

Sex Powers University

**A college designed
for girls eager
to improve their
psychic tease and
denial skills...**

**...and one boy just
got a full
scholarship.**



**A tale of CFNM,
teasing and
femdom
from P. F. Dee**

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Enjoy!

Sex Powers University, Book One: A Full Scholarship

The five hour train trip seemed to go on forever, and not just because Troy Appleton's sister would squeal in excitement every few minutes.

"Going away to college! A new school, a new state, and no parents! Aren't you excited?"

Troy just kept staring out the window at the passing trees. "Whee."

Sitting face to face in the private train compartment, Jessica stuck her tongue out at him. Then she flipped another page in her glossy student handbook. "A private university specifically to let girls train in Sex Magic!" she marveled. "I'll finally be able to use my Powers and get better and stronger at them! Isn't that *awesome*?"

"No!"

"Oh, lighten up! I'm not going to use them on *you*, you perv," she laughed, reaching her bare leg across the compartment to prod his thigh. "Not after I sensed you touching yourself twice last week. Ick!" Jessica propped her bare feet up on the seat across from her. "*Twice*," she giggled. "You're such a bad brother!"

A quick blush rose to Troy's face.

"Mom told you to stop using your Powers to listen to what I do...in the bedroom!"

"She also told *you* to stop jacking off so much," Jessica giggled. "Seriously, it's like you wanted me to catch you!"

Troy blushed even harder. Every boy got caught nowadays. Powers meant that as soon as a man started stroking his hard cock, his intimate thoughts were broadcast to every Awakened woman on the block for them to ignore, examine further, or laugh at. Troy got caught much less than most boys his age, because he was much more careful than most. Some weeks that meant all Troy got was one or two very rushed wanks before his mother came home from work- and some weeks, none at all.

He had wanted to cum many more times this week, his last before going to a Powers-allowed college, but Jessica's Sex Magic had started coming in at the worst possible time!

To get caught masturbating- by your sister- twice in a week! His face burned.

Jess giggled with her nose buried in her handbook. "Oh! They've got a Nude Figure Drawing class!" she said. "I'm definitely going to sign up for that. Oh, darn it, that conflicts with Blow Jobs 101!"

Troy tried not to listen- he didn't want to think of his little sister that way! But as she had developed from a tomboy stick into an athletic girl with a tight, heart-shaped ass and coltish legs that she seemed to want to show off at every opportunity, Troy's brain went to war with his body.

Even now, her jean skirt rode high up her tanned, toned thighs and the way she sat with her legs propped up on his seat, so he could almost-but-not-quite see her panties... Was she being innocently casual around a family member, or was she stoking his pent-up lust so she could charge her Sex Magic? In a post-Powers world, Troy could never be sure.

And now he was going to college with her, where Jess would learn exactly how to use all these new Powers she had been given. *Why did he ever agree to go to Sex Powers University?*

There was a knock at the compartment door and Jessica opened it to greet the girl on the other side. "Oh, hey Amber! You're going to SPU too?"

The slim, redhead nodded shyly, tucking her silky hair cutely behind her ear in a way that Troy had come to memorize. "Yeah. I just saw your names in the ticket register, I hope it's okay I came by to say hello..."

"Sure! Come on in!" Jessica said, pulling the girl in to sit next to her. The redhead gave him a little smile which made his pulse rise. "Hey Troy."

He gulped. "Hey."

"Sorry I haven't been around much since my parents moved."

"Yeah that sucks," Jessica laughed. "Moving to a different school senior year!"

"You seem to have made a lot of new friends though," Troy offered. And when both girls gave him strange looks, he said, "I just keep seeing things... on your Facebook page... sometimes." He blushed. Now she knew he had cyber-stalked her!

The girl of his dreams giggled, turning her green eyes at him. "So, are you seeing Jessica off to her dorm, or..."

Troy started blushing anew. There was no point in lying now! Well, maybe *some* point...

"Um, no, I'm, uh... going there this term too."

"But there are 200 freshman girls at SPU and only 50 boys so does that mean you're one of the..." Her green eyes got wide. "Oh! Well, let me get going- I have to... check over my class schedule again! See you in the dorms, Jessica!"

"See ya, Amber." Jessica watched the redhead close the door, then turned her confused look at her blushing brother. "What the fark was that about?"

"Nothing."

Then she examined her brother's beet red face. "Holy crud! You like her, don't you!"

"Shut up!"

She prodded him with her soft, bare foot again. "Have you ever asked her out?"

"No!" Troy said, brooding out the window again. "She dated the starting quarterback of Central High last year," he said. "Why would a girl like that want to go out with someone like me?"

"Good point." Jessica giggled, then flipped another page in her guidebook. "Have you ever stroked it to her?"

"Jess!"

His sister laughed at his bright red face. "Oh my god, you have!" She slapped her thighs, trying to catch her breath. "You better get that habit under control big brother! Even if Amber doesn't have Powers yet, the girls' dorms aren't *that* far away from yours! All the rest of us are going to tell your *girlfriend* all the naughty stuff you think of while you hold your willie in the showers!"

Unable to get away from his sister's laughter, the blushing, blue-balled Troy wondered for the thousandth time why he had ever agreed to accept a full scholarship to Sex Powers University.

The train led to a taxi which led to the three of them stepping out onto the front steps of a grand, very old-looking admissions building. At the top of the steps was a sign which told incoming girls to go one way and incoming boys the other.

"Well, see ya, bro," Jessica giggled, then grabbed the other girls' hand. "Come on, Amber, let's start our college adventure!"

The giggling brunette pulled the redhead down the corridor where the signs pointed, and after checking in at a reception desk, the girls were told to leave their bags and enter the headmistress' office for a welcoming speech. They opened the doors they were pointed at and found themselves in a richly paneled private office with a huge desk in front of two very soft leather chairs.

"Ooooh, fancy," Jessica giggled, feeling the plush carpet and chairs, then pointed at the paddle hanging on the wall between pictures, awards and diplomas. "I wonder if that's what the president uses to spank boys who break the rules!"

After a look around to make sure they were alone, Amber joined in the giggling as well.

A woman burst in from a private back entrance, mid-thirties, wearing elegant business clothes and with the confidence of the Queen of England. "Hello young ladies. I'm Harriet Parker, the headmistress of Females First Montessori University. I like to greet every oncoming freshman personally."

The girls stopped giggling immediately.

"Now, which one of you is Jessica and which one Amber?" The girls meekly raised their hands in turn and the headmistress gave them each a warm but brisk handshake before sitting down and indicating they should do the same. "Good to meet both of you. Well, you two young ladies are about to embark on quite an adventure, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jessica ventured. "I'm in the journalism track, and I'm um, ready to work very hard to get excellent grades and make FFM proud."

