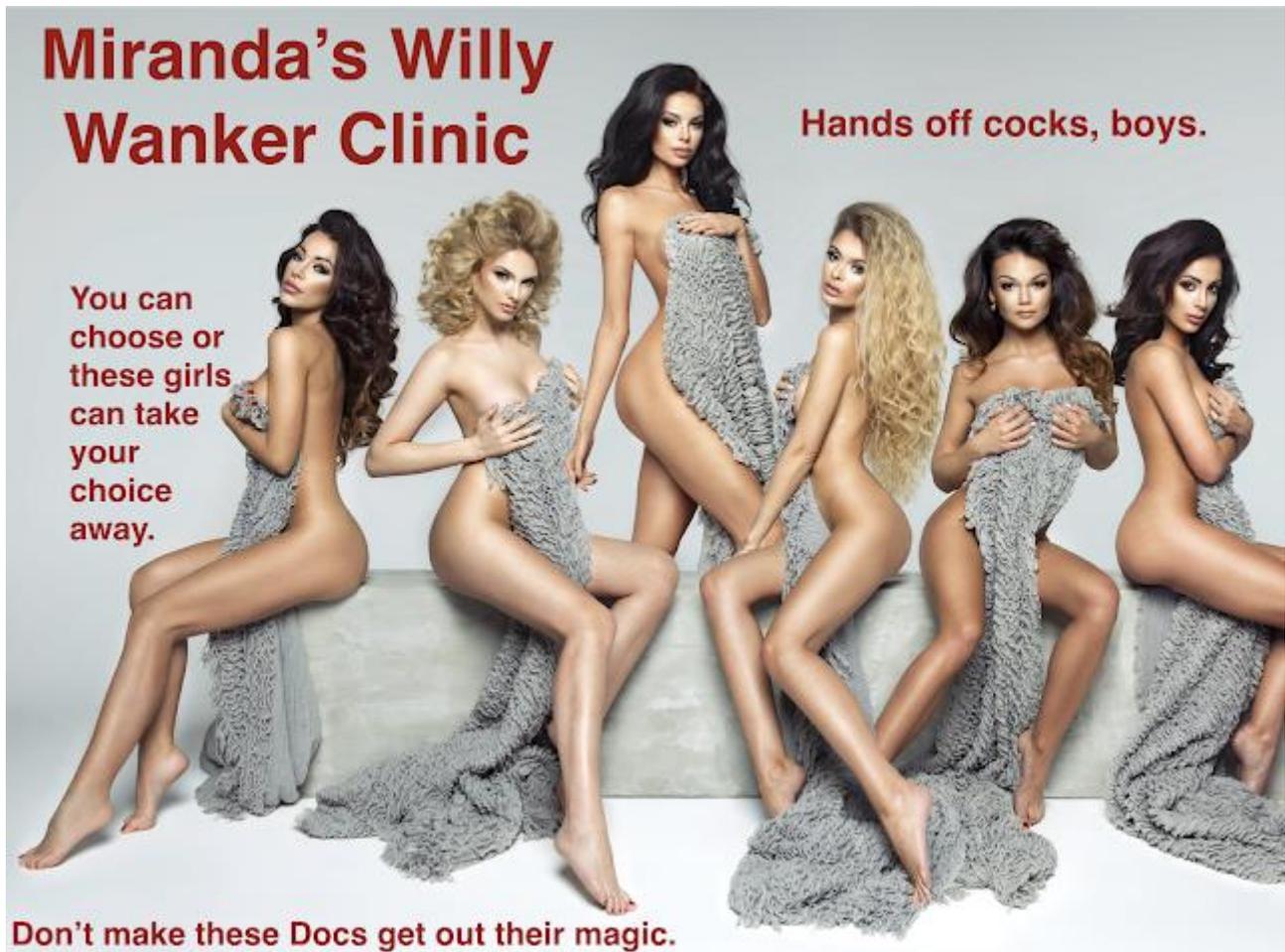


Miranda's Willy Wanker Clinic 1/5

CHAPTER ONE



Stephen tried not to stare at his stepmother's legs while she drove. The thin, lanky 18-year-old tried to nod and listen to what his 35-year-old blonde stepmother was saying as she got on the interstate and sped past the dry and dusty Texas landscape- But her tanned muscular legs worked the pedals of their manual-shift Porshe as she drove at high speeds- Making her beautiful powerful thighs pulse and tighten, and the hem of her impossibly short blue sundress kept riding up with each shift of the gears until the squirming nerdy boy was having so much trouble pretending to look at his phone or even hide the insistent boner throbbing inside his suddenly too-tight- "Stephen, do you understand what I'm telling you?!" she demanded, changing gears in the Porshe again, causing her short sundress to ride up even higher, so he could almost see the junction of her her amazing long amazing legs! "Yes Mother of course!"

And her perfectly manicured feet in those sexy open high heels, oh god-

“Call me Anne, I’ve told you that!” the tall blonde snapped, her long toned legs working as she changed gears again, heading for the off-ramp.

“Yes.... Anne!” he gulped, trying not to look at her smooth skin as her dress rode even higher-

And Stephen finally caught a peek at the bright red silk panties she wore!

Panties he had seen many many times before-

-just never with her IN them!

His cock almost exploded in his pants!

Anne frowned and pulled her sundress back down in the windy open-topped Porshe.

“You know, when I married your father last year, I knew there would be some... awkwardness... having a grown woman suddenly move in to a bachelor pad, where two single men had been living alone for so long, especially with one of them being a teenaged boy-”

Stephen blushed, knowing what she meant!

“-but I never imagined I’d sense him raiding my laundry and jacking off into my panties like a PERVERT!”

“WHAATTTT?!” Stephen screamed, finally looking up from her golden thighs. “I’M NOT-”

“Where’s my blue bikini panties Stephen?!” Anne demanded, throwing the car into high gear to burn down the straight residential road. “*THE ONE WITH THE PINK HEARTS?*”

Stephen knew exactly where they were.

But he couldn’t *tell* her that.

He had been surprised an older woman would still wear something so cute and innocent-

And it was that innocence, coupled with the sexiness of that soft cloth having actually been in contact with those strong amazing thighs he saw every day-

Hugged around that proud gym-toned ass she flaunted every night-

Panties that had cupped the most intimate parts of her-

That made that blue pair with cute pink hearts the centerpiece of his rotating collection!

“I DIDN’T! I- UM-”

“You KNOW my Powers can sense you’re hard RIGHT NOW, RIGHT?” his step-mother demanded, using the Sex Magic all women on Earth now had to greatly increase the blood flow to his cock and the sperm-production inside his balls- to take his hard-on from an aching insistent *embarrassment* to the throbbing burning *center* of his consciousness, until all he could think about was grabbing and stroking and using it! “I KNOW what you want to do right now!”

She laughed as the blushing very-blue-balled boy tried to resist the growing urge to grab his throbbing cock and stroke, an urge so center to his sexuality and manhood that he had probably spent more hours practicing that than anything else in his life-

And even though she sensed him run to the bathroom and stroke it every time she left to go to the gym or shopping even for an hour-

He was apparently still too shy to do it in front of her!

So she blew him a kiss and added hundreds of phantom tickling feathers just for fun.

And nearly cried laughing as the gasping boy broke and started squeezing himself through his pants, right in front of his laughing step mother!

“THERE you go- NOW we’re getting to the heart of things!”

“ANNE! STOP IT!” the red-faced boy gasped, unable to stop squeezing his diamond hard cock through his tight jeans!

The beautiful 35-year-old let her spells continue to wash over the boy as she tossed her long blonde hair in the wind and pulled into a wide clean parking lot, the sudden stop making her slide forward in her seat and making her short blue sundress ride up so high she was sure her little red silk thong was now completely in his view.

She didn’t care.

“That’s it, get a good stroke in!” she laughed, shutting off the car and making sure she orgasm blocked the boy, something she had rarely done over the last year, only on special occasions like Christmas and his birthday. “Because in this state I’m legally your medical guardian until you turn 22, so now we’re going into this cute little clinic to get a Procedure done to make sure you can NEVER touch that cute little penis of yours- EVER AGAIN!”

Still compulsively grabbing his cock through his pants, Stephen’s heart stopped when he looked over to read the words over the clean, white, newly constructed single-story building, words which every boy in the modern world recognized.

“OH FUCK!!!”

Miranda’s Willy Wanker Clinic

Helping stepmothers
keep their panties
cum-free since 2011



Dr. Yasmine Saleh nervously adjusted her blue hijab as she approached the front door of the white, clean, newly constructed single story clinic.

The thick blue scarf covered the twenty-five year-old Egyptian's hair, neck and shoulders, although it left the front of her face exposed, and sat loosely on top of her thick, conservative button-up dress shirt and long, flowy ankle-length black pants.

She had seen many women wearing head coverings on her flight over from Cairo, much fewer in the international airport in Dallas, and now, as she glanced around the waiting room as she entered the clinic, heading for the receptionist, noticed that no one else in the central Texas crowd was wearing one! And most of the mothers and young women who were sitting next to disgruntled looking young men in the waiting room were wearing dresses and or shorts so short and that showed off so much of their smooth young naked legs, Yasmine got flustered on their behalf!

"Hello, can I help you?" the receptionist greeted her. The tall attractive redhead was so busty in her light, partially open blouse, Yasmine got distracted by the amazing cleavage before she answered, feeling the heat starting to rise on her smooth face and neck!

"Yes! Um- I'm Dr. Saleh! I'm here on a residency transfer program from the Cairo College of Medic-"

"Oh YES our new Egyptian Doctor!" the receptionist squealed, standing up and holding out her toned arms. "Dr. Gates told me to expect you! Come here around the counter honey- welcome to America!"

Dr. Saleh gasped as the tall woman gave her a tight hug, like they had grown up in the same family- *were all Americans this friendly?!*

And feeling her huge firm breasts pressing against Yasmine's cheek and collarbone just made the heat creeping along her skin spread faster!

The tall woman spun around, handing Yasmine items at an alarming rate.

"Here's your access badge- this is a map of the area- here's your locker key- this is for the back door- oh, would you like some coffee?"

The still-flustered Yasmine adjusted her hijab again as she stepped out of the tight hug, feeling the heat building on her neck slide down onto her chest, her stomach, even... between her toned legs!

“No, I ate on the plane, thank you!” she gulped, pulling at the front of her shirt a little. *Why was it so hot in this waiting room?*

Like a Cairo street in the summer sun!

“And when did you get in? Last night?”

“No, just a few hours ago! After a shower in my hotel room- I came straight here!” Yasmine gulped, starting to sweat!

“That’s great! Well, would you like a quick tour of the place? Or would you like to see Miranda first?”

The young doctor blushed- she was almost panting from heat- but the receptionist didn’t even seem to notice! “Miranda...?” *What was it something she had caught on the plane? Extreme jet lag?* “I’d like to see Dr. Gates first, if that’s okay!” she gulped, feeling her face flush more, even as she struggled to control it. “But...”

She couldn’t seem sick in front of her boss on the first day!

“Okey dokey, I’ll take you to her!” the busty receptionist laughed, seemingly not in any of the same discomfort Yasmine was. *She COULDN’T be more adjusted to the summer heat than I am,* Yasmine gasped to herself. *It wasn’t possible!*

“I’ll be back in just a minute!” the receptionist told the half-crowded waiting room, over Yasmine’s shoulder. “All of you boys WAIT EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE.”

And when the receptionist waved her hand in a quick flat motion to cover the entire waiting room, Yasmine felt a new wave of heat blast across her body, as if the receptionist had waved an industrial hairdryer around inside of her clothes!

Stopping inside her panties!

And the five nervous boys waiting in five different chairs in the waiting room all wailed and grabbed their crotches at once, pushing their butts down harder into the cushions on which they sat, trying to get their balls closer to the floor!

Yasmine put it together as Carol led her back through the locked doors-

“You just used spells- to pull down on those boys’ testicles to keep them from moving out of their chairs!” the flushed young doctor exclaimed as they walked down the hall.

“Of course! God gave those boys two nice easy handles for a reason- might as well put them to good use, keeping them from abscondin’ out the door while I’m gone!”

Yasmine gulped, realizing-

Carol smiled back as she walked. “Ya’ll don’t use Sex Magic like that in Egypt?”

“No! We don’t ever use... magic on men without their permission!”

The busty redhead turned on her heels to smile at the shocked girl. “Well, that’s why you’re here, isn’t it?”

She knocked on the heavy wooden door at the end of the hall and when it opened, Yasmine was struck with the vision of a tall elegant brown-haired high-cheekboned woman in an open white lab coat that revealed an eye-catching purple silk shirt and skin-tight gray pencil skirt showing off most of her amazingly long legs-

She was a vision of Cleopatra’s grace herself!

“Hello,” the vision told Yasmine in an instantly calming voice, looking her deeply in the eyes. “I’m Doctor Miranda Gates.”

Yasmine was stunned-

Seeing the tall, beautiful, accomplished woman for the first time-

A woman who was nearly an urban legend among the young female doctors in Egypt-

While still feeling flushed all along her face and neck and body under her clothes, as if a hundred strong hands were giving her a sensual hot oil massage all over her naked body, rubbing on her hard nipples and even her tingling clit and asshole!

“Hello! I! Um- Thank you!! I’m- um-”

“Doctor Saleh’s still recovering from all the spells the girls were casually throwing around the waiting room,” Carol explained with a giggle as the woman stammered. “Tends to get new doctors all hot and bothered.”

“No I’m fine!” Yasmine said, blushing even more! “I’m just recovering from the long flight!”

“It’s not really the Sex Magic that’s affecting you,” Miranda said, putting a comforting hand on Yasmine’s shoulder, making things better and worse. “It’s having so *many* young, virile, pent-up boys being denied by Sex Magic in such close proximity that’s increasing your heart rate and causing a vascular response. The spells only made your body *aware* of it.”

Miranda laughed. “We see it often in new doctors from the Middle East and India, cultures that don’t regularly deny their men’s orgasms. Oddly enough, not from China though.”

Her bewitching green eyes met Yasmine's open brown ones. "It's perfectly normal, just clamp down a little bit on your Magic sensitivity in the first and third harmonics, and it will pass."

Yasmine did, recalling the forbidden lessons she had been taught by older female doctors in a secret room deep inside the University of Cairo, months before being accepted into this residency, and felt the sexual heat between her legs ease.

"Thank you!" she gulped, wiping her brow. "It was just a little... overwhelming!"

Miranda winked at Carol. "Now imagine what it's like for the boys." She turned back to Yasmine.

"Now, one other thing before I take you on rounds to get to know you better- you're perfectly free to wear the hijab here in the clinic if you wish, but having seen your reaction to just a little pent up Lust Energy in the waiting room, it's also perfectly acceptable for you to dress more comfortably and casually, like Carol and I are."

Yasmine suddenly felt the oppressive weight of the thick scarf over her head.

"But- I must always wear a head covering in public!"

The tall Carol looked at her. "Are you doing that because you *want* to? Or because you've been *told* to?"

Yasmine swallowed, feeling her heart begin to race!

Miranda touched her shoulder again. "It's completely your choice. Either way is fine with us."

Yasmine thought about what those women in that secret room had told her before she faked her papers to be able to leave the country-

What she was here to experience-

To try and learn-

And Yasmine took a deep breath and took off her hijab to reveal a long, silky beautiful mane of midnight black hair.

“Holy moley, put that head scarf back on!” Carol laughed. “Or else we’ll have half the boys in the waiting room getting stiff just seeing her!”

A shocked Yasmine started to re-cover herself but Miranda stopped her with a laugh. “That’s sort of the point- isn’t it?”

She took the hijab out of Yasmine’s hands and traded it for a clean white lab coat.

“There! Now, if you’re rested and ready, let’s go see our first lucky patient.”

Miranda opened the door to reveal a beautiful, big-breasted well-muscled blonde in a short short sundress sitting in the examination room next to a very nervous looking young man.

Too young to be his mother- Yasmine thought- but too old to be his wife!

So what is their relationship?

And could her short dress and high heels show off any MORE of those legs?!?

“Ahhh, Anne Wilkins and her son... Stephen,” Miranda said, reading off the chart Carol had handed her before going back to her reception desk. “I’m Dr. Miranda Gates, and this is my new resident, Dr. Yasmine Saleh. We’ll be handling your case today.”

Son?! Yasmine screamed inside her head as the women shook hands, the boy too scared to stand up and join in. She’d have to been a teenager when she had him!

“Step-son,” Anne corrected, seeing the shock in Yasmine’s eyes. “But I want to treat him like my own! Which is why... why we’re here today doctors.”

“Yes, of course, what seems to be the problem?” Miranda said, sitting fluidly in one of the two rolling stools, crossing her long naked legs with a grace Yasmine envied. The young doctor also saw Stephen gulp and cover his crotch even harder!

Yasmine opened up her sensitivity just a little and was shocked when she sensed a strong insistent buzzing coming from the boy's crotch, practically throbbing inside her lips!

"He's hard right now!" Yasmine gasped before she could control it, then looked to Miranda with shock and apology.

But the older doctor was just smirking, looking at the mother.

"Yes he's been that way for weeks," Anne said, setting her mouth in a tight line. "And I just can't figure out why," she added, recrossing her smooth naked legs- legs which would have made a dancer proud, Yasmine thought, and she felt the young boy's cock twitch in response!

A foot and leg fetish! she suddenly realized. A strong one!

"Now, I expect a *certain* amount of horniness from a young boy such as Stephen," Anne continued, "and I sense him every night, getting hard and trying not to touch it, maybe sometimes thinking of me in the shower-"

"Naughty boy," Miranda chuckled, crossing her own longer, much sexier legs in the boy's direction, dangling a high heel off her slim nude foot as Yasmine's eyes got large.

She knows!

And she's USING it against him!

Yasmine could hear the boy's heartbeat throbbing through his desperate cock!

"I know!" Anne agreed, bouncing her nude foot as well, not as slim or smooth as Miranda's but still erotic nonetheless. "I've tried to block him when my friends come around, and I'm not one of those mothers who goes in for spankings, but something's got to be done! In just the last few weeks-"

“Something’s changed,” Miranda finished for her, raising a single arched eyebrow. “Stephen, honey,” the doctor giggled, rolling her stool a little forward, smirking at the obviously uncomfortable boy, “have you been pulling your penis to thoughts of your step-mother more than usual recently?”

“NO!” the boy cried, turning even more red!

“Are you sure?” Miranda giggled, extending her slim manicured finger and, after checking that Yasmine was watching, sloooooowly curling it up and down in the boy’s direction.

And he almost jumped out of his chair!

And Yasmine sensed a magic spell-

Could she listen harder to tell what it was- Yes!

Doctor Gates was stroking the boy’s cock with a single phantom finger, right through his pants, right in front of his mother!

And Yasmine had to stifle a giggle as she watched the young boy- only six years her junior- gasp and stammer and squirm at the simple touch, getting much redder in the face and much harder in his pants, totally against his will!

“Ma-maybe I have!” Stephen finally admitted, sweating now!

Miranda added a second finger to the first. “How often....?”

“T...twice a day!! Sometimes threeee!!”

“And is that... all?”

Yasmine had to marvel as the boy squirmed and panted and pressed his thighs together- his distress obvious even without Powers- just from the simple touch Miranda was giving him!

“I... I also....”

He was having so much trouble speaking, and his face was totally red!

His stepmother slapped his knee. “Tell them!”

“..... I also steal her panties out of her laundry to jack off into them!”

Yasmine let out a whoop of laughter, then suddenly covered her mouth with both hands.

“Doctor! I’m sorry!”

But Miranda was still smirking. “No need, Dr. Saleh, no need.” She turned back to the patients. “Dr. Saleh comes from Egypt, where young boys *don’t* steal their mother’s clean underthings out of the dryer to cover them with their sperm.”

“And that was the final straw!” Anne agreed, recrossing her smooth toned legs and bobbing her bare foot tensely in its high heel. “It’s fine for him to spray the walls of the shower with his sperm- I make him clean it every two days anyway- but to do that to MY PANTIES- it’s disgusting!”

Miranda opened her clipboard to take notes. “And does he have any particular pairs he finds most... arousing?”

Anne crossed her arms. “It’s always my schoolgirl pairs from college! The ones I mostly wear when doing role-play with his father.”

Both Yasmine and Stephen’s eyes bugged out.

“I see, I see,” Miranda said, writing notes at a fast clip. “And do you find the activity takes place... any certain time of day?”

“At night, always at night, Doctor! He thinks he’s being sneaky by doing it when I’m not home- but I can still sense him, halfway across the city!”

“And is his sperm concentrated in any... specific part of the underthings?”

“Oh, he *covers* my crotches and bum with his cum- just soaks them!”

The boy moaned and Yasmine almost sensed him shoot off in his pants!

“I see, I see, interesting,” Miranda nodded, writing even faster. She tilted her clipboard towards Yasmine so the young doctor could see that Miranda had really just been doodling the word ‘panties panties panties panties’ over and over again along with a surprisingly detailed cartoon of a nude Stephen rolling around in his bed sniffing them.

Yasmine let out a sudden laugh then covered her mouth, trying to hold the giggles in.

“Yes, both Dr. Saleh and I agree, this is a very serious case of *pantiosis masturbatum*,” Miranda said, as serious as a therapist. “And so you’re asking we perform a Procedure 501 on the boy?”

Anne scrunched up her brow. “A... Five-Oh-One....?”

“A Willy Wanker. A complex magic spell that will prevent Stephen from touching his penis again whenever it gets hard.”

Both Anne and her step-son reacted at the exact same time.

“Yes, exactly!”

“NO! YOU CAN’T!”

And that was the exact moment Dr. Yasmine Saleh began to get a little wet between her legs.

“We certainly can, young man,” Dr. Gates said, standing up, truly and fully serious now. “It is a well-tested medical procedure, approved in all fifty-two states for all ages of males past the start of puberty- And if you are stealing your step-mother’s panties to defile them you certainly fit the description of a boy who would benefit from an airtight Willy Wanker!” She snapped on two surgical gloves and stood facing the boy, as imposing as a statue. “Now please stand and disrobe so that Dr. Saleh may examine you.”

Both the boy and Yasmine gasped at once.

“DISROBE?!”

“Examine him?!” Yasmine gulped.

She was only supposed to... observe!

Miranda smirked.

“Of course Doctor, we discussed this outside if you remember,” she lied, making Yasmine gulp and blush even more.

“Yes Dr. Gates, of course!”

Miranda turned to the boy, snapping her fingers. “Naked as a jaybird if you please, Stephen! Or in five seconds I will start using my Powers to start crushing your testicles as much as medically possible short of permanent sterilization.”

“Oh GOD! Yes- just wait okay!”

And Yasmine got to drink in the sight of a slim, attractive, scared 18-year-old American boy hurriedly stripping off his shirt, shoes, socks, pants right before her.

Such a cute boy-

And so nervous too!

“And the panties,” Miranda deadpanned, pointing a gloved finger at his boxer briefs. She turned to Anne. “Have you considered keeping him in his own frilly panties as punishment, since he loves stealing yours? Works wonders for young boys a rebellious attitude.”

“No, but I’ll definitely consider it,” the mother replied as the boy gasped. “Maybe a cute blue bikini bottom with little pink hearts?”

“Mother NO!”

Yasmine had to cover her mouth to keep from laughing.

These women were treating this boy... with no respect at all!

Miranda turned back to the horribly blushing boy still trying to cover the stiff tent in his briefs.

“Well come on! Chop chop! Or I’ll shrink your penis to a hyper-sensitive little nub during the procedure too!”

Stephen gasped and grabbed his waistband and blushed harder as he pulled and-

Yasmine got to see her first young, blushing, American boy go fully nude in front of her.

With a stiff little five-inch penis springing past his waistband like a bent back tree branch!

Sproing! giggled Yasmine in her head, unable to keep from looking!

“Now *there's* the type of enthusiasm we like to see from our Willy Wanker prospects,” Miranda chuckled, using her magic to force his wrists away from his crotch, leaving his cock bouncing in the open air! “Hop up on that chair dear, and Dr. Saleh will strap you in.”

Yasmine gasped as she turned to look at the heavy leather and steel examination table for the first time.

It had huge metal stirrups on it like a gynecological table!

And looked tough enough to withstand a nuclear blast!

And that's when Yasmine realized, the chair was built for fully grown men to struggle.

A lot.

And the tingles started growing much faster in her crotch.

“I trust you know which end goes where?” Miranda chuckled under her breath to the stunned young woman, who blushed and gulped.

“Yes Doctor, of course!”

And putting on her best babysitter face, Yasmine grabbed the trembling naked boy by the wrist and led him up into the chair, trying not to look at his stiff, aching, insistent penis bouncing up and down right in front of her lips!

“Step up there, butt right there,” she told him, knowing her face was getting redder and hotter. “And turn so your legs... are up in the stirrups!”

And the boy did it!

Yasmine was still marveling at how easy it had been- 18 year old boys in her country were so headstrong and arrogant in front of strange women-

And she got even wetter in her panties as she lifted the boy's wrists and clamped them into a leather-lined heavy steel cuff that could support ten times his weight.

The cuffs clanged home with the finality of a prison cell.

“There you go,” she exhaled near his ear, swallowing hard. “You can't get out of this now.”

And when the nude blue-balled boy whimpered and closed his eyes, his helpless naked cock throbbing harder right before her eyes, Yasmine felt a new wave of heat wash over her nude body under her clothes again.

From nipples to toes, it was like someone was lazily running two hot oiled hands over her nude skin, giving her goosebumps!

Miranda had dumped Stephen's clothes into a sturdy metal crate and locked it and had one of the nurses take it to another room at the far end of the clinic, leaving the boy truly naked until the women decided otherwise! She looked at her newest resident.

“Crank the legs apart Doctor, and we'll begin the exam.”

Yasmine saw the shiny metal crank between his legs- it was too obvious to miss- and when she started turning, his knees got wider and wider and higher and higher until he was spread open broader than a woman giving birth, his knees almost at his chest his feet pointed at the ceiling, and his throbbing hard naked shaved helpless cock and overfull balls right in front of her face, with his wrists locked down securely above his head!

Even Stephen's mother gulped at the sight.

"Wow," she muttered, recrossing her naked legs the other way, her strong thighs squeezing.

A smirking Miranda stepped up behind Yasmine so she couldn't back away.

"Grab the shaft and start stroking, Doctor. And we'll see what our patient is made of."

Yasmine panicked, feeling the heat building so fast on her face and between her legs, her heart pounding in her chest.

She couldn't!

She was an unmarried woman!

She didn't know this boy- and he was naked and already so hard and throbbing and-

She jumped when she felt Miranda's hand take hers and place it onto the squirming boy's shaft-

“I recommend starting near the third meta-parsal,” Miranda said, curling Yasmine’s fingers around the naked shaft. “About... here.”

And she laughed when both the boy and Yasmine moaned as the Egyptian doctor suddenly gripped tightly, like a girl with magnet hands eager to play with her first iron cock!

“And rub the thumb around the underside of the head, to increase blood flow...”

Yasmine did and Stephen started panting and squirming.

“Oh god! Umm- oh GOD!”

Yasmine’s thumb started moving faster, out of innate reflex.

Miranda smirked.

“Now Stephen, we’re going to need you to be completely honest and open with us,” she laughed as the helpless boy strained in his restraints! “Do you only think about your step-mother when you jerk off?”

“Um- I-” the nude boy panted, eyes closed, his face getting redder! “No!”

She nodded to her colleague and Yasmine started rubbing a little faster.

“Uhhgh!”

“Stephen...?”

“I DON’T!” the boy wailed. “I think about- other girls- all the time!”

Miranda let the strokes continue for the space of another four breaths, then cleared her throat.

“Dr. Saleh, please remove your gloves and continue the examination bare-handed.”

“What?!”

Miranda smirked. “Trust me.”

Gulping, Yasmine peeled off her nitrile gloves, stuffing them into the outer pocket of her lab coat and taking a deep breath, exhaling with her hand held just above the naked boy’s cock-

Feeling the heat radiating from it-

The burning LUST trapped inside-

A female doctor in Egypt could NEVER do this-

She moved forward just a millimeter and it was like like two magnets snapping together-

She grabbed his nude cock tightly and firmly, squeezing hard-

And Yasmine was transported into a magical mindspace where she could sense and hear and even see the boy’s most intimate sexual thoughts inside her Powers!

Which got even clearer the more she stroked!

“OH MY GOD!!”

“What do you see?” Miranda asked, as patient as a schoolteacher.

Yasmine had her eyes closed, concentrating as she stroked! She used her other hand to grip the boy’s hanging balls, rolling them out of reflex!

“He’s thinking of... performing cunnilingus on his step-mother!”

Anne uncrossed her long legs and slapped the only part of the naked boy she could reach, his bare chest.

“Stephen!”

“UNGGH!”

“And does he want to grab and lick her pert posterior too?” Miranda was asking Yasmine now.

“YES!”

“STEPHEN!”

“And how about her smooth legs and hot little manicured feet?”

“Yes Doctor, ALL of it, right down to the toes! ESPECIALLY the feet”

Anne was blushing, hand to her shocked chest. “STEPHEN JEFFERY WILKINS!”

“It’s definitely perverted but not unheard of,” Miranda was calming down Anne. “This is what the

Willy Wanker was made for. I assume you and Stephen live together?”

“Yes, along with his father- but Gerald is away on business a lot of the time!”

“And do you... do anything to encourage Stephen’s... male gaze?” Miranda laughed. “Walking out in little towels after the shower? Sunbathing nude in the backyard?”

“OF COURSE NOT!” Anne protested. “That would be RIDICULOUS! IMMORAL! I don’t do anything any NORMAL mother wouldn’t-”

Miranda tapped Yasmine’s shoulder. “For goodness sakes stop stroking Dr. Saleh- unless you want cum-covered fingers.”

Yasmine let go of the throbbing cock just in time and the naked boy moaned and thrust his splayed hips up in the air, yelling and gasping as his cock spasmed and balls tightened.

“OH GODDDD!!! DAMMNIT! NOOOOOOOO!”

“Just in the nick of time,” Miranda chuckled to the embarrassed young doctor as the boy bucked and panted, nearly having a ruined orgasm!

“I’m sorry Doctor! I got so caught up in what I was seeing-”

“Don’t worry about it, we all had to spill some milk before we got skilled at edging. You’ll be more careful next time.” And she moved her mouth closer so that only Yasmine could hear.

“That was edge number one. The boy will have to go through *twenty* more before a Willy Wanker is finished.”

And this time it was Yasmine who bit her lip and whimpered!

Dr Gates stepped back, crossing the room in three long steps of her high heels to pick up her discarded clipboard. “Continue the manual examination after a few seconds Doctor Saleh, and watch those arousal levels.”

“Yes Doctor!” Yasmine gulped, pressing her legs together. *Did she... giggle?*

She HAD to be more professional than that!

Miranda turned with her clipboard to the mother. “Now, Anne, for this procedure to work, we will need the truth from you as well. How often does Stephen’s father leave home on trips?”

“Oh, he’s out every week, flying to somewhere or other for his work.”

“And how often do you and Stephen’s father have intercourse?”

“Pretty often!” she laughed. “I don’t let him cum during his work trips so he’s always very eager to see me right when he gets home! Two to three times every weekend at least, which is not bad for a nearly 50 year-old man, magic or no!”

“And any chance Stephen can hear you during these weekend lovemaking sessions? Your moans, your words?”

“God I hope not!”

“Try to remember. Did your Powers sense Stephen stroking off into your panties the last time you were getting pounded, maybe while Gerald was making you orgasm and you were yelling out his name?”

“Oh no!” Yasmine gasped, letting go of the young boy’s penis just before he would have cum in her soft warm hands again! The boy screamed and bucked and squeezed his penis muscles-

-but stayed dry.

“Caught it just in time,” Yasmine gulped, blushing at Miranda.

The Doctor was frowning. “No, that was a good edge, Yasmine. Very close- see how he’s sweating on his forehead? And how blue his balls are getting? We want many more just like that.”

The Egyptian’s smooth face lit up as she smiled. “Yes doctor.”

But behind Yasmine’s back, what Miranda was frowning at, was the mother.

She hit a button on the counter to call the nurse and in less than a minute a young cute bubbling blonde wheeled in a large cart with all sorts of jars, pastes and feather dusters on it.

“A Willy Wanker is a very complex medi-magical procedure,” Miranda explained to the mother. “First we home in on the arousal centers, using guided masturbation and forced edges, then wear away the magical buildup from the environment, using these feather dusters applied to the penis, then use this electro-nutrient paste to amplify the first and third harmonics...”

By the time she had finished going through all the steps of the process, Yasmine had taken the gasping begging panting boy through five more very close and painful edges, using her sharpening Powers to stop just on the brink each time, and his mother Anne was looking flustered and flush, both from hearing the complexity of the procedure and for... other reasons.

“Well, that certainly does seem like... a lot!” the blonde mother said, wiping her forehead with a cloth, glancing between the standing Miranda and her bound, naked, edged and sweating son.

“It has to be,” Miranda said. “Think about all the requirements- the spell has to be always on, 24/7, 365 days a year, whether a woman is nearby to cast it or not- powered by just the boy’s arousal itself- detecting the difference between a soft

penis he needs to keep clean and a hard willy that only leads to trouble- while not inhibiting his arousal nor preventing orgasm flow and applying sufficient pressure on his hands but not enough to cause nerve damage to his fingers- it's probably the most subtle and complex magical spell we can cast!"

Anne gulped, wiping her neck as Stephen was edged by a now grinning Yasmine again. "Yes, I see!"

Dr. Gates looked down at her. "You still wish to continue?"

"Yes, of course!"

"After this point, we cannot stop the Procedure until it is completed, no matter what."

Anne nodded, a bit of a grin entering her lips. "Yes Doctor, I understand. Definitely continue!"

But that only made Miranda frown a little more. "Very well." She turned to the nurse. "Susan- feather tickler number five please."

"Ohh, the stiff ones!" the young blonde nurse giggled, picking up the medical implement. She looked meaningfully at Yasmine while smoothing the feathers. "Ostrich."

The naked boy groaned, at being shown off helpless and panting and horribly horribly edged to yet another fully clothed woman, this one a cute nurse much closer to his own age, and Yasmine could *feel* the shame coursing through his naked cock into her hand!

Yasmine stepped back, finally letting go of the stiff penis to give Miranda access between the panting boy's twitching thighs.

Dr. Gates started the Procedure, closing her eyes and concentrating, pulling apart the complicated magical harmonics in her mind, explaining what she was doing for Yasmine's benefit as much as the mother's, all the while using the stiff feather duster to drive the helpless boy into fits of screams and pleads, as she whisked it over the most sensitive parts of his dripping denied throbbing dick and balls without pause or mercy.

“STOP- STOPPPPP! OH GOD STOPPPPPPPPP!” Stephen wailed, bucking and pulling at his tight restraints with absolutely no success as the straps held, his helpless fingers gasping and squeezing nothing above his head, his naked toes and feet straining in air as Miranda tickled his cock and balls without end, finding his most sensitive nerves and honing in on them.

“I love when they're screamers, don't you?” the giggling nurse whispered into Yasmine's ear, her breath close enough to tickle the hairs on Yasmine's neck as well!

The young doctor gulped. “Me too!”

She stuck her hand out where the mother couldn't see. “Susan.”

“Yasmine!”

The girls giggled as they secretly shook and the young nude helpless boy was brought to yet another powerful edge, magically assisted this time by Miranda's immense but subtle Powers.

“God, I'm going to have to change my panties after this,” Susan laughed in Yasmine's ear.

The Egyptian blushed. “Me too!”

“Don't worry, I have extras you can borrow!”

“Susan- the sensitizing cream if you please!” Miranda snapped urgently.

“Whooops- sorry doctor!”

The blond rushed to apply pink paste over the head of Stephen’s penis with a wet ticklish brush, feeling to the boy like a soft tongue eagerly licking his cockhead, which the virgin had obviously never felt before in real life, electrifying his body.

“AHHHHHHH!”

Yasmine squeezed her legs together! “Doctor, I think I’ll need to excuse myself for just a-”

“This is the most critical part Dr. Saleh- stay RIGHT where you are!”

She froze! “Yes Doctor!”

Miranda redoubled her magic concentration, the boy moaning as his balls got fuller than any natural process could possibly make them, stretching the skin, making him feel like he had two solid heavy plums between his legs, his cock dripping and denied and right there but not allowed to shoot and that’s when the door opened and Carol the redheaded receptionist burst in.

“Doctor-”

“Absolutely NOT NOW Carol- we’re harmonizing the ulna refractor!”

“Doctor Gates, we’ve just been told there’s a category 2 wildfire moving towards the clinic!”

“Oh my GOD!” Anne cried, standing up and grabbing her purse. “We’ll have to evacuate!”

“Absolutely NOT!” Miranda said, sweat forming on her brow now. “We *never* stop in the middle of a Procedure!”

“This isn’t surgery!” the mother protested. “And it’s a god-damned wildfire! We can come back later and pick up the spell whenever-”

Miranda shot her a killer look. “It’s a PARABOLIC refractor spell! If we stop now, your son will be immune to Willy Wankers FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE! Possibly immune to ALL SEX MAGIC- is that what you want?!”

The young step-mother stepped back, unsure. “No... but...”

“Then SIT DOWN!”

She sat.

Miranda turned to Yasmine. “Doctor Saleh! Reinforce this third harmonic if you please! You’ll have to drop your sensitivity guard to do so, lean on Susan if you feel your knees going weak, but DO it!”

Yasmine jumped into action, concentrating even as she felt the runaway arousal building again between her legs! “Yes Doctor!”

At the door, Carol gulped. “And the wildfire...?”

“Evacuate any patients who haven’t started their Procedures yet,” Miranda ordered. “But we’re staying here! Have the orderlies start spraying the building with garden hoses! Starting with the roof! And get constant updates from the local fire chief- Ken is his name!”

“Yes Doctor!”

“And tell me if the fire gets closer than a half mile from here!”

“YES DOCTOR!” Carol shouted, leaving the door open as she ran to carry out orders.

Yasmine was shaking as she tried to concentrate. *Was the heat on her skin coming from the arousal of the procedure- or the oncoming wildfire?!*

Miranda grabbed her shaking hand and put it on Stephen’s cock. “Grab this if you need to concentrate! Let it center you- think about nothing else than taking away this boy’s ability to masturbate- forever!”

Yasmine swallowed! “Yes Doctor!”

Miranda turned to the mother. “The question I asked you before- we need an honest answer now!!

What do you do at home to tease and arouse the boy?!”

The hot trophy mom was wide-eyed. “I don’t see how that’s-”

“It’s relevant if I SAY it is!” Miranda snapped. “You have NO IDEA of the level of Magics we’re throwing around right now- RIGHT Dr. Saleh?”

“Very powerful Magics!” Yasmine agreed, closing her eyes and concentrating on squeezing the edged boy’s cock as her pussy dripped!

“Now what do you do at home Anne!”

“I, um... probably wear shorter shorts than is appropriate for a mother around her son!” she admitted, pulling down the hem of her dress which barely covered her tight round firm ass. “Like, all the time.”

“Besides that!”

“I... never let him orgasm on his birthday or between Christmas and New Years!” Anne admitted as Stephen gasped in betrayal. “I always block him off at those times but tell him some random girl in the neighborhood did it!”

“MOM!”

“BESIDES that!” Miranda said, straining to keep the spell from collapsing! “There’s something else blocking us right now! What do you DO-sunbathing nude in the backyard when his friends come over?”

“NO! NEVER!”

“What else?!”

“Nothing else! I’m a NORMAL step-mother!”

“You’re LYING! We need-”

Carol burst in the door again. “The fire’s a half mile away Doctor!”

Miranda snapped around towards Anne again.

“We’re running out of TIME! For the LAST TIME- what do you DO when Stephen is home to tease him- if you don’t want your son to be immune to Sex Magic FOREVER!”

“I... masturbate whispering his name sometimes at night!” Anne admitted, her face turning so bright red! “I know he can feel the vibrations and every time I whisper his name I feel his helpless blocked dick throbbing harder and it feels so GOOD! And I walk around topless in my room in just my panties with the door ajar

when he's home and I pretend not to notice when I see his shadow on the other side of the door but it turns me on SO MUCH to know he's peeping I soak my panties- and have to run into my bathroom and touch my hot pussy whispering his name again while increasing his sperm production so he's jacking off at the same time but CAN'T CUM AT ALL!!!!!!”

“THAT’S IT!” Miranda cried, feeling the last piece slide into place. “Susan, the finishing paste- NOW! Yasmine- give it your all- stroke that cock- edge him the closest and hardest yet!”

Dr. Saleh licked her fingers and grabbed the boy’s shaft bare handed as Susan brushed the tip with the bright pink finishing paste, Yasmine stroking faster, squeezing in just the right places-

“AHHHHHHHHHHGGGGHGHGHH!” the boy screamed as Yasmine let go EXACTLY at the last millisecond, the perfect, hanging, supercharged edge.