Amber nodded in agreement.

Mrs. Parker smiled. "And looking forward seeing many nude boys, paddling their backsides pink and making their stiff dicks ache with your Powers as well, I suppose?"

Both girls gasped and started blushing.

"Oh, it's alright," the older woman continued, waving her hand. "You've probably never had an adult talk frankly to you about males, sex or Powers before. But as you'll come to see, FFM is a different place. I believe you young people call it by a different name? Sex Powers University?" She picked up a small bell on her desk and rang it. "I don't mind that name, it's what we do here. Now, how much Powers training have your mothers given you? Can you do Handles, Feathers or Corkscrews yet?"

The still blushing Jessica looked at the equally confused Amber, then shook her head.

"We don't, um, know what those spells are, ma'am."

The woman looked taken aback. "Well surely you can do Loops? The basic male orgasm block spell? No? Come now, how often do the two of you handle penises?"

Jessica blushed even more. "Well, ma'am, we've both um, fooled around a little, over clothes, but I don't think either of us have really um, *handled* a..."

"Oh, this *will* be fun then," Harriet chuckled. A second later, a tall, handsome boy of about twenty burst in the same door she had come from. He was 100%, totally naked, and his long cock was rock hard.

"Yes ma'am! You rang?" he panted as the two girls' gasped. Already embarrassed, the boy noticed the girls his own age and his rosy cheeks colored even more.

"Three club sodas and ginger ales for myself and our guests please, Jimmy."

He bowed and ran back from where he came, the girls giggling at how his erection bounced in front of him as he ran.

"Because of Sex Powers overtaking the world," Mrs. Parker continued, stopping their giggles and snapping their attention back to her, "ladies must now learn to be comfortable in

situations which would have been scandalous just a few years ago, such as my adorable nude butler Jimmy. If not, you will be left behind in our modern times."

"That is why the Board of Trustees and I bought this out-of-repair campus five years ago and formed it into the world's premier establishment for the safe training of young ladies' sexual magic- to prepare you for the real world! But don't be fooled- this is still a serious university! Your liberal arts education will be in the same league as any Ivy League college. Jessica, you were in the journalism track?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Well I know Professor Cray will assign you reading that is more intense than seniors at most other colleges get. So don't let your hormones distract you from your mundane studies!"

"No ma'am!"

"You as well, Amber. Even though your Independent Studies Major allows you a little bit more... *freedom* in your attentions?" she said, and Jessica felt that there was some meaning she was missing.

But the shy redhead just nodded as Jessica had. "No ma'am!"

The headmistress grinned. "That being said, Sex Powers are the greatest gift womankind has been given in three thousand years, so take every opportunity SPU offers to grab a stiff cock and learn! Now, when darling Jimmy returns, I want you two to treat him exactly as I do, understood?"

Both girls giggled and nodded.

Elbow on her desk, Harriet lazily reached out her hand, palm up, as she sat. A few seconds later, Jimmy burst back into the room holding a drink tray with both hands. The girls gasped as Jimmy rushed to the mistress's side to deliver her drink, and his tight, hairless balls slid right into the palm Harriet had held out for just that purpose.

"Good boy, Jimmy. I can always depend on you to slide right into place," she chuckled, using her long, manicured fingernails to scratch his balls with the lightest of pressure. The boy shivered as he set down her drink, his hard cock twitching in need. She grasped his erection directly, making sure the girls were watching.

"Thank you, dear," she said, making lazy up and down strokes with one hand while sipping the drink with her other. "Now, if you think you can manage it, why don't you see to our guests?" she laughed, letting go of his cock to pat his rump.

Red from head to nipples, the tall nude boy walked over to the giggling girls with the tray held just above his shaking erection. He handed Jessica her drink, and just as he started to move away, she reached out to grab his cock just like the older woman had.

"Thank you for the drink Jimmy," she giggled as the boy froze in fear, "and for the show!" Her strokes were not nearly as practiced as the Headmistress', but the girl stretched out her young, bare legs for his benefit and the boy started trembling all the same. "My name is Jessica. I hope to see you in class someday!"

"Yes... yes, miss! Nice to meet you!"

Jessica let go of his red cock and gave Amber a meaningful look. The redhead gulped and also took the boy's erection in her hand as he handed her a glass.

"Thanks, um... for the drink, Jimmy," she said, blushing as she stroked his long cock up and down. "I'm Amber. Maybe I can repay the favor someday, okay?"

"Yes, thank you miss!" Jimmy cried, bucking into her hand, making Amber gasp and release him.

"Jimmy you look a little flushed," the Headmistress laughed. "Why don't you go relax in my private office- I've got some laundry for you to fold. Make sure to take extra care on my intimates, will you?"

"Ye- yes, ma'am!" he squeaked, nerves cracking his voice in a way that gave Jessica tingles down her spine.

The naked, erect and horribly blushing boy rushed away to follow her command, and the headmistress waited until the door was closed to turn back to the giggling young women.

"Are boys going to be naked like that at SPU all the time?" Jessica asked.

"Oh, heavens no," Mrs. Parker laughed. "Jimmy's just in my special summer program. He thinks it was because of his demerits last term, but I really just wanted a boy who blushed adorably when he got nude and had a nice seven inch tool between his legs! So, that was the first SPU cock in your hand. How did it feel?"

"Hard!" Jessica giggled. "But also softer on the outside than I expected."

Amber was blushing deeply. "I could feel his pulse beating inside as I held it!"

"Me too!" Jessica agreed, pressing her thighs together. "It felt like... power."

"Good. You girls are learning already," the older woman laughed. "But let me ask you: did you see me use any Sex Magic on Jimmy just now? Any spells?"

Both girls thought a second, then shook their heads. "No ma'am."

"And that paddle you were both giggling at when I entered," Harriet said, pointing at the wall, "why do you think we train girls to give corporal punishment here, if Powers let us do much worse to boys than a silly spanking? Why spend so much time on something so old fashioned?"

Jessica giggled. "Because it's fun?"

"It is that, but no. Think bigger. Why are Powers themselves not enough?"

The girls shook their heads, having no answers.

The Headmistress smiled. "Well, think about that during your time at SPU. I'll ask you again at the end of this term, to see if you've come to any conclusions. Now, let me go over the one main rule at SPU and you'll be on your way. As your Powers grow, you girls will have a huge advantage over the boys, even physically. So be smart and don't do anything that causes permanent damage to them, okay? I hate writing those letters to parents. And then you'll lose your Power privileges, understood?"

They gulped and nodded. "Yes ma'am."

"Good! Now, one last thing: Jessica, you're here on a scholarship, right?"

"Yes ma'am?"

"And your brother Troy is here on the same scholarship?"

The girl frowned. "Yeah. Except I don't know how he could get the same scholarship as *me*. I got straight A's in high school and he clunked by with B's and C's."

Mrs. Parker raised one eyebrow. "Well, the Scholarship Committee must have had its reasons. But what I wanted to make sure is, with FFM being such a small, intimate school, *all* females need to set an example, with *all* the males. That power you felt, holding Jimmy by his leash, do you think you could exercise it over your brother as well? If the need arose?"

"With Troy?" she asked. Imagining her older brother nude and at her mercy just like Jimmy had been set her heart racing. But she calmed her voice and said, "I just don't know, ma'am. That would be weird, to do that kind of stuff with him."

"Well, just prepare for it. You may be Disciplinary on Duty the day Troy decides to sneak off and try to have a secret wank in the shower after hours, and if you don't pull him out by his

hard cock and spank his ass red right in front of all his roommates, the other boys may be tempted to try and sneak in more orgasms as well. Males being left in a desperate state is part of what makes Sex Magic run, and I won't have a loose ship at FFM, understand?"

"Yes ma'am." She kept her voice constant, but Jessica felt those tingles between her thighs again. *She would have the power to deny Troy's orgasm? For days or maybe longer?* She *would* have to change her panties when she got to her room!

Headmistress Harriet Parker stood up and gave the girls a parting handshake. "Well, that's enough for now. I'm sure I'll see you ladies around, and perhaps you'll even be in some of my classes; I teach Basic Spanking Techniques for the freshmen and Prostate and Pegging for the upperclassmen. Apply yourselves, study hard, and you girls will leave SPU world class experts in every activity that makes a male erect, squirm, ejaculate or beg for mercy, I guarantee you!"

"Thank you ma'am!" the girls cheered.

"Speaking of which," Harriet said, then rang the little bell on her desk again.

Jimmy burst in the door, blushing and saying, "Yes ma'am?"

"Good, you're still hard from folding my panties," the woman chuckled. She made two quick looping motions with her fingers pointing at the boy's cock, and Jessica felt a small surge of magic as the spell closed. "Jimmy, why don't you be a dear and carry these girls' bags to their room? Not a lot of girls have arrived yet so it won't be too embarrassing for you, I think."

"Yes ma'am!" the nude boy gulped.

"And girls, after he does, why don't you take Jimmy in hand and test the limits of those two Loops I just put on his cock? To see how strong an orgasm block can be? Call it a little pre-homework."

"We will!" the teens giggled, then Jessica grabbed the boy's erection and pulled him after her as she ran off to start her new, better, life.

Troy's college journey started at a similar reception desk on the other side of the building, where a woman checked him in.

"Oh, Appleton- you're one of the scholarship boys, right?" she said, grinning widely.

He swallowed. "Uh, yeah."

She pointed at a door behind her. "Boy's locker room is in there. Leave your bags in a locker, use the toilet if you need, then shower, shave, and proceed through the far door to get your physical."

Troy sighed. *So it begins.* "Okay."

The locker room was luxurious and spotless, but also empty of other men. Troy washed the long trip off him with a hot shower, gave his face a quick shave and then trimmed the edges of his short pubic hair, in case the doctor might see down there too. He made sure to stop touching his cock the second it started getting hard. *That would just top it all- to get accused of jerking off my first day here!*

Finally, he dried off, trying to decide. Should he go into the doctor's office with his towel on or was there was some kind of gown he had missed? He wrapped a towel around himself but at the far locker room door a sign read: "INCOMING MALES: MAKE SURE YOU ARE COMPLETELY CLEAN AND NUDE BEFORE ENTERING. LEAVE YOUR TOWELS IN THE HAMPER TO THE RIGHT."

Well that answers that, he sighed, then dropped his only protection into the hamper. He paused, with his trembling hand on the handle. He had never done anything like this! Nude, and he had no idea what was on the other side of the door! *It's just an old country doctor who gives athletic physicals...I hope...*

He took a deep breath and opened the door to find a cheerful, attractive nurse waiting for him on the other side.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he gasped, blushing and trying to cover himself.

"No, no, come on in, cutie," she giggled, pulling the nude, frozen boy inside by his arm. "I'm Nurse Hannah. Oh, you're so scared, you're shaking! First year, honey?" Troy nodded dumbly as the cute twenty-something nurse led him to the exam table and had him sit. "You freshmen boys are as timid as baby deer!" she laughed. "But it's just a normal physical, you'll see."

Normal except that I'm buck naked! Troy was screaming inside his head. A woman had never seen him like this before! Not as an adult!

Troy tried not to panic as the fully dressed nurse shone a light into his eyes, ears, nose and mouth, leaning in close enough for him to smell her light perfume. *Don't get hard, not now, not now...* But then Troy felt it- that unmistakable tingle at the base of his penis that preceded a hard-on! He closed his eyes, but still her feminine perfume crept in and spoke to the days and days of sperm built up in his body...

"Oh, you're a quick riser, aren't you?" the nurse giggled as his cock stiffened. "That will make you a lot of friends around here!"

Troy wanted to die! But he had to just sit there as the cute smiling nurse took his blood pressure, listened to his lungs and heart, all while his runaway penis just kept getting harder and harder right in front of her. And after it was pointing straight at the ceiling, she patted his shoulder and chuckled, "Now, doesn't that feel better? More natural? I bet it does. Cute little dicks like yours should always be hard around pretty women like me."

Troy's face was burning red. He had seen other boys in the showers after football practice, he knew he wasn't the biggest guy around. He had always hoped his penis was average-size at least! *But little?*

"While he's up, let's get a measurement of that adorable little guy for your official records."

"A measurement?" he managed to rasp as she pulled out the tailor's tape. "Please, miss, surely you don't need to..."

"You're a scholarship kid, right?"

He nodded.

"Then I need to take a measurement." She patted his shoulder. "Don't worry, hon, I've seen one or two that were smaller. Now, think big!" she laughed, and then a real live woman was holding Troy's erection for the first time ever.

Troy gasped and squirmed as her warm, confident fingers squeezed, stretching him out, lifting him up and down, up and down...

The nurse giggled as he let out a moan. "You're not going to shoot off in my hand, are you cutie? I'd have to put you right over my lap and spank you if you do!"

He grit his teeth. "No, ma'am!"

"Good," the nurse said, then took the final measurement. "Three and three-fourths inches, fully hard," said, patting his shoulder as she reached for her clipboard. "Oh, I'm sorry honey."

"What? Why?" he demanded.

She gave him a look like it should be obvious. "Most girls at SPU won't touch anything under four. Once the word gets out, you may not be dating for a while!" she laughed.

"Please!" he begged. "Don't tell anyone!"

The nurse smiled as she wrote the number into his official records. "Your secret's safe with me," Hannah giggled. "And maybe some nice girl will make an exception because you're such a pleasant, respectful boy. Or maybe she might have a little sister you could date, where size won't be such an issue. Goodness knows you could pass for a few years younger, especially with that cute little guy!"