The naked boy bounced and bucked in his restraints, arms, abs, legs and cock straining, untouched-

-and stayed dry.

And Miranda felt the pieces of the spell come together and harden, making a perfect symmetrical seal in her Powers sight.

This boy would never masturbate again.

She slumped back onto his bound leg, sighing in relief. “There. It’s done.”

Yasmine was already edging towards the door. “But doctor- the fire!”

“When I had this building constructed, it was made to resist at least a level FOUR wildfire,” Miranda said, wiping her brow on her forearm. “So we would have probably been okay. The cars in the parking lot, not so much.”

Anne wiped the sweat from her face. “Really?!”

Miranda went to the sink to take off her paste-covered gloves and wash her slender hands.

“And Ken is such a worry-wart; if the fire had really been threatening this clinic, he would have driven here personally in his fire chief’s car to drag me out of the building! Carol, I bet if you call him right now the fire’s turned to the west; they usually do this time of year.”

Back at the door, Carol gulped and nodded. “I’ll check, Doctor.”

Dr. Miranda Gates finished drying her hands and sat next to the flushed, red-faced, blushing mother and laughed, tired but happy. “Now... let’s talk about post-
Procedural care.”

A naked Stephen still lay in the gyno chair, although Yasmine and Susan had unbuckled his wrists and chest and thighs; the exhausted boy slumped with his legs still in the stirrups, his painfully stiff five-inch cock straining straight up from his crotch. But now his own penis was keeping his wrists up near his head- he was so hard the magic wouldn’t let his hands get any closer!

“Now, the after-care following such an intense procedure is very important,” Miranda was telling a blushing Anne as Yasmine and Susan gave the sweat-coated Stephen a quick efficient head-to-toe sponge bath.

“Your son is in a very vulnerable position right now, he’s totally *helpless* against any young woman who chooses to use her *Magic* or sexuality against him,” Miranda continued. “No matter *what* a woman does to him, he’s completely *unable* to relieve his tension in any way.”

“No more decisions, no more stress,” Susan soothed as she sponged the sweating boy’s forehead with cool water. “You never have to worry about when you’re going to cum again- because you literally have no say in that anymore!”

The boy moaned and his painfully hard shaft twitched while Yasmine sponged it off!

“No more say,” Susan giggled into his ear. “Although some boys form a little suck-off club with their fellow Wanker friends- their hands sometimes can’t touch each other’s dicks anymore either, but their mouths still work fine! Would you like that?” she giggled, sponging his neck. “Having to suck off your cute guy friends for even a chance to cum again?”

Stephen moaned louder, his cock getting hard and drippy under Yasmine’s sponge!

“Maybe not right away,” Susan sighed, washing his chest, focusing on his hard pink nipples. “But maybe after three or four months of blue balls you’ll change your mind...”

And Yasmine had to giggle too, his cock was throbbing so hard under her hands!

And he could never touch it again!

“As I was saying,” Miranda continued, giving her underlings a look. “He’s very in a vulnerable state right now, so all the little panty flashes and leg teases and foot teases you’ve been giving Stephen while his father’s not home...”

Anne gulped hard! “Yes Doctor....?”

“You’ll have to double or even triple them.”

“What?!” laughed Anne and Yasmine at the same time.

Miranda put her hand on the woman's leg. "Think about it- Stephen has *no* outlet for his lust right now. Even worse than being orgasm blocked, he can't even give himself a reassuring squeeze at night, or scratch his cock when the girl next door is trying out her feather teases for two or three or four hours in a row! She won't be able to sense his Willy Wanker so she even won't know how much she's torturing him! So it's up to you to... help him out."

Anne squeezed her naked thighs together tightly! "Help how Doctor?"

Miranda smiled.

"Give him little rubs and pats whenever you can- he loves feet, so put your naked feet in his lap while you're both on the couch watching TV and rub him through his sweatpants- just keep rubbing, slow and steady during that hour-long drama- and if he gasps and makes a spurt all over the inside of your smooth feet once in a while- that's great! Make him lick it all up and tell him how good a boy he is! If he doesn't spurt and goes to bed horny, well, that's fine too, at least he got touched!"

Anne gulped, her cheeks reddening!

"Remember he *can't* sin anymore," Miranda reminded. "So if you worry about him seeing your smooth legs in a short short robe, or just wearing your tiny panties making breakfast, or even fully nude in the backyard, enjoying the sun like a liberated woman should- DON'T! He can't defile himself thinking about those images," Miranda laughed. "Everything will stay bottled up right inside his head, all those horny dirty images- untouched. Forever. Just like it should be." She winked. "Until he unleashes all that lust on some laughing young girlfriend someday, thinking about you."

Anne gasped and squeezed her thighs together, her beautiful face getting quite red!

And Yasmine could see her hard nipples poking through the fabric of her thin sundress!

“Okay!” the beautiful blonde squeaked.

Miranda nodded. “In fact, we *recommend* a lot of nude sunbathing in the weeks following a young boy’s Willy Wanker- it really helps seal the harmonics and soothe his mind. Let him apply suntan oil anywhere you need, let his fingers explore anywhere on your body- he can’t use them for anything else now!”

“Okay Doctor!”

From her heavy breathing and her sharp squeak and the full flush in her face, Yasmine guessed the woman was as close to cumming as she was!

From thinking about teasing her orgasm-free step-son for months on end!

And based on her own breathing, Yasmine wasn’t far behind!

She remembered to clamp down her own sensitivity before the boy’s Lust Energy made her slip and cum right there-

A giggling Susan had helped Stephen up off the gyno chair and onto his shaky legs, and was preparing to have him step into his jeans- sans underwear- when Anne interrupted her.

“Hold on Nurse- I’ll do that!”

And this beautiful, long-haired, big-breasted woman in a short blue sundress stepped up and grabbed the naked boy’s short thin dick, bending it sharply down to tuck into the leg of his jeans!

“AAHHHHHHH!” the topless boy wailed, as his stiff magically-enhanced erection was bent down in a direction it really didn’t want to go! “ANNE! STOPP!”

“Unless you start controlling your thoughts, you’re going to have to ask me to do this for you *every day*,” she panted, towering over the topless barefoot boy in her sexy high heels.

And Yasmine could see her rubbing her thumb over the underside of Stephen’s cock just like Yasmine had, making the boy harder and more desperate even as she crushed his cock down, trying to get him soft enough to zip up, making his body fight itself!

She rubbed faster and pushed his cock down harder, making the boy almost cry!

“...And call me Mommy.”

“Yes Mommy!” the crying 18-year-old wailed as his step-mother finally stuffed his aching cock inside his pants and zipped him up, leading him out of the clinic that way, topless and barefoot, pulling him along by a loop of his jeans!

“She is going to have that boy naked before they even get home,” Susan giggled, watching them leave. “Those jeans aren’t staying on for long!”

“And she’ll be naked for him shortly after that,” Miranda predicted. “Hot trophy wife with a husband who leaves all the time, living at home with her young, virile, willy-wankered step-son? I’d be surprised if she’s not sitting on that boy’s face once a day by the time we do our one-month follow up!”

And Yasmine was gob-shocked!

A mature 35 year old woman-

Naked and oiled and sweating from tanning outside in the hot Texas sun-

Sitting on the face of her helpless 18 year-old son, using his tongue for her pleasure-

While his cock throbbed and throbbed and throbbed, untouched, unable to cum!

“Oh my GOD!”

Miranda smirked at her. “Quite an image, isn’t it?” She picked up some papers and handed them to Susan. “Have anyone still in the building go home, Nurse, just in case the wildfire turns. Dr. Saleh, stay with me for one more minute?”

As a laughing Susan skipped off to put things away, Yasmine followed Miranda back to her office.

“So,” Miranda laughed, packing up her own things in her office, “quite a first day, huh?”

Yasmine gulped, feeling the press of her absolutely soaked panties against her tingling pussy!

“Yes Doctor!”

“Sorry for springing that exam on you, but we believe in a more hands-on teaching method here.”

“It’s no problem! I- I have to learn sometime! Do you mind if I ask you a question, though?”

Miranda looked her newest resident up and down, especially her fidgeting fingers and nervous legs.

“I’d be more angry if you didn’t ask me something, after all that.”

“Yes ma’am! Why... why did you keep going with the Procedure after the wildfire was reported? Wasn’t that a little... dangerous?”

Dr. Gates sat on top of her smooth wooden desk and crossed her legs. Long, smooth, amazing legs that wouldn’t think out of place on a Greek statue, Yasmine thought. She pitied the poor man who would try to stand up to them!

“A little,” Miranda admitted. “You haven’t been through many wildfires, have you?”

“No, we don’t have those in Egypt!”

“I’ve been through five. Not fun. But I was serious about the local fire chief Ken- if things had really been bad, he would have driven here in his car personally and dragged me from the building before anything else. Ken and I have history- he helps me out here quite a lot.”

“Oh.”

“But do you want to know the real reason?”

Yasmine looked up, stunned by those amazing legs again, but nodded. “Yes!”

Miranda smiled. “Because the first rule of Sex Magic- the most important rule- is that you have to *love* doing it.”

“Everything else we can teach you, but some woman don’t love the process, don’t think it’s fair. Or they go the other way and try to be too cruel to the men- their harmonics are all wrong and their 501’s never hold. We’ve lost more than a few promising doctors that way!”

“That’s why I had to bring the mother into the procedure, to get the truth, or Stephen’s Wanker would have slipped too. He may look at girls at school, but his mother’s legs are the ones he lusts for. She’s the one driving his urges, with her amazing tits and tight ass and playful unavailability and her innocent barefoot teases around him all day- she had to admit what she was doing to him and that she loves it too, or the spell wouldn’t have been as strong as they both needed! Make sense?”

Yasmine gulped, replaying all that had happened. “That means... the questions you were asking her-”

“Weren’t just idle questions,” Miranda said, standing up from her desk, trading her high heels for comfortable driving flats. “She had to be involved, I could sense it. You realize she’s going to tease the ever-loving-FUCK out of that poor boy from here on out, right? That the next time we see him, he’s going to have the biggest, most painful, blue balls in history?”

Yasmine followed Miranda to the front door. “...just like it should be?”

“Now you’re learning!” Miranda laughed, turning off the lights. And before she locked the door, she turned to look the young woman in the eyes.

“So the question you have to ask yourself, Dr. Saleh- if you’re going perform successful Sex Magic Medicine when you get home- is, do you LOVE this? Do you wish you could perform more procedures taking away helpless boys’ rights to touch themselves, more than anything else in the world?”

“Yes Doctor, I do!”

And from the look the women shared, both of them knew exactly what Yasmine was going to do, the second she got back to her hotel room.

“Good! See you tomorrow then.” Miranda winked as she left. “And bring a lot of extra panties. You’re going to need them.”

*****END OF CHAPTER ONE*****

CHAPTER TWO

Miranda's Willy Wanker Clinic



Helping siblings settle
wrestling bets in a fair
and equitable way.

Brock Sawyer fucked a tight squealing little blonde in his dreams. The muscular twenty-one-year-old blond college wrestler pounded the hot five-foot-nothing waif without remorse, his big biceps bulging as he held her tiny waist, his powerful hips thrusting as he plunged his thick eight inch cock over and over into the squealing girl's tight hole-

She was totally nude, bent over his bed, forced up on her cute pink manicured toes, moaning and grabbing the sheets, begging for mercy from his huge cock- Mercy he didn't give her.

"OH MY GOD- IT'S TOO BIG BROCK! YOU'RE TOO BIG! SLOW DOWN!"

The dreaming boy laughed and thrust even faster. "Not until you cum! And cum and cum and cum- until you're BEGGING me for this cock every morning and night-"

"OHHHHHH FUUUUUUUUCCCK NOOOOOO-" the tiny girl wailed, her eyes starting to roll back into her head, her tongue lolling out and her hands grabbing the sheets, her pussy starting to make those tell-tale clenches.

Brock loved seeing girls this way.

She was squirming so much-

He was about to nut himself!

"NO! DON'T CUM INSIDE ME!" she suddenly cried, trying to get away as she suddenly felt his cock get even bigger. **"I'M NOT ON THE PILL!!!"**

Brock laughed and tightened his grip and pulled the squirming girl back even harder, getting ready to explode so deep inside of her-

And woke up to a bright, blinding light and the sounds of stopped traffic outside.

“What the-?”

Wind had blown the curtains of his room aside, letting the bright morning sun come through the open window and sit right on his face. The sleepy boy shielded his eyes with one meaty hand and threw a pillow at the curtain to shut it.

“Fuck!”

And he had been having the most incredible dream too!

And now he had this painfully hard morning wood!!

Brock looked at the clock, debated for only a second, then muttered ‘Fuck it’ and stuffed one hand under his sheets and inside his boxer briefs to start jacking off.

Let his sister deal with the discomfort, not him-

He started stroking and quickly got close, the build-up of that dream and picturing that tiny nude blonde bent over the side of his bed again, barefoot and wailing and cumming helplessly on his huge cock, getting him there so fast-

But just as he was building to the peak, a high-pitched wail came from across the hall.

“OH MY GOD- MOOOOOOOMMMMM!!”

Brock instantly felt the sharp tingle of a Sex Magic spell looping off his orgasms- the raw electric buzz of a new user still learning her Powers- and then the pitter-patter of little feet racing down the hall-

And his 18 year-old sister burst into his room in just her silky camisole and cotton panties, the five-foot-nothing blonde waif stamping her pink manicured toes on the carpet, shaking her slim finger at him.

“I TOLD YOU TO STOP THINKING ABOUT ME WHEN YOU JACK OFF!”

“Hey, it wasn’t you I was thinking about,” he laughed, feeling his thick cock throb in his hand under the sheets. “Just some girl from school.”

“You know I can SEE what you’re thinking about when you jack off right?!” Bailey cried. “She looks just like me! IT’S GROSS!!!”

“Some girls would consider it a compliment.”

“BROCK!”

“We’re all getting used to you getting Powers all of a sudden,” he laughed, looking her smooth coltish legs up and down, her cute flat belly exposed between her silky cami and tight panties, the way her hard nipples made little points through her thin shirt on the ends of her small pert breasts- “Now, are you gunna take this stupid orgasm block off, so I can finish?”

“YOU ASSHOLE-”

“She can’t take the block off because she didn’t put it on,” another teenager’s voice said from the hall. “I did.”

And Brock cursed when a sexy dark-haired girl with the pixie cut walked into his room, wearing a thin silky camisole and wide cotton panties just like his sister.

“Hey Hutch,” Brock growled, finally letting go of his cock. “Forgot you stayed over last night.”

The dark-haired girl smirked, arms over her bra-less tits. “Yeah, I just bet you did.”

She had bigger tits and a fuller ass than Bailey but was nearly as short. Great legs and feet, fuckable face, definitely excellent cock-sucking material- but he’d still rather watch his bratty sister take a thick dick than her smart-mouthed friend!

Although, seeing both girls standing there just feet from him, barefoot, in their thin panties and chest-hugging camis showing off the tops of their tits, Brock thought that maybe the best would be seeing them *both* fighting for his hard cock, struggling to get it in their mouths, *moaning* as they got wetter between their smooth legs, and then bending over his bed together as they pulled down their panties together, shaking their twin nude asses at him, begging him to stick it in *theirs* first-

“Fuck, I really need to finish,” Brock laughed as his cock throbbed in his briefs. “Bail, get your friend to release my dick so I can cum- or things are going to get serious.”

His hot nearly-naked younger sister flipped her hair as she flipped him off and turned to leave. “Get bent! I don’t care if Hutch o-blocks you all week! You deserve it after thinking about me like-*AHHHH!*”

Both girls squealed as the athletic boy leapt from his bed like a panther to stand across the open doorway, a wall of muscle now suddenly between them and the hall.

“Get this orgasm block off me RIGHT NOW!” he growled, barring the way with his bulging wrestlers arms. “Or else NONE of us are leaving this room until I cum!” Hutch raised her hand towards the throbbing cock in his briefs, her painted fingernails pointed right at him. “Or we could just move you ourselves, with a quick Push spell.”

“You two newbies don’t even know that spell yet- you haven’t had Powers long enough!”

Hutch held her pose a moment longer, then cursed and lowered her hand. “Shit!” Bailey took a deep breath- inflating her small ribcage to its max- and yelled out the doorway.

“*MOOOOOOMMMMMMM!!*”

“You kids figure it out on your *ooooown!*” an adult woman’s voice replied from downstairs. “I have to go to *wooooooorrrrk!*”

Brock grinned as the front door closed and a car started outside, standing with one hand against each doorjamb, as solid as a vault door. “So Hutch, now you gonna unblock me?”

“Don’t do it!” Bailey cried. “Let him suffer!”

The dark-haired girl looked at her, arms crossed over her chest again. “Well I’m not going to spend all day trapped in his room, in just my panties!”

“Maybe you’d like to spend all day trapped in here, *without* them,” Brock laughed.

“Fuck you!”

Bailey turned to her brother, who had been checking out her tight, smooth, panty-clad ass. “Fine! We’ll bet you for it!”

He looked up with a laugh. “What?”

“We’ll bet you for it! Win- we get to leave, lose- you get the block taken off!”

“What bet?”

Bailey looked around the room, arms over her chest, then finally laughed.

“Wrestling.”

“What?!” Brock howled, almost falling over! “Have you *seen* all these trophies on the wall?”

“That’s wrestling against *boys*,” Bailey said. “They just passed a law in Texas, preventing boys from wrestling against any Empowered girls at *any* time.”

“Because they didn’t want the girls getting their backs broken,” Brock growled back.

Hutch laughed. “Because they’d know you’d *lose*.”

“So you’re chickening out?” Bailey laughed, going up on her toes, poking his chest. “Bwak-bwak-”

He pushed her back so hard she almost hit the wall!

“Fine!” Brock agreed, crouching down solidly in front of the door. “You pin me, you leave! But if I pin you-” -his hard cock throbbed at the thought- “Hutch has to take off her block spell!” His cock got even harder! “And BOTH of you have to take off all your clothes before you leave!”

Both girls’ jaws dropped, even as their faces flushed.

“Gross!”

“Perv!”

But they were too far in now, they had to continue!

The boy laughed, his big dick getting even harder! “So? Are we doing this?”

“Oh, definitely,” Bailey said, stretching her thin arms across her chest, starting to stretch her legs to warm up. “Time to teach you a fucking lesson. Watch this, Hutch.”

Brock laughed even louder. “You’re not taking me on together? Added up, the both of you *almost* reach my weight class.”

“Nope, just me,” Bailey laughed, stretching her quads, feeling the boy’s hungry eyes on her thin naked legs. “Hutch can be ref!”

“Fine- go be ref Hutch,” Brock laughed, flipping the girl off as he continued to stretch.

“Get bent,” she said, flipping him off back as she sat down on his bed, cross-legged, in just her panties. She watched the shirtless muscular boy warm up, his thick hard cock tenting aggressively against his tight blue cotton briefs- “But if we win- Bailey gets to cast one spell on you too!”

Brock laughed while he rolled his corded neck. “Bailey doesn’t barely know one spell.”

“Then what are you worried about?”

But Bailey was glancing at her friend too. “Yeah, what are you talking about?”

And Hutch leaned forward and whispered something in her ear.

Something which made Brock’s cute blonde 18-year-old sister smile.

A lot.

“Oh yeah! That would be so- epic! Okay!”

“Fine, whatever!” the boy growled, his big blue balls heavy and his morning wood painfully tenting his boxer briefs! “Let’s just do this already!”

Bailey gave her friend a look.

Hutch gave her a smirk and nod back.

Both girls giggled.

And the two fighters started to circle each other.

Brock’s carpeted room was just large enough for two adults to wrestle a bit, the desk and chair and bed far enough out of the way unless someone really got thrown. Brock circled his sister in a low powerful stance, his fingers almost

dragging on the ground, Bailey was kinda standing up in a weird boxer's pose, hands out in front of her. Brock would occasionally shoot one hand out to try and grab her knee, Bailey would squeal and jump back and slap it away, always escaping just in time.

But Brock wasn't even using half his strength or speed.

He grinned, feeling it throb. "I'm going to enjoy showing you what *real* wrestling is like."

His sister grinned back. "Me too."

Hutch laughed. "And I'm going to enjoy watching Bailey cast that spell!"

What stupid spell were they talking about?! Brock wondered in his head.

He was orgasm-blocked already- that's the first spell any girl learned!

If she could Force-lift or Force-push him, she'd have already done it!

But there were other, horrible, spells Brock had heard rumors about-

Ones able to give men weird fetishes against their will-

Or shrink their cock a little every time they jacked off-

Or force them to always lick up all their cum after an orgasm!

But Brock shook those thoughts out of his head as he prepared to tackle her- *end*

this fast and he wouldn't have to worry about any stupid spells!

He was planning how he'd take her down, to keep her from hitting her head on his desk or a wall as he flipped her to the ground-

How he'd grab that smooth little body-

That tight little ass-

Her little wrists-

And hold her down until she submitted!

His powerful cock throbbed wildly at the thought.

"And that's why they don't let boys wrestle girls," his sister giggled, pointing.

"Shut UP!" the boy roared, leaping forward.

And that's when Bailey pounced too.

The shock of it startled him for half a step-

He hadn't expected *her* to dive at *him*-

They met much earlier than he expected, in the center of his leap-

Chest to chest-

Cheek to cheek-

It was like hitting a man almost his own size!

He stumbled, trying to adjust his footing-

He pushed harder, trying to get an advantage- but Bailey held her own, her bare feet barely moving on the floor!

"What the fuck?!"

His little sister seemed a lot stronger than she looked!

A giggling Bailey turned inside his arms and suddenly his rock hard cock was pressing up against her hot pantied ass-

"Uhhnnggh!" he squealed, putting her in an awkward bear hug at the last second, going up on his tiptoes!

"What's wrong tough guy?!" she laughed in his ear, her tiny ass rubbing against his steel cock as they struggled- "Not used to fighting girls?"

The shock of her tight ass against his dick with just thin panties between them-

Her soft skin against his-

The smell of her hair-

-had him completely off balance!

“NO!” the blushing boy yelled, getting even harder in his shorts and even redder in his face as his sister and Hutch both laughed! “It’s FINE!”

He had to end this fast!

The longer this went on, the stupider he looked!

He grabbed her wrist and thigh, getting ready to flip her to the ground in a Reverse Samson-

But when he grabbed her thigh- it was like grabbing the trunk of a tree!

It barely moved an inch!

The naked boy started to sweat!

“What the hell?!”

Her back to his chest, her arms fighting with his arms, five-foot-nothing Bailey was panting with the exertion, but also holding her own, against her buff two-hundred-and-ten pound brother!

“Did you ever notice-” she giggled, actually pushing him back, his naked feet sliding on the carpet- “that I seem to get stronger, the harder your stupid dick gets?”

Brock’s eyes got big, even as she pushed him back another step!

“And that Powers give a girl a special connection... to a boy that always jacks off to them?”

Brock started to realize the trouble he might be in.

And then her cute manicured hand shot down between his legs and grabbed his balls right through his briefs.

Brock realized it the same exact second Hutch did.

“And this fight is OVER!” she announcered from the bed, right before Bailey squeezed her older brother’s nuts tightly.

“AHHHHHHHGGGH!” the boy screamed, hunching over onto her smooth shoulder and grabbing for her hand! “BAIIILEY!”

“And I’m not even squeezing very hard!” she laughed to her friend, who was almost falling over in tears.

“BAILEY! WAIT-” the boy panted!

“This is squeezing hard,” she giggled.

“AHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“And here’s the *real* reason they don’t let boys wrestle girls,” Bailey whispered into her brother’s ear, holding his defenseless nuts in her super tight little grip. He tried to dislodge her with a frantic grip on her wrist, but she was way too strong!

And his cock was still getting harder, from rubbing and grabbing her tight nearly naked body!

She *pulsed* her fist again, making him scream in a high pitched voice and go up all the way onto his tiptoes. And with him already leaning over her shoulder, she simply turned her hips and judo flipped her much larger brother onto the carpet. All while still holding onto his nuts.

“AHHHH-OOOF!” the muscular boy screamed, crashing naked onto his carpeted floor with his balls still in her crushing grip. *And his laughing sister landing on top of him!*

“Get him Bailey get him!!!” Hutch cheered from the bed, as the slim blonde wrapped her legs around his neck while clamping his nuts, like she had seen a woman do on the internet video she had masturbated to many many times. And then *squeezed*.

“AHHHHHHH!” Brock wailed, trying desperately to pull her hand off his nuts!
The pain was immense!

Like nothing he could stand!

“I still don’t understand how boys think they’re the stronger sex,” Bailey giggled to her friend, “when they’ve got these two stupid little things between their legs-”

And then she crushed his nuts even harder.

“BAIIIIIEEEY!!” the naked boy begged, trying to fight back! But the girls laughed as his defense was spastic, disorganized, as his laughing little sister crushed her much bigger brother’s balls!

“Here, I guess you won’t need *these* anymore,” Hutch laughed from the bed and, leaning forward, started pulling his boxer briefs down his legs!

“WAITTT!! NOO!!” the boy screamed as the girls laughed, watching him trying to fight back.

Hutch laughed as she got the struggling boy’s boxers off his butt-

Down his thighs-

Then off his struggling feet, as the boy kicked and fought ineffectively!

“And... TADA!” Hutch squealed, whipping his underwear around her head like a trophy! “Sexy Naked Wrestler!”

And both girls laughed at the humiliated, embarrassed, nude boy!

He was totally naked and rock hard, in front of his laughing sister and her friend! And his sister still had that stupid leg lock around his neck!

“I’m going to keep you naked a *lot* more from now on,” Bailey laughed in his ear, breathing hard from fighting him, but slowly choking him out with her powerful thighs. “Get used to it!”

The naked boy blushed so hard, his thick cock throbbed and started to drip!

“Awww, he likes that idea!” Hutch laughed.

And then her little hand closed around his thick cock!

“NOOOO!!!”

Her hand felt SO good-

Oh god he was gonna cum!!

“Uh-oh!” she laughed, jacking him off. “Someone’s close!”

“NO I’M NOT!” he groaned as both girls laughed and wrestled him. He had one hand on Bailey’s smooth thighs, trying to break that suffocating leg lock, the other reaching for Hutch, trying to get her to stop playing with his most private parts however she wanted! “STOP!!!”

Hutch started jacking him off faster.

“NOOOOOOOOO!!! WHHHAAAAAT!!” the boy wailed, kicking his legs ineffectively as her fingers swirled and pulled his dripping dick!

She felt so GOOD against his body-

Jacking him off like a professional-

He couldn’t see any of it, all he could see was Bailey’s thighs-

But he could FEEL that cute little Hutch had jacked off *hundreds* of guys in the car before! *She knew exactly what to do!*

“OHHH... FUUUUCCCCCK-” he wailed, about to nut!

“Yeah, come on big brother!” Bailey panted, still squeezing her legs around his neck. “Make this real easy for us-”

Hutch laughed and leaned forward to give his cockhead just one little lick as she stroked.

“ARRRRRRRRGGGGHHHH!!” the boy wailed, bucking in the laughing girls’ grips as a huge blocked orgasm overtook him!

It started in his tingling toes and fingertips-

The rush of electricity shooting up his spine and arms and legs-

Meeting like a geyser at his cock, making his thick shaft quiver and his heavy bulging balls finally squeeze and shoot out their huge load-

Except they didn’t.

His big, overdue cum stream got to the very tip of his dick and then instantly reversed course, Hutch’s simple magic making it burn his urethra as the semen turned and went the wrong way-

Slamming into his balls like a fist dropped from overhead, making the helpless nude boy yell and thrash, as the two laughing girls held him down!

“NOOOO!! FUUCCCCCKKK!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!”

“Whoooo! Sexy!” Bailey laughed. “Shake that body!”

“His eyes are rolling back into his head!” Hutch giggled, jacking him faster for some post-torture.

He was shaking, unable to come down from the huge blocked orgasm as Hutch kept jacking him, shivering and moaning and yelling as the two slim girls laughed, Hutch getting a better grip on his legs and Bailey improving her leg lock around his throat.

And starting to squeeze.

He was having a hard time getting air!

“BAI-” he gasped, tapping her slim thigh urgently! *Now it was liked being choked out by a steel cable!* “BAI-”

“You can’t tap out yet- we haven’t even done our *finishing* move!” she laughed. And her smooth legs were now perfectly locked around his neck, cutting off his air!

And all Brock could see was the small Hutch easily lifting his heavy nude legs up and apart-

And his laughing sister making a little fist with her fingers and raising it high up above her head-

“NOOOOOOOOOO-” he begged, trying to fight her off with his one free hand.

He had no chance.

Bailey’s fist slammed into his balls like a hammer into clay.

SMMAACK!

“ARRRRRRRRGGGGGGH!”

The girls laughed even harder as the helpless boy bucked and writhed on the floor, still unable to dislodge his smaller sister from her silly untrained wrestling hold, his balls totally at their mercy!

“NOOOOOO-”

SMMAACK! SMMAACK! SMMAACK!

“-AHHH!!”

He was openly crying now! Begging like a baby! “BAIIIIILEEE! PLEEEASEEEE!”

“Say goodbye to those nuts!” Hutch howled, as Bailey reared back to punch them again.

“Literally!” Bailey laughed, squeezing her legs around his reddening neck, cutting off his air further. “Because after this, we’re taking you straight to-”

“Oh, look at *you!*” Susan sang when Yasmine walked into the break-room early that morning.

The young Egyptian doctor had gotten her long shiny black hair done in an American style, put on very light lipstick and mascara, and wore a new, just-at-the-knee miniskirt, silk blouse, and low but sexy kitten heels. Nowhere near as daring as Miranda or the other doctors, but much more alluring than yesterday!

“You look like a young Selma Hayek!” Susan finished as Yasmine started to blush.

“Oh, it’s not anything-”

“I was going to say Sophia Vergara,” Carol said, sipping a big mug of coffee.

“Guys, come on!” Yasmine giggled, blushing so hard!

“You’re going to give all those naughty boys nice *stiff* boners the second they see you strut into that examination room,” the receptionist laughed.

“Yeah, they won’t stand a chance!” Susan agreed.

Yasmine giggled a little, as she poured herself some coffee. “You really think so?”

“Of course! How was it with boys when you dressed up back in Egypt?”

Yasmine stopped. “Oh- well- I mean, we really *couldn’t* dress like this. Back there.”

“Yes but how about with your boyfriends when you went out?” Carol pressed.

“I mean... I didn’t- Medical school really didn’t leave a lot of time... for dating.”

Both Susan’s and Carol’s eyes got large.

“Oh. My. God,” Susan said. “She’s a virgin!”

“I am NOT!” Yasmine protested, blushing hotly under her silk collar now, pulling her tight miniskirt lower, to cover as much knee as possible! She fretted with the hem as she talked. “There was... one guy- a friend of my cousin’s- at a party once-” She blushed even deeper! “But it wasn’t very good- we mostly fumbled around in the dark- rushing before we got caught!”

Carol put her mug down on the table with finality. “So it’s settled. We have to get Dr. Saleh laid this week.”

“NO!” the Egyptian cried as Susan eagerly clapped. “I don’t want-”

“Do you like guys with cute small dicks or BIG HONKING DONGS?!” Susan giggled, using her hands to show the size.

Carol chuckled. “I’d think small ones, for her first time.”

“It’s her *second* time!”

“A quick fumble in dark doesn’t count-”

“Guys, really!” Yasmine said, her heart racing! “I don’t *need* big honking d-”

“Doctors!” Nurse Jennifer screamed, the young cute Asian nurse bursting into the break-room with a panicked look. “It’s an emergency! We need a doctor in the waiting room!!!”

“That’s you,” Carol said, standing up and pouring her coffee down the drain. “Miranda isn’t in yet, so you’re the only doctor on site.”

But Yasmine was already moving. “Yes. Okay!” she gulped, picking up her black doctor’s bag with everything she might need in an emergency, a habit she had learned in Egypt.

Heart pounding, palms sweating, she followed nurse Jenny through the halls and into the empty waiting room- *empty because they hadn’t even opened the clinic yet!*- to see-

A sexy blond muscular wrestler, maybe only twenty, blindfolded, wrists tied behind his back, ankles securely tied too, hopping on his bare feet, totally NUDE in the waiting room, his large beautiful penis erect and *throbbing*, the boy being restrained at one arm by a short slim blonde half his size and a dark-haired teen with a cute pixie cut on the other!

“Hurry up!” the blonde cried, trying to keep her grip in the bulging bicep of the struggling boy! “We can’t hold him for much longer!”

Yasmine froze-

The boy didn’t *look* injured-

His healthy throbbing erection testified to that-

And he was obviously being brought to the clinic against his will-

So what was a doctor to do?!

Luckily Susan was right beside her with a stretcher. “Put him here- we’ll get him tied down!”

Susan pulled the stretcher alongside, lowered it to knee height and the two teens simply pushed the boy over onto it. She raised the bed and turned to Yasmine as the boy kicked and struggled. “Help me get him strapped down! Dr. Saleh!”

Spurred by her name, Yasmine jumped forward and grabbed the thick leather straps of the stretcher, her fingers automatically falling into the pattern she had used with psychiatric patients during her training-

Chest first-

Arms-

THEN legs-

Nurse Jenny ran up on the other side, placing two bare fingers on the underside of the boy’s throbbing cock. “Pressure is 150 over 100! He’s right on the edge!”

“Let’s get him into a gyno chair and we’ll start compressions!” Susan said, wheeling the stretcher around. “Right Doctor?!”

Yasmine felt the walls closing in!

“Right for *what?!*” she demanded.

Susan laughed. “For an emergency Willy Wanker of course!”

And Susan was already pushing Brock towards Exam Room 1, with the crowd of Yasmine, Nurse Jenny and the two girls following closely. Yasmine was already keeping up compressions on the boy’s ulna refractor with her Powers, immediately doubling or tripling his sperm production just in case, as she turned to the girls.

“Is that why you’re here? To give him a Willy Wanker?”

Both girls answered at once.

“Yes! Of course!”

“It still counts as one spell!”

“What happened?” Yasmine demanded as they and the stretcher rounded the corner, still keeping up the compressions with her mind. “How did you get here?!”

“It happened all of a sudden-” the blonde girl was giggling- Yasmine noticed how cute she was in her tight yoga pants and sports bra cupping her pert top and tight bottom- “we only just got him to ‘agree’ to the Willy Wanker early this morning, and he was already nude and hard-”

“So we wrapped him up and brought him here!” her friend finished, laughing as the blindfolded boy struggled and moaned through his gag!

A gag of floral cotton panties, Yasmine noted.

In fact, the ties on his wrists-

The ones around his ankles-

Were all young girl’s panties! Cheeky sexy thongs!

And the blindfold across his eyes was a silky camisole!

Yasmine felt a *charge* of Power as she touched the ties holding the struggling boy’s wrists together. They all burst into Exam Room 1 all together, Susan moving the stretcher into place and Jenny readying the gyno chair. Yasmine washed her hands quickly while talking to the girls. “And who are you two?!”

“I’m Brock’s younger sister!” the blonde beamed. “Bailey!”

That made sense- family resemblance-

“And I’m just an interested party, who really wants to see this boy de-nutted for the rest of his life!” Hutch laughed.

Yasmine looked to Susan as she dried her hands. “Can they- she’s just a girl? And he’s their *older* brother!”

The blonde nurse looked up from helping Jenny to the girls. “How old is *he*?” she demanded of Bailey.

“21 and a half!”

“And how old are *you*?!”

“Eighteen!”

“And a half,” Hutch giggled.

“It checks out!” Susan laughed to Yasmine, getting the big metal restraints ready as fast as she could. “Girls get full rights in this state at 18- boys don’t reach majority until 22! Until then, they have to abide by all medical decisions made by their mother or local guardian, which in special cases can be their younger sister, as long as she’s over 14!”

“As long as she’s over...” Yasmine gasped, playing out the possibilities in her mind.

Young girls, making sexual decisions for their horny OLDER brothers-

Totally against the boy’s will-

No matter how he begged or pleaded-

-was exactly the opposite of how things were in Egypt!

And she felt the heat starting to build on her skin and between her legs again.

“Chair’s ready!” Susan announced.

“Loosening stretcher restraints!” Jenny replied.

“I’ll magic him up into the chair-” Susan said, her fingers glowing blue, her hands thrust out toward the boy, who lifted a few inches into the air- “Wait! *He’s fighting me!*” Susan cried!

And Yasmine sensed her push harder, trying again to use Sex Magic to lift the much larger erect boy up and into the bulky gyno chair. And while Brock lifted a few inches again, he stopped there!

“He’s got a hold of the stretcher!” Jenny cried, trying to break the boy’s iron grip on the stretcher frame, even with his hands tied behind his back!

“I don’t have enough affinity built up to move him!” Susan yelled, still straining. “He’s never *seen* me!” she realized, looking at the blindfolded boy. “Even though he’s rock hard- we’ve got no link!”

“The panties are coming loose!” Bailey cried, watching the cloth around his wrists unravel!

Hutch grabbed Dr. Saleh’s arm. “Do something!”

Yasmine’s mind flew through all the options-

What might work, what might make things a lot worse-

And with only milliseconds left she decided-

-to reach out to slap the bound, blindfolded boy right on his exposed nuts.

Hard.

“Cut that out!” she commanded.

“OOOOF!” the floating boy groaned, bending in half, but letting go with his fingers!

Susan floated him up and over into the chair with his cock still mostly hard and Jenny and Yasmine and Hutch and Bailey jumped forward to get his arms and legs clamped down into the heavy metal bracers just moments before the panties around his wrists and ankles ripped from the constant pull he had been putting on them ever since home.

Susan ducked between his kicking legs to slap Brock hard on the nuts again, making the tied up man buck and moan. “And STAY down!”

Susan and Yasmine exhaled, looking at each other, and then broke into giggles.

“That was close,” Yasmine laughed.

“Too close!” Susan agreed, giggling. “This boy almost didn’t get his orgasms taken away today!”

“Good thinking on the nut-slap,” Nurse Jenny panted, wiping her forehead. “It’s always there as an option but I always forget it- and I didn’t want to lessen his erection when Susan was trying to Force-move him!”

“I thought about that,” Yasmine giggled, still catching her breath, “but he would have lost his erection in a few seconds anyway. Getting his fingers off the stretcher was top priority. And a hard sudden slap to the *top* of the testicles, not the *bottom*, activates the Vasco Vega nerve, which sends an immediate overwhelming signal to the pain centers of the brain, blocking out all thought- just enough for him to lose his grip but still enough erection for Susan to move him!”

“Good thinking,” Susan giggled. “I would have slapped the bottom of his nuts, not as effective!”

“The top causes the most pain,” Yasmine agreed, smirking. “And it’s always easy to get an erection back.”

Absently, almost unconsciously, her hand had reached out while she was talking to squeeze Brock's large thick half-hard cock, stroking while rubbing her thumb smoothly just below the cock head, to have the bound blindfolded boy gasping and straining in his restraints in just a few seconds!

"He's horny, but not nearly horny enough for a Procedure 501," Jenny frowned, using her Powers to sense. "We probably need to start ulna refractor compressions on him to-"

"Already done," Yasmine giggled, using her other bare hand to massage his hanging balls, making her spells even more powerful. She looked at the nurses. "I started them back in the waiting room."

Susan laughed. "I KNEW there was a reason Dr. Gates liked you!"

Brock had finally chewed through the horrible cotton panties Hutch had tied around his mouth back home, even though he still couldn't see through the stupid silk camisole she had wrapped around his eyes!

"HEY!" he roared, shaking in his restraints. "Let me GO! I don't want whatever horrible medical thing you're planning on doing to me! *I OBJECT!!!!*"

The two teens looked wide-eyed at Yasmine, worried what the professional doctor was going to say.

But the thick, throbbing, helpless cock filling up her hand felt way too good.

"They always object," Yasmine told the girls. "That's what makes this so fun." She winked at Susan. "Isn't that what Miranda would say?"

The nurse grinned. "I'll go have Carol start the paperwork."

Yasmine sighed, using her sure fingers to stroke and squeeze Brock's thick, throbbing- and frankly beautiful- cock to three, four, *five* powerful consecutive edges, until the muscular boy was shaking in the chair and thrusting his bound hips up into the air, *begging* for release.

"GODAMMNIT! Just let ME CUM!!!" he screamed, as his sister and her friend giggled.

Yasmine exhaled and simply redoubled her magic, using her relentless thumbs to stroke upward upward *upward* on the underside of his thick perfect cockhead, feeling each rib and throb in his leaking member *pulsing* through her body-

The Lust Energy coming off his huge balls was just divine-

And he was still helpless and nude and blindfolded, making it even more delicious!

Under her silk shirt Yasmine's skin was warm, her nipples rock hard inside her bra, and she kept rubbing her smooth thighs together under her tight miniskirt, the heat inside her black silk panties- the sexiest ones she owned- building like a hot little furnace in the air-conditioned room, making her *toes* tingle-

But she kept up a professional demeanor for the girls.