Troy's face burned, imagining the humiliation of being passed from one co-eds' little sister to another through his college years, always having to stop dating the younger girls as they grew up and started to want 'adult-sized penises'!

The nurse pulled him to his feet. "Now, let's do the other measurements!"

Then Troy had to endure the cute nurse taking his weight, height and BMI measurements, all while his cock bobbed hard and untouched between them. Every now and then she would chuckle something like "Well, you don't have much, but you sure like showing it off!" as he slowly died of embarrassment.

Finally, she closed her clipboard. "All done with the physical," she said. "You passed! Are you ready to meet the headmistress now?"

He gulped. "On my first day?"

"She likes to induct all the new scholarship boys herself. Now, stand over here when she comes in."

"But, but, my clothes-" he said, looking backwards.

"We'll get them when you need them," she laughed, pulling the boy to the part of her office where a waist-high handrail was bolted to the wall in front of a mirror, like a ballet studio might have. "Hands on the rail." She smiled as Troy did, then said a single word as she put her hands over his wrists. "Freeze."

She giggled as Troy's eyes widened after she pulled her hands away, but his hands were still securely frozen to the bar!

"What!" he gasped, struggling. "What is this?!"

"Magic," she giggled, then knelt in front of the naked boy's feet. "Freeze," she said, tapping each of them as well, trapping all four of his limbs in place!

"Now just relax and don't go anywhere, cutie. The headmistress will be right in to *size* you up," the nurse laughed, then opened the door behind him. Troy looked in the mirror in shock- the door opened right to the main office where three or four female secretaries were working at their desks! The women looked up from their computers and laughed or wolf-whistled at the completely nude, trapped boy.

"The office girls love check-in day," Hannah laughed, giving his bare ass a playful spank as she left. "Let me get the Headmistress, sweetie."

He felt so exposed! Troy could see the secretaries checking him out in the mirror. His legs were frozen wide enough apart for his dangling balls to be visible from behind- maybe even his asshole! But he couldn't move his feet an inch! The secretaries chuckled as the nude boy struggled in front of them for a few minutes, to no avail.

Troy heard the Headmistress' high heels before he saw her, but her entrance still made him jump. She looked so elegant, so well dressed, so confident, and she was looking right at him and his nude ass!

"Well, just look at you," she laughed, continuing to inspect him from head to toe. "Are you Troy Appleton?" The shaking boy nodded. "I'm Headmistress Parker. Please, have a seat."

"I can't!" he cried, straining against the magic bonds that held him to the bar.

"I know. A little Powers humor," she chuckled, closing the door. "I like to meet with all the scholarship boys like this on their first day. To give them the once over, so to speak."

Troy shivered as she ran her hand across his back like he was a horse for sale. "Now then, at other universities, they give full scholarships to tough, athletic boys to make their football team the best on TV. FFM doesn't have a football team and I don't care what happens on TV. And our tuition is three times the national average." She came to a stop behind him, her cool hand resting on his ass. "So, Mr. Appleton, do you know why SPU is giving someone like you such a generous gift?"

The nude boy swallowed hard. "After the Drake Cheerleaders Incident, um, sch- schools that let women use Powers on campus are having trouble getting boys to attend."

"Yes. A silly fear, really," she told the trapped boy. "Just because a University condones Powers doesn't mean boys are getting snatched off the streets and killed! A girl could do worse with a pair of scissors, but I don't see boys running away from crafts stores!"

Troy jumped as she reached between his spread legs to cup his undefended balls.

"Yes, very nice," she said, weighing them in her hand. "Already a little backed up, are you?"

Troy just blushed hard in response.

"How many days?" she asked, still rolling his balls in her hands.

"Four!" he admitted, his face bright red but his cock stiffer than ever.

"Hmmm." She let go of his balls and started feeling Troy's leg and butt muscles as he shivered. "But, just like those athletes at other schools, that means you are being allowed to attend SPU because of your body. Do you know what that means?"

He swallowed, hard. "It means you'll probably let some girls, um... play with me every now and then. With their Powers! And use me for sexual practice!"

The older woman grinned. "Not such a bad deal, right? A virile, red-blooded boy like you, going to class with gaggles of cute co-eds who want to run erotic experiments on your nice, big..." She looked over at his official records. "Oh goodness- three and three fourths inches?!" The Headmistress crouched down on her four inch stilettos to look for herself, then stood up with a laugh. "Well! Unfortunately, Mr. Appleton, I think your SPU experience is going to be quite a bit different than what you expected it to be!"

"What?! Why?!" the horribly blushing boy asked.

"I should send you home right now and save the trouble," she sighed. "Why did I recommend you to the scholarship committee before you were measured?"

"I don't understand!"

"I can't very well use you for Blowjob training, can I?" she laughed. "The girls would be laughing too hard to lick you! And the Kama Sutra classes for the upperclassmen- you can't be used as an example for any position except Missionary- and even then you might pop out on the first stroke!"

She laid his official file open on his back. "Let me see your class schedule... Calculus on Monday mornings? No, that won't do. I'm signing you up for the Nude Figure Drawing every Monday. You have a nice body besides your small penis, and this way I'll be sure none of the girls will be tempted to proposition you afterwards! You'll have to shave your nethers bare, but you'll make an excellent model, I'm sure."

He almost couldn't breathe. "I can't get naked, in front of a class of girls! No!"

"You can and you will. Remember what I said about your body being your scholarship."

"No! I won't do it!"

The Headmistress opened the door and called out into the hall. "Send the nurse in for the milking, please." Then she turned back to the shivering boy. "You never told your sister that her scholarship is tied to yours, did you? That she wouldn't have been accepted if you hadn't signed up as well?"

Troy gulped and shook his head. "No."

"And if neither of you had this scholarship, your mother probably couldn't afford to send both of you to college, could she?"

His eyes got big. "Mrs. Parker, please! I could have gone to community college, but Jessica needs to go to a really good journalism school to have a chance! You can't take that away from her!"

The headmistress grinned and made a mark in his file. "Monday morning nude modeling it is."

Troy groaned. How would he get through a whole semester of that?!

"Now," she said, as the grinning nurse came in and set up a glass bowl, gloves and lube on a low rolling cart, "let's look at your Wednesdays afternoons... what else can we do with a four inch wonder... I'm assigning you to the Spanking lab from 4:30 to 5:30 every Wednesday. Different girls will take turns on your adorable tush as needed."

"Ma'am! Please! I haven't been spanked in... years! And I haven't done anything wrong!"