"Does he think about you often when he jacks off?"

"YES!" Bailey laughed, watching her brother's nude muscular body convulse once again in a very close edge. "Like, ALL the time!!"

"And who put this orgasm block on him?"

"That was me!" Hutch laughed. "Do we *have* to take it off for the Procedure?"

"Unfortunately, yes. A 501 is a *very* delicate spell, we can't have any other magic interfering. That's why we use the restraints instead of a-" Brock gasped and

stiffened and Yasmine took her hands away just at the last moment, leaving him mere *milliseconds* from finally spurting his huge aching load everywhere.

“FUCK! DAMMIT!!” the boy yelled, squeezing his fists and flexing his raised toes, the only movements his restrained body was able to make, as the watching teens giggled again. The wrestler’s heavy balls pulled incredibly tight, paused, but didn’t empty, leaving him horribly full and aching once again. Yasmine gave him exactly three seconds before starting again.

“But,” she told the girls, massaging his overfull balls, sensing the turmoil her sperm-production spell was causing inside them, loving how thick his huge powerful but helpless dick was getting in her hands- “I do find it even more *delightful*, to know a boy is totally unblocked and physically *able* to orgasm- a racehorse standing at a wide open gate, so to speak, able to walk through- but just not on his own! And never again, without a willing woman’s help!”

“Hear that Brock- a *willing* woman!” Hutch laughed. “So you’ll probably never cum again!” And the teen reached forward to use her short fingernails to tickle his bare feet, making the boy cry and buck in his restraints even harder.

Yasmine swallowed as she felt her panties dampen again. *Girls in Egypt were never so bold!*

“Well *I’m* sure never going to help him!” Bailey giggled, standing up to tickle his other naked foot, driving the bound boy mad.

“AHHHHHHHHH!!! STOPPP ITTTT!!”

His thick cock was *pulsing* in Yasmine’s hand as the girls tickled him, so hot and helpless-

Her mouth watered at the sight.

The door opened and Susan laughed, watching the two girls mercilessly tickle the muscular naked bound boy. “Dr. Saleh?”

“Yes?”

“I checked with Miranda and she got called away for some emergency work at the big hospital down the street- she won’t be back until after lunch at least!”

Yasmine stepped back, finally letting go of the beautiful cock and letting the girls continue to tickle the boy as she conferred with Susan in the corner.

“So what does that mean?” she whispered to Susan. “We just leave him blindfolded and tied up for three hours?”

Susan laughed. “Well, it won’t kill him.”

“OH GOD- OH FUCCCK!” the boy pleaded as both girls tickled his feet, ribs, stomach, shaved armpits, everywhere except his crotch, laughing as they watched his untouched cock bounce and strain as he bucked!

“They’ve made some progress tickling his previous orgasm history away,” Susan giggled, using her Powers to sense it. “We could always give *them* the feather dusters and wait until Miranda comes back-”

“That *would* kill him,” Yasmine laughed, watching the small girls work over the helpless boy. “Okay okay,” she told the teens, shooing them away before they gave the boy a heart attack. She placed two fingers on the boy’s cock, just as nurse Jenny had done.

“180 over 120,” she laughed, as his penis throbbed and leaked at her touch! “Let’s give this boy a break before he pops a blood vessel!”

Susan opened the door to the hall. "Girls, why don't you go sit in the waiting room for a spell, while we wait for the Clinic's Head Doctor to return?"

"But he's still going to get the Willy Wanker today, right?" Bailey asked, gathering her keys and phone. "He's still going to leave here unable to ever touch his cock again?"

Yasmine smiled. "If you still want that, yes."

The two teens squealed, stopping on either side of Brock's head before they left, bending over so their lips were just *millimeters* from the blindfolded boy's ears. Yasmine noted that the dark-haired Hutch wore such a short black wraparound skirt, that as she bent over, Saleh could see *all* of her smooth round well-formed buttocks, and the slim white thong tucked cutely between them!

"I'm going to have so much fun watching these hot doctors pull away your ability to ever touch that useless cock again," Bailey giggled in her brother's ear, Yasmine noting the helpless boy's cock jumping as she did. "To make you completely *unable* to ever nut again."

"No matter *how* horny you are," Hutch whispered into his other ear.

"No matter *what* we we wear at home."

"No matter what spells we cast on your cute cock and balls," Hutch giggled.

"We're going to cover our naked bodies in nothing but baby oil and sunbathe outside your window *every single day* you're home from school," Bailey promised, her mouth almost *licking* her struggling brother's ear.

"Right outside your window," Hutch agreed. "With our legs *wide* open."

Bailey reached down, ready to flick his heavy nuts with one finger. "And there won't be a fucking THING you can do about it!!!"

Flick!

"AHHHHHHH!" Brock cried, breathing hard, thrusting his hips into the air, his huge throbbing hard cock bouncing and slapping against his abs!

The two laughing girls kissed him on either cheek and skipped out the door.

Susan and Yasmine looked at each other as Susan closed the door.

"Oh my god, what did he do to piss THEM off?" Yasmine whispered into Susan's ear.

"Probably the same thing every boy does," Susan giggled back, making a stroking motion.

Yasmine put her hand over her mouth to stifle her laugh! She looked at the straining, naked, blindfolded boy and whispered into Susan's ear. "So what do we do now? Just wait for Miranda?"

"You could always start the 501 yourself."

Yasmine gulped! "I'd rather have Dr. Gates here... in case something odd happens!"

"HEY!" the blindfolded boy called out to the quiet room. "Did you all just leave me in here?!" He pulled at his wrist and thigh restraints to no effect. "HEEY!"

Susan smiled, looking at the naked wrestler and his big, throbbing, undefended cock. She whispered back into Yasmine's ear, even quieter. "Then we've got some time to kill, don't we?"

Yasmine frowned. "Susan, what are you-"

"It seems a shame to waste an opportunity this... thick," the nurse giggled.

And Yasmine's eyes got big as the giggling nurse tiptoed between the boy's spread legs!

Susan! she wanted to hiss, but clamped two hands over her shocked mouth! The small five-foot-one blonde looked over the naked straining man, breathed him in, then dropped her pink lips over the top half of his cock and started madly sucking him off.

"AHHHHH!!! JJESSUSSS! FUUCCCKKKKK!!" the horribly edged, blindfolded, blue-balled boy cried out, shaking in his restraints, trying to close his legs or grab her head, but unable to move an inch!

His bucking hips finally pulled his cock out of her mouth and Susan pulled back beyond his legs, giggling and wiping her mouth! She had made sure to not let any of her hair or clothes touch his thighs.

"HEY!" the blindfolded boy yelled towards the door, breathing hard now! "Someone's- someone's.... using a magic mouth on ME!"

Yasmine's eyes got huge.

He didn't know they were still in the room.

Licking her lips, waiting for the angle of his twitching cock to be just right, Susan leaned forward and started sucking his cock hard again, her cheeks hollowing out, her tongue swirling like mad over his most sensitive parts, Yasmine could sense, her thumb and forefinger making a tight right around the root of his shaft so he couldn't get away this time-

"HHEEEY!!!" the desperate boy yelled towards the door, sweating now! "She's doing it again!! SOMEONE HELP ME-AHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He was crying, shaking in his restraints as- from his blindfolded viewpoint- a rogue phantom mouth sucked and sucked and tormented him to edge after edge!

But a phantom mouth could never feel as good as this....

"AHHHH!!! PLEEEAASEE!" Brock begged, tears coming from around his blindfold!

Tears that were seriously turning Yasmine on.

He was SO.... desperate! she gasped, squeezing her legs together as she watched Susan play with him! *So insanely, mindlessly... desperate to cum!*

Susan pulled off his cock just at the last second, giving Yasmine a wicked look and then pointing at it, then her mouth. The implication was clear.

<<You want a go?>>

<<NO!>> Yasmine silently mouthed back, shaking her hands no too!

Susan giggled, licking her lips, looking at Yasmine with big eyes. <<It's REALLY good...>>

<<NO!!>>

Susan shrugged, then signaled: <<Just one more time...>>

And she gave the boy the longest strongest suck ever.

He was crying!

Shaking!

Desperate to shoot, his balls actually causing him physical pain from how edged they were!

Still sucking, Susan signalled Yasmine to get to the door. Slipping out of her high heels to use her quiet bare feet, Yasmine did. Susan signaled for her to open and close the door.

Now understanding, Yasmine did, loudly.

Susan pulled off the desperate boy's cock right away.

"Oh by GOODNESS Mr. Sawyer- I'm SO sorry!" Susan laughed, walking around loudly in her sneakers, touching the shaking boy's chest from the side as if she had just walked. "We sensed one of the girls in the waiting room using a phantom mouth on our patients and we couldn't triangulate the target to block it until now! Has it been going on long?!"

"YES!" the desperate boy cried. "FOREVER!" He panted, helpless and in tears. "And it really HURT!!"

Yasmine couldn't help but giggle!

"It was probably one of those girls who brought you in," Susan laughed, checking the boy's restraints. "They learn Powers so fast at that age! Wouldn't that be something- for your little sister to learn how to do that with her magic, on the same day you get your masturbation privileges sealed away forever?"

Brock's heart almost stopped, and Yasmine could sense it.

The FEAR he had, of his little sister developing Sex Powers!

She slipped back into her high heels and clicked loudly 'into' the room. "Okay, let's look at this next patient- Mr. Sawyer! Okay, now how long have you been masturbating, thinking about your younger sister's underage body?"

"NEVER!" he cried, his balls aching worse than anything he had ever felt! "I NEVER do that!!"

Yasmine put two fingers on the underside of his hard cock. "Lying. Try again, Mr. Sawyer- if you lie during a delicate a Procedure as 501, the magic might just detach your testicles and leave you ever unable to orgasm again!"

"Oh that would be such a shame," Susan giggled, massaging his powerfully full, plum-sized balls!

"OKAY OKAY!" he admitted. "Maybe... sometimes!!"

"Yes, of course you do," Yasmine said, trying to make her matter-of-fact voice match Miranda's tone, even though she was grinning like Susan from ear to ear. "I bet you thought *all sorts* of naughty thoughts about your sister and her friend over the last few years, especially as their young breasts started coming in... their legs got curvier... and their butts became nice and full and pert-"

Brock grunted, as his penis twitched and throbbed in the air!

Susan's finger stroked the side of Brock's shaft as Yasmine talked, making the helpless boy buck and moan. "Didn't you?"

"YES!" the red-faced boy admitted, leaking and horny and broken. "I DID!"

Yasmine giggled, doodling in her notepad as Miranda had done. "And how many times would you say? How many times have you spurted your improper male load all over this nice tight chest, imagining those innocent girls doing horrible things? Hmmm?"

"A... lot!"

"Tens of times?"

"Tell the truth now," Susan giggled, using her fingernails to trace the ligaments in his testicles, the ones that might get 'damaged' during the 501...

"HUNDREDS OF TIMES!" the boy finally admitted! "EVERY NIGHT- before Bailey got her Powers!!"

Yasmine was covering her mouth, laughing at this tough, macho, muscular boy freely admitting he had spent so much of his male lust spraying cum onto his own chest to thoughts of his laughing bratty little sister, one who would *never* think about returning the interest, when Susan chimed in.

“Well! That calls for a change in plans, right Doctor?”

“What? Yes, of course...” Yasmine agreed, not really knowing where Susan was going.

The small blonde nurse pulled a pin on the solid armatures the boy’s wrists were attached too, freeing the metal swivels from above his head and letting his arms slide out in a big arc to his waist, like he was making a snow angel, even though his wrists were still held down the entire time.

“We can’t proceed with the Procedure 501 when you’ve got this much perverted lust built up towards your younger sister and her friends,” Susan lied matter-of-factly, putting the thick pin back into the armatures when his wrists were beside his waist, locking them in that position.

The boy was now held down with his legs high in stirrups, leather straps over his thighs and chest, his wrists clamped tightly at his side, his head on a steel peninsula.

Yasmine watched with wide eyes, unsure what Susan was up to.

With his head on a soft leather headrest supported by a thick bar of shiny metal, like a diving board, Susan leaned in towards the boy’s ears, just like his sister had done.

“How well do you eat pussy... boy?”

Brock started struggling! “WHAT! NO!”

And she started untying the bottom of her tight green scrubs!

“SUSAN!” Yasmine cried, her eyes huge! “What are you doing?!”

The cute blonde nurse kicked off her shoes as she slid down her scrubs, exposing smooth toned slim legs, a pert ass and a very cute white thong. Which was soaked in front.

“Time to have a little off-the-books fun?” she giggled to Yasmine.

And then she started pulling her damp panties down her legs too!

“SUSAN!”

“We’ve got like, an hour, before Miranda even gets back into town,” the nurse giggled, stepping out of her panties to expose a smooth delicious, perfectly shaved pussy to Yasmine’s view, but then putting her sneakers back on. She turned one crank on the side of the table and Brock’s head lowered until it was horizontal, exactly level with her waist.

Yasmine saw how the nurse was lining things up and grabbed her arm. “You can’t!!!”

The blonde laughed, whispering in her ear. “Don’t tell me you haven’t thought of it.”

Yasmine’s face got so red! “No! But-”

“Don’t tell me you’re not more than a little wet down there right now, looking at this big beautiful thing,” Susan laughed, squeezing the root of the boy’s cock and shaking it, making him gasp!

Yasmine was flushed, looking at the door, panicking! “But if they catch us- they’ll take away our medical license!”

“No they won’t, it’s a sex clinic,” the nurse laughed, turning down the lights a little. “And who’s here to catch us? If Carol walks in, she’ll probably join us!” “US!?”

The bottomless Susan bent over, next to the blindfolded naked boy’s head again. “I’d take a deep breath if I were you.”

And Yasmine saw his cock jump again!

“You... can’t!” Brock cried, struggling in his bonds!

And that’s when the laughing nurse threw a leg over his neck and mounted his face like a bicycle seat.

“Mmfffff!”

Her sneakered toes just touched the floor, Yasmine saw, so it wasn’t like she was resting all of her weight on the boy’s head-

But even if she was, the heavily padded headrest was solid steel and looked like it could support Susan jumping on it!

But it still didn’t look like Brock was having a good time!

“Mmmmfph!!” he protested, turning redder in the part of his face Yasmine could see!

“Lick,” Susan commanded, starting to rub her smooth pussy back and forth across his mouth. When he didn’t, she pinched his nose. “Lick if you ever want to breathe again.”

“Susan!” Yasmine gasped.

But it worked- the boy started licking furiously! Yasmine could hear it!

“THERE you go,” the nurse sighed, tilting her hips to give him more access to her clit, riding him a little harder. “THIS is what I needed from a cocky fuck boy like you today.” She let go of his nose and stood up on her tiptoes, giving the struggling naked boy one big gasp of air, then quickly sat on his face again. “LICK!”

“Susan!” Yasmine said again, but this time in laugh.

Because she could *feel* how turned on the boy was getting-

By being used as a sex toy by the young skinny blond nurse-

How madly his cock was *throbbing* and filling with blood, more than it ever normally would-

Susan’s magic, Yasmine guessed-

But also... a family resemblance?! she thought, recalling the small bouncy blonde Bailey.

“There you go fuck boy!” Susan giggled, her voice becoming higher pitched just like Bailey’s. “You’re going to be just a *toy* to your sister and her friends to use after his, you know that right?”

She moaned and grabbed his hair, leaning forward, letting her feet almost leave the floor!

“A toy!” Susan cried, riding his face! “Just a little happy little slit-licker- never allowed to spurt his seed alone ever ever ever again-”

Brock was clenching and unclenching his bound fists at his waist, his face turning red-

Running out of air! Yasmine realized!

“Susan, you have to let him-”

“In a second!” the small blonde laughed.

“Mmmpph! Mmmm!!”

Still rocking her hips on the struggling erect naked boy, the nurse winked at Yasmine. “It’s always more fun if they *struggle*, right?”

After another ten long seconds, she lifted up on her toes just a few inches.

Brock gasped, sucking in fresh air, and then Susan sat on his face again right away.

“MMMMPPH!”

“SUSAN!” Yasmine laughed, but she was getting so hot under her shirt!

The way this tiny little nurse was dominating him-

With just a little lift or drop of her toes-

Giving him life-sustaining air or taking it away-

As she forced him to lick her, while his cock throbbed untouched!

“You’re going to have to lick SO MUCH pussy to get a chance at release,” Susan laughed through cycle after cycle of breath-play, her eyes closed as she rode

him. “I bet you might have to lick your sister’s cute friend- what was her name?”

“HUTCH!” the boy gasped as Susan lifted on her toes to give him air, then

smothered him again.

“That’s right- Hutch! I bet you’ll have to lick cute little Hutch *twenty* times

before she gives you the quickest handjob ever. Maybe *fifty*! How mean do you

think cute little Hutch might be, when you have to *beg* her for handjobs?”

The boy was bucking like mad, under the tight seal of her pussy!

“Susan!!”

“Or maybe...” Susan gasped. “You’d like to lick... Bailey’s? I look *exactly* like her you know-”

The trapped, naked, bound and blue-balled boy yelled into Susan’s pussy lips, and the gasping riding nurse laughed and came.

“YESSSSSS!” she laughed, her juices drenching him as she bucked on his face like a cowboy, squeezing her thighs around his ears, grinding her clit against his nose

and lips and chin. “FUCK YES!”

She pointed her toes back, putting ALL her weight onto the boy’s head, and when she finally shuddered for the last time and stepped off him, Yasmine was more than a little surprised to see that the boy was still breathing!

Yasmine hurriedly wiped his coughing sputtering face to clear his airways while Susan wiped herself and pulled her panties and scrubs back up with a satisfied sigh.

“I can’t believe you just did that!” Yasmine scolded the nurse.

But Susan was all smiles, with a flushed, calm look on her reddened face. “I can’t believe I stopped at just one!” she giggled, squeezing the boy’s monster cock again. “I mean, just look at this thing, Yas!”

She wiped a drop of pre-cum off his sensitive head with one finger and licked it!

And as she held the thick cock in her little fist, it started bucking and straining and twitching, and Yasmine could feel some sort of spell being passed between the nurse and the boy-

A suck spell! she suddenly realized!

Susan didn’t have enough affinity before-

Not enough connection to use the full range of Sex Magic spells on this blindfolded boy she had never met-

But after riding his face-

Oral sex!

And then licking up just one drop of his pre-cum with her juices still on his lips-

More oral sex!

She now had the affinity to make the trapped boy feel her hot tongue and lips and even throat sucking and massaging his untouched cock faster and faster and tighter and tighter-

-with just her mind!

Yasmine could sense that Susan was now making Brock feel a perfect blow-job more intense than any professional on the planet could probably give!

“AHHHHHHHHAAHHHH!” the trapped, bound, naked and horribly blue-balled boy cried, hitting his sister’s friend’s orgasm block like a wall at eighty miles an hour. “FUUUCCCCCKKK!!!”

Yasmine watched in amazement as his balls pulled tight-

The nude boy bucking so hard on the table-

His beautiful hard stomach rising and falling-

His smooth pecs squeezing-

His aching cock so hard and helpless between his legs-

As he was sucked off and denied orgasm and blocked again!

“Fancy a turn?” Susan giggled, making Yasmine jump!

“NO! Absolutely not!”

“You’re blushing SO HARD,” Susan laughed, watching the doctor’s face! “You know you want to feel what it’s like when a boy does *this* with his lips right on your pussy...”

And grabbing the root of Brock’s cock in one tight fist she bent over and stuck the top half in her tight actual mouth again, doubling her physical sensations to the overwhelming phantom touches the boy had been getting a moment before, sending him horribly over the edge into his orgasm block once again.

“AHHH!! PLEASEE! PLEASEEEE! IT HURRRRTSS!!” he wailed, crying as his blue balls throbbed and the magic blocked his orgasm, feeling like a punch to the nuts!

“Oh god I’ve got to feel that,” Yasmine laughed, and, while she couldn’t believe she was doing it, started pulling down her panties from under her miniskirt!

“THERE’S my girl!” Susan laughed, pulling her mouth off the quivering cock only for a second, then giving the boy another hard, loving, tongue-heavy blow-job while the doctor got into position.

“PLEASE!” the boy begged, blushing as he felt Yasmine’s smooth thighs slide in around his cheeks. In her high heels she was taller than the sneakered Susan, and could adjust her weight on the boy’s face more precisely.

As long as her legs held out.

“PLEASE!” Brock gasped, blushing as he smelled her scent, felt her strong smooth hot thighs surround his ears as she pulled up her miniskirt even higher. “Not again!!”

“Oh god that just makes me want him more,” Yasmine giggled to Susan, grabbing the boy’s hair while Susan laughed and sucked even harder.

This was it-

She could still turn back-

But the young Egyptian doctor in high heels with her panties on floor felt her naked pussy absolutely *gushing*, watching Susan work over this boy's bound and helpless cock, his beautiful but useless muscles straining and pulsing so hard as he tried to get free-

Yasmine moaned and lowered herself and started riding his face.

"There you go! Save a horse, ride a cowboy!" Susan laughed, just stroking his cock now.

And he started licking!

"Oh-GOD!" Yasmine gasped, feeling his strong tongue on her clit-

He was helping-

He *wanted* her to cum-

He was picturing her right now, she could *sense* it-

He must have caught a half peek of her as his blindfold slipped after Susan's wild ride-

In his mind's eye, Yasmine was a taller, stronger, more beautiful version of herself-

A six-foot-tall Amazonian beauty with legs like an Olympic sprinter and breasts like a plastic surgeon's masterpiece and long black flowing hair like some mythical legend-

"OHHHH WOOOOWWWW-" Yasmine moaned, getting drunk off the attention, leaning forward, letting more of her weight rest on his face as her smooth thighs squeezed his head-

He wasn't a good lick-

But he was so *frantic*, so *desperate* for his next breath-

And SO helpless, quivering and trapped underneath her-

And Susan was sucking his cock SO hard, sending his Lust Energy into overdrive-

That when the nude muscular boy hit his orgasm block at speed once again- a block reinforced by Susan at the last moment just to be safe- yelling and moaning into her pussy-

Yasmine threw her head back and came, harder than she ever had so far.

"YESSSSSS!" she wailed, almost pulling the boy's blond hair out with her fingers! Her feet came completely out of her heels, her naked toes curling as she rested all of her weight on his beautiful face! "OHMYGOD YESSSSSS!"

She felt her womanly juices soak the boy, absolutely drench him from eyes to nose to chin in her slick wetness, and she couldn't help it-

Yasmine rocked back and forth on his face harder like she had seen Susan do, stretching out her aftershocks, making beautiful electric tingles run up and down her spine from the top of her head to the tips of her painted toes as the helpless, breathless boy sucked her clit like it would give him air.

It was amazing.

And when she opened her eyes, she saw a shocked Dr. Miranda Gates standing at the exam room door, with an even more shocked Bailey and Hutch peeking over her shoulders.

"Holy FUCK!" Hutch laughed, watching the barefoot Dr. Saleh aggressively straddle Brock's head, all her weight pressing on his trapped face. "That was an OPTION?!?!"

A half an hour later, Dr. Gates looked at a very contrite Susan and Yasmine in her office, after the procedure had been finished.

“Well, *that* was new.”

“It’s completely my fault, Dr. Gates!” Susan blurted out first. “Carol and I had been talking about getting Yasmine laid today- and then the boy came in and he was so hot- and I could tell that Yasmine really liked edging his huge dick and-”

“No, *I* take full responsibility!” Yasmine interrupted, her face burning!. “It was horrible and wrong and terribly *unprofessional* and I offer my resignation and I’ll be on the next flight back to-”

“Okay enough you two!” Miranda snapped, but laughing as she did. “Dr. Saleh, your resignation is denied. Categorically. There’s not a doctor in this place who hasn’t thought about mounting a hot patient’s face while he’s strapped down in that chair and doing exactly what you did- the only difference being we usually only do it to our *wives* or *boyfriends* when we bring them into the clinic, and then only after hours!”

“You... do?” Yasmine gasped, short of breath!

“Of course! Why do you think I designed the chairs to lay so flat? It’s not for the 501s!”

“Oh, my, god,” Susan laughed, one hand over her mouth.

Miranda coughed. “Luckily, this patient’s sister and friend were mostly... okay with what they saw you doing to their nude helpless brother. If not actually... intrigued? If we hadn’t been there, I’m guessing the dark-haired one in the short skirt would have taken her turn right after Yasmine!” Miranda shook her head. “I hazard to say, that boy is going to find himself ‘accidentally’ tied down and blindfolded again at home sometime in the very near future. Probably by his very own little sister.”

Yasmine gasped.

First nude step-mothers straddling the faces of their helpless, horny, unable-to-stroke sons-

And now little sisters writhing nude on top of their older blue-balled alpha-male brothers?!

What kind of country was this?!

And what was it doing to HER?!

Miranda coughed, bringing the young Egyptian’s thoughts snapping back.

The older doctor raised just one eyebrow. “Just... don’t let it happen again?”

Both Susan and Yasmine answered at once, blushing.

“Yes Miranda!”

“Of course Doctor Gates!”

Miranda stacked the papers in front of her, considering the matter closed. “Okay, Susan, you can go, you’ve got rounds to do. Yasmine, stick around for one more minute?”

Susan secretly squeezed Yasmine’s hand in solidarity before she rushed out, closing the door behind her, leaving the two doctors alone.

In the private room, Miranda laughed. “So.”

Yasmine gulped, feeling like a kid in the principal’s office!

“It seems like our newest doctor is growing up so fast!”

Yasmine blushed anew, feeling a new set of tingles as her smooth thighs rubbed together!

“I’m sorry Doctor Gates, it was just a one-time thing! I don’t know what came over me-”

Miranda waved that away. “A combination of incredibly intense horniness from being around so much more male Lust Energy than you’re used to, a very attractive patient, and Susan’s horrible corrupting influence. She’s one of the best nurses at the clinic, but one hell of a horrible cocktease,” Miranda laughed, then looked her in the eyes. “But more importantly, how was the 501 afterwards?”

Yasmine gulped, trying to redirect her thoughts to the procedure after her indiscretion-

How Miranda insisted that Yasmine be the one who did 501, all the way through-
How much the non-blindfolded boy squirmed and blushed when she touched him again-

Looking deeply into his eyes as she held his violently throbbing cock, casting the spell to make sure he would never feel his own hands on it again...

“It actually... went very smoothly!” Yasmine realized. “All the magical parts slid right into place... and our harmonics... were nearly perfect!”

“It was one of the tightest Willy Wankers I’ve ever seen,” Miranda agreed. “Military grade! It won’t wear off even if he lives to be one hundred and forty!” She looked at the woman. “Because you and he had built a *connection*.”

“Oh god!”

“A very *strong* connection, if I remember your shaking moans when I opened that door,” Miranda chuckled, standing up.

“OH GOD!”

Miranda picked up her white lab coat, getting ready to start her day. “Tell you what- why don’t you come to dinner at my place tonight? I think I’ve got a solution for your little problem.”

But Yasmine hadn’t moved. “Doctor Gates! I can’t be expected... to do THAT- for every tough male patient I see!!”

She touched Yasmine’s arm. “That’s why I want you over for dinner tonight. I think I’ve got the solution to both your problems waiting right at my house. I’ll drive!”

Yasmine gulped, feeling her nervous tingles return. “Okay!”

Yasmine worked in a state of anxiety all day.

What was Miranda’s idea?

How could something in her house solve BOTH problems she had?

What even WAS the second problem she had?

Was it something that could kill her medical career?!

She tried asking around but the other giggling doctors and nurses wouldn’t tell her a thing.

And Miranda was all cheers and smiles as she drove a very nervous Yasmine home.

“I texted ahead so there’ll be dinner waiting as soon as we walk in,” she chuckled to Saleh.

“Okay.”

“Something light but spicy. Chicken and a salad I think?”

“Okay!”

“What’s wrong?” Miranda laughed, flying her expensive car down the wide Texas freeway.

“It’s just that- in Egypt- it’s very unusual for boss to invite her new employee home for dinner so soon! It usually takes months or even *years* to get so... comfortable with each other!”

“Oh,” Miranda said, smirking. “This *will* be interesting then.”

Twenty minutes later they pulled up to a large but not too large house in an expensive Dallas suburb, a smooth wood-and-glass two story with a large clean yard that Yasmine thought could be the poster child for elegant, minimalist living. She felt instantly calmer, just pulling up into the large, circular driveway.

“You live... here?”

“Yes of course.”

“It’s so... amazing! Like a magazine!”

Miranda chuckled. “The architect will be very happy to hear that. He’s cooking your dinner right now.”

“Your husband designed this?”

“Among other things.”

Miranda took the young doctor’s arm and walked her to the front door, which electronically unlocked as soon as Miranda got near. She sang out as she closed the door. “Honey.... we’re home!”

And Yasmine yelled as what came around the corner was a tall, distinguished, fit, clean-shaven- and totally nude fifty year old man.

“OH MY GOD!”

Miranda laughed as the older man blushed and covered himself too, Miranda pulling him toward Yasmine by a hand on his wrist, making him uncover his cock and balls again! “Come now Honey, don’t be shy! And you-,” she laughed at Yasmine, “-you handle totally nude men *all day* in the clinic and now you’re shocked by just one more, in the house of the woman who *owns* the clinic?”

“Well NO! I just, um-” Yasmine gulped, trying not to look at the blushing older man’s nicely defined abs, toned legs and smooth, beautiful cock. *Even soft was a very NICE cock!* “I was just a little surprised is all! You don’t... let your husband wear clothes?!”

Miranda kissed the blushing man on the cheek, right besides his close cropped salt-and-pepper hair. “With a body like this, not at all! Not for... how many years now, Honey?”

The man gulped, his soft cock now twitching towards hardness! “Five years now!”

“Five years...” Yasmine gulped, feeling her wetness return. *His balls were so backed up*, her Powers sensed. *Maybe weeks... Or months at his age?!*

And as she focused on it, his smooth cock got one tick harder, now parallel to the floor!

She blushed, trying to look away! “But doesn’t he... have to go to work?”

“He can mostly work from home, just as he is,” Miranda chuckled, watching the embarrassed man’s penis helplessly rise. “I worked it out with the owners of his firm, but my only rules were: His direct supervisor and closest co-workers *always* have to be women his age or younger, and two: he must video conference with them for an hour at least once a day! Hasn’t it been fun, Honey, working as the world’s highest paid nude architect for these last few years? Especially when they have you training the cute new summer interns?” The man groaned, his cock finally getting fully hard, pointing up towards the ceiling, and that made even Yasmine laugh!

To have a tall, attractive, capable man like this-

Trapped at home, constantly nude and horny-

Shown off to new women every day-

-just because his powerful wife demanded it!

Even as nervous as she was, the control that implied, in a loving, long-term, committed relationship-

-made her a little hot between the legs!

Okay, more than a little!

“Yasmine,” she giggled, sticking out her hand.

“Gregory!” the blushing man replied, his hard cock twitching as they shook!

“Oh- he likes you!” Miranda laughed. “That’s a good sign!” She handed the man both their coats and purses. “Wine in the living room please, Honey- Yasmine’s had a hard day!”

And the smiling women slipped off their shoes and sauntered barefoot into the living room, Yasmine’s feet sinking deeply into the soft rich carpet, giggling as she watched the nude man rush to put their things away and get two chilled glasses of wine from the kitchen! And then return, his totally shaved cock still hard and exposed!

“Oh, I should have asked,” Miranda laughed. “Do you drink wine?”

Yasmine gulped, watching Gregory’s nice sized penis *throb* as he handed her a glass. It wasn’t as huge as Brock’s, but still very nicely formed! “Normally I don’t... but today I’ll make an exception!”

“Excellent.”

Gregory sat down with his own wine glass in a chair across from the women, suddenly gasping a moment later, and Yasmine sensed it-

Suck spells!

Slowly and lovingly!

Like Miranda was making love to him with her mouth!

The man tried to resist, tried to grit his teeth-

But as the women watched his helpless left hand drifted towards his crotch, where it was stopped by an invisible forcefield about a foot away!

She’s got her own husband Willy Wankered! Yasmine laughed to herself. *Like any masturbating little boy!*

Yasmine jumped when Miranda placed a hand on her knee. “Now, as to why I invited you over tonight...”

“Yes?!”

It was hard for Yasmine to concentrate, feeling the naked older man’s aching balls *throbbing*, just feet from where she sat! And she could feel his guilty,

embarrassed gaze lingering on her exposed legs, her bare feet, the side of her face and her lips...

Especially on her lips...

“What happened at the clinic today,” Miranda continued, “is totally understandable. For a young healthy woman, forced to constantly be around nude, horny, attractive men when she has absolutely no release.”

“Well I wouldn’t say *no* release-”

Yasmine choked a little and blushed hotly!

Had she really just said that?!

What was in this wine?!

Miranda smiled. “Be that as it may, sometimes fingers just don’t do the job. You need a live, reactive partner. And while tempting, you can’t just force yourself on helpless male patients more than a few times before a jealous mother or girlfriend says something about it.”

Yasmine gasped, crossing her legs! *Now Gregory knew all about her indiscretion too!*

“So what... is your proposal?!”

Miranda smiled, taking another sip of the rich red wine before answering.

“That you force yourself on my husband instead.”

Yasmine nearly spit out her mouthful, forcing herself to swallow it instead!

“WHAT?!”

“A good leader must look out for her employees, protect them, grow their skills... and I can sense there’s an *excellent* Sex Magic doctor inside you, Yasmine- maybe the best in your entire country!”

Yasmine gulped, blushing harder for a different reason-

“As long as I teach you how to *connect* to your male patients,” Miranda continued. “To their needs, their helpless little fetishes- and how to connect to your own body, the heat, the lust, the *Power* you feel building up inside it for the first time-”

Yasmine gulped and took a big swallow of wine!

“But I can’t have you abusing my patients- too much- at the clinic,” she laughed. “But we can let you abuse a willing male participant at my own home. Well, *mostly* willing. Tending towards highly unwilling, the longer he is denied.” Miranda winked at her. “But that’s the *fun* of it, isn’t it, Dr. Saleh?”

Yasmine couldn’t believe what she was hearing!

She took another big swallow of wine to fortify her shaking hands! *It rushed right to her head!*

“But Doctor-”

“Call me Miranda, surely.”

“But Miranda! I...” she gulped, looking over at the fit blushing nude man squirming to her left. *He was nearly her father’s age!* “...couldn’t sleep with your husband!”

“Gregory,” Miranda laughed. “Lick her toes.”

Yasmine felt the suck spell turn off but the tension that rose in the room to replace it felt like all the air in the house suddenly got two times heavier!

She was suddenly hyper-aware of her naked soles and nude toes on the carpet, professionally manicured and painted just last night-

-and how intently Miranda's dry-mouthed husband was looking at them.

Like she was already totally nude before him.

And then the fifty-year-old man- *probably a multi-millionaire from the look of this house*- gulped and sunk to his knees and started crawling face first toward her feet!

"No, you don't have to-OHHHHHH!" Yasmine giggled as the man's mouth found purchase on her toes and started licking powerfully and intently, just like Brock had to her pussy in the chair today! "OHHhhh-WOW!"

Miranda crossed her legs, watching. "Just wait until he goes higher."

But Yasmine was already getting so wet between her legs, her face heating up, her chest heating up, her pussy and legs heating up, and she subconsciously pulled her mini-skirt higher up her thighs, just to let her legs breathe!

"I can't!" she panted, squeezing her knees together! "I... *shouldn't!*"

Miranda's husband switched to her other foot.

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

And she was already unbuttoning her shirt!

Miranda slapped her hand. "Let Gregory do that," she laughed, standing up with her wine. "Let him do *everything*, in fact, tonight. Your only job is to let him. And to tell him *exactly* what you want. I don't want to see either of you until *tomorrow morning*."

"OHHhhh NN00000!!!" Yasmine panted, as he started intently kissing and worshipping her sensitive thighs, not rushing to her pussy-

But moving steadily, intently, like onrushing lava-

His strong hands going up her skirt, pulling her panties down so slowly and tantalizingly!

This older man was so sure and skilled at what he was doing!

MUCH better at than Brock had been in the clinic!

"OHHHHHHH!"

She might orgasm, just from him kissing her naked thighs!

Miranda paused at the living room door. "But Gregory?" She waited until the panting man had given her his attention. "I don't want to see you two until morning- but I do want to *hear* it. All night. If I don't hear our young sexy doctor crying out in pleasure all the way from our bedroom upstairs at least... five or ten times tonight... you will be wearing your *smallest* metal chastity belt until at least your 51st birthday! Nonstop! Understand me?"

The desperate man moaned and grabbed Yasmine by her legs, pulling her forward on the couch and kissing and nibbling up her smooth exposed thighs with such desperation Yasmine hadn't known possible!

"Mmmmm-ohhhhHH!" the young doctor gasped, spreading her legs for him after he quickly pulled down her panties!

Satisfied, Miranda closed the living room door, sitting down in the dining room with a book to eat her perfectly cooked South African peri-peri chicken in peace. And as she listened to Yasmine's pants and whines get higher and higher pitched, the springs on the couch squeaking harder and harder, she reached out with her Powers-

And turned up her husband's sperm production to an 18-year-old's on two doses of Viagra-

And made his cock as sensitive as an untouched virgin's on his first Prom date-
And removed every single one of his orgasm blocks.
She reached out with her telekinetic thoughts, something only a very connected couple could do, and only at the very heights of passion.
Fuck her good Honey, Miranda thought to her man, as she felt his desperate cock ache and beg. *I want to sense that beautiful Egyptian goddess riding your cock tonight in EVERY position you can possibly think of-
YELLING your name as her tight pink pussy squeezes you like the hottest little vice imaginable-
...but you're absolutely not allowed to cum!*
Miranda smirked as she heard Gregory moan in despair.
*Give her EVERYTHING she asks for-
-as hard and as fast as you can-
-make her orgasm more in a night than she ever has in a MONTH-
Let her try her hands, her mouth, her entire body on you, she needs to get used to it all-
...but if even ONE little spurt comes out of your unblocked cock-
You're not going to even SEE your penis for a year and a half!
Got it?*
She laughed as she could *feel* her husband's anguish!
*Hold yourself back, Honey.
I know you can do it.
You're completely unblocked now- and you're not allowed to ask her to re-block you!*
Miranda took another sip of her wine.
I'll decide tomorrow if you can cum or not.
And as she felt the utter *tsunami* of desperation radiate from her husband's mind-
-he and Yasmine were totally naked already, their bodies entangled on the couch, his hard cock already filling her tight womanhood at a faster and faster pace, her strong arms already grabbing at his back in passion, her smooth legs holding him in a death grip as she moaned and moved her hips to match his rhythm stroke for stroke, pulling him in deeper and faster than he wanted, even as the man strained and grit his teeth, trying insanely hard to hold off the moment of no return-
-Miranda laughed and returned to her book, crossing her legs and enjoying her light, expertly cooked dinner and a show.

***** END OF CHAPTER TWO*****

CHAPTER THREE



Miranda's Willy Wanker Clinic

Wankered boys
shouldn't go to the
beach.

CHAPTER THREE

Doctor Miranda Gates relaxed in her quiet office an hour before the clinic's opening.

The air conditioning made the room cool and refreshing, her desk chair was ergonomically perfect, and the lack of any other patients, nurses or doctors in the entire building gave the entire office a beautiful stillness, like a mountain before dawn.

Her high heels were off and stacked near the door, letting Miranda run her long bare feet through the thick soft expensive Persian carpet she had placed only under her desk.

Carpet she had chosen for a very specific purpose.

She hiked her miniskirt even higher up her long, smooth, toned legs until it was barely a belt, showing off all of her upper thighs and half of her pert rear and she sighed, doing a little more light paperwork as the naked panting man trapped underneath her desk continued licking her.

"You've been doing a *great* job with Yasmine these last couple of days," Miranda laughed as her husband's talented tongue found her naked clit and started swirling, in just the way she loved.

"She's become so much more confident with her body and her sexuality," she sighed, pushing against her husband's face, "and that carries over to the work

she's doing with her patients. Now those young men have *no chance* to resist her, when she turns those smoky eyes on them. Just like *you* can't resist getting erect whenever you see her either!"

The man trapped under her desk *moaned*, his stiff cock getting even stiffer, as Miranda slid her smooth talented foot underneath his shaft and started lightly bouncing it, laughing as that made his hands running up and down her long thighs and grabbing her tight ass that much more frantic and active!

Which was the point.

"She's also much calmer and thorough with her spells after a good fuck," Miranda laughed. "I think it's because, no matter what, she knows she can come over anytime and get a hard, aggressive, *sperm-free* pounding from a sexy older orgasm-free man- whenever she wants!"

The nude man gasped and pulled off her pussy, gritting his teeth as he tried not to cum all over his wife's supremely talented toes, holding back his orgasm by the slimmest of margins!

Miranda giggled and stroked his cheek.

"Hold it back Honey. I know you can- that's one of the reasons why I love you!" she laughed, adding light feather tickles to his cock head and balls with her Powers.

He gripped her upper thighs! "Miranda!"

She drew back her foot and gave her husband a quick pop in the nuts with her toes-

It made such a satisfying noise in the quiet empty office-
-and pulled him back from the brink-

And made his lips make the most delicious *moan* right into Miranda's bare pussy, which just made her even hotter and wetter!

She pulled him by the hair back into her pussy, forcing him to lick.

"Sorry I didn't let you cum after your first night with her," Miranda laughed, feeling herself getting close. "Or the second... Or the third... You just did such a good job pleasing her all night with that beautiful cock- even though I could sense how desperately you needed to cum-"

She reached down and squeezed his shoulder, the sign for Gregory to back off for a second.

She wanted to ride this edge for a bit.

"Was it hard?" she giggled, feeling her husband lick her outer lips, just teasing her, even as his own painful cock and heavy balls throbbed against her foot, at the very edge of orgasm! "Holding yourself back when she really got going?"

"YESSSS!" he moaned, his smooth cheek against her leg as his balls ached!

"Why?"

"Because she's very active and... *vocal* when she gets close!" the man groaned through his teeth, feeling himself slipping!

His wife's smooth foot pushed against his cock, encouraging him. "...And?"

"And she's very smooth- and beautiful!" he moaned, then caught himself! "But not as beautiful as-"

"Yes yes I know, go on."

Tickles gone but two tiny phantom hands on his cock now; what Miranda called 'The Susan Special', after the small active hands of the most troublemaking nurse

in the clinic, whose little fists Gregory had actually gotten to feel edging him to madness for hours and hours one long Saturday, although he had been blindfolded and didn't know who until much later.

"OH Jesus!" he cried, grabbing her legs, getting very close!

"You were saying about Yasmine...?"

He grit his teeth, squeezing her legs harder! "She's a- TIGER when she gets going! Active, passionate, grinding her hips against you like liquid, squeezing you so hard with her legs you think she's going to break you! She's got a FIRE inside her, just waiting to be unleashed!"

Miranda sped up the Susan Special-

Increased his sperm production ten fold-

-dangerous for the long term but okay for special occasions-

And made him feel a memory of Yasmine's slick burning hot too-tight pussy squeezing his cock like mad, begging him to empty his balls deep inside her-

And reimposed all his usual orgasm blocks.

The panicked naked man grabbed her ass, feeling himself tip over.

"MIRANDA! MIRANDAAAA!!!"

She laughed and buried his face into her snatch while he had his most intense, painful and erotic blocked orgasm in months, moaning his desperation deep into her bare pussy and clit-

And that made Miranda orgasm as well, her thighs locking around his head, her fingers grabbing his hair and holding him in place, throwing back her head, those beautiful toes which had been the ruin of so many young boys curling under her desk as she came.

"OHHHH GREGORY!"

But her hiss of pleasure was many many decibels quieter than the man's full throated *roar* of denial, believing until the last second that he was not orgasm blocked, only for his full aching balls make him aware mid-orgasm that he was!

"NNOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! DAMMMIT! NOOOOOOOO!!!" he yelled, shaking and grabbing her thighs, thrusting his cock against her phantom spells to try and get enough friction to finally cum, even though he was just fucking empty air!

Miranda laughed and held him tight, using his own painful aftershocks to fuel her softer, more pleasurable, feminine ones.

When he finally stopped moving and they were both lightly panting, she unlocked her long legs and looked down at the naked, sweating, shattered man between her thighs.

"That was a loud one honey! I swear you're coming to enjoy these blocked orgasms more than you ever did your real ones!"

The man was gasping, face against her smooth thigh, trying to collect himself enough to form words-

Even though his huge blue balls ached with over a YEAR of unspent cum!

"NO I'M NOT!"

Miranda flicked his wet nose.

"Quiet Honey! I'm surprised that Susan and Yasmine didn't burst in when they heard that delicious yell you made! They should be in by now- maybe we should try again and you can explain to *them* what you've been doing here, nude and trapped under my desk with a big drippy hard-on?"

His eyes got huge as he blushed, imagining the humiliation if the girls burst in to see him like this, naked and hard with his wet face trapped between Miranda's long legs!

"NO! Miranda! Don't!!"

She let him stew for a few more seconds then pulled him back in with a leg around his back and a hand in his hair, laughing as she tightened her strong thighs around his ears.

"Oh honey, don't worry- I gave the girls the day off! Susan and Carol are taking Yasmine to her first American beach!"

The licking red-faced man's cock stiffened, involuntarily imagining the three girls in bikinis-

Or even topless!

"That's right Honey!" Miranda laughed, feeling his renewed Lust Energy coursing through his body and into hers, feeding her from the pussy out, energizing her- "Hot girls! Tiny G strings barely covering young tits and pussy and ass! Nude sunbathing in nothing but sunscreen!! It's a beach episode at-"



Miranda's Willy Wanker Clinic

**Wankered boys
shouldn't go to the
beach.**

Yasmine frowned as she looked over herself in the mirror, wearing the black one piece Susan had insisted she buy.

It was so... revealing!

It would be like wearing my bra and underwear outside!

In truth, the thick black swimsuit was one of the more conservative the Dallas shop sold, showing off very little cleavage with almost full coverage on top, and wide enough to be almost boy-shorts on bottom, much more modest than what most women her age would wear.

But to Yasmine, walking around her hotel room feeling the air on her exposed legs, arms and stomach, it felt almost scandalous!

After a few hot and heavy nights, she was perfectly okay being nude in front of Miranda and Gregory-

She was practically pulling off her panties as she walked in their door most nights, working at the clinic got her so revved up-

But that was inside their HOME!

In PRIVATE!

This would be OUTSIDE!

With tens or possibly HUNDREDS of other people seeing her!

"I can't do it!" she gulped, turning from the mirror! "I'll call Susan and tell her I'm not feeling-"

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

"Come on Bitch!" Susan yelled right outside her door, startling Yasmine half to death! "We've got tan-lines to lose!!"

"Okay, okay-" Yasmine said, rushing around her hotel room, throwing a thick t-shirt on over her top, grabbing a pair of khaki shorts that felt too short even on their own-

"I'M DOUBLE PARKED!"

"OKAY OKAY!" Yasmine gasped, buttoning up the khaki shorts- *they left so much of her legs exposed!*- and grabbing her purse and sandals and rushing out the door.

To find Susan dressed in an even shorter pair of cut-off jean shorts and a tiny crop top over her breasts, leaving all of her smooth tight sexy abs bare, showing off the sides of her perky breasts and deep cleavage. She pulled down her big pink sunglasses to look at the Egyptian doctor.

"Cute! Now let's go tease some boys, Sexy!"

Even as she got pulled out the door and to a waiting car, Yasmine couldn't help but giggle.

Every little thing with Susan felt like the start of a wild adventure!

It would be fun to secretly scope out a few hunks on the beach-

Maybe flirt with a few in the water-

But Yasmine stopped smiling when they got to Susan's double parked car to see Carol in a sexy sarong in the front seat, and a sexy, dark haired, shirtless 27-year-old hunk in the back.

Yasmine froze. "I thought... it was going to be just us girls today."

"Oh that's just my boyfriend!" Susan laughed, getting in the driver's. "Levi!"

In the backseat, the shirtless man in swim trunks- lean but nicely muscled, like he worked with his arms all day, Yasmine noticed- waved sheepishly at her. "Hey."

Yasmine swallowed, feeling already way too naked for this encounter!

And she would be sitting alone in the back seat with him!

“Oh, Levi’s *fineeee*,” Susan laughed, seeing Yasmine’s face. “If he touches or even looks at you funny- let me know and I’ll magically crush his balls until he’ll never have babies again!” To her shocked boyfriend, Susan explained: “She’s from Egypt.”

Seeing the muscular hunk gasp and cover his crotch to protect his helpless balls, Yasmine couldn’t help but giggle.

And feel her skin get a little warm.

“Okay,” she laughed, getting into the backseat, being careful to leave a LOT of space between her bare legs and Levi’s.

The four of them talked as Susan drove them to the lake.

Yasmine learned that Levi was exactly 27, just as she had guessed with her Powers, and did in fact work as a welder at a big construction company, making skyscrapers downtown.

The thought of his hot, confident, slightly rugged dude, hanging off the 30th floor of a dangerous unfinished building, welding a huge I-beam into place, his biceps and forearms bulging-

Yasmine could see why Susan was attracted to him!

After the initial threat of having his balls crushed, Levi had actually gotten a little more at ease as Susan relaxed, making Yasmine relax too.

He was so... hot, with just enough hair on his chest and arms to make him manly- And funny too, actually a little bawdy at times, smart but with a tradesman’s wisdom-

Yasmine even found herself giggling as he told the girls a long dirty joke!

“...lady, I TOLD you that wasn’t hand cream!”

“Sick!” Susan groaned from the front seat.

Carol was laughing, shaking her head. “I can’t believe you...”

Yasmine covered her mouth as she laughed. *Unmarried men and women could NEVER talk about such things, back home in-*

The car hit a big bump and Yasmine’s bare leg brushed against Levi’s and she felt a quick spark pass between them, the magic zap of mutual attraction, and both she and Levi pulled back immediately!

“Oh! Sorry!” Yasmine gasped, her face getting red! “I didn’t-”

“No, it’s my fault!” he gulped back, pulling back to his side of the car. “I should have been more careful-”

It proved how relaxed she was that Yasmine giggled, looking the boy in the eyes.

“Well... don’t let it happen again.”

Was she... FLIRTING with him?

She had to remind herself that this hunk was already taken!

But either way, Yasmine found herself feeling a lot better about the day as Susan pulled into the parking lot for the wide, clean, sunny Texas lake surrounded by beautiful sandy beaches as far as the eye could see.

“Levi, we’ve got towels and umbrellas and drinks in the trunk,” Susan said. “Get them for us?”

“Yeah sure babe.”

“Thanks babe!”

A kiss sealed the deal.

Yasmine smiled, watching the couple kiss-
And smiled again, walking to the beach with the girls, totally unencumbered!
Levi was the man after all-
And more than strong enough to carry all their things-
-but it still felt a little odd, having him do everything for them-
-like they had their own personal manservant!
Umbrellas and towels and a drink cooler set up by Levi, the girls started to take off their outer layers, each reveal making Yasmine's eyes get bigger than the last. Tall, porcelain-skinned, big-breasted Carol pulled off her sarong to reveal a beautiful-
-and TINY-
-green thong bikini which made her smooth white legs look about three miles long!
And a top that did amazing things to her firm, round, half-melon breasts-
-showing off a deep valley of smooth cleavage that made *Yasmine* blush!
But then Susan shucked her shirt and shorts to reveal a red micro-bikini which was barely two triangles over her hard nipples and nothing but string over her smooth hips and perky rounded ass, with a two-finger strip barely wide enough to cover her lips in front! You could see the sides of her mound!
"SUSAN!" Yasmine gasped, feeling her face get so hot!
The tiny blond was practically nude on the beach, in less than one fistful of cloth!
"It's called a Wicked Weasel!" the blonde giggled, spinning around so Yasmine could see all of her young, small, rocking body. "Don't they have these in Egypt?"
"Of course they don't!" Carol laughed, sitting under her umbrella, already applying sunscreen to her long smooth alabaster legs. "You KNOW that!"
"Just trying to expand her world a little," Susan giggled, and when she bent over to pick up her own sunscreen, Yasmine could see the pucker of her cute pink asshole around the tiny non-existent g-string in back-
"OH MY GOD SUSAN!"
Carol slapped the blonde's ass. "STOP THAT! You're going to give her a heart attack!"
"No, I'm fine, I'm fine," Yasmine laughed nervously, blushing so hard! "It actually makes me feel a little better... about getting into my own swimsuit!"
And as she slowly pulled off her shirt and unbuttoned her shorts, the two girls whistled approvingly at her tight black one piece.
"Mmmm, nice! I never understand why men in the Middle East would want to keep THAT covered up," Carol laughed.
"Very cute!" Susan agreed, hugging the shaking girl to calm her down. "Don't you think, Levi?"
"Yeah," the man said, swallowing, Yasmine sensing his heartbeat increasing as he looked and then looked away! "...cute!"
And Yasmine could feel an embarrassed girlish grin coming to her face!
Susan giggled. "Now we can all relax and enjoy the sun!" She turned to her boyfriend. "As soon as *Levi* gets into his suit as well..."
Confused, Yasmine looked over the shirtless man, in his board shorts and flip-flops. "Isn't he already...?"
Susan giggled, shaking her head. "Nope! His *birthday* suit!"

Carol whistled between her fingers and clapped, watching the shocked younger man. “Drop those shorts, Birthday Boy!”

And Yasmine sensed his deep blush before she saw it!

She quickly looked around at the other swimmers. “But this... isn’t a nude beach!”

“It is for LEVI!” Susan laughed, as the tough welder got even redder in the face. Levi gripped his waistband, stepping back! “Susan, come on! My birthday... isn’t for a few days yet!”

Carol laughed as she applied sunscreen to her long smooth legs. “Early present!” Yasmine could sense his heart just pounding as the man looked around- there were couples, older women, even teenage girls, all up and down the half-crowded beach!

“Susan!” he begged! “Please!”

“You know she’s going to get her way,” Carol chuckled, “so why are you drawing this out?”

The tiny young blonde wearing barely anything stalked across the sand to her boyfriend.

“Don’t make me ask again...”

And once again, a kiss sealed the deal.

While their lips were locked, her up on her tiptoes, Susan’s two small manicured hands grabbed Levi’s waistband and pulled-

Her Powers-assisted strength not taking his shorts down-

But ripping them right in half at the seam into two pieces!

RIIIIIIIIIIIPPP!

And then Yasmine got to see the most beautiful sight-

Of a tall, sexy muscular hunk gasping as he realized he was butt naked on a sunny crowded public beach-

And trying to cover his crotch with both hands-

But not before Yasmine got a eye-full of his long, curved, beautiful shaved cock and heavy smooth beautiful balls-

-right at her eye level!

The shocked man blushed and covered himself, diving to the sand butt first, pulling up his knees, hands over his crotch, as Yasmine could barely believe her eyes!

“There!” the tiny blonde giggled as she threw his ripped swimsuit in the closest trash can. “NOW we can have a nice relaxing day at the beach.”

Yasmine couldn’t stop looking, not matter how hard she tried!

A fully naked man-

-a HOT one-

-no license, no keys, no wallet, not even a watch-

-bare as a baby on a well-travelled public beach-

-as nearby mothers and daughters walked by and laughed!

But even more amazing was watching Susan and Carol casually order him around-

“Babe, can you adjust my umbrella?”

“Lev honey, could you get me a drink?”

“More sunscreen my feet babe? Thanks!!”

-making him have to get up and uncover himself over and over so that all the girls could see!

His arms and abs and flank were as nicely formed as Yasmine had imagined-

But it was his heavy cock and balls that kept drawing her attention as he had to get up and do the girls’ bidding!

His cock was thick and long even soft, well-formed and beautiful-

His crotch was totally smooth, not a hair on it-

And his heavy balls swung in his ballsack like two beautiful eggs-

It was a cock and balls worthy of a statue in a museum!

“Nice, isn’t it?” Carol whispered to Yasmine once while he was adjusting Susan’s umbrella for the third time, making the young doctor look away and blush!

“No! I mean- I wasn’t looking!”

“Go ahead and look- that’s what he’s for,” the receptionist laughed. “Susan sent me some nudes of his last month, on *my* birthday.”

“You mean- he’s kept just like Miranda’s husband is?!” Yasmine gasped, but the redhead shook her head.

“Oh no, not 24/7 like Gregory! Most of their relationship is pretty vanilla, actually. But about 3-4 times a year, Susan likes showing him off... on special occasions.”

She squeezed Yasmine’s leg and the doctor giggled.

“Watch this,” the redhead said, flipping over onto her stomach.

“Ohhh, Levi? Do the back of my legs with sunscreen too,” Carol sighed, adjusting her green bikini bottom to show even more of her round, white, tight ass. She smiled over at Yasmine. “I don’t want one inch of my rear to burn today- move my thong to the side if you have to!”

As Yasmine marveled as this fit totally nude *blushing* man got up to apply sunscreen to his girlfriend’s co-worker’s feet-

Unable to keep his cock covered as he did-

A very nice cock that started rising up as his hands rose up Carol’s long slim calves-

And up the backs of her thighs-

And to the lower curves of her round tight white ass-

-even as Yasmine could sense him straining and struggling to keep it down!!

And somehow, that made it even hotter.

“Oh god,” she gulped, rubbing her own nude legs together!

Yasmine watched and smiled as the naked man blushed and got even more erect against his will, rubbing suntan lotion on Carol’s lower asscheeks as his cock grew-

“Careful boy,” the older woman giggled, relaxing with her head on her

hands. “Get fully stiff touching my bum and I’ll take you over these legs and I’ll spank that boner away right down!”

And Yasmine giggled as the naked man moaned and took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down!

It was so hot, watching this hot man try to control himself-

-and failing!

She could *feel* his cock calling out to her-

Half still now-

Three-quarters hard now-

So *desperate* for her hand-

And Yasmine laughed as two giggling teens in bikinis sauntered close by, whistling and cat-calling the nude Levi as they passed, and the horribly red-face gasped and tried to cover up but couldn't- with his hands stopping about two feet from his aching hard cock!

"He's Willy Wankered too!" Yasmine blurted out, making Carol and Susan AND the two teenaged girls break into huge laughs as Levi gasped and blushed and tried to cover himself- but couldn't!

"Well of course Honey, we can't have a cute boy like this spending all his time jerking off while Susan works those long nurse's hours," Carol laughed, as the man gasped and sat back down on the sand with his knees up, trying to hide his shame!

"Wankered and orgasm blocked ALL the time," Susan agreed, leaning over to peck him on the cheek. "I ONLY want him cumming when I'm there to enjoy it."

Shocking Yasmine, Carol turned over and reached out with her long leg right between his clenched knees and pressed her foot right on Levi's cock, like she was pushing a gas pedal!

"Ahhh!!"

"How long has it been now, Stud?" she laughed, pressing harder. "Three weeks? Four?"

The formerly confident man groaned, helpless under the touch of her smooth naked foot!

"EIGHTEEN!"

All three women broke into laughs.

"Holy SHIT!" Carol laughed, pressing her naked foot with its green painted toes harder against Levi's throbbing cock, Yasmine laughing as he had to just sit there and take it! "You really must have made her mad!"

"Nope, just going for a personal record!" Susan giggled, leaning over to cuddle the horribly blushing man around the shoulders. "I'll be *damned* if I'm going to let one of his exes deny him for longer than I have!"

Now Yasmine was laughing, from the pure *elation* of sensing the torment going on in this attractive man's balls, calculating in her head how much sperm a young, fit, virile man like him must be producing every single day, only for it to go nowhere-

He might be the most backed up man Yasmine had ever met!

"What was his exes' record?" Carol laughed as the young man blushed, his cock aching under her smooth naked foot!

"Fifty-two!" Susan howled. "A whole YEAR! Can you believe it?? I can't let some skank beat me on that!"

Yasmine was dying, giggling, watching the blushing, horny, flustered man try to explain!

"It was back in high school!" he said, his cock throbbing under the continued presses of Carol's foot, barely able to look any of the girls in the eye! "My girlfriend had just learned her Powers, she didn't really know what she was doing... only that it felt good to make me wait... and I just kind of... let her!"

Carol had a hand over her mouth! “You didn’t orgasm- your ENTIRE senior year of high school?! Oh my poor baby!!”

And her skilled foot massaged him harder, making the trapped man gasp and squirm!

“Ahhhh!”

“He must have been SO backed up by Senior Prom,” Susan giggled, looking at him. “Like a diamond rod! I wish I would have been there to see it.” She elbowed her boyfriend. “Tell them the BEST PART, Babe!”

The naked man blushed even more, panting, and now dripping pre-cum on the laughing Carol’s toes! “We... had made plans... to meet up right after Graduation... to finally have our first time together, in a rented hotel room...” Susan was grinning so wide! “AND?!”

“She went with some other guy!” Levi admitted, turning red! “And forgot to take my orgasm blocks off before she went off to college!”

All three women laughed and howled harder, Yasmine giggling behind her cupped hands!

“She was such a raw magic user, it took weeks for the blocks to wear off on their own,” Susan finished. “Poor Levi didn’t have anyone else he could ask, and when he finally came in the shower after days and days and days of trying- he passed out so hard, his DAD found him there a few hours later!!”

Yasmine was really feeling her legs and arms and face heating up, imagining this cute, hot, well-dicked boy strung along by some girl for SO long- and then left in the dust!

Carol pulled her foot away, holding her stomach. “Oh my Lord! What must it LIKE, to be a horny young boy nowadays?!”

The naked man gasped and squirmed and covered his eyes, unable to cover anything else as the girls laughed and his uncovered dick throbbed and ached and dripped onto the sand, his need visible to everyone!

Susan laid her head on his shoulder and cuddled him, resting her dainty little hand in his lap, her red painted fingers looking so tiny next to his huge throbbing cock and making Levi’s dick bob and strain, being so close to her teasing fingers!

“I’m only jealous that I wasn’t there to do it to him!” she giggled, idly tapping his rock hard shaft, making it drip faster onto the sand, then pecking him on the cheek. “So now we’re going to try!”

“It wasn’t as bad with her- as it is with you!” the man stammered, a hand gripping her shin tightly, his cock straining against her super light touch! “She didn’t work... at a Sex Powers clinic! She didn’t know spells and how to-”

“Increase your sperm production?” Yasmine giggled. “You’re running at about two to three times normal, if I had to guess. Does that make your balls ache?”

“Yes!” Levi wailed, making the girls giggle again. “In high school, my ex and I- just made out! With some dry humping! With Susan it’s-”

“Fuckin’ every day,” the blonde giggled, just one finger idly touching the shaft of his dick making his toes curl in a way that made Yasmine wet. “And blowjobs every morning, and anal sex every Friday-”

“AND I CAN’T TAKE IT ANYMORE!” Levi yelled, making the girls laugh. He grabbed Susan’s leg urgently. “You’ve GOT to believe me- a few weeks with you- is like MONTHS with her!”

“THAT sounds like the line of a boy who wants to get his rocks off early,” Carol laughed, laying on her side, her great breasts pointed at him. “Don’t fall for it Susan!”

“I won’t!”

The girls laughed as the naked helpless man didn’t know where to look, Susan’s thin micro-mini-bikini around her shaved pussy, highlighting her lips, Carol’s great round tits right in his face, almost spilling out of their thin top, so he eventually settled on looking at Yasmine, sitting cross-legged in her modest black one-piece. She could *feel* his intense blue eyes all over her, and it made her heart flutter!

“I’ve never met a boy,” she gulped, “who’s gone as long as that...”

“Fifty-two weeks?” Carol laughed. “Or eighteen?”

“Either!” Yasmine giggled. “And Willy Wankered at the same time...” She looked at the naked man in amazement. “How is it?”

“It sucks!”

“No, tell me *more*,” Yasmine giggled, using all of her courage to reach out and slap his knee! She felt the same spark of arousal- and hoped that Susan didn’t notice! “I’ve really never talked to a Willy Wankered boy,” she gulped. “At the clinic they’re all out the door so fast after their Procedure is done- I never get to hear how it turns out!” She scooted closer on the sand towards him, her body getting hotter. “What is it *like*? What happens when you get hard in the middle of the night? Or in the mornings? What is it like- never being able to scratch that itch?”

At first Levi didn’t want to tell her, but Susan’s tiny fingers around his balls convinced him!

“It’s... HORRIBLE!” he finally admitted, panting in relief as the giggling Susan’s fingers released! “It’s... just like you said! Imagine if your nose itched- ALL the time- and no matter what- you can’t scratch it!” He panted. “Only, it’s your most sensitive parts! And it gets worse and worse over time!”

All the girls laughed and touched the boy.

“Awwwww!”

“Poor baby!”

But Yasmine wanted more.

“NO, but what is it LIKE?!” she giggled, grabbing his knee, this time not letting go. “Like, you probably used to touch yourself off every day, right? Most boys do! So what is it LIKE, seeing a beautiful woman walking down the street, or a cute waitress bending over-”

“Or a tall beautiful older MILF with frankly world-class tits?” Carol laughed, pulling down on her shoulder straps until just the *tops* of her pink nipples on her huge firm round breasts were visible, almost spilling out her loose top, looking like a Playboy centerfold, sitting there cross-legged in the sand!

Under the pressure of his girlfriend’s fingers, Carol’s ‘adjustments’ and Yasmine’s intense questioning, the confident young man broke!

“It’s... HORRIBLE!” he wailed. “And HUMILIATING!” he panted, his cock straining and dripping! “I used to touch myself all the time and now I just have to WAIT and ACHE and HOPE that Susan takes pity on me and even then she sometimes leaves her Powers running on me all night after she’s cum and fallen asleep, licking my cock and balls- and I can’t do ANYTHING about it at ALL!!!”

He was nearly crying!

Almost full-on crying, tears building up at the corners of his eyes!

“Awww, but I scratch your itch all the time, don’t I babe?” Susan soothed, wiping his eyes, using her delicate fingers to rub his cock shaft, making the man pant and thrust his hips again! “I try to make it fun for you...”

But when that didn’t work, right before Yasmine’s amazed eyes, she scooted back on the sand, pushed her boyfriend’s protesting legs apart, grabbed the base of his cock-

And started sucking him off, just as she had done to Brock in the clinic!

Only much, much more passionately.

“AHHHHH!!”

“SUSAN!” Yasmine cried, frantically looking around.

They were going to get arrested!

Or worse!

But Carol squeezed Yasmine’s shoulder. “Oh, it’s okay! With all the recent law changes, this is just like breast-feeding in public.”

Yasmine gasped. “Women do THAT TOO?!”

But she was unable to look away from the brazen sex act in front of her!

Susan was sucking him so lovingly, her eyes closed, concentrating-

And the changes overcoming this tall, dark-haired, formerly-so-confident man-

Watching him start to squirm from embarrassment-

And then arousal-

And start to pant and moan as Susan’s mouth and tongue got only more and more active-

Helplessly grasping the sand as his balls pulled tight and his legs started to shake, knowing he was trapped-

“Susan!” he begged. “SUSANNNN!!”

“I always think men are hottest like this,” Carol confided to Yasmine, leaning over to whisper in her ear. “When they’re just about to cum.” She grinned. “But you absolutely know that they can’t.”

Yasmine watched in awe as Susan lifted her bare feet behind her nearly nude rear, playfully bouncing her cute manicured feet behind her barely g-stringed ass in a bored way, making the smooth round globes of her perfect ass bounce in a nearly hypnotic fashion.

Levi’s eyes couldn’t stop watching that ass.

“AAHHHH! PLEAASSEEE!!” Levi hissed, as his blocked orgasm helplessly overtook his cock and balls no matter how hard he resisted, making him grab the sand and thrust his hips and yell at the top of his lungs.

“OHHHHHHHHH GGGGGOOOOOOOODDDDDDD!”

His panicked yell drew attention all across the semi-crowded beach and especially around them, as random women wolf-whistled and hooted back, clapping for the show Susan was giving them!

Yasmine sensed more than a few anguished cocks around her start to prick up too, registering in her Powers as they started to get hard, as nearby men realized what Susan was doing. And that she wasn’t stopping.

The cute blonde held her much bigger boyfriend down by his cock between his kicking legs and didn’t stop sucking until he had a *second* powerfully hard blocked

orgasm right on the heels of his first, getting the most electric, most painful post-orgasm-torture to his hyper-sensitive cock-head the entire time!

“EEEEEE!!! AAAAHHHHH!! NOOOOOOOOOO!!” he screamed and begged, trying to fight her off, to grab her head and pull it away- but being blocked by his Willy Wanker from even touching her!

When Susan finally let his hyper-sensitive cock plop out of her mouth, the naked, gasping, still-blue-balled man was totally and utterly destroyed. And Yasmine giggled in amazement as Susan stood up, waved to the crowd, and took a deep standing bow, like a theatre performer!

And this tiny blond with only a g-string splitting her perfect ass, bowing nose to toes in every direction, giving each side a perfect view of her puckered asshole, made even more dicks start to quickly to stiffen around them!

More women were giggling and touching their men’s arms or legs, whispering in the blushing men’s ears, giggling at their uncontrolled erections, by the time Susan sat down.

The beach was getting hornier.

Susan was laughing as she plopped down on the sand, looking at the jaw-dropped Yasmine.

“What? You want to try?”

Yasmine felt her rock hard nipples rubbing against her top, her smooth shaved pussy on fire under her bikini bottoms, her heart pounding as she looked deep into Levi’s panicked, scared, desperate eyes.

“Fuck YES.”

“WAIT?? You DO?!” Susan laughed. “Just three days ago you *didn’t* want to suck on that wrestler’s huge cock with me!”

“Well, she has been fucking Miranda’s husband non-stop since then,” Carol chuckled. “That will do wonders for anyone’s confidence.”

“She HAS?!”

Yasmine blushed, even as she moved towards the laying Levi! “It’s not what you think! It’s... training!”

Both Susan and Carol were laughing. “It sure IS!”

“It IS! It’s-”

But Susan propped the gasping red-faced Levi back up into a sitting position, with his hands next to his his butt and his legs splayed out. “Well then,” she giggled, “I *formally* invite you to train your blowjob skills on my boyfriend’s helpless denied cock!”

Yasmine laughed, even as she felt that weird wonderful thrill run through her again!

Were all American women this free sharing their partners?

This would NEVER happen back in her home country!

But maybe it would... if all the men were prevented from orgasming?

If a man does not cum-

If an act only causes pleasure for the woman and only blue-balled denial for the man-

Could it really be considered cheating?

Yasmine pulled herself between Levi's spread legs, putting a hand on each thigh. His aching, nearly purple erection quivered, just inches from her pink lips!

"Please..." the naked man begged the smaller Egyptian doctor. "Please don't!"

"Oh hell," Yasmine giggled to Carol and Susan, licking her lips, making sure her hot breath fell directly on the desperate man's ticklish cock-head, making him twitch and quiver. "That only makes me want to do it even more!"

She looked up at the helpless man, her hot breath falling right on the most sensitive skin of his hard exposed penis.

"*Eighteen weeks?*" she giggled.

Gulping, begging her with his eyes, he nodded!

And Yasmine's hot mouth was sucking his cock before he could speak.

"Ohhhhh NOOOO!!!" he screamed, arching his back and kicking his feet off the sand!

He tried to reach out and grab her head to stop her- and his hands were blocked by his own Willy Wanker again!

Each moan of his pleasure-

Each desperate whimper and whine and thrust of his cock into her tight mouth-

Each quiver of his legs and pulse of his desperate, denied, never-cumming cock against her tongue-

Made Yasmine flush and want to do it even harder!

This was-

-seriously addictive!

"Go Girl GO!" Susan laughed, spanking Yasmine's bikini clad ass on the cheeks, making her blush for a different reason-

"Here, maybe this will help," Carol laughed and crawled behind the scrambling Levi, who had been trying to back away, sitting with her long toned legs on either side of his, pressing her great tits against his neck, keeping him from retreating any further! She wrapped her arms around his chest to hold him there, his face against her tits. "Just let it happen, sweetie."

And Yasmine felt the charge from Levi's steel hard cock get even more intense!

Feeling those firm breasts pressed against his cheek-

Being held helpless in place by the loving sexy older woman-

While Yasmine's mouth could now thrust as deep and as hard as she wanted-

-was driving his cock and balls even crazier with lust!

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

"Cum in her mouth, Babe!" Susan cheered, spanking Yasmine's ass again to send her into a sucking overdrive. "Really try! If you can break through my orgasms blocks and cum in her mouth, I'll let you enjoy it AND cum all you want in me ALL weekend! But if you don't- you're definitely going all 52! Maybe MORE!"

And Levi yelled and Yasmine laughed as she felt his thighs squeeze against her shoulders, his hips trying to thrust even deeper into her hot wet mouth-

-his body trying it's best to overcome Susan's simple magic-

-the Lust Energy pouring into her body was making her nerves go crazy and her pussy pulse with electric shocks-

-but there was no way this boy was cumming on her watch.

She secretly looped him off, her additional orgasm blocks stronger than Susan's ever would be.

"NOOO! OHHHHH!! GAAWWWWWWDD-" he wailed, one hand finally gripping her ponytail, pulling her in deeper-

Yasmine didn't care, it was making her so wet-

And the man hit his orgasm blocks like a car driven at full speed into a concrete wall.

"AAAAHHHHHHRRRRGGGGHHHHH!!" he wailed, and Yasmine only had a second-

-before she was cumming herself.

"Mmmmmph! MMMMM!!" she moaned, her mouth still full of his electric cock, sucking even harder, pressing her tongue against him even harder-

The electric Lust Energy pouring off his body and into hers-

Shooting through every nerve, into her nipples and toes and clit-

Making her clench her thighs together and grind against her towel, her soaking pussy cumming and cumming-

It was too much!

Yasmine grabbed Levi's cock with two hands and sucked even harder, like a starving woman sucking life through a straw, moaning and kicking her feet into the sand as she absolutely *soaked* her bikini bottoms and had her strongest, longest orgasm of her life. So far.

All while Levi went crazy and Susan and Carol fell over laughing.

"OH WOW! OH GOD! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL HIM!" Susan was laughing, watching her boyfriend buck and strain!

"She's going to suck his balls out through his cock!" Carol was hooting, her long arms still holding the struggling Levi in place.

And Yasmine sucked and sucked and sucked, through all her aftershocks, and when she finally came up for air, she was laughing, giddy, and rolled onto her back, in nirvana.

"Ohhhh..... wow!" she giggled, panting, touching her ice-hard nipples over her suit right in public, still feeling the aftershocks in her pussy, still laughing. "That was... WOW!"

And Levi was totally wrecked.

"Breathe Babe, breathe!" Susan laughed, crawling over to the gasping man lying in the fetal position.

"My... BALLS!" he wailed, trying to cup himself, but of course he couldn't! "They... HURT SO BAD!"

"Oh my god, we can't let these young people do anything," Carol laughed, shaking her head at the two twenty-somethings rolling on the sand. She stood up and got two chilled bottles out of the cooler, handing one to the parched Yasmine and taking the other, unopened, and pressing it against Levi's blue, sore, aching balls.

"Here- cool down, Romeo."

The boy bucked but the stronger taller MILF pushed his weak protesting hands away and pressed harder, laughing as he squirmed and tried to get away from the ice cold cylinder against his most tender male parts!

"IT'S COLD!"

“As cold as the Rockies,” she laughed, drinking her own with her other hand. “But it will help. Your cock go down at least!”

Susan took over the Yasmine-holding duties, helping the still-laughing girl sit up and get the open beer to her lips.

“WOW! That was... good!” Yasmine giggled and gasped, accepting the bottle, and it was very hard not to give it a blow-job too!

“Yeah, blocked orgasms hit all women differently, but Levi’s super charged up right now, and that was your first one, so I guess it was extra strong.” She giggled into Yasmine’s ear. “Now you know why I keep him this way.”

Yasmine was sucking down the liquid hungrily! “But I’ve been with Miranda’s husband so many times,” she gasped, coming up for air, “...and it was NEVER... like THAT!”

“That’s because Miranda probably removed all of Greg’s orgasm blocks and told him to just willpower his way into not cumming with you,” Carol laughed, now helping Levi drink her beer while still holding the cold unopened one against his cock and balls. “It’s a fun game Miranda likes to play with him.”

“And she probably didn’t want you ending up like THIS all the time,” Susan giggled, holding a still-goofy, somewhat-more-coherent Yasmine now. “She wanted you able to work the next day!”

“But if this is... what it’s like... having sex with blocked men...” Yasmine giggled, panting, finally sitting up on her own, her pussy soaked. “What keeps American women... from doing that with their husbands... ALL the time?!”

Carol and Susan looked at each other, and then broke out into huge laughs.

“Nothing at all honey!”

“What makes you think we’re NOT?!”

Yasmine laughed too and sipped her beer (her SECOND alcoholic drink of the week!) and her entire worldview spun as she thought about what the girls had just said-

*An entire COUNTRY of women having sex with orgasm-denied men-
Having mind-blowing orgasms while the men got nothing but blue balls-
Holding their men hostage on a whim, with their impossible-to-counter Powers-
Why COULDN’T that happen in other countries???*

Yasmine drank more of her beer and crawled over to where Levi sat on the sand, still cradled against Carol’s chest.

“Sorry about... how hard I sucked you just now,” she giggled, holding her beer near her lips. “It just felt so good... I couldn’t help it!”

The tall man blushed, now shielding his super hard, super red, dripping and humiliating cock from public view with Carol’s straw hat-

Yasmine loved how his hard stomach clenched, with each breathless pant he took-
Breathlessness that SHE had caused!

He swallowed, trying to look her in the eyes but only blushing harder! “Don’t... don’t worry about it!”

Yasmine giggled, raising her half-finished beer to her lips. “Okay.”

And when her soft lips closed around the hard glass, Levi felt it around his cock head too!

Yasmine giggled as the boy’s eyes got big and he bucked, his painfully hard cock jumping and straining under Carol’s hat-

Carol and Susan couldn't sense what she was doing-
They weren't doctors, after all, and didn't have access to the secret higher harmonics-
And now Yasmine's connection with Levi was as strong as steel.
And so Yasmine locked eyes with the shocked boy as she drank and drank, her wet lips sliding up and down the round lip of the bottle, making his oversensitive skin feel every bit of it-
She even let her tongue poke *inside* the lip of the beer, swirling a little on the inner wall-
She had no idea what that would feel like for him-
But she definitely wanted to see his reaction to it!
“EEEEEEEEEEE!” the boy wailed, trying to grab his penis to soothe the alien and horribly ticklish new sensations along his urethra- but of course his Willy Wanker held!
“Oh My God- are you STILL horny?!” Susan laughed, turning back from the cooler to see her boyfriend mightily struggling to grab his throbbing hard cock, while Yasmine innocently drank a beer next to him. “Wasn't that enough attention on your dick for one morning?”
“I could always give him a few mercy sucks,” Carol chuckled into his ear, making the boy leap away.
“NOOO!!!”
All three girls laughed at the *fear* in his eyes, at a simple thing like getting his cock sucked by an older woman!
“Come on Babe, let's cool you off,” Susan laughed, and grabbed her little fist around his wrist, pulling the boy towards the open water and the large crowds of mothers and daughters swimming there!
“NOO! SUSAN!!”
But with his arm in her magically-enhanced grip, there was no way to resist!
And no way to cover himself!
“Naked Boy Swimming Hour!” Susan yelled as she ran past other laughing groups of sunbathers with a freaking out Levi in tow. “Last one in has to let their man cum!!”
The man blushed SO HARD, as other mother and daughters and women saw his burning-red, obviously-abused, supernaturally-hard cock and huge blue balls bouncing towards the water, right before their eyes!
And to Yasmine's disbelief, she saw more than a few giggling wives turn to their forty-something husbands, mothers turn to their teenaged sons, and girls turn to their platonic male friends and start to needle them and pull at their swim trunks, 'encouraging them' to strip nude and go swimming too!
It definitely wasn't every woman at the beach-
It wasn't even half-
More like one in four-
But the fact that Susan's off-the-cuff callout to complete strangers had worked at all-
-and there were now five other embarrassed, protesting, totally nude men being dragged into the lake by their laughing wives, mother-in-laws, or even teenaged step-daughters-

-nude cocks growing against their will-

-had Yasmine's mind absolutely spinning about how she might do the same back in Egypt!

Suddenly Carol grabbed her hand. "Look at all those cocks to squeeze! Come on, Honey- you don't want to miss THIS!"

And a laughing Yasmine dropped her beer and let herself get pulled across the sand into the cool clear water by her friend, to see how many strange cocks and balls they could grab, while swimming with embarrassed nude men too powerless to fight back.

The next hour was a blast.

Yasmine was shy at first-

But after shadowing Carol who was completely shameless about going up behind a hot nude 18-year-old boy treading water and grabbing his balls from behind so hard until he begged 'Aunt Carol' for mercy-

Or swimming right up to a smaller-dicked older man and using her Powers to make him feel his wife's pussy instead of Carol's fist as she stroked and pulled him underwater, taking him right to the edge and beyond, leaving him to sputter and almost drown as he recovered from the sudden blocked orgasm-

-had Yasmine getting in the game quickly!

She couldn't believe women were allowed to do these things-

Tease and grope and humiliate men so thoroughly out in public-

Back in Egypt it was *women* who had to worry about getting their rears pinched on a bus-

Or harassed coming home late from the club, even if they weren't showing any skin at all-

-but now she was squeezing a strange nude man's bulging nuts without mercy, making him promise he'd 'be a good boy' before sending him crying back to his hot laughing wife!

It was unbelievable!

As the wails of men from sudden grabs and teases and blocked pleasure got louder, more and more women waded into the swimming area to join the fun, until it was about 10 to 1 women to men- the boys were totally outnumbered and helpless, their tender cocks and balls barely leaving the clutches of one laughing girl before being grabbed by another!