"Oh no," Mrs. Parker laughed. "*Punishment* spankings are on Sundays. Wednesdays are just for the girls to practice. We teach both the old and new methods of female authority here at FFM. You'll find they mesh together very well." Troy's heart sank as she made the change in ink. "It might be the only touching you get from students during the week, due to that..." She grinned. "...small endowment of yours."

Both women chuckled, and the nurse pushed the low cart under him so that the bowl stopped under Troy's hard dick.

"I told him most SPU girls have standards," Hannah laughed, lubing up her gloved hands.

Troy felt his face burning again as his cock throbbed, watching her.

"Speaking of which," the headmistress continued, "I'm also adding you to Cunnilingus for Beginners, Tuesdays and Thursdays mornings. We need to make you an expert in pleasing women *somehow*. I've put all the freshmen with tiny dicks in that class, so you'll have something to bond with the other boys over."

"Please," Troy begged as both women laughed. "Maybe you're right- maybe I should go home!"

"And miss this?" The headmistress nodded to Hannah, and Troy jumped against his bonds as the nurse grasped his cock in her slick, lubed hands.

"What are you do-doing!" The nurse wasn't touching him clinically like before- she was stroking with a purpose. He wouldn't be able to last long!

"You know that when a man touches his own hard cock, any Awakened woman within half a mile can read all of his sexual thoughts? It's quite embarrassing for young boys," the Headmistress said.

"Yes!" he gasped. The nurse was good, finding his most sensitive spots at once!

"Well one of the side benefits of scholarship is being spared from that humiliation," the older woman said. "Each Sunday, scholarship boys may request to have their balls drained like this by

Nurse Hannah here, so that their dirtiest, most intimate thoughts aren't broadcast over the entire school each time they get randy in the shower."

Troy started bucking his hips in time to the nurse's talented hands. He couldn't be caught masturbating by Jessica again! This might be the only way to avoid that! What choice did he have?

He was panting, getting close. "Only once a week?"

"Sounds like we have a new scholarship boy," the Headmistress laughed, closing his file.

"All the freshman ask that," Hannah giggled as she stroked, then started using her rear hand to rub slick circles between his balls and asshole, making him groan. "You'll see, honey. One draining from me a week will be enough to make sure you don't get frustrated."

"Well, not *too* frustrated," Mrs. Parker laughed. "For most boys, a week at SPU is like a month of stimulation back home. We've never had a cock here as small as yours, so it's still left to see if the girls target you more or less than average."

Troy stood up on his tiptoes. "I'm! I'm going to-"

"Not quite yet," Mrs. Parker laughed, making a Loop at his cock.

Troy felt it coming on- his balls pulled tight to his body, his legs shook and then his cock clenched like it was going to explode- but not a drop came out! Hannah laughed and kept stroking him through the yelling, mind-melting edge of a blocked orgasm and straight through the other side as he tried to catch his breath. The pressure had tried to leave his balls but felt like it had got pushed back in, leaving him even more frustrated than before!

"First blocked orgasm?" the nurse laughed, her hands slower but not stopped. "What are they teaching girls out there nowadays?"

"And he has an Awakened sister as well," Harriet said, shaking her head. "Goodness knows why he hadn't been securely Looped before." She made sure Troy was looking her in the eye. "Mr. Appleton. Mr. Appleton! I need to make sure you understand what you are signing up for. Repeat after me: I accept this scholarship, and thus my body is pledged to FFM for the semester."

His voice cracking as the nurse swirled his tip and tickled his balls with her fingers, Troy did.

Harriet smiled. "Will you always keep it as clean, as shaved and as fit as it is now, or better as required?"

"Yes!" With each stroke, the nurse's rear hand was migrating back from his balls towards his exposed asshole. Now the edges of her fingers were near his rim, making his crack slippery and wet.

"Oh, he blushes so adorably!" Hannah giggled.

The Headmistress nodded. "Just like Jimmy and the boys in my special Summer sessions. Maybe he does have a future at SPU after all." She opened his folder again. "I'll make sure you're nude for all your licking practices, Mr. Appleton- other women have to see this."

"No! I don't want-" Troy groaned as the nurse kept up her strokes and teasing of his asshole, pointing his dick at the bowl beneath him. "Ahhh-ahh!"

"I thought so," Harriet said, flipping his folder shut with a smile. "One last pledge and you can enjoy Hannah's grand finale, so to speak. Will you make this body available for official FFM use, no matter how intimate or humiliating the task assigned? Or risk having your and your sister's full scholarships revoked?"

"YES!" he cried, pulling at his bound hands and feet as Hannah sped up even more.

The Headmistress nodded at the nurse, who slipped her middle finger all the way into Troy's open, lubricated asshole and started stroking fast. At the same time she pointed at his crotch and made a scissors gesture to cut her own Loop.

"UNNGH! Ughh! AHHHH!" he cried, explosively filling the glass bowl with his semen. Spurt after spurt came out, as Hannah timed her rear finger to hit his prostate as her front hand stroked down to his root. "FUCK! Guuhh...ahh...ohhh," he panted, as she slowed her strokes to drain the last few drops from his balls as her finger still wriggled inside him.

Headmistress Parker patted the exhausted boy's ass.

"Welcome to SPU for the Fall semester, Mr. Appleton. I hope you make it until the mid-term break."

"What's a matter, big brother?" Jessica laughed. "Don't like your new uniform?"

Troy blushed for the hundredth time that morning. He had worn boxer shorts more modest than this! And always put clothes on top of those before he left the house! Troy squirmed and tugged on the hem of his powder blue short shorts again, which had written across their ass: "Property of the SPU Athletic Department."

As the boys' dorm hall monitor, a tiny, cute Japanese girl, had explained, boys could wear normal clothes to mundane classes, but for Powers based courses, scholarship boys had to wear the thin blue shorts, matching blue flip flops, and nothing else.

"What kind of school doesn't let men wear pants or shirts?" he hissed, hunching over as he sat between his sister and Amber. The tiny uniform, and the memory of what the nurse had done to his bottom yesterday... "It's not right!"

"Oh, it's all *kinds* of right," Jessica said, checking out a tall, blond boy with a ripped chest sitting down in front of them. "Mmmm...Viking stock."

Troy blushed as yet another group of girls sat behind him and checked out his barely-covered ass. "It's not fair!"

"I think you look nice shirtless," Amber said. "I like how the muscles in your shoulders move."

His throat got tight. He had sat this close to her a few times at home, and the fresh light, strawberry scent of her body spray always drilled right into his brain and made him tongue tied! "Oh! Um, thanks."

"You should have spent more time shirtless when we lived next to each other," she added. "Whenever you went out to mow your lawn, I would always hope that the sun would come out so you'd get too hot and strip off."

"Really?!"

"Of course!" she giggled. "What girl wouldn't like a hot, sweaty man doing manly things outside her bedroom window where she can spy on him?"