A female lifeguard finally had to come in and blow her whistle because it was getting too crowded and because a few of the naked men almost had drowned, when a gang of over-enthusiastic teenage girls had cornered a hot twenty-something lifeguard in the water and stripped him of his suit and took turns *really* crushing his balls in the deeper water, seeing how far out they could drag him by his testicles while sucking his cock silly with their Powers- They were young girls, they didn't know any better.

And a laughing Yasmine had to help 'medically inspect' the chiseled hunk's testicles after the female lifeguard had finally dragged the poor boy out of the water, Yasmine showing her medical license and actually prescribing two weeks of

teasing and orgasm denial and increased sperm production for the naked hot protesting boy, which she and the female guard administered right there! Yasmine was a new woman when she staggered back to the campsite, laughing and dripping and happy, to plop down on the towels where Susan and Carol lay sunbathing.

“Have a good time?” Carol laughed, handing the doctor another beer.

“Absolutely!”

“You look like a totally different person!” Susan giggled, looking Yasmine over. “Your cheeks are glowing- you’re smiling and sitting up, not hunched over trying to hide- and did you- did you roll your bikini bottoms up on your butt to make them even skimpier?!?”

“No!” Yasmine giggled, feeling bold and thrilled at the same time. “...maybe!” Seeing the styles the other girls- especially the young teens- had been wearing in the water, she had folded her thick black bikini up at the hem until showed off the lower mounds of her rear, almost a thong itself now-

It felt so DANGEROUS, walking around like this-

But she loved the looks she got from men, especially the married ones sitting next to their wives and trying not to erect!

She looked around. “Where’s Levi?”

“We got hungry and sent him out for pizza,” Susan giggled, hooking a thumb at the line of small food trucks circling the far outer edge of the beach’s parking lot.

Yasmine immediately looked over at the number of towels left at their site, doing the math.

“WITHOUT any clothes?! Totally NAKED?!?”

“Of course not,” Carol snapped, then sipped her beer. “We gave him twenty bucks.”

And the three girls laughed and laughed, eagerly waiting the naked man’s return, and Yasmine sipped on her beer very slowly, licking the tip often, hoping that somewhere, a hot helpless naked man with muscular arms and chest could feel it.

Levi came back a little earlier than expected.

In fact, the nude man was *marched* back to where the girls sat, howling and protesting, wrists magically cuffed tightly behind his back, being painfully levitated by his cock and balls by two angry twenty-something women dressed in red and black bikini bottoms, and nothing else!

They were proud and topless on an American beach, their beautiful high breasts bouncing-

-and they were frog marching a naked howling Levi back towards the girls, his toes barely touching the sand with each step!

“Oh my god what happened!” Susan laughed, sitting up when she saw the trio.

“Did you try to fuck a pepperoni slice again?” Carol laughed, as Yasmine swallowed hard, hoping they weren’t in trouble!

“Is this boy with you?” the taller of the woman demanded. She was a tall powerful raven-haired woman, muscular but hot, like a female college volleyball star. Her long powerful sexy legs were insanely ripped, reminding Yasmine of a Iranian female MMA fighter she had once seen on TV, except that this woman looked like a model to boot!

Susan’s hand shot up. “Yep! He’s mine! What’s the charge, officer?”

“We’re not police,” the other topless girl said, a no-nonsense blonde with a ponytail but a tight-lipped expression on her pretty face. “But we did perform a Maiden’s Arrest on this pervert- for jacking off in line for a pizza truck!!”

“Jacking off? No, that’s not possible!” Carol laughed.

“Yeah, he’s Willy Wankered-by the best in the business!” Susan agreed. “I sealed the spell myself!”

“Well first of all he comes strollin’ up to the food truck next to our car as naked as a baby,” the tall girl countered, still holding the naked boy’s wrists with one hand, his toes just touching the sand! “I don’t really care if cute boys go skinny-dippin’ in the water- good for the girls to get some eye candy- but in front of the food trucks is a family area!”

Susan giggled. “Well, he always has been a bit of a closet exhibitionist!”

Levi tried to protest, but the two girls had magicked his lips shut!

“We tried to just ignore him as we got dried off getting ready to go home,” the second tall blonde continued, “but as he’s waiting for his slices to get heated up, I sensed his stupid penis twitching and getting harder behind me as I lotioned up my chest- until he was rock hard!”

“He was staring over at our tits while he waited!” the tall girl with the muscular legs said. “I could feel his cock twitching as he stared!”

“Boys get hard around topless girls all the time,” Carol laughed, crossing her long, beautiful, now slightly more tan legs. “You can’t blame him- you two are delicious!”

“Well thank you,” the blonde girl said, breaking a small smile for the first time before going back to her serious face. “But that’s not the point! I’m okay with a boy popping a wood now and then, looking at my tits- that’s why I go topless after all- but what really irked my gears is that I could sense something else going on with his cock every time I turned my back on him- and him getting harder and more blue balled!”

“Magic?” Carol giggled, looking at Susan.

“Hell no!” the tiny blonde laughed. “I’m the only one who’s got enough of a connection to Levi to reach his cock from here, and I *definitely* wasn’t casting anything!”

“Ooops!” Yasmine giggled under her breath, putting down her half-finished beer! The topless black-haired girl continued. “And I didn’t sense being cast anything either! But we DID sense he kept getting harder and harder, dripping and gasping more, and when I spun around to catch him, I could see it pulsing and dripping right at the tip, like he had just been pulling himself, staring at us!”

“Well I tell you it’s not possible,” Susan laughed. “I wasn’t casting anything and he’s Willy-Wankered- his hands can’t get within two feet if he’s hard! Let his wrists go and you’ll see-”

“I’m not letting go of his wrists until this pervert gets punished for jacking off in front of us!”

“He *can’t* jack off, I’m telling you-”

“What kind of punishment were you proposing?” Yasmine interrupted, before the argument got too heated!

The two powerful beautiful bronzed topless girls looked at each other, non-verbal negotiation going on, then back at the sunbathing women.

“A bare-ass spanking until he cries!” the taller girl stated. “*And* he’s got to say he’s sorry!”

“Is that all?” Susan laughed. “Sure, I’ll give him two!”

“No- I’m giving it,” the tall, athletic, former college-volleyball girl said. “To make sure you don’t go easy on him!”

“Yeah, sure!” Susan laughed, standing up and dusting off her butt. “Want our help holding him down?”

The two girls looked at each other, not having expected it to go so easily.

“Yeah, of course.”

Four women sat down side by side on the sand, nude legs stretched out in front of them.

The tall volleyball girl *clamped* Levi’s cock between her strong thighs, making him cry out and all the girls laugh. Her blonde friend held down his ankles and feet, Carol’s legs were under his chest so she could help hold down his still pinned arms, and just before sitting down, Susan made Yasmine take her place at the head.

“So you can see it up close,” she giggled quietly to the doctor.

And so Yasmine sat next to Carol, their bare legs touching, and a blushing, gulping, nude Levi was forced to put his cheek right on Yasmine’s naked thighs, his face getting so red, his wrists still magically frozen behind his back and held down by Carol too!

“Everyone ready?” the tall girl asked, as Yasmine tried not to reach under her suit and play with her clit, having Levi’s nose pressing so close to her tingling womanhood!

“Wait!” Susan cried. “Unblock his mouth first! So we can *hear* him apologize!”

The tall girl did and the nude Levi gasped fresh air. “WAIT! Let me explain-”

The topless girl brought her hand down onto his ass like a gunshot.

SMACK!

“AHHHHHHHHH! JESUS!!”

Yasmine gasped!

That tall girl was strong!

His cheek was turning pink already!

She laughed, her Powers feeling the fear coursing through his cock into her. “That’s one. Let’s go for an even hundred.”

“NOOOO!” the man wailed, the laughing brunette already having trouble holding down his kicking feet.

“Well you shouldn’t have gotten stiff looking at all those sexy girls without me!” Susan laughed.

“I did warn you,” Carol chuckled, feeling the helpless man’s buns as he could only gasp and take it.

“Ahhh!”

“And just for that,” Susan laughed, shaking one little finger at him. “-you’re getting anal sex right when you get home- from my big pink strap-on!”

That got the two pizza girls laughing, and the tall stong girl started spanking in earnest.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“NO! GOD! FUCCKK!!” the nude man wailed, bucking in pain!

“Two, three, four,” the tall girl laughed as nearby women cheered again, and Yasmine tried not to let her face betray how wet she was getting, having this hot naked man screaming and panting into her pussy, his quivering lips so close to hers-

The tall grinning girl gave the naked man every single spank he deserved and many more, until he was totally limp-dicked and crying and apologizing to everyone for everything.

“I’M SORRY!”

SMACK!

“AHHHHH!! I’M...SORRY FOR THE TROUBLE!”

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“And for staring at their tits...” Susan prompted.

“AND FOR LOOKING AT THEIR BREASTS!”

“Damn right,” the tall topless black-haired girl laughed, her smooth breasts jiggling with every hard spank! “We go topless for OUR pleasure- NOT YOURS!”

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“AAAAAHHHH!!! I’M SORRY!”

Carol snuck in a quick spank of her own. “And for getting stiff! I told you not to, dirty boy!”

SMACK!

“I’M SORRY FOR GETTING HARD!!”

Yasmine giggled. *This was amazing!*

The naked Levi was bucking and squirming, limp and crying, and the volleyball girl gave him many many more, at Susan’s direction, until his cute rear was a nice deep red all over and then made him stand with his hands on his head in public unable to rub the pain away for thirty minutes as all the nearby women cheered again.

All in all, it was a great way to end a day at the beach.

“Mmmmmm, that rear looks even better in a light shade of red- you should keep it that way all the time, Susan!” Carol giggled on the way back to the car, giving his red ass another swat.

The girl giggled, carrying the remains of a large pizza in a box. “Okay!”

“Please!” the man begged, covering his rear in the open parking lot. “Give me a towel at least!”

“Naughty secret wankers don’t get clothes,” Susan snapped back, giving him a quick flick on the balls where his hands couldn’t cover, making him jump.

“AHHH!”

“We’ll figure out how you broke your Willy Wanker later,” she laughed, squeezing his balls with her bare hands to make her point! “Now get in the back with Yasmine or we’re leaving you here!”

And Yasmine giggled, seeing the contrite horribly blue-balled muscular naked man rush into the backseat with her, much more nervous than she had been with him this morning!

“Why don’t you lay your head on my lap again?” she offered. “It will make you feel better for the drive home.”

“No I’m okay!”

“*Lay down,*” she ordered, gripping his hair like she did with Gregory at the height of cunnilingus and *dragging* his head over to her lap again, his hot breath on her smooth thighs giving her goosebumps! She looked up to the front seat for Susan’s blessing and the tiny laughing girl just gave her a thumbs up!

So Yasmine rubbed his tense forehead as the beautiful, nude, well-spanked man gulped and laid on her lap during the drive, his blue balls and red rear absolutely aching!

“There!” she giggled, smoothing his sweaty hair. “Better?”

The man just gulped as Susan drove, making Yasmine giggle again!

As the car threaded the highway, Yasmine let her other hand wander down the man’s strong naked chest-

Down his tight panting abs-

-to the soft cute penis dangling between his legs!

“Awww, is this worn out from being hard all day?” she whispered into his ear, grabbing it. It was dark outside and Susan and Carol were talking over loud music in the front seat, no longer paying attention to what was happening in the back. Yasmine giggled. “Or was it that rough spanking that strong girl gave you until you cried?”

The man gasped, blushing so deeply!

She was picking up and flopping his cute soft cock around without his permission-

Pulling and twisting his limp dick in any way she saw fit-

Bending it into silly shapes that made her laugh!

How far she had come from that shy girl this morning!

The red-faced boy squirmed but didn’t fight back, closing his eyes to let her do anything to his most precious parts that she wished!

She smiled as she felt him starting to get hard once again.

She could sense the muscles around his cock were so tired-

Human males were only designed to stay hard for so long after all-

But Yasmine giggled and used her Powers to increase the blood flow to his cock until he was rising like it was his first one of the day.

“Unnngh!” the man whimpered, getting hard against his will once again!

Holding his defenseless rising penis in her fingers, feeling his labored breath beat against her naked thighs and the ache in his balls, after all they had been through today, Yasmine felt she could finally ask what she had been wondering.

“Why are you with her?” she giggled into his ear, too softly for the front seat to hear. “With Susan?”

The man gulped and she could feel his cock throb!

“I’m not coming on to you,” she laughed, flicking the tip, making him wince! “I want to know... for my research! There are *tons* of girls in Dallas... who probably would let you cum a lot more than Susan does!”

In the dark, with his head on her lap, Yasmine could *feel* him blush!

“I... um.... met her when I couldn’t... cum for a long time!” the man gasped, stiffening in her hand! “A lot of women... after getting their Powers... were teasing and orgasm blocking construction workers, not letting us shoot at all! When I went into the clinic- the doctors said I had over 100 different orgasm blocks on me!”

“Really?” Yasmine giggled, *strumming* her fingers up his cock just like Susan had done.

“YES! And Susan... she sucked me off right there in the clinic, let me cum down her throat after SO long,” the man panted, dripping onto his stomach! “She’s so fucking hot... and she’s nice to me... most of the time!”

“Even if she never lets you cum anymore?” Yasmine giggled.

Levi closed his eyes! “But she... used to! And if I ever tried to leave her... I think she’d torment me with her Powers... for the rest of my life! She’s SO hot... but... I don’t have any other choice!”

“Amazing,” Yasmine laughed under her breath, using the full force of her Powers to mentally lick a wide hot wet tongue across the shocked man’s cock without his permission, covering his mouth with her other hand to muffle his moans!

“Well, you’ve made the right choice,” Yasmine giggled, her fingernails idly tickling his beautifully full blue balls until he was straining. “You stay with Susan and enjoy having a beautiful hot spunky little girlfriend who fucks you every night and sucks you awake every morning and who never ever ever lets you cum because she loves you that much.”

And Yasmine relaxed and let her Phantom mouth make the gasping horribly frustrated man moan into her hand and test every single corner of Susan’s orgasm blocks time and time and time again, all the way home.

Levi was a staggering bow-legged *wreck* by the time they got out of the car and even though Susan gave Yasmine a giggle she didn’t ask why. Susan had driven the group to Carol’s place and they all piled into the shower together to wash away the sweat and sand.

Yasmine delighted in the fact that a nude straining blushing Levi was pressed face-to-face against her in the small shower as Carol washed his back and Susan washed hers.

And his hard hot cock *throbbed* against her quivering stomach, making her feel so small and soft and vulnerable-

-except that she wasn't.

"So I was thinking," she told the girls as her slick soapy hands rubbed all over his hard chest and panting abs and finally closed around Levi's straining cock, making them both gulp- "About ways to get a sexy boyfriend like Levi when I get home!" "Do you really want a boyfriend like Levi when you get home?" Carol laughed, washing the squirming boy's tight ass, her soapy fingers sliding all around his asshole! "Or do you want *ten*?"

Yasmine felt her heart flutter and another jolt of *Power* pass between her hands and Levi's cock!

"Well, I mean!" she giggled, squeezing his cock and balls more urgently as her pussy clamped, "I suppose ten would be better... but society doesn't allow it!" "Isn't the Middle East where guys used to have like, a 100 wives or whatever?" Susan laughed, unclipping Carol's top from behind, freeing the tall woman's huge amazing tits, then soaping Carol's strong naked back. And the boy couldn't see any of it!

Yasmine blushed and squeezed Levi's cock harder! "Yeah, like rich sultans and stuff..."

"Well you're rich in Powers now Honey!" the bare-chested Carol laughed. "Powers are like the new oil! And only *you* know how to tap that well-" She grabbed Levi's hip and pushed one hard slim soapy finger up into the boy's crack, making him gasp and grab Yasmine's shoulders for support!

She was penetrating him!

Feeling his cock going wild in her hand, sensing the humiliation this hot boy was having, being anally penetrated by this laughing older married woman, it was all Yasmine could do to not rip off her swimsuit and mount him right there! She pressed her naked thighs together, rubbing his hot dripping cock-head on her panting clothed stomach!

"I really couldn't..." she gulped. "It's not... like it is here!"

"It doesn't have to *start out* like it is here," Carol chuckled, fucking the boy deeper with one finger, then adding a second.

"AHHHH!"

"But it could *end up* that way, in a few years!" Susan agreed. "If you start something great when you get back over there!"

And Yasmine was amazed-

This loving possessive girlfriend was watching her naked boyfriend getting slowly fingered by her taller, hot, married laughing co-worker while Yasmine stroked his hot hard needy cock-

-and neither woman seemed to have a problem with it!

"I was thinking about that," Yasmine panted, her thumb stroking the gasping boy's cockhead making him squirm! "All it would take would be one man... one really hot man- if I made him my boyfriend and never let him cum-" she giggled at Levi- "and loaned him out totally blocked and super horny to rich and powerful women- so they could have orgasms like the one I had on the beach today..."

"It would start a Revolution!" Susan giggled, shedding her suit to stand completely nude in Carol's shower, rubbing soap all over her tight little body, her perky hard nipples, her round smooth ass and tight pink pussy. "One woman would tell another and block her man and tell another-"

“And what are the men going to do about it?” Carol laughed, picking Levi up onto his tiptoes with her steady finger thrusts! “Piss their women off and not cum that month?” She put her lips next to the quivering boy’s ear. “Or for a whole year?” The boy moaned and Yasmine started panting harder!

She would be back in Egypt, starting her next residency-

*With a new driver’s license and new apartment and probably a new boyfriend-
-before this hot man could empty his aching balls again back here in America!*

“Oh godddd,” she moaned, squeezing his beautiful cock harder!

And then, in a fit of insane boldness, Yasmine pulled the straps of her one piece down over her shoulders and bunched the suit down to her waist, going totally topless in front of the nude, shocked, horribly blue balled boy!

“There you go sister!” Susan laughed, soaping up her own legs and pussy. “Now do the bottom!”

Yasmine gulped, feeling her skin burn and Levi’s hot eyes locked on her naked tits!

“Not... yet!” she gulped, her pussy on fire! “This is enough for now!”

She was such a hussy-

Standing in front of a single boy with her naked breasts out-

She re-soaped her hands and grabbed his steel-hard cock again!

The red-faced and red-assed boy was moaning and grabbing her shoulders!

“Quick Susan- the dildo!” Carol laughed, and the naked girl grabbed Carol’s thick rubber shower cock and slapped it into her palm like a nurse handing over a scalpel!

“Dildo!”

And Yasmine got to look Levi right in the eyes as Caroline withdrew her fingers and shoved a huge, stiff and lubed clear dildo-

-right into his soapy, prepared, quivering asshole!

The raw humiliation coursing through his body was immense-
-and Yasmine felt it all through his cock!

“OH WOW!” she giggled, nearly touching herself!

But instead she held onto Levi’s thick cock with two hands, bracing him, as a grinning Carol slowly pushed the dildo in deeper, filling him up! Then slowly out, then in again!

“Susan did say you’d be getting a *pounding* tonight,” she laughed into his ear, her hips thrusting into his with each push. “I just bet you didn’t think it would be from *me!*”

Susan was laughing, holding Carol’s hips to give her friend extra thrust. “Or with innocent little Yasmine holding your cock! Open your eyes! Look at her!”

The red-faced Levi did, holding Yasmine’s shoulders, their lips an inch apart, watching the excited girl watch him getting fucked faster and faster and harder and harder, the sensations overtaking him, as his lips quivered and the helplessness filling his face, his lips starting to curl-

“Let go! Let go Yas!” Susan laughed.

And Yasmine took both hands off as this hot, moaning, horribly backed up man-
Screamed and came hands free, all over her naked stomach and tits!

“YEEEEAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!” he roared, expending 18 weeks of hot, heavy backed up cum all over her hot naked tits and nipples. “AHHHHHHHHHHH!!”

Yasmine giggled, holding her hands in front of her face!

There was SO MUCH of it!

It just kept cumming, spurt after spurt after spurt against her bare skin as Carol fucked his boy pussy! He was grabbing her shoulders so hard, groaning right against her cheek, pumping his cum onto her-
-like they were making love!

“UNNNGGGGH!” Levi wailed, still cumming! “OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Even Carol was laughing. “HOLY HELL! That’s the load of TEN MEN!”

“Miranda gave me a special spell,” the naked Susan panted, leaning back against the shower wall, both hands playing with her tight smooth little pussy in a fast blur!

“OH GOD!” Levi wailed! “I CAN’T STOP!”

“Yeah you can babe,” Susan panted. “When / stop!”

And Carol and Yasmine watched in amazement as the helpless Levi kept cumming and cumming and cumming with Carol’s dick up his ass until the naked Susan squeaked and shuddered and went up on her toes thirty seconds later, and Levi finally stopped spurting.

There was no sound in the shower except the sound of water and the destroyed, helpless, panting man and his cum dripping off Yasmine’s body.

The wrung-out boy was holding onto Yasmine’s shoulders for dear life.

She looked down to see Levi’s limp cock and her body absolutely *covered* in his sperm.

It dripped down her smooth collarbone and covered her naked tits-

It coated every inch of her nude stomach and ribs, more like the seed of 20 men than 10-

It ran down over her bunched up suit and between her legs, mixing with her wetness and dripping onto her naked thighs and knees and calves and toes-
And made her feel so amazingly good.

“Happy birthday Babe,” a nude Susan giggled, jumping forward to hug the naked Levi from behind, her upraised knee keeping Carol’s dildo deep in his ass, making him gasp! “Your new 52 starts now- and you’re definitely serving *all* of it! I just wanted to give you a little gift while Yasmine was here, for the two of you to remember the next year by!”

Yasmine was gasping.

SO much cum!

From one man!

And it could... always be this way!

Carol laughed to shocked doctor. “So? Are you going to try and make the Revolution happen, when you get back to Egypt?”

Yasmine’s legs were shaking!

She dipped her finger into the burning hot pool of cum coating her tits and and slipped it down inside her bikini bottom-

-and almost came when the sperm covered finger rubbed her bare pussy lips.

“FUCK...YES!”

***** END OF CHAPTER THREE *****

CHAPTER FOUR

Miranda's Willy Wanker Clinic



Pitching a 'no-hitter'
on boys' orgasms for
10 years straight

“Hurry up, we’re going to be late for the *game!*” eighteen-year-old Brandon Wheeler whined, crammed with three friends in the back of his parent’s SUV, all wearing matching baseball uniforms, holding gloves on their laps.

The tall, blonde, twenty-two-year-old Emma Wheeler rolled her eyes in the driver’s seat. “Oh my god, being a parent has gotten so much more annoying since they made that law saying boys aren’t allowed to drive.”

“It’s safer that way,” Savannah Jensen laughed from the passenger seat. The taller, even leggier Southern blonde giggled. “Who knows when a naughty girl might give a driving boy an aching hard attack and pop! There he goes off the road!” The beautiful girl turned around to smile at Brandon. “Ain’t that right, sugar?”

Even though he couldn’t FEEL any magic on himself, seeing Savannah’s long, nude, perfectly-toned legs propped up on the SUV’s dash as his sister drove was having almost the same effect!

Both Savannah and his sister wore tight pink booty shorts with a slit on the side- Showing off the lower curves of their butts when they walked- And Savannah’s perfect pink-bubblegum painted toes on her nude feet tapping on the dash right in his vision the entire drive to the ballpark- -made Brandon’s virgin dick strain and ache inside his increasingly tight athletic cup!

His cock was bent almost in *half* inside his protective plastic cup and it *surged* when the tall, curvy barefoot Southern girl leaned back to talk to him, making him gulp and adjust it under the glove on his lap!

“No!” Brandon shot back, even though he knew it was true. “And you’re NOT my mother!” he told Emma.

“I am for a few more years!” Emma laughed, getting off the highway. “Until you’re 22, I can open bank accounts in your name, put you in and take you out of schools, even give you haircuts or tattoos or piercings if I want! Unless Mom and Dad are around to contradict me- *In Loco Parentis, baby!*” she hooted, using the Latin phrase, making Savannah giggle and hike up her pink shorts even more!

Looking at those strong toned college thighs-

Oh god why were college girls were so hot-

The tight leg muscles moving under shiny baby-soft skin-

Emma was tall and slim and hot in a city-girl way but Savannah was country-strong-

Her beautiful thighs and strong calves forged by lifting bales of hay all day, her ass two hard globes stretching her tight shorts to the max, her sexy biceps and shoulders visible as she leaned back in her reclined seat with her hands behind her head, her amazingly firm tits bouncing in her skin-tight shirt-

-had Brandon and his friends straining inside their athletic cups, pressing down hard on their crotches to keep the curved plastic down!

“Oh, that reminds me,” Emma laughed, snapping her fingers. “Did you boys ever fill out your 499+2 forms, so you could actually play for the baseball team this year?”

Brandon’s brows furrowed hard. “499... what? No!”

“It’s the new physical you have to pass before playing any contact sport in Texas!”

Savannah laughed. “You boys didn’t sign them?!”

Brandon looked at Thomas next to him, Enrico and Davide in the back! “No! We... didn’t get any forms!!”

“Oh god, sometimes I hate being the responsible one in the family...” Emma groaned, rooting around in her purse as she drove. “I think I might still have some from my intramural softball team... here! Fill these out, quick!”

She handed them to Savannah to hand to the boys, each of the males gulping as the tall beautiful Southern girl *stretched* across the SUV in different amazing contortions-

Her nice firm tits sometimes pressing against some boy’s arm-

Her tight butt sometimes squeezing in her little pink shorts against your shoulder-

Her long smooth legs nude and barefoot and raised behind her for balance-

Each boy gulped and quickly signed the form with the pen she offered, their young cocks filling their protective cups, preventing any of them from actually reading what they were signing!

“All done,” she announced to Emma, settling back in her seat, the top of her tits and lacy bra still visible to Brandon, down the top of her unsettled shirt!

“All of them?” Emma asked, not believing.

“Every last one,” Savannah laughed back.

“Well shit, that was easy,” Emma muttered under her breath as Savannah grinned, while Emma pulled through a parking lot and around to the back of a clean, white, newly constructed single-story building. “Okay, we’re here!”

Brandon and the boys looked around confusedly. “This isn’t the field...”

“No- doctor’s office!” Emma said, undoing her seat belt, opening her door quickly. “We’ve got to get these forms notarized by a real doctor real quick before we take you to the game!”

“But we’ll be LATE!” Brandon protested.

Savannah had slipped her sexy feet into flip flops and jumped out of the car too. “If you don’t get the forms signed, you can’t play either way! So git a move on!”

“But-”

“It will only take a SECOND!” Emma laughed. “Do you guys want to play ball today or not!”

Brandon groaned, but Thomas was already opening the door, his cock tenting his cup! Enrico was getting out too!

“Fine, whatever!”

The boys got out, their baseball cleats clicking on the hard asphalt as they walked up to the doctor’s office, where a large Texas-flag-colored banner hung over the door, announcing:

“1/2 Price Physicals- All Day!”

“Lucky we got here on half-price day,” Savannah giggled, opening the door for the boys.

“That’s why I chose it,” Emma said with a smirk, ushering the boys in. “Come on, come on!”

There was a receptionist-

It didn’t look like her normal area, it looked more like a loading dock with a desk set up in it-

Who took all four forms and started typing things quickly into her computer, printing out medical wristbands for each of the boys!

And just as the last wristband was strapped to a wrist another full SUV pulled up to the loading dock and Emma’s friends Candice and Ashley got out, as did four more of Brandon’s teammates, all in baseball uniforms like him!

“The physical form?” he asked Xavier, their starting pitcher.

“Yeah!” the mixed-race boy spat. “I didn’t even KNOW about it until like five seconds ago!”

“They must have given it to our parents instead of us,” Thomas explained. “Because we couldn’t sign it anyway!”

“I’ll co-sign it for all you boys,” Emma giggled, signing all eight forms as the receptionist smirked. “I can, since I’m a girl.”

“All these new laws suck!” Enrico growled. “I HATE being treated like a kid- 18 used to be adult, just a little while back!”

“It still is, for women,” Savannah giggled, watching the four new boys stare at her, their mouths dry!

“That’s all of them,” the red-headed receptionist laughed, collecting the last form Emma co-signed. “Okay, let’s get these lucky lads inside!”

She led the now eight cleat-clad boys down a hall, around a corner, and into a long, well-lit, white-tiled room with absolutely nothing else in it. It was like the gang showers in the locker room at Brandon's high school!

Except that it had a wide, waist-to-ceiling one-way mirror all across one wall. Like a police line-up room.

"Hey!" Brandon gulped at the head of the line, as boys kept piling in behind. "What IS this?"

"Just a preparation area," Carol laughed, pushing the thick metal door shut the second the last boy was inside.

"HEY!"

The boys rushed to the door- there was no handle on this side! And it was locked! And the hot receptionist and all the girls were outside!

"This isn't right!" Thomas said, pushing on the flat door with Brandon. "Something's going on!"

The light behind the long waist-to-ceiling mirror turned on, making the one-way mirror into a window, and letting the boys see what was in the adjoining room.

It was all four girls who had brought them here, Emma, Savannah, Candice and Ashley, a small very hot blonde nurse and an even hotter Arabic doctor who looked like a young Sophia Vergara-

And a huge Texas-flag colored banner hanging behind them which read:

"SUMMER SPECIAL: 1/2 PRICE WILLY WANKERS ALL WEEK!!"

"WHAT?!" "NO!!"

Boys were crying, banging on the metal door, looking on every wall for a way out as the girls laughed and laughed, watching them panic.

The hot blonde nurse leaned forward and hit the button on a small microphone which stuck out of the wall, making her voice boom through the empty tiled room so hard some of the boys had to cover their ears!

"I hope all of you boys got a real good wank in this morning- because it's the LAST TIME you'll ever do that in your life!"

"NO!" Brandon cried, holding down his hard cup as his cock surged behind it! "You CAN'T!"

His sister slapped a paper against her side of the bullet-proof window. "You signed the form volunteering for a Willy Wanker out of your own free will, you dumbass!"

"499 plus 2- a procedure 501!" Brandon screamed, putting it all together! "NO!!"

"God, I swear they get dumber the more leg I show," Savannah chuckled, still feeling two of the boys staring at her long legs even now.

"Or the more cum they have in their balls," Emma laughed.

"Isn't that the truth," Carol chuckled, looking over the row of panicking 18-year-old boys in tight baseball pants in front of her, choosing her favorite.

Yasmine took the mike from Susan's hand, trying not to laugh. "All boys undress please." Now she did laugh. "Totally."

"No way!" Xavier said, throwing his leather glove to the ground. "Now OPEN this door!"

In the women's room, Yasmine sighed, taking her hand off the button. "I was hoping it wouldn't come to this."

"It always comes to this," Susan laughed. "Who do you want to do first?"

“All at the same time,” Yasmine decided, then turned to the girls. “Who wants which boy?”

All the girls scrambled to stand in front of the one they wanted- two girls trying to get in front of the handsome Black-and-Hispanic mixed-race Xavier, Savannah and Emma both realizing they were going for the spot in front of Emma’s brother Brandon.

“Oh!” Savanna giggled, seeing Emma heading there. “No, it makes sense, you take him-”

The older girl was blushing a little too! “No, I shouldn’t- I’ll do Thomas I guess-” The short nurse came up to them. “You’re the sister he used to jack to?” she laughed, looking over the tall slim blonde. “And you’re the stroke fantasy?” she laughed at Savannah.

Both girls laughed back. “I guess!”

“Just both do him at once,” Susan said. “It will go faster that way.”

Both giggling girls shrugged and nodded and stood shoulder to shoulder in front of Brandon’s spot in the line-up.

Carol, Susan and Yasmine took the empty places, Yasmine standing in front of two boys at the end. She looked down the line at all the girls. “Okay.... GO!”

Inside the white-tiled room, the boys were hurriedly discussing their options , nervously looking over their shoulders at the girls behind the bulletproof glass grinning at them.

“If we make enough noise, someone outside this room will have to hear-”

“A phone! We just need to get to a phone!”

“You think dialing 911 will-”

“No, but just to delay it-”

And they all gasped as they all felt it at once-

Hot soft feminine lips kissing their cheeks and neck-

Eager mouths sucking on their fingers and thumbs and creeping across their arms to their chests-

Going right under their clothes even as the boys gasped and tried to stop them-

Biting their young inexperienced nipples-

Kissing down their young hard panting stomachs-

And starting to lick and suck their helpless virgin cocks, right through their protective plastic cups!

“Uhhggh!”

“Oh god!”

“Sex Magic!” Brandon cried, cupping his hands over his groin!

Which of course, did no good at all.

The pressure on their balls kept increasing.

And their dicks, bent in half inside their tight solid athletic cups-

Started to buck and strain against the painfully small plastic!

The boys gasped as they could feel strong female hands playing with their nipples, making their knees shake-

One boy gasped as he felt Carol’s firm fingers grabbing his naked ass-

And Brandon gasped as he looked up and saw both Emma and Savannah grinning at him, and then horrible teasing feathers started tickling all over his balls and cock.

Which was getting painfully hard inside its cup!

“Just don’t get hard!” Brandon yelled to his team. “It won’t work if we don’t get hard!”

And then he looked through the glass to see Emma and Savannah whispering to each other, and giggling.

It looked like Savannah was trying to convince Emma of something and his sister was saying ‘no’.

And then yes.

And then Brandon felt it.

Two hot eager devilish college mouths, licking and sucking on his half-hard cock right through his clothes, like he was in the hottest threesome porno ever!

“OHHHHHHH HELLLLLL!!!” the boy cried, throwing his hands over his cup!

He couldn’t know how he knew it-

How he could tell-

But the horny licking mouth on the right side of his cock-

-was his sister Emma’s!

“AHHHHHHHHHH!” he wailed, his heart hammering in his chest, his face starting to sweat, his cock getting so hard inside his tight confining

cup! “JEESSSUUSSS! EMMMMMA!!”

Emma laughed and grabbed the mike again. “I call this the Backseat Special.”

And the tight mouth around his cock pushed Savannah’s to the side and depththoated him, sliding up and down his shaft with a machine-like fury!

“AHHHHHHHHHH!”

Savannah leaned towards the mike, licking her lips in a Southern drawl.

“And I call this one the Virgin’s Delight.”

And a second mouth joined the first, not just depththroating him, but slathering the tongue all around the tip, swirling a hot wet strong tongue around entire head and shaft, squeezing him like a boa constrictor!

And another mouth joined that one, sucking his balls-

And all of his fingers, each with the same passion she was sucking his cock-

And even another one inside his mouth, sucking his sensitive tongue like they were playing Seven Minutes in Heaven!

The intensity of having TWO incredibly hot women focusing all their combined

Powers onto the trapped, orgasm-blocked and horny boy was too much-

Brandon’s skin burned where ever clothes touched-

He had to get this cup off before his dick broke in half!

Phantom hands guided his as he ripped his tight uniform shirt, untucking and ripping it off-

He didn’t WANT to be the first one naked, but he couldn’t help it!

He was TOO HORNY!

“AHHHHH!! AHHHHHHHHHHH!!” the sweating boy screamed, ripping off his shirt, shoes, socks, pants as the girls laughed, then finally, trying to resist but giving in when Savannah’s tight wicked tongue went into overdrive-

-ripping off his protective cup to let his cute five-inch cock spring free, slapping violently against his abs, he was so erect!

“AHHHHHHH!” Brendon cried, trying to fight it-

-but all the laughing dressed women-

-the intense pressure in his balls-

Feeling even his sister's mouth return to his cock, welcoming him in- He couldn't help it- he grabbed his cock and started jacking off, as fast as he could!

Emma and Savannah were holding each other, trying not to fall down laughing, Savannah adding sexy tickling feathers all over Brandon's balls, driving the gasping boy even more crazy!

Yasmine looked over and Looped the boy's orgasms away just to be sure.

"That's one," she laughed as Brandon moaned and stroked harder, and Savannah and Emma each moved one boy down. "Let's get the rest!"

With their team leader the first to break, naked as a baby, crying and pulling at his little dick as his balls filled, and now with two boys each having two girls working them over, the rest dropped like flies.

In quick succession all the 18 year old boys were yelling and ripping off their clothes as the sexual suffocation got too high- a literal suffocation in one case, as Susan made one boy feel her naked thighs and pussy wrapped tightly around his face, squeezing the life out of him as she 'came' -

The last boy, Xavier, a hotter, taller, Alex Rodriguez-looking mix of Hispanic and Black with bright beautiful blue eyes that made even Emma and Savannah swoon- got to feel all FOUR of his friend's sisters working him over in the end, all pulling on his bent cock with eager hands at once, sucking his straining dick with eager mouths, licking his cock and balls and even his tight butthole like a wild five-way girl gangbang on his helpless body-

Even Susan joined in, letting him feel her hot pussy suffocating his face as she rode-

"YAAAAHAAAHHHHHHHH!!" Xavier broke, actually RIPPING his jockstrap in half to get at his thick hard cock, all the girls whooping as the last boy went fully nude.

The girls cheered as the gasping boy grabbed his solid cock and joined his friends, naked, leaning back against the tile, gasping and pulling his straining dick out of impossible-to-resist caveman urges!

Yasmine made sure every single boy was Looped with maximum-strength, military-grade, unbreakable orgasm blocks before continuing.

She grabbed the mike, her lips just inches from it.

"Get those balls nice and PUMPED for us," she told the helpless, nude, madly-stroking boys as Susan and the girls laughed! "Because the LAST TIME you EVER touch them is going to be at-"

Yasmine was preparing the opening touches on the Willy Wanker for Thomas, a cute but embarrassingly small-dicked boy from the baseball team, the tall florid lad nude and trapped in the gyno chair, his cute thin four-inch white dick absolutely *straining* in Yasmine's smooth carmel-colored hands as she tried to find his first and third harmonics-

It was like trying to thread a needle with a tiny blond thread!

"Please Miss- just let me cum!" the naked blue-balled boy begged, and Yasmine felt her pussy *throb*. "One last time!"

She sighed and continued, using her fingers and her Powers to smooth the boy's little penis up towards the sky, searching for the right handle to attach the powerful spell onto-

"I'll stop touching it, I promise! It's just- the girls around my house are TOO HOT!"

The doctor's pussy throbbed and she sighed again. "That's not really the issue, is it?"

"But I can't help it! Boys HAVE to-"

Throb throb throb.

She dropped his dick. "Hold on a moment, please."

Yasmine washed her hands and left the tall nude boy gulping and trapped in the chair, feet up, knees wide, hands cuffed above his head, cock hard, as she stormed down the hall.

Another hard, mechanical *throb* hit her pussy, from the *inside*, just as she got to the last door in the hall, making her gasp and throw open the door with a vengeance.

"Will you STOP PAGING ME!" she yelled at the giggling Susan, who had the landline phone in her hand. The cute nurse hit the last button on the phone- redial- and Yasmine felt the vibrating egg lodged deep inside her pussy go off one last time, making her clit ache and throb like crazy!

"You gotta admit, it's better than carrying a pager on your belt," the blonde laughed, reaching for the redial button again. "I'm so glad Miranda mandated them-"

Yasmine yanked the phone out of her hand before the nurse could hit redial again and hung it up with a *clang*. "What was so important that you had to page me in the middle of a 501?! FIVE TIMES!"

The small nurse sprung to her sneakered feet. "Miranda wants us to consult on a new couple that just walked in. Exam Room 10."

Yasmine sighed and followed her out the door.

"Fine! Just don't... page me so often!" she whispered to Susan as they walked by other patient rooms, all full of nervous blue-balled boys waiting their turn. "You almost made me... soak my panties in front of my first 501 of the day!"

The blonde nurse giggled at the slightly taller doctor. "I paged myself ten times while Levi was going down on me last night- I've never cum harder or quicker!"

Yasmine was steaming, feeling the hot flush on her skin build, but looking down at Susan's innocent face-

She couldn't stay mad at her!

"Did you really?" she giggled.

"Oh yeah! I've got myself on speed dial now."

The young nurse stopped at a hallway phone, hit *2 and then, two seconds later, shivered and grabbed Yasmine's arm, panting. "Ohhhh god-"

The doctor giggled and rolled her eyes and hung up the phone for the panting nurse. "I can't believe you! Come on!"

"Do you want one more hit before we go in?"

"No! Susan! Oh my god!"

And so, giggling, both women composed themselves before walking into Exam Room 10.

To find Dr. Gates sitting with a cute composed young couple.

The woman was 25, Yasmine guessed, pretty, blonde, most likely from money. The man was around 28, taller, clean-cut, also blonde, with wide strong shoulders and an open, honest face. But also a worried one.

Yasmine subtly reached her Powers into the well-pressed khaki pants the man wore and sensed a decent cock but a very backed up set of denied blue balls- she must have kept him on a tight leash

“Good, just the women I was looking for,” Miranda said. “Nurse Jones, Doctor Saleh, please sit down.” She turned to the couple. “Eve, please continue.”

The blonde gave a smile to Susan and Yasmine- a tight smile, like one you would give a servant when you can't remember their name, Yasmine noticed- and placed her hand possessively on her man's thigh.

“Like I was saying, Adam and I are getting married in just three months-”

Yasmine heard Susan snicker and had to fight hard not to join her!

Adam and Eve?

Really?!

“-and wanted that little extra bit of security that our nuptials would succeed, so we signed up for that ‘Lover's Vow’ special advertised on your website...”

Yasmine swallowed.

That was a Procedure 501 plus a highly focused, nearly perpetual orgasm block, releasable only by a certain woman's voice, and only while having penetrative vaginal sex-

It was one of the most restrictive magical procedures the clinic offered, and almost never done!

“We used nearly a third of our wedding fund to pre-pay the fee through your website- all our friends told us you were the best in the business- and made the appointment and here we are!”

Miranda was nodding, not taking notes, smiling a warm genuine smile, then made eye contact with Yasmine to make sure she was watching.

“And Adam, this is a big commitment for you... how do you feel about this?”

The man flustered and stammered. “Well, um, I'm all for the marriage I mean! Eve and I have dated all throughout college- there's been no one else for either of us- and she was my first, but I couldn't even think about being with someone else!” he gulped, and Yasmine could sense magic flowing between the fiancé and her man, licking and sucking his cock to hardness!

“So I'm TOTALLY ready to get married!”

Miranda nodded. “Yes of course. I meant about the procedure. It's *quite* restrictive.”

He flushed even more, as he fought to keep his penis from erecting, coughing and crossing his legs! Yasmine sensed the spells stop.

“Well, about that!” he gulped, blushing. “The orgasm part, I guess is fine- Eve will be my one and only after all- but the no masturbation part...” He gulped again! “I've got to travel a lot for my work- China, Europe, Africa- sometimes for weeks, and so... it would be really hard! Not to touch myself for that long... without you there, Honey!”

The last was said to Eve, not Miranda.

The blonde smiled her tight smile again. “Well of course, Honey, that’s why we’re doing this! So you won’t HAVE to fight the urge, when you’re away. These doctor’s magic will fight it for you!”

“Yeah but being in some lonely hotel room in Shanghai for three weeks- without even being able to have any stress release- I don’t mean cumming!” Adam clarified. “Just a little touch! And some stroking! While on the phone with you of course, dear!”

She squeezed his thigh. “Shanghai’s twelve time zones apart from Dallas, dear, I don’t know if our schedules would line up much, for phone sex.”

“Well, maybe just by myself, in the shower then-”

“Honey... are you planning on mind-cheating on me right after we say our vows?”

Eve said very slowly and Yasmine gasped! *The woman’s look could cut glass!* “Thinking about *someone else* while you touch yourself?”

“NO! Of course not Dear!”

She patted his thigh, returning back to Miranda. “Then it’s settled. Willy Wanker, the Lover’s Special, and.. if you girls couldn’t throw in a little penile enhancement while you’re down there- goodness knows I’m paying you enough- my vagina would appreciate it too,” she laughed, winking at Yasmine in ‘girlish’ solidarity, while her fiancé blushed in front of them!

“Of course, no problem!” Miranda laughed, writing something down. “Just one last question- the Lover’s Special also works over the phone, anywhere in the same range your Powers normally would. Seeing as how Adam would be traveling so often- you’d be okay using your feminine magic to ‘flip his switch’ so to speak, making him feel your vagina and using your voice over the phone to let him orgasm, in a hotel room across the country, if he really needed it?”

Eve wrinkled her nose like someone had just opened a sardine can.

“Well, no, not really! Hotel rooms... are so shady and unseemly- lonely men and cheating couples, stopping off for just one night- or one hour! I’d rather have Adam have all his orgasms at home with me, where they belong.” She flipped her hand off-handedly. “And my Powers have never worked on Adam out of state anyway so it’s not even worth discussing.”

“Yes, of course,” Miranda nodded. “That’s perfectly normal, a lot of engaged couples find that, with the stress of planning the wedding. But the bond always gets stronger, after the vows are made.” She stood up with her usual elegance, subtly signaling for Susan and Yasmine to join her, which they did. “This is a VERY powerful procedure, so it will take my team a moment to get ready, but we should be able to proceed in just a few minutes. Shall we prepare in my office?” she asked the girls, and they walked out.

And the moment Miranda had shut her private office door she turned to Susan and Yasmine.

“We can’t do this Procedure.”

“What?!” Susan laughed, pulling back. “Why not?”

“Because,” Miranda sighed, looking at them, “that woman is cheating on her fiancé.”

“What?!” Susan repeated, laughing.

“You mean *he’s* cheating on *her*?” Yasmine said, confused.

“No, she’s cheating on him,” Miranda said. “I’m sure of it. Her lack of Powers reaching him across state lines shows a troubling lack of connection, when it should be the highest! And the incredible suspicion on his actions and his thoughts- it’s classic Projection behavior! She’s so concerned about him cheating because *she* currently is.”

“Really?” Susan laughed. “I mean, she’s *okay* looking, but *he’s* the real hottie in the relationship.”

Yasmine scoffed. “That’s just your pager talking.”

“It is not!” Susan protested, then reconsidered and held her stomach. “Maybe.”

Miranda cut the air with her hand. “Regardless, we can’t do this Procedure.”

“Why not?” Susan asked. “Didn’t she pay us a truck-load of money?”

Miranda nodded. “She did. Enough that we’d all hit our bonus numbers, halfway through the month.”

Yasmine’s eyes widened.

With a bonus that early, she’d be able to send money home! To help her mother and sisters!

“So what’s the problem?” Susan laughed. “We do 501’s on protesting boys all the time.”

“Those boys knew why they were being punished,” Miranda replied. “Yasmine’s first 501, Stephen- he knew he shouldn’t steal his step-mother’s lacy panties and stroke off with them, but did it anyway! Her second 501, the wrestler- he’d been thinking horrible thoughts about his little sister against her wishes for years- he admitted as much under duress! Your boyfriend Levi, spending so much time on porn-”

“And for other reasons-” Susan giggled.

“-they all KNEW they should be punished, deep down. But this man, Adam... we’d be trapping him in a lifetime of sexual denial and cuckoldry, and he won’t even be aware of it!”

Yasmine swallowed. “So what should we do?”

And for the first time since Yasmine had known her, Dr. Gates looked unsure.

“I don’t know.”

But the moment passed almost instantly.

“Susan- take the man out to the x-ray room, run him through a bunch of fake tests, anything just to keep him busy. I’ll go check on a theory I have in the back. Yasmine, how are your interrogation skills?”

Yasmine almost choked. “My *what*?”

Miranda smiled at her. “We’ll get the distractions out of the room, you bring in some coffee and talk to Eve, just woman to woman. Ask her about her background, her goals... work it around to her love life, just girl talk. If you can get her to admit what she’s doing, we’ll tell Adam the truth and have him decide with a clear head if he wants to go through with this or not.”

The other two women were already moving.

“WAIT!” Yasmine cried, just before they opened the door. “Go through with... the Procedure, or the wedding?!”

Dr. Gates smiled again. “Well both, of course.”

Yasmine's hands shook a little, carrying two cups of steaming coffee back to exam room 10.

This definitely wasn't in her job description!

Tricking naughty boys into getting hard and taking off their clothes was one thing-

But tricking a woman her own age into revealing she was cheating on the love of her life-

Was entirely another!

Yasmine didn't know if she was skilled enough for this!

But she stopped right outside the exam room door-

And took a deep breath in-

-then out-

-and asked herself what Miranda would do.

And then turned the handle and entered the room with a smile on her face.

"Hello!" she said cheerily to Eve, handing her either cup. "Just a little refreshment, while we wait for Adam to finish his tests in the back."

The cute blonde with the pinched face put down her phone. "Will it take long to get the results? We were really hoping to get all the spells put in place today!"

Yasmine looked at her watch even though she knew exactly what time it was.

"Oh, it's just before lunch now... shouldn't be more than 20 to 30 minutes, and then the Procedure... you'll definitely still get out of here today!"

Eve crossed her legs, her foot bobbing angrily as she sipped the coffee. "Okay. We'll wait."

Yasmine gulped into the resulting silence.

What would Miranda do?!

She sat down in one smooth motion, crossing her long naked legs slowly, letting her hem ride up to show a lot of thigh. Her miniskirt was almost as short and tight as Miranda's now! Eve looked, but looked back to her phone immediately.

"Well, the tests are important, you know, to check his harmonics and resonance frequencies. You want these types of spells to hold."

Eve snorted as she scrolled through Instagram. "You got that right!"

Yasmine swallowed, then tried again.

"Especially since Adam travels so much. You know how men get, when they're out of sight."

That finally got the woman to look up! "I know, right! Men are such animals! We Willy Wankered my little brother the second he hit puberty and tripled his sperm production and one day my mother and I came home to find him humping the corner of his bed!" Eve laughed. "Oh boy did my mother tan his ass red for that one!" She glanced appreciatively at Yasmine's legs before going back to her phone.

The doctor gulped and pulled her hem a little lower! "Yes, we get a lot of those types here..."

The woman wasn't paying attention to her, barely looking in her direction!

What would Miranda do? What would Miranda do?!

Yasmine cleared her throat. “Were your concerns... caused by anything specifically that Adam’s done on a trip?”

Eve’s head snapped up to look her dead in the eyes. “Are you asking me if my fiancé’s cheated on me in the past?”

“NO! I was just-”

“Do you KNOW something? Is THAT what the tests are showing?!”

Yasmine jumped to her feet, waving her arms. “No! We can’t test for that! I was just- it was a mistake, sorry! I’ll go see how things are going- wait here!”

Yasmine almost spilled her untasted coffee as she hurried out of the room.

“Aren’t like, Egyptians known for their really harsh jails and interrogators?” Susan laughed.

“That’s *Turkish* prisons,” Yasmine sighed, still holding her useless coffee.

The three were back in Miranda’s office, the sound-proof door tightly sealed.

“It does seem like you folded a little early,” Miranda chuckled.

“Well what did you want me to do? Waterboard her?!”

“Not quite yet,” Miranda said, shaking her head. She chewed the eraser end of a pencil, leaning back and crossing her long beautiful legs in the slow sexy way Yasmine had been trying to do with Eve. “We’ll have to move on to more *direct* stimulation.”

Yasmine gulped. “What does *that* mean?”

“We’ll put her in a situation where it’s very tempting to cheat on her fiancé, just a little, just in secret with us girls, and when she does, we’ll have Adam swoop in and confront her.”

Yasmine shook her head. “Do we have such a situation close to here?”

Miranda smiled. “I believe we have *eight* of them, back in the holding room.”

When Susan went back into the girls’ side of the holding room, behind the one-way mirror, blondes Emma and Savannah were pressed up against the glass, laughing as they used their Powers to cup and squeeze the naked Brandon’s balls, and give his painfully hard cock some quick strokes, all a random times! Behind the mirrored glass, looking at just a reflection of himself and his naked friends, Brandon had no idea who was doing this, or when the next hit might come!

“Heey- AAHH!!” he gasped, jumping and cupping his tight full balls as he felt strong female fingers grabbing and crushing them once, then disappearing! And then again, another hard fast squeeze!!! “STOP IT! EMMA! I KNOW IT’S YOU!!!” Savannah pressed the mike button. “That was actually me, sugar! If you want to know what your sister feels like, she feels like this.” And then Savannah proceeded to give the naked, helpless blue-balled boy the hottest tightest most erotic phantom blowjob a man had ever experienced.

His dick felt like it was going into a baking oven!

“AHHHHHHH!!” the boy cried, grabbing his sensitive dick and balls, starting to stroke!

And her tight phantom tongue spun around his virgin cock-head at industrial speeds!

“JEESSUUUSS!” the boy yelled, hitting his orgasm block almost instantly.

“EMMMMMAAA!”

Both girls howled in laughter, sensing Brandon’s storm-tossed mind, thinking it was his own sister sucking his cock like that!

“Great, thanks!” Emma was telling her friend, holding her stomach. “Now he’s going to perv on me EVEN MORE!”

“If he hadn’t stroked off to you and me so much, honey,” the Georgia blonde laughed, “he wouldn’t have HAD the connection to let me do all of that!”

The three other women were focusing on the hot nude bi-racial Xavier, making him feel hot eager kisses all over his flawless bronzed skin, invasive female hands squeezing his biceps, pecs, ass and even his huge full balls and thick cock, appraising him like a prize bull as he gulped and tried to swat the phantoms away!

“Oh god, his ass,” Candice was saying.

“I’ve always loved his bright blue eyes,” Ashley giggled about her own step-brother.

“I’d blindfold him right now and let him fuck me,” Carol laughed, feeling his cock in her mouth, making the boy go crazy. “And force my husband to watch!”

And all three women laughed as the proud nude straining boy who had been sweating and trying not to hold off broke and started to stroke himself again from Carol’s blow job, unable to resist!

“Carol, don’t you have receptioning to do?” Miranda laughed, coming up to her co-worker.

“Jenny’s handling it.”

Miranda coughed. “*Carol.*”

“Okay okay!” the tall married MILF laughed, giving Xavier one last hard, double-fisted suck and stroke, leaving him yelling and stroking, before blowing him a kiss and leaving.

Susan clapped her hands. “Girls! We need your help for a special experiment! Please stop using magic on these boys for a second!”

All the girls went “Awwwwwwww” but did, turning to the nurse and doctor.

The boys could breathe for a moment.

Miranda smiled. “And now, when we tell you, give EVERY single one of them fast tight dry handjob strokes until they hit their orgasm blocks at least three times in a row and then stop exactly when we tell you to...”

In Exam Room 10, Yasmine tried to keep making up medical questions for Eve to answer about Adam, just to stall for time.

“And has there ever been any thought to getting him circumcised?”

Eve looked at her. “Adam’s already circumcised- do you meet a lot of men who aren’t?”

Yasmine swallowed! “Yes of course! Well, it’s 50/50 nowadays. Research has shown-”

The plastic egg inside her pussy buzzed twice, *hard*, making her gulp and press her thighs together, but also sigh in relief!

“Adam’s tests should be all done by now! Do you want to go back and see him?!” she said, standing up on shaky legs and ushering Eve towards the door, not really giving her a chance to say no!

Eve picked up her purse in a huff. “Yes of course I suppose so- if that’s the last step before we get this Procedure started!”

“It should be, yes!” Yasmine gulped, leading the woman down the hall.

They turned the corner, went past the break-room and a winking Carol and Yasmine opened a large door to bring Eve into a room with-

Eight young, nude muscular boys, all with aching heavy full blue balls and two of them with their Willy Wankers already applied, unable to even touch themselves as their sisters or sister’s friends stroked their dicks like eager prom dates!

“What... IS this?!” Eve demanded, holding her purse close to her chest!

Yasmine slammed the door closed behind her-

There was no handle on this side!

“Ooops, sorry! Wrong room!” Yasmine cried, then reached for the door theatrically. “Oh NO! And we’re locked in here! We might be in here for an hour before someone notices!”

Eve spun to her, cold eyes burning. “Are you *kidding* me?!”

Yasmine tried to put on a scared face, which wasn’t hard, since the combined presence of eight strapping, barely-legal, painfully backed up boys within arm’s reach was affecting her body even harder than it had, on her first day in the clinic!

She instantly felt a sexual heat all over her skin even under her clothes, like she was sunbathing nude on the world’s most perfect secluded beach!

The boys’ shaved balls were *calling* to her, *pulsing* in her Powers like an insistent, ringing *alarm*-

As were their hard *dripping* cocks-

And helpless, easy-to-overpower *tongues*-

Yasmine still remembered how the struggling Brock had felt, squirming under her naked pussy, licking her hard clit desperately-

And realized she still had enough stored Lust Energy to tackle any *two* of these horny nude boys to the ground and force them to do the same-
-whether they wanted to or not!

Yasmine gasped and squirmed as her pussy absolutely flooded.

One look at Eve’s wide eyes showed the other woman was probably feeling the same!

“We have to... get out of here!” Eve panted, pressing her thighs together under her dress, holding her purse against her chest so the boys wouldn’t see the points of her hard aroused nipples!

Lying on the floor, Brandon weakly pointed at the one way mirror.

“Girls... watching- from out there!” he moaned, as his hard cock twitched and dripped on his abs.

“They might have been, but they’re not now!” Yasmine quickly interrupted. “Susan must have taken them for a coffee break- I can’t feel ANY magic spells coming from that room to these boys’ cocks, and you know their sisters would be teasing them if they could!”

Eve swallowed and nodded. “I can’t either!” She went up to the solid steel door and kicked it with the point of her expensive high heels. “Hey! HEEYYYYY!! So how long could we be stuck in here?!” she demanded, turning back!

Yasmine gulped and shrugged, feeling her wet panties *clinging* to her shaved lips, that delicious *tightness* building up inside her empty pussy...

“It could be five minutes- it could be an hour! We’ll have to find something... to do!”

And she whimpered a little, looking at the young, hungry Xavier who was sitting naked in the corner, his thick, carmel-colored dick just *throbbing*, as the boy hungrily looked her up and down.

And she noticed Eve looking too.

And licking her lips.

“They’re all over eighteen,” Yasmine told Eve. “And *willing*, as you can sense.” She unbuttoned her silk shirt a little, to get some air! She looked at the one-way mirror. “No one’s watching... So it would be a shame if we wasted such an opportunity...”

And watched as the prim and proper Eve stepped out of her expensive high heels to stand in her slim nude feet on the cool tile floor-

Licking her lips-

And then picked up her discarded shoes and threw them at Xavier, yelling at him! “You all STAY over in that corner!” Eve told the shocked nude boy, backing up against the door! “ALL of you stay AWAY! I’m an ENGAGED woman! And I’m not going to cheat- with some horny HIGH SCHOOL KIDS!!”

“Well it’s been twenty minutes and that girl doesn’t look any closer to mounting one of those diamond hard teen cocks,” Susan sighed, watching through the one-way glass. “Or even grabbing one of those lambs and riding his smooth face!”

“No, but Yasmine is,” Miranda worried, watching too.

The two women were both sitting with their backs against the steel door, high heels kicked off, sweating, breathing hard, pulling up on their miniskirts to get more air but showing more leg in the process- but still holding off from acting on any of the nude, horny, helpless boys sitting against the far wall of the room, where Eve had yelled at them to stay!

Except that Yasmine’s hands were climbing up her shirt, touching her stomach, pulling at the hem of her skirt, nervously!

Miranda shook her head. “I don’t understand it. Eve’s obviously has the tendency to cheat on her fiancé, aggressively, repeatedly. I’ve *sensed* it! And I’ve lined all six walls of that room with vanadium- there should be enough reflected Lust Energy bouncing around in there to make ANY compromised woman break and grab one of those naked boys and use him as her personal dildo!”

Susan giggled, watching Yasmine squirm! “So why hasn’t Dr. Saleh broken?”

“She’s the only one who knows we’re in here watching her- she doesn’t want to get caught pinning a wrestler between her legs again! But Eve doesn’t know! So why hasn’t she acted?”

“They’re getting really sweaty in there,” Susan noted. “We can’t keep them in there for much longer without losing Eve as a customer.”

Dr. Gates shook her head. “No, just a little longer!”

“You could be wrong.”

“I’m not wrong!” Miranda said, then waved at the room. “I mean, just look at how they’re sitting, their body language- it doesn’t make sense! They’ve got their knees pressed tightly together, pointed away from the boys- shoulders touching, foreheads resting on each other’s- Yasmine’s doing it because she’s *barely* holding on, her young womanhood *aching* to be licked or fucked and she’s using Eve to distract her- but why would Eve be doing it? Unless...”

Miranda’s eyebrows raised.

“Susan, get me a phone- now!”

“What? Why?”

“Now!”

Yasmine was panting, holding on to Eve’s hand for dear life!

If she looked away from the other woman for even a second-

If she looked towards that wall of young lean boys with the SO hard dicks just twenty feet from her, some of them even stroking their swollen, magically-inflated cocks while thinking of the barefoot women until Eve yelled at them to stop-

She would break and rip off her clothes and run across the room and beg to get gang-banged by all eight boys at once!

She would never be able to look her mother in the eye again!

But oh, it would feel so GOOD, to have all those steel hard dicks plunging into her holes three at a time-

Yasmine nearly screamed as the plastic egg in her pussy buzzed. “OHHH!”

“What’s wrong?” Eve asked, grabbing her hand tighter. “Your Magic?”

“No!” Yasmine panted, gritting her teeth! “Just... something else!!”

Please let it be a misdial, please let it be a misdial-

The paging egg pressed right against her g-spot **buzzed** again.

“AAHHHH!” Yasmine yelled, pressing her nude bare legs together and clutching herself!

They COULDN’T be paging her now- Miranda and Susan were watching, right through the mirror-

BUZZ-

“Oh god!” she panted.

BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ!

“Oh GOD NO!!” she begged, curling her beautiful manicured toes, clenching her thighs together, feeling the beautiful irresistible *heat* building up between her thighs, making her stomach pant, her nipples ache-

Eve started yelling. “HEY! HEY! One of your DOCTORS needs HELP in here!”

Outside the room, Miranda smiled. “Oh, help is coming...” She hit redial five more times.

BUZZ BUZZ! BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ!

“OH GODDDDD!!!” Yasmine yelled, and ripped her slick shirt in half, buttons skittering across across the tile floor, then yanked her miniskirt up, as high as it would go, just a belt now-

She knew who was watching-

But her body was taking over-

BUZZ BUZZ! BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ!

And the tall, beautiful talented doctor from Egypt already showing her heaving bra and soaked cotton panties to eight very shocked high school boys jammed her hand inside her panties and feverishly started playing with her hard desperate aching buzzing clit.

The eight naked boys all screamed for her to stop, knowing what was about to happen-

With them trapped in a small room with an Empowered masturbating woman-

Surrounded by magic reflecting walls-

“NOOOO!!!!” Brendon begged, his cock already responding!

Xavier was holding his hands out. “YOU’LL MAKE US-”

The PANIC in their voices-

The ACHE in their denied nuts-

The HELPLESSNESS of their bodies, trying to resist-

Yasmine pulled her panties to the side, masturbating her bare pussy now! And spoke through clenched teeth. “Deal with it.”

And as she moved her hand faster the wall of vibrations hit the boys, inflating their dicks to supernatural levels of hardness-

Vibrating their cocks in sympathy with a nearby masturbating woman-

Even as half of them were able to do anything about it!

“AHHHHHH!” Brandon Wheeler cried, falling on his back and jacking his cock as hard as he possibly could!

It hurt- it HURT to be this hard!

The hot Xavier got knocked back as well, both his hands converging on his thick cock as he tried and tried and tried to empty his horribly heavy painful balls-

But his orgasm block- Yasmine’s- not only held, but made his cock and balls and heart and brain throb even harder, dying to be inside her!

“EHHHHHHAAAAAAA!!!” the desperate naked boy cried, and within seconds, all the blue balled boys were masturbating to the thought of the beautiful Yasmine, except for the two that had been Willy Wankered, who could only look around and grind against the walls, unable to touch their horribly painful cocks!

Eve was panting, holding her chest, and then she couldn’t take it anymore-

She pulled up her miniskirt-

And yanked aside her tiny red soaked panties-

And straddled Yasmine pussy-to-leg, scissoring against her thigh and kissing the shocked doctor madly!

“HA!” Miranda laughed from the next room. “I KNEW IT!”

In Exam Room 10 there was now: Miranda, Susan, a cleaned-up and showered Yasmine, a cleaned-up-but-not-showered Eve, a very confused Adam... and Eve's twenty-eight year-old lover, Diana.

Diana was a beautiful dark-haired carpenter with straight, shoulder-length hair, nicely toned arms from swinging hammers all day, and thick, beautiful long muscular legs from doing CrossFit three times a week.

Her short white jean shorts definitely proved she never skipped leg day, and Yasmine- shattered as she was- couldn't help but drool, looking at the solid defined muscles of Diana's legs move, as she shifted nervously back and forth on her feet!

"So what's this all about again?" Diana demanded, crossing her strong arms over her beautiful chest.

"Yes!" Adam agreed. "I want answers!"

"*Your* fiancé came into *this* clinic looking to use *our* magic to trap *you* forever into a relationship built completely on lies," Miranda shot back, instantly taking command of the room when she stood. "Eve was so worried about *you* cheating on *her*, wanting you to never orgasm again except inside her pussy- because SHE had been cheating on you with someone else *this whole time!*"

"Not the whole time!" a very contrite Eve gulped, almost on the verge of tears! "Just... the last twelve months or so! Oh Adam I'm SO SORRY!" She started sobbing, but instead of turning into her man's arms, she turned to Diana!

"The only thing that threw me," Miranda laughed, pacing the room, "is that we couldn't tempt Eve with cock- LOTS of cock- and I couldn't figure out why, until-"

"Until you made me so horny that I couldn't help myself and started masturbating!" an equally contrite Yasmine gulped, blushing.

"And then Eve *had* to have her!" Susan giggled, closing the case.

"She... she reminded me of my Diana," Eve sobbed. "The dark hair, the fire burning in her eyes... even the way she masturbated... reminded me of you!"

Adam's eyes bugged out. "YOU?!"

Diana shrugged. "Sorry babe."

Yasmine swallowed down her guilt. "You two... know each other?"

Now Diana's and Adam's faces turned red.

Diana shrugged again, then grinned. "He... thinks about me sometimes. When Eve's out shopping. Or using shopping as an excuse to come over to my place and fuck my brains out- I sense Adam going at it at his home as soon as Eve gets a few miles away- it always gets me SO wet and ready for her-"

Eve pulled her head out of her arms. "That's what does it?! I thought that was because of ME!"

The beautiful lesbian pulled her back in. "They both help get me wet, babe. I just never could DO anything about Adam since you and he were together...and because..."

"She's a lesbian," Adam finished. "I met her at the gym. We um.... lift about the same weights, in the same order. So we started being gym buddies- she's fun and so easy to talk to- and it makes me go to the gym more-" His eyes got huge. "But I never DID anything with her, Eve, I SWEAR!"

Diana laughed. "He hasn't! He's such a perfect gentleman, always looking away when I bend over to pick up a plate, even when I pull down my tight yoga pants to try to show him the new thong I'm wearing..." She chuckled. "Until he gets into that gym shower. And then he busts a nut SO HARD, picturing my tight ass sitting on his face!"

Eve broke into wails. "AHHHHHHHHH!! I'LL HAVE TO CALL OFF THE WEDDING!!!" Both Adam and Diana instantly moved to hand her some tissues, and Miranda smiled.

"Not necessarily. Why don't you just... marry Diana instead?"

Eve was sobbing, using the tissues from two hands on her eyes as her makeup ran. "I CAN'T! My PARENTS... they want GRANDKIDS!! And I NEED..." She looked forlornly at Adam. "I need a man in my life- and his strength, and his beautiful body! I just..." She started crying again. "I NEED DIANA TOO!!!"

"So marry Diana," Miranda repeated. "And keep Adam around as a boy-toy."

The man gulped, his Apple bobbing. "What?"

The doctor smirked at him. "What's it like, on those rare occasions that Eve actually makes love to you, lets your hard rod inside her womanhood?"

He swallowed again! "It's... amazing! She looks so beautiful, like an Angel, lying in bed, waiting for me! And when she takes me inside her, it's- the best thing I've ever felt!!!"

Miranda smiled. "And do you think it would be as fun, for you to start making love to Eve like that, getting herself and you very very close... and then having Diana pull you out and throw you to the side and finish the job herself, while you could only look on and watch?"

Adam didn't have to answer, as every girl in the room felt his cock *surge* inside his pants!

Miranda grinned. "How about watching *Diana* take *Eve* every night in your bed, with her huge thick black strap-on- going longer and harder and faster than you *ever* could, making Eve make erotic noises you *never* could- while you can only stand in the corner and jack off and hit your orgasm block?"

"Um-"

"Or watching Diana work out in your private gym, a beautiful goddess barefoot in just her panties, her entire body glistening with sweat- until Eve comes in with cool lemonade, and orders Diana to sit on your face?"

"OH GOD!" the man gasped, grabbing his own stiff cock through his pants!

And Eve blushed and swallowed hard as well!

"So why not have both?" Miranda laughed. "No need to hide. Lesbian marriages are legal in all 52 states. Many girl couples keep a boy around, to keep their Sex Magic charged and make their lovemaking more passionate- and in this case, it's the perfect threesome, since the boy already has feelings for both women, just in different ways!"

Eve had finished sobbing, finished wiping away her running makeup from her delicate cheeks and blue eyes. Yasmine thought she looked a lot better without it.

"You... you really think it could work?"

Miranda smirked. "Adam... strip."

The command shocked everyone in the room, except Susan, who giggled.

But the blushing, red-faced man, his heart pounding, swallowed hard and started taking off his shirt to reveal a nicely chiseled chest, took off his shoes, socks, pants to reveal long athletic legs and then... dropped his shorts to reveal a stiff aching cock already hard from anticipation!

“Diana,” Miranda said, “squeeze that cock at the root if you would.”

Looking over at Eve, who made the smallest of nods, the beautiful lesbian slowly did, both she and Adam *gasping* as her hand made connection, gripping his shaft tightly!

“Ohhh!!”

“So *that’s* what that feels like,” she giggled.

And everyone noticed the *surge* in his erection, his blood flow, his breathing!

Miranda smiled. “And now Eve... grab the top. You always get the top.”

Gulping, the slimmer girl did, her thin hand looking so small next to Diana’s, but covering the tip of Adam’s cock, making the nude boy gasp and moan even harder! *Yasmine could sense his naked butt-cheeks clench!*

Miranda placed both her hands on the girls’, slowly moving them up and down together.

“Now, there’s always the possibility for jealousy, in a thurple like this... but also a huge chance of beautiful, intense, transcendent experiences, such as... have you three considered what Eve might look like, nude on your bed, taking Adam’s cock in her mouth and Diana’s bigger longer strap-on inside her pussy?”

All three of the thurple groaned, and Yasmine giggled as she felt his cock pound and the two girls start to stroke him faster than Miranda’s hand was moving!

“Set some ground rules,” Miranda counseled, “and that should help minimize any jealousy.”

“He only gets to cum when he’s with me!” Eve blurted out immediately, her face flushing! “He can play around with you, naked even- but I only want him spurting when *I’m* around!”

“Done,” Diana laughed, using her carpenter’s grip to squeeze the helpless man’s shaft harder, making his stomach clench! “But then *you* only get to cum when you’re with *me*. You can play around with him, get licked, get fucked- but I only want to see that beautiful pink pussy quivering when I’m the one licking it, with your legs wrapped so hard around my ears- or when you’re bouncing on my knee!” *Eve blushed so hard!* “Diana!!”

Susan whispered low to Yasmine. “Oh my GOD this boy is going to get blue-balled so hard... Can you *imagine* what it’s going to be like, living in a small apartment with these *two* lesbian hotties making love all the time all around you- *while you’re not able to cum?!*”

In response, Yasmine reached into her labcoat pocket and hit *2 on her phone.

“OHHHH!!” the small nurse gasped, clutching her pussy, then slapped the doctor’s shoulder. “HEY!”

Eve and Diana were now kissing harder, even as they both stroked Adam’s cock, the naked man shivering and gasping as he held each of their tight butts on either side!

Eve broke the kiss, panting and stroking. “Is there still time- Doctor- to get the Procedure 501 done on him today?!”

Miranda breathed in through her teeth. “I’m going to have to recommend against that.”

“What?”

“501’s are tough to reverse in the best of times,” she laughed, closing her clipboard. “And with our young star Yasmine doing them, she might be threading the magic so finely even I wouldn’t be able to reverse it, in a few months or years, if you or Adam or Diana change your mind.”

“And besides,” Diana whispered in Eve’s ear, “wouldn’t it be hot, to see him naked and jacking off in the corner, completely orgasm blocked, while he watches me pound you into a quivering sexy orgasming mess?”

Yasmine giggled as she felt the boy’s heavy balls tighten!

But Eve was still unsure. “But I still want... some way... to *control* when he’s jacking off...”

Miranda crossed the room to a storage cabinet that was rarely opened.

“Not too many women use these nowadays... what with Sex Magic rampant in the world... but back when I was young... many wives and mothers swore by their tried and true technology.”

And what she pulled from the cabinet was a tight-

Tiny-

Inescapable-

Beautiful steel chastity belt with whorls and cutouts and designs all along the tiny cage.

Yasmine’s eyes bugged out!

“Ohhhhhh,” Eve gulped, watching the lights reflect off the shiny surface. “It’s *gorgeous*.”

Even Diana was nodding, swallowing hard. “That’s... good craftsmanship.” She smiled at the boy. “I’d be *honored* to keep you inside it.”

The man’s balls pulled tighter!

And Yasmine instantly saw the dynamic that would occur-

Eve was bisexual and beautiful and his former fiancé, but could be cold and cruel at times-

Diana was a lesbian but warm and welcoming and not opposed to using her body to get such reactions from men-

It would probably be Diana who’d be enjoying locked up Adam’s tongue much more often than Eve ever did-

Moaning and pulling the boy against her sopping pussy to get off, while all he could do was strain and drip in his tight tiny trapped cage-

But it would be only Eve who would make him cum, rarely if ever, but always in some humiliating fashion, maybe with Diana watching to make it even hotter-

Yasmine panted, feeling her skin heat up!

She hadn’t been able to cum in the holding room, in front of all those boys!

Miranda held the belt out with a wink. “Consider it a wedding gift. We’ll also be returning your fee, since no spells were cast today.”

This time it was Eve who smiled. A warm, generous, honest smile.

“Absolutely *not*, Doctor. You’ll keep every part of what I paid you! For giving me... exactly what I always wanted!”

And she pulled both sides of her thruple to her, kissing Diana passionately while both women stroked the naked, helpless and increasingly desperate Adam's cock. He started to shiver, his butt clenching as he grabbed one of their tight butts in each hand!

"Oh my gawddd," Susan giggled again into Yasmine's ear. "That boy is going to get blue-balled to within an inch of his life-"

"They definitely won't need to increase his sperm production to keep him horny," Miranda whispered, then chuckled. "But they probably will."

And Yasmine felt her naked toes curl inside her high heels!

Adam was absolutely moaning, watching his former fiancé and his former gym crush passionately make out, inches from him, unable to participate, while both stroked his cock faster and faster as they got more turned on, making his legs shiver, his back start to arch-

And just before his balls pulled tight, Miranda cut all of his orgasm blocks and the helpless naked man exploded like a champagne bottle in the shocked girls' hands, the laughing women pulling back to both instinctively direct his cock to spray his huge built up load mainly onto his own face, his eyes, lips and chest getting covered with shot after shot of magically-augmented high-velocity semen loads, *coating* the gasping boy's face, some even getting into his mouth and making him sputter, as the three medical professionals clapped and cheered.

"Mazel Tov!" Susan laughed, then picked up the tiny steel chastity belt, her finger where the nub of a penis would go. "Now let's get our boy into his bridesmaid's outfit!"

***** END OF CHAPTER FOUR*****

CHAPTER FIVE

Miranda's Willy Wanker Clinic

(Final Chapter)

Love is the answer.

Love is *always* the answer.



Doctor Yasmine Saleh felt like she was being torn in half.

Nude and wet and panting on her bed, she cried out as strong confident lips kissed her mouth, nipped her neck, then latched onto her sensitive breasts *just* how she liked-

As strong possessive hands cupped her naked rear and pulled her hips up to force her to grind against a long strong smooth thigh, never letting her breaking skin contact-

As a beautiful, athletic body ground down rhythmically on top of her- Tight and beautiful and just smooth as hers, driving a hard thigh between her legs and making Yasmine's pussy *ride* that leg- even as her partner's silky pussy rode hers!

"*Ohh GODDD!*" the doctor screamed.

Her partner-a powerfully hot, pouty mouthed, long-legged and long-haired brunette named Kate- pulled back, looking deep into Yasmine's deep brown eyes.

"You okay?"

"YES!" Yasmine panted back, her nude pussy still aching and riding Kate's tireless thigh as Kate's fingers teased her painfully hard nipples! "It's just... a little much all at once!"

"You'll get used to it," Kate laughed, going back to giving Yasmine the most passionate kisses she had ever felt- like she was kissing her with her whole body- rubbing her strong thigh in circles around Yasmine's smooth pussy in a way that made her toes *curl*, grinding her beautiful body all over hers, never breaking

contact with her skin, making the heat inside of Yasmine build and build and build-

Yasmine grabbed Kate's strong back and smooth ass, feeling the powerful muscles move in wonderful feminine ways-

"Ohhh....GODDDDD!"

"Having fun?" Kate panted in her ear.

"It's SO different than being with a man!" Yasmine cried, touching her everywhere, feeling her perfect shoulders, her back, her butt! "You're so... SMOOTH!"

"And you're so HOT," Kate laughed, running her hands up and down Yasmine's nude sides. "Literally! It's like your skin is on fire!"

And Yasmine blushed harder, embarrassed! "It's a side effect of my Sex Magic! When I get really... turned on!"

"Well it feels fucking ama-" And then Kate let her tongue do the talking, locking on to Yasmine's lips in a masterful French kiss, making Yasmine's naked toes curl, her heart rush, and her pussy reach new levels of aching burning wetness!

Yasmine broke the kiss, panting. "I never KNEW- it could be like THIS!!"

Kate grinned, her lips kissing Yasmine's neck, then her collarbone, laughing as she went lower. "I love turning straight girls bi..."

Her lips continued down Yasmine's body, down between heaving breasts and even lower...

"OH NO!" Yasmine cried, not sure she could handle the pleasure!

Kate grinned as she kissed the doctor's flat panting stomach. "What made you want to try girls in the first place?"

Yasmine shuddered, feeling Kate's hot breath on her clitoris, her lips just millimeters away, not touching it, driving her absolutely crazy! "It was something- I saw at work!"

The lesbian laughed. "Where the hell do you work?"

Yasmine closed her eyes! "I work at-"

"Just kidding I don't give a fuck," Kate laughed, starting to lick Yasmine's pussy better and longer and harder than it had ever been licked in her life.

"OHHHHHHHHH- MYYYYYYY- GODDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

Tall blonde big-breasted trophy wife Gina St. Cloud lay head-to-toe nude on her expensive hotel room bed, running her hands up and down her tight tanned amazing body, licking her lips in anticipation of what was to come.

Her lips were painted the same eye-catching red as her finger and toenails, and she laughed, looking over at her naked, straining, panting husband standing helplessly in the corner- who couldn't stop watching her hands move all over her body!

"Is *this* what you want?" the hot blonde panted, her naked legs squirming on the bed, using her bright red fingernails to massage and pull apart her perfectly shaved tight pink pussy, making both her and her husband moan. She suddenly covered it with her hands. "Well this silky smooth pussy isn't yours anymore!"

The naked man in the corner moaned, a moan of arousal and loss!

Gina cupped her full, high, beautiful, surgically-enhanced breasts, huge and round and impressive on her slim frame, one of her best features, really. She showed

off her amazing breasts in every outfit and chance she could, even going totally topless at her husband's recent company picnic party, to the enjoyment of all the men there.

"Or is it *these* you miss the most?" she panted, playing with her aching rock hard nipples as her husband could only watch. "Too bad! These tits aren't yours to suck anymore either- even though you did pay for them!"

And Gina laughed as her naked 45-year-old engineer husband strained and panted and fought in the corner, his feet magically glued to that exact spot and his horribly horribly backed up blue balls aching for any sort of release- anything at all- and his cute hard white cock bobbing and straining in the open air, begging for just a single stroke!

She could just FEEL the burning need in his soul!

"Or maybe what you miss most is... this."

And when she sucked a single finger with those bright red lipsticked lips- lipstick that cost \$200 a tube- she laughed as the helpless nude man strained and bucked in the corner even harder, his little white dick feeling every sensation her finger was, the slightly-out-of-shape man yelling and pulling at his hair- the only thing he could pull- because his hands were prevented from touching his desperate throbbing cock-

-by a world-class Willy Wanker!

Gina laughed as the helpless man bucked and strained in the corner, unable to get his hands within two feet of his cock, while she sucked and sucked her slim finger like a cock!

"Oh come on, give the guy a break," a deep black man's voice rumbled as he came out of the shower, dripping wet and nude, except for a short towel wrapped around his tight waist as he dried the rest of his incredibly dark, incredibly muscular body. Henry laughed. "You're going to give him a heart attack!"

Gina's eyes burned with hunger, looking over the huge man's bull-like shoulders, his bulging biceps, hard pecs, washboard abs... and the massive growing bulge under his towel!

"Then come give him something to watch," she panted, spreading her slim legs wide apart, holding her knees as far as they would go with her hands, her hot nude feet pointed, inviting the man in! "He can only stroke when I'm getting fucked!"

"You don't have to tell me twice," Henry laughed, drying off the last of his shaved head, then letting his waist towel fall.