His jaw dropped. "We lived next to each other for six years! Why didn't you ever say something like that before?"

The hottest girl he knew giggled. "I dunno. Maybe SPU is making me look at some boys a little differently," she giggled, patting his bare thigh more meaningfully than she ever had before.

Troy thanked Nurse Hannah and her talented fingers. If she hadn't drained him so well yesterday, he would have been straining to keep his erection down in front of Amber right now! And he had also slept like a baby last night, not tempted to jack off at all.

"Jess and I have Applied Oral Skills after this," the redhead went on, then giggled. "Blowjobs class! What do you have?"

Troy didn't have to look at his schedule, the words were burned into his brain: Monday 10-11 am: NUDE MODELING

"I've got uh, thing to do for my athletic scholarship."

"Athletic scholarship," Jessica snorted. "Not unless they have a ballet team!"

"Shut it, Jess!"

"Is it something that works out your shoulders?" Amber asked. "Can I watch?"

"NO!" Troy gasped. "It's um, a, like a complex sports thing. You'd be bored!"

"Oh. Okay."

Her crestfallen face made Troy sad, but he could never let her see him displayed like *that*. Especially if his penis was as shamefully small as everyone said!

Luckily Jessica broke the silence between him and Amber. "Ugh. Look who's in the front row, Amber. Rich bitch."

Troy craned his neck to see, and spotted a tall, well-dressed thin blond girl in the front, talking to two equally well-dressed friends. "What's wrong with her? She looks like a fashion model."

"She *is* a fashion model," Jessica said. "Miranda St. Clare. And she wants everyone to know it! Those clothes she's wearing? They cost more than Mom's car, Troy."

Amber frowned. "She was going on in the halls last night, about how girls like your sister and I shouldn't be allowed into SPU, because we drag the median income of the students down!"

"What a snob," Troy agreed, then turned to Amber suddenly. "Wait? Your family can't afford tuition at SPU either? Then how are you able to be here?"

Troy thought he might be mistaken, but he thought he saw Amber's cute ears start turning a little red.

"Oh, I'm um, here because of...uh-"

"*MAGIC.*"

All the students turned to face the stage from where the booming, exotic voice had come. The long student desks were raised on steps so that everyone had a clear view to the lowered central teaching area, but Troy swore that the lithe, hooded figure hadn't been standing there a second ago. All the students went quiet as the lights lowered to near darkness and a low mist started filling the room.

"*That is what you young ones came here to learn,*" the robed figure continued. Her voice seemed to come from everywhere at once, and Troy found the rich Middle Eastern accent intriguing and foreboding at the same time.

"*You think Magic can be tamed like a pet, to bark and fetch at your will. But I am here to tell you, Magic is a wild beast that can swallow you whole if you are not careful.*"

The woman threw off her hood to reveal long, curly jet-black hair, flawless brown skin and the most piercing eyes Troy could remember seeing. Each student she pinned with those eyes, male or female, squirmed a little in their seat until she looked elsewhere.

"I am also here to make sure you do not get eaten. I am Professor Zadora. Welcome to Magic 101." Her voice had gone from bone-shivering to merely commanding, and with a wave of her hand, the lights came back on to a dim level.

"How is she doing that?" Jessica whispered. "Sex Magic can't control electricity! Can it?"

Troy shook his head, equally clueless.

"What is the source of this wonderful Magic which has swept over the world?" Zadora asked, slowly walking between the first row of student tables. "What powers this miracle?" She turned and pointed to a girl in skintight yoga pants whose ass Troy had been peeking at before class.

"Um, some, uh, say it's caused by cosmic rays," the girl stuttered.

"Cosmic rays that hit only women and ignore men? How can that be?" she laughed. The teacher kept walking on, pointed at another girl. "You! What causes Sex Magic?"

"I don't know."

Zadora smiled. "A better answer. Admitting ignorance is the first step to knowledge." She turned on one of the boys in the middle of the room. Troy cursed as he saw that boy got to wear normal clothes- his family had paid full tuition. "You. As a male, what do you think powers the Magic given all women but not to you?"

"My family says men power Sex Magic," he said with the most confidence so far. "It's because men are being punished for past mistakes, by God."

"That is half right," the teacher purred. "Except that if you believe in God, he certainly has better ways to express himself. But men *are* part of the answer."

She had reached Troy, Jessica and Amber's level, then looked around. "Do we have any scholarship boys here? You- come with me."

Troy's heart jumped into this throat. "Me?" he squeaked, not moving.

"That is your purpose here, is it not? Now come before I make you perform this demonstration *without* your little blue shorts."

Troy jumped up as Jessica let out a little squeal of glee. He followed his teacher down the steps. The robe covered her from shoulders to the floor, yet Troy found himself watching the sway of her hips as she walked. She turned just before they reached the center table to catch him staring at her ass.

"Careful where you look, boy. Remember what I told you about being eaten alive." A few of the front row girls giggled as Troy gulped. Zadora pointed at a chair. "Sit." Troy sat.

She dramatically pulled the sheet off a strange looking device which had one large jewel flat at table level and one vertically mounted like some sort of clock face.

"This is a Magic truth detector. Put your hand on the lower jewel, boy." Troy gulped, then did. "What is your name, boy?"

"Um, Troy Appleton!"

The upper jewel flashed green. "Truth," Zadora laughed. "Now, are you the President of France?"

"No," Troy said as some students laughed.

Zadora looked at him with impatience as the jewel flashed green again. "Say yes. We are calibrating the detector, foolish boy."

"Oh! Sorry! Yes! I'm the President of France."

Red. "Lie. Now we are ready to begin," she said, strolling around the room. "Let's start with something simple... how often do you masturbate, boy?"

Troy's jaw dropped as the girls, including his sister, giggled. "What?" But the look in Zadora's eyes showed she was serious. "Um... once a week," he said, starting to blush.

Red. "Lie. One more lie will cost you your shorts," the teacher said. "Answer again: how often do you masturbate, naughty boy?"

He was turning red now, looking in fear at the upper jewel. "Um.. uh... three to four times a week!"

The jewel went green as the girls laughed.

"Naughty boy indeed," Zadora chuckled. "And how often do you *wish* you could masturbate?"

Troy gulped. He couldn't admit this- not in front of Jessica and Amber! But he couldn't be nude in front of them either! He squirmed, gulped, then said, "Uh, every day." The upper jewel started turning a light shade of red. "Two to three times a day!" he spat. The red switched to bright green and he sighed in relief. Until the class started cackling.

He looked up and Jess was dying in laughter, holding her stomach. Amber was blushing and holding her hand in front of her mouth.

"And *that* is what powers Sexual Magic," Zadora said. "Not just men, but their urges, their perversions, their constant need to empty those full sacks between their legs." She pinned her gaze on the humiliated boy at the front of the class again. "Now, boy, who in this class, I wonder, drives your urges the most?"