Both Gina and her husband gasped as the huge, throbbing, nearly foot-long cock came into view, the black beauty throbbing harder and harder with each heart beat until it stood straight out, thicker than a baseball bat!

"Oh fuck- hold on!" Gina laughed, dropping her legs at once, diving across the bed like a madwoman to grab that cock and make love to it with her mouth, licking all up and down the shaft like a sex-crazed teenager!

"I forgot- mmmm- how fucking BIG this-mmmm- beauty was! Oh god!" she giggled, face down and ass up on the bed, her beautiful pussy and naked feet pointed right towards her straining husband- "I'm getting so wet-mmmm- just from *sucking* this thing!!" She turned over her shoulder. "Can you see how fucking horny a huge black cock makes me, Cecil?"

And her nude husband slammed his fist against the wall, the smell of her arousal filling the room, her pussy just feet from his face, but unable to touch it- or anything else!

“NOOOOOOOO!!!”

Gina giggled and finished sucking the beautiful cock, making sure she and it were dripping wet, then threw herself back onto the bed, holding her long, smooth, inviting legs apart again.

She blew a kiss to the corner.

“Love you, hubby.”

And her next sound was a yell of pleasure as the standing Henry grabbed her slim thighs and *pulled* her in to plunge his huge cock deep into her wet pussy- making her almost cum from the very first stroke!

“OH FUCK!!” she laughed, her toes curling. “I forgot how *GOOD* this felt!” Her beautiful feet curled around Henry’s strong back, her hands grabbing his laughing face to pull him in for a deep passionate kiss.

In the corner Cecil panted, watching another man make love to his wife!

“Ohhh fucck me!” she squealed. “Fuck me ALL NIGHT! No matter WHAT I say! USE me- DEGRADE me- take me in every hole even when I’m too tired too keep going! Just PROMISE ME- you’ll ALWAYS cum inside my pussy- EVERY TIME!”

The black man laughed. “Yes ma’am.”

Henry grabbed her waist and pulled her deeper, making her scream as he bottomed out inside her- and there was still four inches of his cock left outside!

“Oh my god CECIL!” Gina laughed to her husband, moaning as the black man started fucking her harder! “He’s got- uhh- more left OUT- than you have- uhhh!- IN TOTAL!!”

The soft-muscled man in the corner gasped and whined and burned with humiliation, playing with his nipples, the closest his hands could come to his burning, painful cock!

“Fuck me harder,” Gina begged the huge man, panting as he did. “Use me like your little slut- I’m YOURS tonight- ALL YOURS- OHHHH YESSSSSSS!”

She wrapped her arms and legs tighter around Henry’s huge body, holding on for dear life as the powerful man built up speed-

From the corner, watching his slim, pampered and normally proper trophy wife getting *destroyed* by a man twice his size with three times his cock turned Cecil’s heart and stomach, watching her make noises she had *never* made with him-

Watching her make *faces* she had never made with him-

Having orgasms she could *never* have with him-

And it made him so fucking hard he could die!

“I’M CUMMING!!” Gina laughed after less a minute on the huge cock. “I’MMMM CUMMINNNGG ALREADY!”

And Cecil yelled and pulled at his hair, as he watched his wife have the most beautiful orgasm, his hair the only thing he could pull right now, as his cock throbbed and dripped untouched in the open air, protected by its magic field!!

“GINNNNA!” he begged, hopping and thrusting his hips, dying, helpless!

“Come on baby, let him stroke,” Henry laughed, getting more into fucking her sweet pussy, but still able to form words. “He did pay for me to fly out all the way out here to see you- first class!”

Sweating, panting, coming down from her first orgasm but already building to her second, the panting Gina nodded and waved one shaky blue-fingered hand at the corner.

“Fine! Go ahead Cecil!” she laughed. “STROKE AWAY!”

Cecil’s hands instantly found his four-inch cock as the force bubble disappeared and he started madly stroking as he watched his beautiful trophy wife get taken like a paid whore!

Henry was fucking her masterfully, making her yell and moan and gasp with every thrust, her beautiful naked feet curling behind his back, her eyes rolling back into her head, as she yelled and screeched, getting pounded into the bed!

In between deep kisses, Gina laughed and waved her hand in Cecil’s direction again.

“But you- CAN’T CUM! Only STROKE!!”

“NOOOOOO!! GINAAAAA!!”

And the wicked hotwife laughed as her hubby suddenly hit her unexpected orgasm block like a brick wall, shaking and yelling in the corner as his balls pulled tight but his body betrayed him.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!! NOOOOOOOOOO!!”

The furnace hot need radiating off his body-

The helplessness of her poor hubby’s situation-

The way his desperate eyes *burned* into her-

Looking all over her body, making her feel like the sexiest woman on Earth-

As he was denied his long-promised orgasm- again-

Fed pure electricity right into her pussy, making her muscles clench and throwing her into her hardest, strongest orgasm yet!

“OOOHHHHH!!! YESSSS OH FUCK YESS!!!!!!” she laughed, cumming all over the huge thick steel hard shaft. “I LOVE FUCKING BIG BLACK COCK!!”

But even as her orgasming pussy clamped down HARD on Henry’s huge cock she noticed something was wrong-

Henry’s hammer blow rhythm was faltering-

Almost stopping-

Normally he could go for hours-

Gina opened her eyes and saw the huge black man above her, choking for air!!

He was grabbing at his throat, turning blue!

“OH GODD!!” She opened her legs and the tall mountain of a man instantly fell to the floor. “HELP! CECIL! GET A DOCTOR!!!!” She waved a hand at the corner, freeing his feet.

The nude husband, at first unsure, grabbed the wet towel off the floor and ran out into the hallway, banging on doors!

Gina grabbed her phone off the nightstand and dialed 911 with shaking fingers.

“Yes! I need help! He’s.. HAVING A HEART ATTACK OR SOMETHING!!” Tears were coming out her eyes as she listed to the operator. “NO! Ten minutes is TOO LATE!! WE NEED SOMEONE NOW!!” The operator said some more and Gina looked at the open door out which Cecil had run. “I don’t know! We’re in some strange hotel- I don’t know if there’s any-”

And her towel-clad husband came rushing back into the room with a beautiful Egyptian woman who sort of looked like a young Phoebe Cates, wearing just a

short nightshirt that barely covered her amazing ass and carrying a black doctor's bag.

"I'm a doctor!" Yasmine told the woman, as she knelt next to Henry's gasping face. "What happened here?!"

"He was just... fucking me! And then he started having a heart attack or something!!!"

Yasmine put two fingers on Henry's still-hard cock and neck at the same time, gasping as she felt the intense NEED of the black man-

The POWER and MOMENTUM of his intense sex drive-
-like a runaway locomotive running through his veins!

Yasmine had been between orgasms herself when a short naked man in a towel had started pounding like crazy on her and Kate's door-

"He's not having a heart attack! His pulse is incredibly- strong!" Yasmine gulped, the throbbing of his huge cock under her hand was making her bare pussy even wetter under her short nightshirt- she hadn't had the time to put on panties!

She checked his airway and started giving him CPR.

"Oh GOD oh GOD!" Gina was wailing, pacing behind her. "DO SOMETHING! He wasn't just my bull- he's our FRIEND!" Tall beautiful brunette long-legged Kate appeared in the doorway, wearing a hastily thrown-on sleep shirt that barely covered her stellar ass too. The trophy wife turned to her immediately. "PLEASE! HELP HER!"

Kate threw up her hands. "Hey, I'm just a starving artist. She's the star doctor!"

And Yasmine continued her CPR, each pump of her arms making the huge man's hard cock throb up off his abs, distracting her! After 15 pumps she went for mouth to mouth and gasped and squeezed her legs together-

The man was still conscious and still, deep in his balls, very very horny!

Yasmine pulled back from mouth-to-mouth, panting herself!

"It's not a heart attack!" she panted, her pussy now burning! "But he's still having trouble getting air for some reason!"

"That's because he's having a heart attack!" Gina wailed, getting on the floor next to them. "OH HENRY!!! NOO!!!"

"He's NOT having a heart attack!" Yasmine repeated, stopping CPR again! "I can FEEL his cock throbbing in my Powers with every heartbeat! It's like..."

"It's like he's drowning on dry land!" Cecil moaned, now almost near tears himself!

"Pulmonary embolism!" Yasmine shouted, her mind snapping back to her basic medical training, which now seemed like decades ago. She straddled Henry's waist, her bare pussy and nude legs wrapping around his hips as she pressed with two hands onto his solid pecs, her fingers glowing blue, searching with her Magic- "He's got a blood clot blocking a major artery in his lungs... HERE!" she cried, her Powers confirming it!

"WELL DO SOMETHING!" Gina cried. "SAVE HIM!"

"I... CAN'T!! I used up most of my Lust Energy at work and...". She looked up at Kate, standing there nearly nude. "...Lesbian sex doesn't recharge Sex Powers!" Yasmine pushed and pushed and *pushed* on the huge man's chest, feeling him slip away, until her confused shut-off Powers locked onto the *other* source of energy in the room.

“YOU!” Yasmine snapped, startling Cecil. “COME HERE!”

The naked man started to move before he felt himself magically yanked across the room so hard he almost left his feet, his short towel flying off in the process and his hard cock flying right into Yasmine’s oven-hot mouth, as if guided there by two unseen hands!

“AHHHH!!”

“Cecil!” the wife yelled, but Kate grabbed her by the shoulders.

“She’s charging herself up!” Kate explained. “She’s a doc at a sex clinic! This is what they DO!”

Yasmine sucked and sucked Cecil’s thin cock, one hand grabbing his small ass to pull him in deeper, as she still pressed another down on Henry’s muscled chest with her other-

It was the smallest dick she had ever sucked by far-

So different from Gregory’s and Levi’s nicely sized cocks-

And the huge hard monster still pressing up urgently against her naked ass!

But the trophy wife had kept her husband SO horny and backed up-

And he was SO surprised, having his dick suddenly sucked skin to skin by this beautiful exotic young woman after so many years of being denied-

-that his Lust Energy was so raw and backed up it almost got Yasmine there!

Almost.

She pulled off Cecil’s cock, pressing her now brightly glowing hand on Henry’s chest harder as she still jacked Cecil off towards her face with the other.

“Come on! COME ON!!!” She shook her head! “It’s not enough!”

The nude Cecil cried out and hit an orgasm block inside her hand, shaking, bucking his hips-

She felt a surge of energy go through her arms straight into the man’s chest-

And that STILL wasn’t enough!

“I need something... BIGGER!”

“There’s nothing else!” Gina cried. “There’s no one else here!!”

And then the huge muscular man gasping underneath her-

The one with the hard, hot, baseball-bat-heavy cock still throbbing against her ass-

The one still struggling to breathe-

-grabbed her tiny waist the same way he had done with Gina’s.

Using the last of his strength to easily lift her smaller body up-

Yasmine gasped as she felt the huge tip against her nude pussy!

That might work!

And she was definitely wet enough!

But she hadn’t had real dick in two weeks!

Would she even be able to take that huge-

In the end, Kate made the decision for her as her lover jumped forward, grabbed Yasmine’s slim waist and Henry’s huge cock and guided them together.

“Go get ‘em, Tiger,” Kate giggled, kissing the shocked Yasmine just before she pushed her tight pussy down, impaling Yasmine on the biggest dick she had ever seen.

“AHHHHHHHHHHH!” Yasmine cried, feeling the Power *surge* through her!

Her whole body was glowing blue, and her skin burning hot!

“OH GODDDD!”

And she was nearly cumming!

With every bit of her willpower she focused her magic and pressed on Henry’s chest with both hands even while she bounced on his huge dick, feeling it stretch her to amazing new proportions-

“LIVE DAMN YOU! LIVVVVVVVVVE!”

And she pushed with her Powers-

Reaching deep into his body-

And breaking up the clot blocking his lungs!

The huge man gasped for air, grabbing her hips right above her ass.

And his huge hard cock throbbed even harder inside her tight, inexperienced, oven hot pussy-

And Yasmine couldn’t help herself.

She came on the man’s huge cock, shaking and squeezing her pussy and making a total unwanted spectacle of herself.

“OHHHHH GODDDDDDDDDDDDD!! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!”

Shocked, she tried to get away-

To stop being so horribly unprofessional-

But Henry’s huge hands gripped her slim waist harder, forcing her to fuck his heavenly cock completely until she had her full, amazing, shuddering PIV orgasm, grabbing his chest and curling her toes.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHH GODDDDD!!!”

She shuddered, coming down, sweating and gasping and totally wrecked, as Kate giggled.

She had just orgasmed in PUBLIC!

In front of three people she had never met!

“Oh god Oh NO!” Yasmine gasped, blushing so red even as Gina and Cecil cried and hugged each other out of relief. She looked down at the naked black man-her patient- that she had basically taken against his will. “I’M SORRY! I didn’t know-I would get THAT horny! I’m SO SORRY-”

But the amazing man with his huge cock still impaled in her just laughed, gulping, panting, feeling the naked ass, flat stomach and great legs of the blushing Egyptian goddess who had just saved his life.

“Don’t worry Doc... consider it my co-pay.” Getting a nod from Gina, he shocked the gasping girl by gripping her waist tighter and started to move her up and down again. “Now... what else do we owe you?”

Yasmine was still walking a little funny as she made her coffee in the Clinic’s break-room that morning.

Under her white lab coat, she now wore mini-skirts as short as Miranda usually did-

Three-quarters-thigh when standing up-

But easily ‘adjustable’ to nearly-pussy height as she sat down, in case a naughty boy needed the encouragement!

And her open strappy stiletto heels were now just as high as Miranda's as well, showing off all of her hot pedicured toes and smooth sexy arches, able to be effortlessly dangled as she 'checked something' on her chart in case the patient had a foot fetish-

Which nearly all the older white men coming into the clinic did-

It was pathetic, really, how easy the job was now-

-or at least it had seemed, until the emergency in the hotel this morning!

"Hey hey, there's our little Cleopatra!" Susan laughed, coming in to the break room. She grabbed her own mug to wait in line for coffee. "How's our lesbian sexpot this morning?"

Yasmine swallowed hard! "Not good!"

"What? What's wrong?!"

Yasmine told her what had happened.

"Ohhhhhhh," Susan said, nodding sagely over her steaming cup of coffee. "So big black cock is making you rethink your two-week-long lesbian experiment?"

"NO!" Yasmine said, her face heating up! "Doing that kind of medicine again- REAL life or death medicine- has made me wonder... if I wouldn't be more useful to the world being a NORMAL doctor again."

Susan giggled. "But you solved that problem using Sex Magic."

"Only because I didn't have an MRI machine around! Or 10 cc's of Alteplase to inject into his veins to break up the clot!" Yasmine rubbed her face, still feeling embarrassed! "If my mother or sister had seen what I did today... I became a doctor to help people! And be respected!"

"And now you're fucking strange black men on hotel room floors."

"YES!"

Susan nodded sagely, sipping her coffee again. "So... are you going to keep seeing him?"

"SUSAN!"

Carol poked her head into the break-room. "Miranda's delayed at a meeting downtown. You're the only doc in the clinic again, Sappho."

Yasmine's face burned an even brighter red! "Don't call me that!"

"What? It's a term of endearment. Endearment between two young, sexy, naked wome-"

"CAROL!"

The Egyptian doctor's skin was burning hot! From embarrassment this time, not arousal!

Well, maybe a little...

The receptionist laughed and left.

Susan giggled and touched Yasmine's hand. "Hey. You're okay doing 501's today? Really?"

Yasmine took a deep breath, straightened her hair and her skirt, then nodded. "Yeah, I think so." She squeezed Susan's hand. "Just- don't tell Miranda about... the doubts that I'm having, okay?"

Susan mimed locking her lips and throwing away the key. "Mum's the word! You've only got another two months left on your residency before you have to go back to Egypt anyway, right?"

Yasmine swallowed. "Yeah."

Susan giggled. "So either way you'll figure it out soon!"
Yasmine sighed again, sipping her coffee. "I hope so."

The first case of the day was a young lovestruck couple, the girl nice and eager, the boy nervous but so full of cum his cock twitched whenever he looked at his girlfriend or Yasmine's feet. The Procedure went smoothly, the girlfriend even providing the last 'kiss' on his cock to seal the spell, then licking and sucking her boyfriend so hard then stopping cold and laughing as the helpless nude boy jumped and strained, dying to touch himself, but totally unable! She squealed and hugged Yasmine and started calling all her friends to tell them the good news. Her second case was another hot mother in her 40s, tired of sensing her teenage son's dirty thoughts- her real son this time- but whose of-age sister had tried to 'help out' but accidentally cast an unbreakable orgasm denial spell AND a sperm-making spell and a blood-flow enhancing spell at the same time and the boy's bulging nearly purple cock and balls might need to be amputated, if a Sex Magic doctor couldn't do something first!

The boy begged and pleaded for Yasmine to let him cum which made her a little wet but his penis got so hard the second she touched him, the Procedure was a snap. The leggy sundress-wearing mother didn't even flinch when Yasmine had to explain that a professional 501 was the only way to undo the raw, chaotic spells her daughter had cast, and that the clinic could help reverse the Willy Wanker in 6-8 months time, but the mother just laughed and said that wasn't necessary and pulled the helpless begging totally nude boy by his cock right out of the Exam room and into her car without even letting him get dressed and that was a second 501 in the books for the day.

And then came the schoolteacher.

"We've got a live one!" Susan squealed, busting into Miranda's office where Yasmine was trying to get some quiet to think. "Come see!"

Yasmine sighed, slipping into her high heels again. "Another 501? Already?"

"You still doing okay?" Susan giggled, leading her down the hall.

"Yes, I'm just a... little tired, is all."

The cute nurse laughed. "Well this is going to pick you right up!"

And Yasmine had to giggle. *She couldn't stay sad around the cute bubbly nurse!*

Entering the exam room, Yasmine saw a handsome youngish man, alone, about 29, in khaki slacks and a sweater and rimmed glasses, who swallowed hard when he saw her and Susan enter.

Especially Susan.

Yasmine made a note and started her usual pre-brief, sitting in Miranda's chair, crossing her smooth legs and letting her skirt ride up with a smooth elegance she had practiced in front of a mirror at least 100 times.

"So, Mister.... Parker, how can we help you today?"

The young handsome man- clean cut, good job, about her age- *Marriage Material, if they were back in Egypt!*, Yasmine thought- blushed so hard he could barely answer!

"Well, um, the thing is, you see..."

Yasmine smiled, sensing his heart race inside his chest, even though he was mostly soft!

So adorable!

“...I’m a... schoolteacher!” he finally admitted. “Of high school girls!”

Both Yasmine and Susan smiled knowingly. “*Ohhhh.*”

“No, it’s not like that!” he cried! “I haven’t *DONE* anything with any of my students! I would NEVER- Look! I took the job because I love teaching American History! The trials and struggles of so many different people and cultures and races- the kids have to learn about that!”

Yasmine smiled, watching the cute man glance down at her bare feet occasionally, but locking onto Susan’s butt in her tight green scrubs as she prepared the supplies even more!

Yasmine felt slightly offended for a second, but then realized.

She was 27.

Susan was 22.

Much closer in age (and build) to those teasy high-school girls.

Yasmine smiled. “And you can’t stop yourself from thinking about them when you touch yourself.”

“It’s not my fault!” the blushing man explained. *He was SO cute*, Yasmine giggled to herself. *In a boyish, bookish, nerdy way-* “The girls these days- dress SO differently than they did when I was in school! Belly-baring shirts and skin-tight yoga pants on casual Friday- I can SEE the outlines of... their thongs when they bend over to pick up their books!” he gulped. “And those are the MODEST ones! The ones choosing to wear our school uniform are even WORSE!”

Susan giggled. “Tell her about the OnlyFans.”

Yasmine scrunched her brow. “What’s an *OnlyFans*?”

“It’s not their OnlyFans!” the man protested, turning even more red! “It’s... Twitch!”

Yasmine laughed as she felt his cock ‘twitch’ in his pants as he said that. “Yes?” He was breathing harder, turning red and gulping, like a fish out of its bowl!

“I didn’t MEAN to! I... game in my free time- and I was just... looking around Twitch and... I stumbled upon three of my students- the most developed ones- streaming Call of Duty, but playing... topless! With little gold pasties over their nipples, wearing nothing but thongs and fishnet stockings on bottom!”

And Yasmine laughed out loud as she sensed his cock- a little smaller than average but still decent probably- stick straight up in his pants and *throb*, spurred by just the memory of it!

“Well, can’t you just... click away or something?”

“I TRIED THAT!” the blushing man said, pushing his spiral bound notebook down over his lap, to try and hide his boner! “But every time I logged back in, Twitch recommended those same three students to me before I could see anything else! It’s like... the algorithm is tracking my LinkedIn and their Facebook, and figuring out we should be connected somehow!”

Yasmine laughed as she felt his small cock start to strain and drip inside his boring khaki pants! “Sure.... the *algorithm.*”

Susan made air-quotes with her fingers. “You ‘stumbled upon’ them.”

“I DID!” the man gulped, sweating now. He wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. “Anyway, that’s why I’m here! I’m TRYING to do the right thing!” Yasmine reached over and patted his knee, just to feel his penis throb a little more in her Powers. “You are, Mr. Parker, you are. We can help you out. Help you remove all temptation.”

Susan giggled. “So you can live a calm, unworried life.”

The man gulped and sweated!

Yasmine touched his knee again. “But I have to ask you... we’re going to remove ANY ability for you to touch your cute little penis ever again- not even in the shower, or at night, when naughty women in the neighborhood won’t stop teasing you with their Powers. Do you have... someone you can turn to when you need relief?” She raised an eyebrow. “A girlfriend?”

The man had flushed a little, when Yasmine had said ‘cute little penis’, but now turned really red when she asked him about this!

“I... um- I mean- well-”

With dawning amazement, Yasmine started to realize this cute, shy nerdy man with a good job... might be a 29-year-old virgin.

“I mean- I thought-” the man gasped, his penis twitching! “Won’t my body... naturally *expel* the semen... when it gets to be too much?!”

“Ah, no. Wet dreams are also blocked as a side-effect of the Procedure 501,” Yasmine lied, as Susan giggled behind her. She’d have to remember to discreetly add in the wet-dream block while doing the spell!

And maybe increase his sperm production a little at the same time! she giggled to herself.

“So you’d be completely *helpless*, you see,” Yasmine giggled, leaning back and crossing her long nude legs, dangling her expensive stiletto heel off her smooth, moisturized and freshly manicured toes. “Just horny and naked and *open* each night in your bed,” she said, “tossing and turning nude and totally *hard* under the covers, unable to even scratch your super-full blue balls... an open playground for ANY magical woman- or Empowered girl- within a ten block radius!”

“Oh GOD!”

Yasmine went ahead and started increasing his sperm count just for fun.

“So you see Mr. Parker, you will probably need a relief valve, if you’re going to survive this.”

“Does your Mommy give good hand-jobs?” Susan laughed, watching the blood rush to his face! “Or maybe a sexy Auntie who lives nearby who can give you one minute of attention a month? It probably won’t take more than that!”

His penis strained inside his pants and he held it down with two palms over his notebook!

“NO! I mean- that’s NOT an option!”

The girls laughed and made eye contact and Yasmine had to silently thank Susan for bringing her this case. The young nurse had been right; this *was* picking up her spirits!

Yasmine stood up, returning to professional voice. “Alright, let’s get started then. Undress Mr. Parker- completely- and step up into this chair.”

“What?!” he gulped. “Already?! I thought- there’d be more- tests or something you can run!”

“No, no tests. Strip completely. Right now.”

“And put ALL your clothes into this box,” Susan laughed, opening up one of the solid steel locking crates. “We’ll give them back to you at the end. We promise.” And Yasmine sighed as she got to see, once again, the sight of a young, lean, blushing American male kick off his shoes and socks, unbutton his sweater and shirt to get bare-chested, and then, pull down his pants to stand in front of her in tight revealing briefs- maroon-colored, this time- with his helpless penis tenting the thin cloth of his underwear so hard!

The barefoot man paused then, taking his glasses off- then deciding to leave them on- blushing and hesitating, with the two grown women eagerly watching him!

“Here, let me help Mr. Parker,” Susan giggled, her voice going higher and sweeter, just like a high schooler, as she jumped forward and grabbed the waistband of his underwear.

“HEY!”

“No, I insist!”

And Yasmine had to laugh as Susan’s quicker hands pulled the man’s modesty to his knees to reveal-

A completely shaved, rock hard and dripping-
-three and a half inch-
-micropenis!

“OH MY GOD!” she blurted out, then covered her mouth.

It was one of the tiniest cocks Yasmine had EVER seen!

The last two weeks must have left her Powers horribly mis-calibrated to lie to her about this!

Susan was laughing too! “Awww, so CUTE! Just like the ones little boys have!”

And she kissed the tip of his dripping cock as she pulled his briefs down to his feet, and the gasping nude man almost came, just from that!

“AHHHH!! NOOOOOOOO-”

And Yasmine looped him off just in time, making the man have a humiliating, exposed, open-air blocked orgasm right in front of the two laughing women, his hands covering his tiny dick! “AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! AHHHH!”

“Ohmygod,” Yasmine whispered into the laughing nurse’s ear.

“Total virgin,” Susan agreed, then stepped away. “This is going to be so much fun!”

Yasmine laughed as she guided the naked, shaken, blue-balled man up into the gyno chair, his cute shaved little dick throbbing and exposed the whole time!

“Yes Nurse Susan, yes it will.”

But it wasn’t.

First of all, the young teacher was so hair-trigger that he almost prematurely spurted every time Yasmine even *touched* his eager dick, and since she had to remove her orgasm block to allow the 501 to get started, that made any and all progress super slow, like trying to walk through a minefield in high heels! Secondly, his little penis was SO small, Yasmine was having an infuriating time weaving her magics around his tiny, tight, horribly intertwined harmonics,

spending minute after minute trying to gently pull apart a magical thread only to have it slip and have everything snap back together and undo all her work!
And finally, as she tried and tried and tried again to cast the first stages of the 501 spell and failed, her high-heeled feet and straight back and bent head starting to ache with the continuous effort, Yasmine couldn't help but remember how good she felt this morning-

Seeing that beautiful naked man under her come gasping back to life-

Feeling a real sense of accomplishment and power-

-helping actual save lives-

-getting fucked by REAL cocks-

-instead of these stupid First World Problems!

"I'm sorry, I just don't think this will work!" she suddenly shouted, taking her fingertips off Mr. Parker's tiny dripping on-edge penis, stepping away to wash her hands in the sink! "Nurse Susan- please close him up for now- I have to go clear my head for a few minutes!"

She stormed out of the room, her hands still wet but her pussy bone dry.

A wide-eyed Susan looked at an equally shocked Mr. Parker, giggled, then pulled a thin silk handkerchief out of her pocket and laid the tiny square over just the man's cock and balls before going to chase Yasmine, leaving the stunned teacher nude, hard and still strapped in the chair.

"Hey! Yasmine! Yaz!" she laughed, finally catching up with the doctor in the break room. "What happened back there?"

"I just... *can't* anymore Susan! It's so *silly!* And *pointless!* I could be doing SO MUCH MORE but-"

"Here, let me show you something," Susan giggled, pulling her phone out of her pocket.

"If you fucking page me right now-"

"No no no, it's not that!" the nurse laughed, pulling up Youtube. "Here, just watch the first few minutes of this and you'll feel totally different-"

And she pulled up her subscriptions and clicked on one of her most favorited videos...

The scene opened on a backyard pool, one behind a rich upper-class home, the type that has a four car garage as big as the house itself and perfectly green lawns all year round.

There were three incredibly cute teen girls in bikinis standing on the concrete around the pool and one behind the camera, all barefoot and smiling. Their young toned skin shone like bronze in the sun.

And on stretchers between the three girls were four totally nude, sweating, and horribly hard teenage boys, dicks ranging from tiny to cute. All their smooth, totally shaved balls were full to bursting with weeks and weeks of backed up cum, all a deep shade of well-denied red.

Yasmine swallowed, feeling the tingles returning.

The lead girl- a young, confident blonde who had the bearing of a captain of a cheerleading team- held a fuzzy TV-reporter style microphone up to her smiling mouth.

“Welcome back to Sally’s Summer Beat-Off Club... Episode 6! We’ve got some really horny cute white bois for you this time- it’s gonna be a real good show.” She waved her hand with a weather-girl flourish and all four boys on the stretcher started squirming and moaning at once, their cute little dicks twitching to some sharp young unseen magic Yasmine couldn’t sense, through the recorded video. The barefoot blond with the nice abs and long legs went up to the first blushing nude boy on the stretcher and put the microphone right in his face.

“Name and address for the record, please.”

He instantly turned three shades redder! “Please! Please don’t make me-”

One of the other girls, a short cute spunky brunette with pigtails, reached out and slapped the boy right in the nuts so hard his feet and head came off the stretcher!

“Name and address, loser!”

The blonde giggled but put the mike next to his mouth again.

“Jeffery... Aster!” the squirming nude boy gasped, the camera zooming in on his red face and then his cute naked dripping dick as he spoke. “521... Willow Lane, Dallas Texas!”

The leader brought the mike back to her smiling glossy lips. “And how big is that HUGE THROBBING MONSTER between your legs, Jeffery?” She pushed the mike to him, then right back to her. “And don’t lie- remember we measured just before recording!”

The fuzzy mike was back near the red-faced boy’s mouth.

He panted and closed his eyes! “Three... and three fourths inches hard!”

The blonde gave the camera a meaningful look as all her friends died laughing.

“And how long as it been... since you’ve been allowed to empty these poor babies, Jeff?”

The boy gasped as the hot girl massaged his heavy nearly-purple balls!

“FIVE WEEKS!”

The girls whistled and laughed, the skilled camera girl zooming in on the squirming boy’s aching desperate cock and face in the same shot.

Yasmine swallowed.

Back to the weather girl.

“And we’ve got a very special addition to this week’s episode of the Summer Beat Off Club,” the tall blonde giggled. She licked her cute pink lips next to the mike, building anticipation. “This week... all the featured boys are... totally Willy Wankered!”

The hot bikini-clad teens cheered and hopped on their nude feet-

All of them were obviously rich and popular and privileged-

Their perfect teeth and perfect hair and perfect bodies attested to that-

The boys were obviously virgins or nerds or unlucky boys next door roped into their game-

And so Yasmine was shocked as each girl grabbed the cock of the boy closest to her and started eagerly stroking, as if they were preparing a lover to fuck them hard!

And stroking fast, way faster than a young high school virgin with five weeks of blue balls should be able to resist for long!

Yasmine turned to Susan. "They're going to-"

"Just watch!"

The leader was licking her lips, stroking with her off-hand as she panted into the mike.

"Come on Jeffery, fuck my little fist! Get ready to shoot so HARD- you're totally UNBLOCKED right now! There's NOTHING stopping you from cumming all over my tits right now- NOTHING!"

The boy was gripping the stretcher with a death grip! "OH GODDDD!! OHHH GODDDD!!"

And then all the girls let go at once.

And almost died laughing watching all four desperate naked virgins slam their hands into the Willy Wanker force bubbles around their cocks at the same time, the boys yelling and bucking and gyrating their hips into the air, trying to get themselves off!

"NOOOOOO!!!

"GODDAMMITT!"

"FUCK! FUCKK!!!

Even the camera-girl was laughing so hard, it was hard to keep the shot steady on the naked boys and their desperate faces and helpless cocks!

"AHHHHH!!!" Jeffery Aster of 521 Willow Lane cried, nude and thrusting his hips helplessly up into the air for the whole world to see, his cute hard dick untouched and leaking buckets onto his flat abs and totally unable to cum as all four girls laughed and laughed.

The beautiful barefooted blonde- Yasmine could totally see her having a TV career later on, she was so poised and collected, in the middle of four nude yelling gyrating boys- smiled at the camera.

"So you see, dear viewers, this is going to be a very special, *extra-length* episode of the Summer Beat Off Club."

All the girls laughed at her double entendre and immediately moved one stretcher down, the blonde weather girl putting the mike in a new boy's face, her young talented manicured fingers petting his trapped, denied, painfully throbbing small penis like a cute little hamster.

"Name and address for the record, please."

Susan pulled her phone away. "It goes on for *twenty* more minutes from there! EVERY girl gets her chance with EVERY helpless boy!"

Yasmine gulped and gasped, her chest heaving! And inside her short tight pencil skirt, her very expensive french cut silk panties were totally and absolutely soaked again!

Just like they had been on the first day!

"I... never knew! That videos like this... existed!"

"THAT'S the higher purpose you're serving," Susan told her, holding Yasmine's hand. "This video has ten million views- TEN MILLION young girls seeing what's

possible with Willy Wankered boys and vowing to do the same to their brothers or boyfriends or husbands some day-”

Yasmine gulped!

Ten million empowered young women-

Telling ten million of their friends and mothers and classmates-

Who would tell even more of THEIR friends-

“If you’re really looking to start a revolution back in your home country,” Susan laughed, “there’s not a lot of better ways!”

Yasmine swallowed, torn in half again. “Yes but... Susan, if I was a REAL doctor I could-”

“You’all watching Sally’s Summer Beat Off Club in here?” Carol chuckled from the door, making both Susan and Yasmine jump and blush. “I really like when they get their fathers involved! Here, let me show you MY favorite-”

The next video opened on that same backyard pool, with two of the same girls and one new one- they must have switched out the camera girl- but the blonde leader of the pack was still there, center of frame.

This time she was wearing a tiny red string bikini- kind of like the Wicked Weasel Susan had at the beach- totally scandalous on her young smooth hips and high perky breasts- as were her two friends, all dipping their cute nude feet into the water, sitting on the diving board.

“Welcome to Sally’s Summer Beat Off Club... Episode 11! Quick update: we’ve had ZERO orgasms since episode eight- we’re pitching a perfect shutout this month ladies!”

The two beautiful long-haired teens on the diving board with her whooped and high fived behind her back, as the giggling camera girl laughed.

“And so, to celebrate... we’re throwing a Fourth of July pool party!”

The camera panned back to show that the three girls were surrounded on all sides- standing at the grill, lounging on the deck chairs, swimming in the pool- by nearly thirty blushing, totally nude, erect and blue-balled men and boys!

Yasmine could tell they were all 501’ed right away-

The bulge of their full balls-

The stiffness of their untouched cocks-

The way every one of them squirmed in place, looking at the giggling girls, unable to get comfortable with the heavy plums between their thighs, unsure of what to do with their hands-

“Wow,” she panted, swallowing hard!

Anywhere else in the world-

Every single one of those men would be furiously jacking off, being so backed up and seeing those four stunning giggling high school girls in Wicked Weasel bikinis-

Or throwing those girls down and fucking them-

Making the girls squeal and beg for mercy as each was made to take five or ten huge loads!

But here-

Due to the magic of women like Miranda-

The laughing, nubile, barely dressed young girls were totally at ease-
And confident that no matter WHAT they did or wore-

The boys couldn't do ANYTHING!

“Wow!” Yasmine gulped, feeling the tingles between her legs grow and double!
The pig-tailed girl next to the blonde pulled the mike to her. “And so we’ve
brought back EVERY boy we’ve played with so far this Summer, as long as they
were totally Willy Wankered!”

And then began the most stunning sequence of video Yasmine had ever witnessed-
As each girl went her separate way around the pool, stopping at one nude boy or
another-

Sitting next to his chair and flirting with him-

Or sitting right on his lap and running her hands through his soft hair as his hard
aching cock surged and dripped against their bikinied ass-

Or sometimes even squirting suntan lotion into her hands and jacking off two
helpless nude boys at once-

Getting them right to the edge and slipping her closed fists off their tips just one
half stroke before they would spew their loads all over the girls’ smooth bodies-

And then casually strutting off to flirt with the next set while the stroked boys
roared and beat their fists against their chairs-

Unable to give themselves the one last stroke that would give them final relief!
All staying totally dry and denied, even though Yasmine could FEEL their gut-
wrenching need, just from the contractions in the balls and anguished looks on
their faces as they humped the open air!

“The best part’s coming up next,” Carol giggled.

“See, with Willy Wankers, you can feel totally at EASE lounging around your house
in WHATEVER you like,” the blonde giggled, sitting on a football-captain-looking
Stud’s lap, the muscular boy sweating as his thick helpless cock pressed up against
the back of her nude thighs as she practically gave him a lap dance-

She turned and kissed the boy’s cheek and got off his lap. “Think of me later big
brother...” Yasmine thought she heard her whisper!

“-because no matter HOW you tease them, the boys can’t DO anything about it!”
she finished to the camera, squeezing her naked thighs around his cock until he
grabbed her hips, then just opening her legs to leave him dangling!

The hot redhead pulled the mike to her mouth. “Always spay and neuter your
pets,” she added, making all the girls- even the camera girl- howl and laugh!

The blonde looked her smoky eyes into the camera again. “But the BEST part... is
when you get your dear old Daddies in on the fun...”

And Yasmine’s jaw dropped as the three nude men tending the grill-

They had been so far in the background it had been hard to judge their age-

Grudgingly came front and center at the young girls’ commands, where the family
resemblances were obvious! And their cocks were all hard!

Each girl handed her shivering father a thick round bottle of suntan lotion.

“Do our backs, Daddies?”

And Yasmine could SEE the anguish pulling at the older men’s faces, looking at
their cute bubbly giggling 18-year-old daughters’ nude backsides-

-but their thick older cocks were growing so stiff-

-she knew which body part to trust!

“Come ON Daddy,” the pigtail girl giggled, shaking her pert butt then snapping her finger, and the man gasped and immediately started lotioning her back- Yasmine guessed he was having his balls magically squeezed!

And all three men- in their mid-forties at least- gulped and started applying slick suntan lotion to their daughters’ smooth bare shoulders-

The girls’ thin toned arms and strong backs shining in the sun-

The mens’ shaking fingers skipping over bikini straps and trying to avoid anything forbidden-

The girls’ nude spines visible and their tight stomachs laughing as the men tried not to get harder, touching their own daughters-

Yasmine saw one of the men’s cocks leak and start to throb and he suddenly pulled his hands away! And his giggling daughter pulled them right back, and lower, forcing him to touch her hard muscled teenaged stomach from behind-

Her cute innie belly button-

Her slim rounded hip bones-

And even the exposed curves of her tight flank and nearly-naked ass-

All three men were straining, squirming, panting, touching their teenaged daughter’s tight buttocks with just a scant little string of fabric between the globes-

Until the blonde bent a little forward and pulled her bikini bottom to the side, leaving her pussy covered but her smooth ass exposed!

“In between my cheeks too Daddy?”

And the man almost died!

“Sally! I... CAN’T! I’ll-”

But just one look over her teenaged shoulder made the older man gulp and squirt more lotion onto his shaking hands and-

Slide his slick palms all along her young nude bare ass, gripping the tight smooth flesh with such a pained look on his face!

His legs started to shake and he grabbed her rear desperately and-

“SALLY! STOP! I’ve got to STOP-”

And all the girls laughed as this married, helpless, 47 year old man groaned and moaned and went up on his tiptoes and came, completely untouched, all over his laughing daughter’s back, covering her naked bubble butt and legs with weeks and weeks of his built up sperm from a premature ruined orgasm.

“AHHHHHH!!! UNNNNGGH!! NOOOOOO!” he wailed, grabbing her hips out of desperation, and his giggling daughter helped by taking one half step forward and turning to get his humiliation perfectly on camera.

“Awwwww, there goes our summer shut out, Ladies!”

The other girls were laughing and capturing it on their own phones as the helpless nude man couldn’t stop covering his own daughter’s rear with cum.

“Go Mr. Jenkins- sperm that ass!” Pigtailed cheered.

“Oh fuck, that’s a lot of cum,” the redhead laughed. “Your Daddy’s a horny boy!”

“Yeah, I know,” the blonde sighed as the gasping nude man finally finished, dying of humiliation, then put her bikini bottom back into place, then snapped her fingers. “Now you know the rules- lick it all up, Daddy! Or else *somebody’s* going to be in the doghouse with Mom tonight....”

The man obviously wanted nothing less in the world-

-solidly in his post-nut clarity and with four giggling teens and a camera watching him-

But, red as a stop sign, he timidly slunk to his knees, grabbed his daughter's smooth hips and pulled her tight cum-covered ass towards his slowly opening lips-

"And that's where I usually finish!" Carol laughed, pulling her phone back from the shocked Yasmine's hands. "It could be thirty minutes of static from there, I wouldn't know- I always finish when he starts licking!"

"He licks her clean and then they tease the other wankered Dads and boys with their bodies and lots of baby oil grinding games for like an hour," Susan said.

"Yes I KNOW Susan- I've watched it fifty times- I was just being dramatic to make a point for Dr. Sappho."

But Yasmine was near orgasm herself!

This was-

"Life changing," she finally gulped, making Susan giggle and hug her!

"So you're back?! To loving doing 501s?!"

Yasmine giggled and hugged her back. "I think so! Yes!"

"YAY!!"