Troy's heart almost stopped. *Oh no!*

"Some call it affinity, some call it lust energy," Zadora said. "But all it is is a connection between two people. Who in here do you think about most when masturbating, I wonder?" She wandered around some of the female students as Troy squirmed, holding her hand above their heads one by one. "This cute girl? Or this one?" The top jewel flashed red. "No. Not these. Yet I sense a strong affinity from you, to someone in this class."

"It's probably me," Miranda St. Clare said, raising her hand in the front row. "I was on the cover of Vogue last month. I bet he's been stroking it thinking of me! Dirty boy!"

Zadora smiled and held her hand over the striking blond's head as Troy gulped and looked at the upper jewel. It turned red, then bright red.

"No, not you, little one," the teacher laughed. "In fact he may even be repelled by you," she added as the class laughed at the shocked blond girl.

"That's not possible!"

"The Truth detector has spoken," Zadora said. "Let us see if it is still calibrated. Do you find *me* attractive, boy?" she asked, holding her hand over her own head. Troy gulped and the jewel turned light green.

"Still calibrated," the teacher laughed, then continued her circuit of the room. "Now, who in here inspires our boy's lust? Let's see..." Troy started getting anxious as she approached Amber and Jessica's table, her hands out as if sensing the air. "Yes, I'm getting something here... something very strong..."

"Ma'am!" he gulped. "I don't think this should-"

"Yes, very strong here," she laughed as she reached the two girls he feared. The top jewel was turning bright green. "But which of these two girls makes our boy erect? The brunette or the redhead? Brunette or redhead..." she said, waving her hands above Jessica's and Amber's heads as Troy broke out into a sweat.

"Both have strong affinity with this boy, but who really fires up his masturbation games? I'm getting a signal..."

"NO!" Troy yelled, snatching his hand off the lower jewel and making the top one go dark. "That's personal!"

"But the signal is still coming through!" Zadora said. To the class's amazement, the top jewel lit up green. "Very strong! Wait, it *was* me all along!" she laughed, holding her hand over her own head again. "You have a deep crush on Professor Zadora!"

Troy shook his head as the top jewel turned bright green, then started flashing like a strobe.

"What! I'm not even touching it!" he cried as the class laughed.

The teacher held out her hand, to show the class the small electronic remote she held in it, then used it to turn the top jewel blue, then yellow, then purple. "Never let yourself get fooled, my students, by fake tricks! All magic, sexual or otherwise, requires participation from the audience to work!" She used the remote to turn the room lights up and down too, and a few girls groaned, having been fooled like Jessica had been.

"That is all for today, class," she laughed as the bell rang. "We will start with the real spells next week, but remember this lesson always! All magic requires consent of the audience!"

Jessica and Amber didn't wait for Troy- Jessica dragged the other girl from the room.

"Come on!" she said, rushing down the hall. "We've got to get a good seat for Oral Skills!"

The redhead giggled and tried to keep up with her. "They'll have enough seats, I'm sure."

"No! I want to be in front!"

The two of them were the first in class and got the two center seats in the front most row.

Jessica grinned as they waited, then said, "Can you believe what Professor Zadora was saying? Magic requires consent? What hogwash!"

"Maybe she was trying to make a more subtle point," Amber offered, taking out her notebook.

"Magic doesn't need to be subtle! If we get good at Powers, we'll be able to fling boys around, freeze them in any position, or seal off their orgasms for years! And we definitely won't ask their *consent* to do it!" Jessica snorted.

"Maybe Professor Zadora's point was, maybe we should."

"I'll tell you what," Jessica went on. "I wish I could use Powers on that St. Clare! Can you imagine her nerve- assuming all men in the world jack off to her?"

"Okay, that was pretty snobby," Amber giggled.

"I hope I don't have a class with that stuck up bitch again..." Jessica trailed off as Miranda and her friends sauntered into the room, claiming a set of front row seats as well. A group of girls were following them, asking Miranda questions about what it was like to be a model and what she was wearing. Jessica and Amber just rolled their eyes and the star-chasers left for their own classes after a minute.

This was a smaller class, only fifteen students, and when the teacher entered, she was dressed in elegant high heels, expensive nylons and tight pencil skirt, and a very fashionable ballero jacket over a crisp white shirt. She looked like a sexy secretary and spoke in a liquid French accent.

"I am Professor Milieu. Welcome to Introduction to Oral Skills." She snapped her fingers.

Jessica and Amber gasped as assistants wheeled in four gurneys with nude, blindfolded boys on them, each boy strapped down so they could barely move and each sporting a thick, impressive hard-on.

"It is a very hands-on class," Professor Milieu laughed.

"We're not even going to use Powers to hold them down?" Miranda complained as a restrained boy was wheeled in front of her table.

"Powers are not always the best answer, mon cherie," the professor said. "As you will see, some things are best done... in the flesh. Especially the oral skills."

Jessica and Amber squealed in delight as a boy was wheeled to their table- his shaved cock was like eight inches of twitching lead pipe. But Miranda still wasn't happy.

"You mean we have to suck them without Powers *too*?" she said. "With our actual *mouths*?"

"Oh my god can that bitch please stop whining," Jessica whispered, making Amber giggle and drawing a sharp gaze from Miranda.

Even the teacher was getting a little annoyed.

"Oral pleasure is like a dance between your tongue and his penis. With rhythm and motion and flow, just like you were dancing with your whole bodies. You cannot learn to simulate with Powers what you cannot do in the flesh. And there is no faster way to learn than practice."

She waved a hand down at the boy strapped to the table in front of her. "You will see that our volunteers are blindfolded so they cannot see you, and have earplugs so they cannot hear you. They will never know whose mouths they have felt unless you tell them."

She smiled and lifted her blindfolded boy's cock until it was vertical then dropped her mouth on it to the root. He gasped in surprise and pleasure as her cheeks hollowed and her tongue obviously worked furiously inside her mouth. Then the woman pulled off his cock, leaving it dripping wet, moved up to his face and gave the boy a deep French kiss as his face turned bright red. Then the Professor primly dabbed the corner of her mouth with a handkerchief.

"So feel free to be uninhibited. You may begin."

Amber raised her hand. "But isn't there a danger they'll cum in our mouth?"

Miranda snorted. "You two don't even know how to make or break Loops yet? What are they teaching the unwashed masses?"

"Enough," Professor Milieu told the blond, then turned to Amber. "I have spent time before class preparing all of our volunteers for you, young one," she laughed, pulling a feather duster from her desk and using it on her boy's cock as he writhed against his bonds. "They are all clean, all Looped, and all very ready for your attentions. Do not deny our good volunteers any longer-begin!"