Yasmine pulled back with a frown. "But the teacher in Exam Room 5- he's still- so SMALL and so hard to harmonize with! To make this procedure work, we'd have to make him SO MUCH hornier without tipping him over the edge-" She looked at the thumbnail still on Carol's phone. "Wait- these girls from the video said they were from Dallas! What if we get THEM to come down to the office and-"

"Oh, the Summer Beat Off Club is WAY too big for us to get," Carol laughed, putting her phone away. "That's like trying to book U2 for your kid's birthday party!"

Susan giggled. "Well... there MAY be another team close by..."

And it was like Yasmine was reading her mind. "And THEM we can TOTALLY get!"

Mr. Yancy Parker of Sudbury Catholic School had been trapped in the gyno chair for almost an hour now, his thighs and calves and chest and wrists totally immobile, his hands pinned high above his head and his legs spread wide, his feet dangling helplessly off the ends of the rock solid stirrups, only a thin silk handkerchief covering his tingling cock and balls!

And the door to his exam room was wide open!

The nude man wanted to call out-

-to complain and remind the staff that he had been left tied up and forgotten-
-but what if that drew attention from women in the other rooms?!

That would be horrible, if anyone other than doctors saw him like-

He *jumped* when Susan and Yasmine came suddenly walking in the door, the two young women giggling at the naked blushing squirming man.

And at how he started to erect under his silky cover, from just seeing them again!

“So there’s been a slight *complication* with your Procedure...” Susan began, giggling and rubbing his thigh with her bare hand.

“What complication?” he gasped, his tiny penis getting stiffer just from that!

“Well, I’ve been having a lot of trouble getting enough... *space* to operate the correct spells,” Yasmine added, her warm hand rubbing his other thigh, her naked fingers almost but not quite brushing up against the skin where his balls met his body. “Due to your... large endowment.”

“Oh GOD!” the cute man blushed, getting even harder as the girls giggled!

“And she’s done Willy Wankers on *much* younger boys,” Susan laughed.

The cute teacher panted, his face getting so red as his cute tiny cock got so hard! Even fully shaved, it looked SO small!

“So we decided to call in a few... consultants,” Yasmine giggled. “They should be here any minute.”

“So let’s get you prepared,” Susan laughed, and yanked off his handkerchief, exposing his naked cock and balls to the cool open air, twitching and totally shaved!

“They?!” the blushing man squirmed. “Who?! How many other doctors are going to be-”

“OhMyGawd-MR. PARKER?!” a teenage girl’s voice screamed from the hall and his heart nearly exploded.

“NOO!” he cried, shaking his entire body. “NNOOOOOOO!!”

Because he recognized the voice.

And the two girls giggling behind her.

“OMG it IS HIM!!”

“And he’s *totally NAKED!!!*”

And the three beautiful teens who tumbled into the exam room, laughing and covering their pink glossy lips-

-their short plaid schoolgirl skirts ending dangerously high up their smooth young thighs-

-showing off the beautiful toned muscles he had tried so hard to resist-

-were the three most popular Twitch streamers at Sudbury high.

And they were all looking wide-eyed directly at his aching hard tiny little 3.5 inch cock.

“OHMYGOD!” the achingly beautiful smooth-skinned blonde Veronica howled.

The slim Greek girl Mia with the smirk that always made him spurt was having trouble breathing as she pointed! “IT’S- IT’S-”

“-fucking *tiny*,” the tallest girl in the group finished.

She was a stunningly beautiful redhead with bright bottle-dyed hair who towered over Yancy even in class, in the open-toed wedge sandals she always wore in total violation of dress-code regulations giving her the strongest longest most beautiful legs Yancy had ever seen.

“AMANTHA!” he wailed, hoping- praying- that this was all a horrible horrible dream! He struggled even more in his bonds, making his cock shake and all the girls giggle. “NOOOOOO!!!”

“Hiya Mr. Parker,” the beautiful redhead giggled, eying up every inch of his slim nude body, her eyes locking on his tiny hard cock and smooth balls as her red lips smirked. “Getting a *little* work done?”

“NOOO!!! OH GODD OH FUCKKK!”

His tiny cute little pink penis was twitching so hard as he struggled it started drooling rivers of pre-cum, making all the teens howl.

“Oh god he’s going to blow!” slim dark-haired Mia laughed, almost making him do so!

“He’s so close!” Veronica cried, holding her hand out towards him palm first, sensing his anguish!

Amantha smirked, cocking her hip and holding her hand out as well. Her palm was so near to his penis he could feel the heat coming off her naked hand-

“Oh yeah, he’s right there,” she laughed, as the man struggled not to have an untouched premature ruined orgasm, in front of his three hottest female students! “He must have jacked off to us before. Like, a LOT.”

“NOOOO!! I HAVEN’T!”

“And that’s why we called you in,” Yasmine giggled. “We needed someone with a lot more... connection to Mr. Parker?” She kept rubbing his thigh, feeling the tension in his helpless exposed balls, his quivering legs! “Someone who could really get... under his skin?”

“We can DEFINITELY do that!” Mia laughed, stepping forward and touching his nude leg herself! “We’ve always thought he was like... the hottest teacher the school had!”

“Well,” Veronica snorted, holding her thumb and forefinger out, “before about 30 seconds ago.”

“No, it’s CUTE!” Mia said as the the other girls laughed and the man gasped, having trouble breathing! “I don’t care if it’s tiny I just want to, like, spit on my hands and rub and lick it like a lollipop!”

“Go ahead,” Yasmine said, subtly slipping a second orgasm block on his tiny penis before he ruined his chance to have a 501 today. “I can’t handle him anymore due to the cross contamination that would cause with my magic later, but if you girls want to have a little fun-”

“NO!” Yancy cried, *straining* in his bonds, kicking his naked feet and clenching his trapped hands! “I OBJECT!!” His brow was fully sweating now, as Mia started putting her hair back in a ponytail. “Girls PLEASE!! I’LL BE FIRED!”

As the cute short Mia took her place between his wide spread legs, licking her lips, and taller blonde Veronica took her place at his naked soles, getting her fingernails ready to tickle, the leader of the group, the tallest redhead Amantha, clicked her wedges over to his head, so she could hang her face upside down over his, looking him right in the eyes, her lips right next to his forehead.

“And watching our Twitch streams all night nude on your couch with a huge bottle of lotion and your teeny tiny cock in your hands isn’t enough to get you fired?”

“I DIDN’T!”

“Please,” Veronica laughed, her sure fingers feeling out his naked foot, sensing for his most ticklish spots. “You think he lasted all night?”

Amantha smirked, then looked right into the scared man’s eyes. “He would if I blocked his orgasms and fucked him like a porn star in my bed, like I’ve fantasied about doing ever since I was a freshman.”

And Mia sucked his cock into her tight little mouth as hard as she could.

“AAAAHHHHHHHHHAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!” the nude man cried, hitting Yasmine’s orgasm blocks right away, sweating and shaking all the girls laughed, the first of nearly fifty consecutive blocked orgasms the giggling teens were about to give him, in less than half an hour.

All his secrets came out during the tease.

Besides the girl actually touching his cock being able to magically sense his thoughts with her Powers, Amantha, her head right about his, her red lips sometimes almost touching his ear, directed a skilled interrogation of her high school history teacher so thorough and detailed Yasmine thought the girl might have been part of the CIA.

“So how often do watch my nude Friday night streams?” the girl giggled, playing with his hair. “The ones where I’m naked in a bubble bath, playing League of Legends?”

The man was on the cusp of his seventh blocked orgasm, as Mia’s tireless tongue licked and swished and swirled him with beautiful erotic sensations he had felt... well never!

She pressed her wet tongue on the underside of his cockhead and swirled.

“ALL THE TIME!” the man cried, breaking down, tears coming from the corners of his eyes!

“How about in class?” the redhead teased. “Do you ever try to to sneak a naughty little look up my little skirt to see what color my panties are that day?”

“NOO!” the man cried, between his ninth and tenth orgasms. “NEVER!!”

Mia’s mouth had gotten tired and she had switched with Veronica at his point, who was using a tight ring of just two fingers to make short strokes right under his cockhead, driving him absolutely crazy!

“She didn’t ask if you SAW her panties, dirty old man!” Veronica laughed, getting him closer. “She asked if you TRIED to see them!” She spit on his cock and brought him right to the edge with her hand, not letting him go over even though they knew he was blocked!

It was much more torture to have his body held just this side of the EDGE of orgasm, and the blonde with the magic hands played him perfectly. *She must have given hundreds of handjobs already!*

“YES!” he finally admitted, straining in his bonds, trying to escape!

Amantha giggled. “How often?”

He didn’t answer.

The redhead leaned in and kissed his cheek, her soft pink lips just touching the corner of his shut mouth. “I’ll go without panties on Monday if you tell me...”

“EVERYTIME YOU SIT DOWN!” he yelled, crying! “EVERYTIME!! BUT PLEASE-VERONICA! MY BALLS! DON’T-”

And the smiling blonde quickly took him over the edge with her merciless slick fingers, laughing as the helpless man wailed and had to take it, tied up and nude and helpless, the hard intense magic blocking his orgasms, forcing his high velocity cum back down his cock shaft and into his balls, making them bluer and insanely more painful than they had ever been before.

“AHHHHH!! AHHHHHHHHH!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!” the naked man yelled, shaking his feet and hands and head, but ultimately doing nothing to help himself as the girls laughed and laughed and laughed.

But the biggest revelation came between edges forty-six and forty-seven. Amantha was still at his head, never once having touched his cock, Yasmine noticed, even though she did lovingly and constantly touch his face and shoulders, running her fingers through his hair and giving him hot kisses all over his cheek and neck, nibbling his ear to give the panting man edges thirty-two, thirty-five and thirty-seven.

Mia and Veronica took the turns on his micro-cock, Mia using her perfect smirking lips and mouth to drive him crazy, Veronica doing things with her fingers that even Yasmine hadn't seen before.

That girl was a wizard of unfinished handjobs!

She left him edged and gasping ten times more than she actually ran him into his orgasm block, teasing him, toying with him, keeping him off balance and never comfortable with just her slick fingers!

She had a promising career as a sex magic doctor!

And the whole time Amantha was grabbing the helpless teacher's hair, whispering and nibbling on his ear as the nude small dicked man blushed and gasped and told her all his most horrible secrets that he never ever wanted anyone to know!

Yes he had a huge foot fetish, constantly thinking about licking and sucking the girls' toes when they were on screen.

Yes he had a huge premature orgasm problem, never lasting more than a minute when any woman had touched him, on those few rare handjobs he had gotten in college.

And yes he was a big fan of interracial porn, reveling in watching cute young girls like his students getting pounded by huge hung black men and thinking about how he could never be with them!

All the girls howled and laughed and reveled at each revelation Amantha pulled from the reluctant man, promising to go barefoot in class whenever possible, and tease him about his 'thirty-second rule' when other students weren't around, and to show him videos of them fucking huge hung black members of the local college's football team whenever they could!

“But only if you're a good boy,” Amantha giggled into his ear, as Mia sucked him off once again! “Only if you promise to lick up all your cum each time you fuck a girl from now on! Next time you're slugging some lonely Tinder hag and thinking about us, I want you *begging* to lick her clean the next time you're about to blast a big load into her tight little-”

The tall redhead suddenly stood straight up, breaking all physical contact with her teacher.

“Holy fuck!”

“What?!” Veronica laughed.

Even Mia pulled off his tiny cock, giggling as it slipped out of her mouth. “What's wrong?!”

Amantha had a shocked look on her face, which slowly turned into a smirk.

“I just sensed... that Mr. Parker is most definitely just... a VIRGIN!!”

“WHAYT?!” Mia howled, grabbing his thighs. “But he’s SO HOT!! And SO OLD!!!”

“I believe it!” Veronica laughed. She made a sign with her thumb and forefinger, right next to his steel hard shaft. “With THIS cute little three incher?! Definitely!!!”

Susan’s jaw dropped. “That explains... SO MUCH... about why our previous spells wouldn’t work!” She turned to Yas. “I... just assumed... I should have asked if we needed to use the ‘Driven Snow’ protocols!”

Yasmine giggled. “It still wouldn’t have helped. He’s still too small.”

“I’m NOT!!” the humiliated man cried as the girls laughed. “And I’m NOT- a VIRGIN!!!”

And now, Amantha reached out and grasped his dick in her hard sure fist for the first time, making the man gasp and hold his breath!

She narrowed her eyes, sensing.

And then burst out laughing.

“YES YOU ARE!! NOT EVEN THIRD BASE UNTIL TODAY!! AWWWWWWW!!”

And she started jerking off the humiliated man tight there as all the girls laughed, squeezing much harder than necessary, Yasmine sensed, like she was gripping a baseball bat to hit a blazing fastball, making it painful, almost punishment for the older man to get jerked off by her!

And still he wailed and bucked and had a huge, embarrassing painful blocked orgasm in her painfully hard fist, curling his toes and yelling as all five hot girls laughed.

They were finally set to begin the 501, Yasmine scrubbed up and mentally ready, Susan assisting with the brushes and pastes, the three laughing teens sitting in chairs where the mother or girlfriend of the 501 patients usually sat, their skirts pulled high enough to almost show their panties and asses of their young smooth crossed legs, all three pointing their phones at their gasping blushing teacher, recording videos for their ‘personal use’.

“Oh god, he’s not EVER going to be able to masturbate again-”

“That’s SO fucking hot-”

“-no matter WHAT we wear to school-”

“-or on our live streams,” Amantha giggled, her beautiful nude foot bobbing in air. She had taken off her wedge sandals just for him. “We might just have to start an OnlyFans, to show Mr. Parker all the young tits and ass pussy he’ll be missing!!!”

“Totally!”

“I’m in if you’re in!”

“Hush girls,” Susan giggled, as she sensed the man almost cum in Yasmine’s hands. “Dr. Saleh is entering a very sensitive part of the procedure- she needs to concentrate!”

“Sorry!”

“Sorry!”

“Sorry!” the three girls giggled, all three of their young naked feet bobbing. Yasmine took a deep breath.

The man was prepared, his balls bluer than they had probably ever been in his life-

They were painfully full, like two lead-shot filled balloons hanging between his legs!

His entire hard penis and crotch was coated in a lake of his pre-cum-

In fact he was probably the horniest, most humiliated, most shaken male who had ever been operated on in this clinic!

It was still going to be a difficult procedure, but one she could most likely get through, if she remembered her fundamentals and concentrated. With no orgasm blocks on him now, Yasmine pinched the sensitive inside of his thigh to back him off the edge, a trick she had learned from Miranda on her second day, and began casting the spell.

It started well-

The extra trick to prevent wet dreams slipped in without a hitch-

Nearly a third finished now, the permanent spell to increase his sperm production taking hold-

Now half way done-

When the exam room door burst wide open, with Carol and a huge man struggling to both get through at the same time!

“I’m sorry Dr. Saleh! He wouldn’t listen when I told him-”

“STOP THIS PROCEDURE RIGHT NOW!” the huge man in a Dallas police uniform yelled.

Yasmine was too stunned to reply, so Susan answered for her. “What?! WHY?”

“Because that man’s under ARREST! For possessing CHILD PORNOGRAPHY!”

“WHAT?!” Susan yelled.

The three girls’ jaws dropped too. “MR. PARKER!”

“NOO!” the sweating naked man gasped. “It’s not true!!”

“We just raided your home computer you pervert,” the cop spat, clomping over and slapping handcuffs on the man’s already much-better restrained wrists, a move which Yasmine thought asinine. “And we found logs showing you had been watching illegal video streams... of you girls!” the cop coughed, as if noticing the three filming teens for the first time!

All three girls started laughing as the tension left them.

“Oh, is that all?” Amantha laughed, dropping her naked feet to the floor. “Well, we’re all over 18, officer!”

Mia winked at him. “And always have been.”

Veronica elbowed her in the ribs. “Since we started our Twitch streams, yes, that’s true!”

Mia giggled. “That’s what I meant!”

“Then why did you *wink*?”

“Officer,” Yasmine gulped, sweat on her brow, her fingers glowing blue as she struggled not to let the complex spell collapse! “Please stop touching the

patient! Your harmonics- are mixing with his- and making this much more difficult!”

“Well that’s too fucking bad,” the muscular man snapped, taking out another set of handcuffs and cuffing Yancy’s wrist to his, another completely asinine move. “Because I’ll need you to step back and stop whatever voodoo bullshit you’re doing right now- so I can take this pervert into jail and book him!”

Yasmine strained, feeling the edges of the spell slip away! “I can’t! If we stop now- he’ll never be able to get a 501 again!”

“NO!” all three students laughed. “You have to keep going!”

Susan stepped up. “Officer! Besides the logs of him watching Twitch streams- do you have any *other* evidence that Mr. Parker was doing anything wrong?”

The officer started fumbling with the gyno chair’s wrists restraints, trying to undo them and failing. “I’m not allowed to comment on pending investigations-”

“That means no!” Amantha laughed. “My Dad’s a lawyer, he says anytime the cops use that line that means they don’t have anything *real* to say,” she giggled, crossing her long powerful legs, noting how the officer couldn’t help but look.

“So let him go then!” Mia said, still filming everything.

The officer- ‘Lt. Buck’, Yasmine could see his name tag read- still fumbled with the safety catches on the hospital’s wrist restraints, getting frustrated when they wouldn’t come off!

“*How do you OPEN these fucking things?!*”

Susan subtly put her hand over the emergency release button before Buck could find it. “You open them under a DOCTOR’S orders- which you aren’t! So please leave!”

The growling cop outweighed the small nurse by about two and a half times. “Step BACK! Or I’ll arrest you too- for interfering in police business!”

Susan set her little sneakered feet. “No!”

“Just let him go!” one of the teens said.

“Yeah! He hasn’t done anything wrong!!”

Yasmine swallowed hard. “I need everyone to stop yelling please-”

“You girls sit down or I’M CALLING YOUR PARENTS-”

“What part of being 18 don’t you understand?!”

“NURSE! UNDO these restraints-”

“YOU undo them fuckwad!” Susan said, palming the emergency release key into the pocket of her scrubs, the sweating Yasmine saw. “See if you can solve this 3D puzzle Einstein!”

She swallowed hard. “Everyone please stop yelling-”

“Carol! Call Miranda right now-”

“If you ladies make me call for backup, ALL of you are going to jail tonight-”

“Hey, don’t you know who our Daddies are?!”

“Sit back DOWN MISSY-”

“Everyone SHUT UP!!” Yasmine yelled, bolts of blue electricity coming from her overheated skin, making the operating lights in the ceiling swing and flicker, burning little spots into the tile floor!

She had been holding Yancy’s testicles when she had screamed, the reflexive squeeze of her super-powered fist making the man gasp and curl up- if he wasn’t tied down with his legs spread wide open!

She had almost castrated him!

Everyone quickly shut up.

“I... HAVE to... FINISH this procedure!” she told the stunned cop. “If I don’t, the magic imbalance already in motion could kill him, maybe and also me! It will take less than fifteen minutes- and you can have him after that!”

Yasmine panted, her breath coming in fierce gasps.

They all waited for Buck to make his next move.

The entire situation hung on a razor’s edge.

Finally the muscular cop nodded. “Fine! But I’m not leaving his fucking side!”

And he clamped two thick mitts down around the teacher’s wrists, which were already held in place by impossibly solid medical-grade restraints and two pairs of steel handcuffs.

Yasmine swallowed. “Fine.” She put out her shaky left hand. “Nurse, brush number 2...” she gulped, feeling her heart start to race! “And the 15% harmonizing paste, if you please...”

It was like defusing a nuclear bomb with a knife to your head.

Everytime she did anything to Yancy’s sensitive virgin cock the man would moan and gasp and almost spurt off in her hands, making the three watching girls giggle, making the cop bark at them to shut up and yell at Yasmine to hurry up, which would make Susan yell at the cop and tell *him* to shut up, to give Yasmine some peace and quiet!

All while the naked tiny-dicked teacher got harder and sweatier and more nervous in her hands, squirming in his chair, trying to beg for his innocence!

“Please! I didn’t- *ughgh*- DO anything!”

“Computer forensics has your laptop watching immoral video streams of your students as late as last night!” the cop barked, gripping his wrists harder! “And we all know what perverts like you do after that.”

“Probably the same thing you’d do if *you* were watching them, officer,” Amantha laughed, crossing her long toned young legs, her skirt barely covering the tops of her thighs.

“Jerk himself off like crazy,” Veronica giggled behind to her friend, making the motion with her other hand. “Until he was raw!”

“You SHUT it Missy! Or I’m taking YOU down to the station WITH this pervert!”

Amantha laughed. “How would *that* help?”

“Hey! I’m trying to PROTECT young girls like you from these perverts!”

“We don’t need protection from our own *subscribers*, doofus!” Mia said. “We *want* them watching!”

“I said shut it!”

“And there’s nothing immoral about my video stream!” the small Greek girl snapped, standing up to go toe to toe with the huge man. “I’M over eighteen, HE’S over eighteen- if I want to get in my panties and get into kiddie pool full of baby oil while playing Mario Cart- THAT’S MY RIGHT!”

“It’s INDECENT!” the cop spat, not letting go of Yancy’s wrists. “SUBVERSIVE!”

Amantha stood up too, holding her slim wrists out. “Then I guess you better arrest us too.” She took a step forward. “If you think you can resist from taking advantage of three hot... legal... *horny* 18-year-old girls riding in the back of your squad car... handcuffed... *helpless*... our tiny little skirts riding up to show the cute white thongs we’re all wearing...”

“Everyone PLEASE stop TALKING!” Yasmine gasped, feeling the wetness between her own legs ache and build!

Not just because she was thinking about what *she* and Kate might do those three young cockteasing schoolgirls, finding them handcuffed in the back of her car- But because she could sense the officer thinking about it too, his thick cock getting harder inside his tight black uniform pants!

And because he was physically touching the man she was performing a Willy Wanker on-

Not just touching but gripping Yancy’s wrists hard with all his strength- *The harmonics of the two erections were mixing together in her mind!*

Her Powers were having the hardest time telling the cop’s erection apart from the teacher’s-

The cop’s was further away so they looked the same size in her mind- *And it was doubling the difficulty of the 501 she was trying to perform!*

Now she had *two* sets of hoops she had to manage-

One to jump through and one to avoid-

The cop was a little backed up but Yancy’s horniness was enough to cover them both-

She was going to have to be very careful!

“Please let go of him!”

“HEY!” the cock barked to her. “The only reason I’m HERE is because we’re waiting for YOU to finish this bullshit hocus-pocus voodoo that you damn slits have convinced everyone is medically important! So why don’t you just finish your stupid CRYSTALS and CHAKRAS hand waving, so I can take him downtown and BOOK him- you fucking QUACK ILLEGAL CAMEL-JOCKEY!”

Every girl in the room except Yasmine gasped.

As for Yasmine, she couldn’t move.

She couldn’t even breathe.

Knowing if she did, she’d leap over the table and claw his eyes out-

She could barely hear what Susan or the girls were yelling to defend her, her pulse was pounding so hard in her ears-

Her limbs were vibrating with such rage she could barely contain her Magic-

So she stopped being careful.

While Susan and the girls were on their feet, yelling and pointing their finger at the chest of the cocky defiant cop, telling him what they thought about men who used such slurs-

Yasmine pulled all her Magic into the center of herself-

And cast it out again in the final critical incantations-

And felt the final pieces slide solidly into place.

Two spells for the price of one.

She leaned down and kissed Yancy’s little cockhead to seal the spell, and the shocked cop jumped when he felt it in his pants too!

“What the FUCK?!!!” he screamed, letting go of the teacher’s wrists for the first time, trying to grab at his insanely hard erection tenting the front of his pants- And found that he couldn’t.

“WHAT THE FUCK!!”

Yasmine stepped back, laughing and panting, spent but happy. “Oh, didn’t anyone tell you how this ‘hocus-pocus voodoo bullshit’ worked? If you’re touching a man who’s getting a Willy Wanker cast on him- you get one cast on you as well! And it’s a real tight one. Enjoy never jacking off again, Officer!”

And as the three teens and Susan realized what Yasmine had done, watching the shocked cop trying to grip his throbbing cock but totally unable to, they broke up into howls of laughter.

“Oh fuck- I hope you’ve got a girlfriend, PIG!”

“Or can pay your neighbors to give you hand-jobs!”

“It’s gonna SUCK to be you in about a week-”

“Want a free subscription to our private Twitch channels?”

“They’ll help cure your blue balls!!”

“OR NOT!”

Yes, Yasmine’s Willy Wanker on the cop was tight.

But not quite tight enough.

The forcefield blocked his hands from getting at least a foot from his cock.

But the gun on his belt holster was a foot and three inches from his cock.

All the girls screamed when the man managed to push around the edges of his forcefield and draw his service weapon.

“ARE YOU CRAZY!”

“POINT THAT AWAY!”

But the barrel was leveled at Yasmine only. “You take this thing OFF ME!! RIGHT NOW!!”

Everything had turned so fast. Yasmine wasn’t prepared for this. She didn’t have a plan or the reserve Lust Energy to back one up. She wasn’t like Miranda. All she could do was hold up her hands and try not to collapse from fear, looking down that deep black barrel pointed right between her eyes!

“I... can’t! Take it off! There’s... a six month cool down period-”

“BULLSHIT!” he cried, taking a step closer! “TAKE IT OFF! **RIGHT NOW!**”

“She’s telling the truth!” Susan said, hands up too. And she stepped in between the gun barrel and Yasmine! “And if you want to shoot HER, you’re going to have to shoot ME FIRST!”

The cop didn’t even flinch. “Get out of the way or I will!”

“**NO!**”

Yasmine’s heart had stopped.

“Susan!” she gasped, unable to breathe! “Get out of the way! Don’t get hurt because of-”

But then the tall beautiful teenager Amantha stepped in between the gun and Susan.

“And if you want to shoot HER, you’ll have to shoot ME,” she said, steel-eyed determination in her face. “How’s THAT going to look on the nightly news? Rogue cop shoots innocent straight-A Catholic Cheerleading Captain in cold blood?”

This time the cop did flinch. “Get... out of the way!” he gulped, his gun hand shaking a bit.

Veronica stepped in between the gun barrel and Amantha. “Shoots *two* innocent catholic schoolgirls.”

The cop stepped back. He was running out of space in the room, especially still handcuffed on one wrist to Yancy! “Everyone here... is under-”

Mia stepped right up to him, the gun almost touching her face! “THREE innocent-”

What happened next happened very fast.

Almost too fast for Yasmine to catch it all.

The panicked cop, backed into a corner, pulled his gun hand back and then down, swinging the butt of his hard service revolver right at Mia’s fragile birdlike head- Amantha screamed and stepped out of line and in just one quick step of her long powerful legs, brought the toes of her wedge sandals up into the cop’s testicles harder and faster than any professional soccer player ever had.

In mid-pistol-whip the cop was lifted up onto his toes, a look of surprise as he got his balls smashed into his throat-

It was a wonder the gun didn’t go off right there-

But when he landed back on his feet, his cock was now going soft-

His left hand cupping his aching nuts since the Willy Wanker only worked when hard-

The mind-blinding stomach pain from the ball smash hadn’t hit him yet-

Yasmine watched in horror as he brought his gun up in slow motion to point at Mia, Amantha, Susan and her all in a row-

Yasmine could see and sense the big muscles in his arm clenching as his finger already squeezed the light trigger-

And Yasmine could see the bullet would take her in the shoulder but Susan in the forehead first-

“NOOOOOO!”

And that’s when Doctor Miranda Gates appeared in the doorway, her high heeled shoes forgotten from having sprinted down the hallway, her white lab coat open and billowing as she turned toward the officer in slow motion, her blue-glowing fingers extended towards his chest-

“FREEZE!” Yasmine dimly heard her yell.

But a Freeze spell wouldn’t work at that distance-

You had to be touching the man-

And he had to be very very hard-

And so Yasmine closed her eyes and flinched as she sensed his thick finger squeezing the trigger of the gun pointed right at her, the black barrel pointing right up between her eyes-

And then he froze.

His entire body. Instantly.

The barefooted panting Miranda jumped forward and tilted the gun in his hand towards the ceiling, then pulled it out of the shocked man’s hand completely, ejecting the barrel and the round in the chamber and throwing the separate pieces of the weapon out into the hallway before collapsing onto the gyno chair, her head against Yancy’s chest, panting.

“Holy fuck,” she gasped, panting for air. “That was close!”

Yasmine collapsed as well, holding onto the teachers stirruped legs and cock for support. “Thank Allah!” *Her hands were shaking!* “Oh god is great!” she panted, hanging onto his legs. “Thank Allah!”

The three girls and Susan were later to react, not having the viewpoint Yasmine did, to see Miranda coming through the door.

Susan gasped and grabbed Yasmine, starting to cry, but after the redheaded Amantha saw the gun go skittering across the floor and the burly cop suddenly frozen, a diamond-hard look came over her face and she took a big step back and gave the helpless, spread legged cop an even more powerful full-strength kick right to the testicles.

“You MOTHERFUCKER!” She stepped back and kicked him again, her rage making her kick even harder! “You ALMOST KILLED US!”

Even though all his voluntary muscles were frozen, Yasmine could still see the mind-blasting pain of a full-speed kick to his undefended nuts register in his eyes, as they flinched, closed, tears starting to pour from them!

All the sound the magically frozen man could make as this tall, angry powerful teenaged girl unloaded her foot into his nuts with all her strength was a meek exhale of air: ‘*Mmmph!*’

After three kicks, Amantha backed away, panting, shaking herself.

So Mia stepped up.

“You... BASTARD!!!”

And the slim girl kicked the taller man right in the balls too, but it was clear the smaller girl didn’t have as much force as the tall, powerful, beautiful Amantha. So she just kicked him twice as many times.

Still lying on Yancy’s chest, the panting Miranda laughed and waved her hand.

“Unfreeze.”

And the huge cop collapsed onto the floor like his strings had been cut, not even bothering to protect his head as he landed!

“MY BALLLLLLSSSSSSSSS!” he whined in a high-pitched, pitiful

voice. “AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! MY BALLLLLLSSSSSSSSS!”

And that was all it took to make the previously scared women in the room break out into laughter.

Long, pure laughter of relief and of life, as they all hugged and consoled each other.

“Serves him fucking right!”

“Nice kicks Mia!”

“Not as nice as yours, Am! Oh my god!” Mia giggled, looking at the big powerful man still writhing on the floor like a baby. “Should we get him an icepack? Or kick him some more?”

Tucking her mussed hair into a ponytail, Miranda was finally taking back control of the room.

“Girls, you should all go home. Susan, you deal with the icepack. I’ll call the Chief of Police and tell him what *really* happened. I happen to have *him* on speed-dial too.”

It was a tense few minutes until the Chief of Police arrived.

The teens stuck around in the waiting room to tell their side of story if needed. Susan comforted Yasmine in the break-room, both worrying about her medical license and immigration status. Carol stayed in the exam room with one high-heeled foot firmly on the cop's chest.

But just after a few minutes in Miranda's private office, the Chief and four of his Deputies emerged and hauled the crying begging officer out of the clinic in handcuffs himself, the Chief vowing that Buck would never carry a gun or badge or bother the girls or any of the employees of the clinic ever again. And that all charges against the teacher Mr. Parker were dropped.

The three Catholic schoolgirls celebrated and took extra time helping the naked Mr. Parker out of the gyno chair and helping him getting dressed, Amantha being the one who finally grabbed his aching diamond-erect shaft and bent it down into his slacks, grinning as the humiliated man blushed, needing a teenager's help to put his dick away!

Even with his cock inside his pants Amantha held on, their faces just inches apart. "You're SO fucking *hard* right now Mr. Parker," she giggled, running her thumb across his cockhead, making the man shiver. "I can feel you just-" she licked her lips- "*aching* against my fingers..."

The man moaned and squirmed- securely orgasm blocked by *all* three girls now! Amantha's fingers gripped his shaft even harder. "What are you going to DO with this cute little thing, after we drive you home, huh?"

And the barefooted man squealed and grabbed her shoulders as the hottest 18-year-old in the entire school played with his naked dick inside his pants, her face inches from his, until he went up on his toes and had a huge, powerful, totally blocked orgasm right in his student's hand, her confident eyes never leaving his blushing, shocked helpless face!

Amantha pulled her hand out and licked his pre-cum off her fingers as she giggled. "Mmmmm..." She zipped up his fly with finality. "Let's put this little *boy* to bed, girls."

Mia and Veronica cheered, each taking one of his arms.

"Naked LAN party at his house!" Veronica laughed, pulling him towards the door. "I get first dibs on sitting on his lap!" Mia howled, as they led the shocked man out.

"No- Girls!" he begged, trying to pull back! "We- can't!!"

"Only *you're* going to be naked, Mr. Parker," Mia explained, looking up at the blushing man. "We'll just be playing whatever games you have on your system. All night."

"Topless and in our panties," Veronica added. "Our streamers will *love* it!"

"NO! GIRLS!!" the man cried, trying to drag his feet, but Amantha grabbed the front of his belt and pulled him to face her, nose-to-nose.

"Mr. Parker. You better let us do *whatever* we want, or I'm going to give you a psychic blowjob and ball crushing *all* the way home- and you're not going to like how good I am at it!"

The scared helpless man gasped, his little dick already so painful! "...okay!"

"Okay, '*ma'am*'!" she corrected.

"Yes ma'am!"

She smiled and led him out the door by his belt as Yasmine and Susan laughed.

“Oh fuck... that teacher is going to have some BLUE balls in the morning!!” the nurse giggled.

Yasmine swallowed hard. “And for... the rest of his life.”

Miranda shook her head. “Oh, that cute Mia is going to give him a hand-job or two eventually,” she said, then giggled. “But she’ll probably ruin them.”

Yasmine gulped, her pussy getting so much hotter. “Oh... god!”

Miranda turned to them. “You two girls... go home for the rest of the day. I can’t expect anyone to keep working, after that.”

Yasmine leapt forward and hugged her, hard. “Thank you for... everything you’ve done! For showing up- when you did!”

The taller doctor laughed. “It was a near thing! Carol started paging me as soon as the cop wouldn’t leave and I must have broken twenty traffic laws getting here from all the way across town- not to mention shoulder bumping patients out of the way as I sprinted through the waiting room and the halls barefoot!”

“Yeah, thanks for that,” Susan giggled, squeezing her hand. “He said some really awful things to Yasmine- he deserves what he gets!”

Yasmine swallowed. “Honestly... I was more mad that he called me a ‘Quack’ and a fake doctor than... the other thing.”

Susan grinned. “Because you’re a *real* Sex Magic doctor now?”

“Yeah,” she giggled. “I guess!” But Yasmine turned to Miranda. “Speaking of which... the Freeze spell... I’ve been running the numbers through my head ever since it happened... there’s NO WAY that spell should have worked! He was less than half hard... and you weren’t even touching him- no woman has enough affinity with a man who’s not her husband to do that!”

Miranda pulled back from the hug, holding the doctor by the shoulders. “Do you really want to know?”

“YES!” both Susan and Yasmine laughed.

Miranda took a deep breath.

“The only way to do a spell like that... something so far and beyond the normal magic those girls will be able to do with their teacher in a few hours... is to really *love* the person. So when I rounded that corner, I looked right into that policeman’s eyes and said in my head... ‘I love you. I love you.’” She smiled. “And I truly meant it.”

The younger women were stunned.

“Just kidding!” Miranda laughed. “I had the Fire Chief sneak a few artistic nudes I took of myself in my college days with my face hidden into the Policeman’s locker room at the station. Every local cop has been secretly jacking off to images of me in the showers for *years*, just in case I needed the affinity for an emergency like this!”

If anything, Yasmine was even *more* stunned. “But that means... you’ve been planning for this...”

“For *decades*,” Miranda laughed, then gave her a wink. “Like I told you the first day- you have to LOVE this job, or you can’t do it right.” She squeezed the younger doctor’s shoulders. “So... do you love it yet? Or do you still want to go back to a normal hospital?”

Yasmine just laughed and hugged her harder.

Two months later, they were at the airport to see Yasmine back off to Egypt. “I can’t believe your residency is over already!” Susan cried, dabbing at her eyes with the back of her hand. “It seems like the summer went by SO FAST!” “I’ll still come over from time to time to visit,” Yasmine said, hugging her friend. “And you could always fly over to see ME.”

“But don’t you want to stay for a little while longer... to learn some more tricks?!”

Over Susan’s shoulder, Yasmine looked up at Miranda. “I think I’ve learned enough. To start my own practice at least.”

“A very successful one, I predict,” Miranda chuckled. “A wide open market, Egypt is. I envy the fun you’re going to have, Dr. Saleh.”

Yasmine’s heart raced, thinking about the same thing!

“You’re not going to have any... problems?” Carol asked, one eyebrow raised. “With the... Patriarchy?”

“Maybe if I went in guns blazing, casting spells in public,” Yasmine giggled. “But if I get a few key wives on my side first... and use them to force some key men to come to the clinic... who can force other key men to get 501s done... I’ve got some strategies prepared!”

Miranda leaned in close, to whisper to her ear. “I’ll get copies of the pictures Gregory took forwarded to you after the final editing is done. They almost killed my poor husband, taking them, so I’m sure they’ll do just fine, with any young Egyptian men you give them too!”

Yasmine’s heart raced faster, remembering what was on those negatives- How totally and utterly naked she had been on Miranda’s bed, just a little domino mask covering her eyes-

How perfect the professional lighting had been-

The poses she had taken, artful and erotic and scandalous at once, leaving her wide open, showing *everything* except her full face-

With a digital artist later adding little tattoos to her ankles and wrists and back, so she could deny it was her, if the photos ever came out!

Some of the shots were just with her, some with her and Kate together, doing things to each other no Egyptian boy could resist-

It had gotten so steamy it had turned into an actual full-blown love-making session, her and Kate taking turns with each other’s totally nude bodies on the bed with passion and vigor, Miranda’s permanently nude husband gasping and trying to continue shooting, his painfully hard cock hammering the open air, unable to be touched, as the man hopped and cried and tried to relieve his forever blue balls!

After a few more shots Miranda had taken pity on the man, finally grabbing the camera from his shaking hands and laughing for him to go jump on the bed to do ‘whatever he liked’- but only if she could record it on *her* camera, and only if he agreed to stay orgasm-blocked for another month!

The man had gravely hesitated then- it was his release day the day of the photo shoot- but it was a laughing Yasmine who pulled the resisting man into the bed by his cock, doubling and tripling his orgasm blocks and sperm production at the same time, forcing him to be the dick in their steamy threesome as they forced him to play with them all night, making the older, groaning, desperate steel-

cocked man have an incredible number of multiple screaming, blocked orgasms in their tight hot mouths, their tight wet pussies, and even Yasmine's young virgin ass.

Yasmine had never seen a man look more broken!

And it had given her enough Lust Energy to last a month.

"Thank you," she whispered back to Miranda, and she meant it.

After hugs and kisses and last last goodbyes, a bitter-sweet Yasmine raced onto the plane just as the doors were closing and took her first class seat- *paid for by Miranda's clinic of course*- for the long Trans-Atlantic flight home.

She noticed all the passengers in the wide, comfortable and relatively private First Class compartment were men; oil men, high government officials, even a famous Egyptian actor.

She subtly turned up all their penile blood flow.

Then Yasmine noticed the *flight attendants* in the first class section, every one of them tall leggy compliant women who wore shorter skirts and higher heels than most of the doctors in the clinic!

She smiled and turned up the men's blood flow again.

They'd be springing boners more easily than 14 year old boys at the Playboy mansion.

And she added double-strength orgasm blocks on all of them.

She could always blame it on those scandalous American ticket agents if pressed...

The tall, attractive, rich Egyptian man sitting across the aisle from her- the famous actor she had recognized- started to notice Yasmine's long, smooth nude legs even before take-off, especially after she kept subtly hiking up her pencil skirt to show upper knee, then mid-thigh, then upper thigh, as she got comfortable in her seat.

And slipped off her heels to go barefoot!

He coughed, leaning towards her, smirking.

"Excuse me Miss... I was just noticing..." he asked in fluid Arabic, his suave eyes flicked down to her barefoot legs then up to her exposed face. "You do not wear a hijab?"

Yasmine smiled, sensing the hard, throbbing need growing in his slightly backed-up testicles, a need that she was helping accelerate!

"I do," she replied in Arabic, then leaned closer to whisper, bobbing her nude foot in the aisle. "Sometimes, after swimming in a moonlight oasis with my lovers, the hijab is *all* I wear."

The man laughed. "Such... boldness! I am not used to expecting such, especially from Egyptian women." He reached across the aisle and put his hand right on her naked knee- touching her skin to skin!- his strong sure fingers stroking the smooth skin of her inner leg, slowly drifting up her mid-thigh!

Yasmine felt her pussy start to drip.

"And what is it... my dear... that you do for work?"

Yasmine smiled and put her hand on top of his, to keep it there.

"I work in... Acquisitions."

THE END