Jessica squealed in delight and picked up her and Amber's cock, pointing it vertically like the Professor did. From her very first lick, the boy shuddered and cried out.

"Now we know why she didn't plug his mouth too," Amber giggled, licking the other side of the huge cock and making him moan again. "That's good feedback!"

Jessica giggled too, taking the fat tip in her mouth and trying a few tongue swirls before pointing the cock at the other girl. Now the boy realized he was being sucked by two girls at once and his squeals rose an octave, his face red and straining.

"How do they find boys to volunteer for this?" Jess marveled. "This class is an hour long!" She dropped her mouth on the cock again, watching his reaction.

"The professor was joking," Amber said. "They're not literally volunteers, Jess."

"Hhhmm?" she asked, her mouth full. "What are they then?"

"What did you think boys got scholarships to SPU for?" Amber asked. She took the cock Jess offered and swirled the tip herself, making the boy buck.

"You mean..." Jessica gasped. "This is what Troy is here for? This could be him someday?!"

"Well hopefully not at our table," Amber giggled, handing the trembling cock back to her friend. "That would be awkward."

"God, totally," Jess laughed, trying to go as deep as she had seen the Professor do, even as she felt that twinge between her thighs again.

The older woman was strolling around the tables observing and offering tips. "Tongue! Use tongue girl! Relax your jaw! There you go. No teeth, Miranda. Never teeth!"

The blond sighed and rolled her eyes, licking with obvious distaste. "Whatever."

At Jessica and Amber's table, between the two of them licking and sucking their boy as a tag team, he started trembling and shivering.

"Someone's getting ready to blow!" Amber giggled. "Look at his balls pull up! He's going to have a blocked retro-orgasm!"

"Oh! I want to feel this!" Jessica said, trying to deep throat him again.

"You lower class girls would," Miranda snorted, no longer even licking her boy, just waving her fingers over his member. But it was twitching and jumping just as much as Jessica's was. Tonsils deep in cock, Jess looked up and flipped the rich girl off. Miranda's eyes got big and she swiveled her pointing fingers from her boy's cock to Jessica's, then made a scissors gesture in the air.

Jessica started to gag as cum exploded into the back of her throat. She pulled off in panic but that only meant shooting cum got on her eyes, nose and mouth.

"AAhhh!"

"What is going on here!" Professor Milieu said, racing over on her heels. She placed her fingers at the base of the still spurting cock like she was feeling it's pulse. "This boy's Loops have been cut! Jessica, why did you do such a thing?"

To talk, Jess had to swallow the huge load blocking her mouth. "It, it wasn't me!" she said, making a face at the taste still on her tongue. "Yech! It was her!" She pointed at Miranda, who was now intently sucking her own boy's cock. The other girl looked up as if startled by the commotion, an innocent expression on her face.

"What? I was just doing my assignment!"

Milieu shook her head, watching the last spurts of a ruined orgasm dribble onto the boy's stomach. "Well I hope you're happy. This volunteer can't be used for practice for the rest of class. Headmistress Parker will hear of this little stunt, Miss Appleton! And it looks like you got exactly what you deserved!"

Jess was still making a face, trying to wash her mouth out in the sink, and she gave Miranda an evil look as the blond girl snickered and continued teasing her hard cock like a lollypop.

Troy's was practically shaking as he reached the door marked: "Art Lab. Nude Models Enter Here". Girls giggled as they walked by him in the hall, only making him blush more.

This is crazy! Is a scholarship really worth this? Before he could answer, the door opened and a teacher in a tied off shirt and tight jeans spotted him.

"You're Troy? My model for ten o'clock?" Troy gulped and nodded, and she grabbed his arm. "I'm Professor Gilda. The girls are already inside. No time to wait." She yanked the boy inside and led him past racks of empty canvases, paints and brushes. "You look nice. Good muscle tone," she said, squeezing his arm as she pulled him.

He gulped. "Thanks."

"You shaved your boy bits? All of them? It makes drawing a lot easier."

"Yes," he said, blushing.

She smiled, leading him to a curtain across a doorway. *A changing room?* Troy hoped. But she didn't give him a robe.

"Have you ever been nude in front of twenty women before?"

Troy almost fainted. *Twenty!?!?* "No ma'am!"

"Well, don't hunch or slouch. My focus is to foster artistic talent, not your modesty. Just stand up tall, follow my instructions and the hour will pass before you know it, okay?"

Troy gulped. "Ma'am, I was wondering if I could use a posing pouch, or a speedo, for the first few times..."

The teacher smiled and patted his arm. "Of course we could. Many art schools do." Then she added, "I just choose not to!"

She pulled Troy through the curtain into the main room, where twenty grinning girls waited behind their easels. He felt the pulse pounding in his ears as she pulled him to the slightly raised center stage, all female eyes on him.

The teacher started adjusting lights behind him as she addressed the class. "Now girls, you see today that we have something much more interesting than a bowl of fruit to draw- a brave male has volunteered to be our nude model for the semester!"

Troy gulped as some of the girls whistled or clapped.

"Now now, girls, calm down. We won't be doing anything different, and models do get tired, so please make good use of your time while we have him fresh. Start with your Number Four pencils; you'll see that the human form has many gentle contours that benefit from the softer lead. Disrobe please, Troy."

The offhand way she said it made Troy feel a little silly. She had obviously used nude models many times before. Yet his pulse still pounded in his ears as he took off his sandals as slowly as possible, then, with a deep breath, put his fingers inside his waistband. *Could he really do this? Naked? What would it be like to be exposed in front of so many-*

Behind him, Professor Gilda shook her head, then grabbed the hem of his shorts and whisked them to his ankles in one smooth motion. "There we go," she laughed, tossing the shorts away as Troy gasped. "Now, head up, turn to face that window. There's a good boy."

Troy shivered, trying to comply. He was nude in front of twenty girls, totally nude!

The professor faced the class with her back to him. "Now girls, you'll want to hold your pencils like this, firm but soft..."

Troy blushed as some of the girls in the front row started whispering to each other then giggling, eyes on his crotch.

The professor waved her hand. "Yes, yes, he's got a shaved crotch. We make all the models do it. Now girls, make sure you account for shadow..."

Then the second row started giggling, then part of the third...

"What is so funny?" the teacher asked, then turned around to see Troy's nude front for the first time. "Oh dear!" she giggled, covering her mouth with her hand. Troy turned red as some of the other girls- really cute ones- openly started laughing too.

"What?" he demanded, starting to cover himself.

"Oh no, hands at your sides, dearie," the teacher laughed, pulling the embarrassed boy's wrists apart with some effort. Standing right in front of him, she looked down at his soft cock and shook her head. "Oh, that's too bad. From your proportions I would have guessed you were much more... well, we'll make do, I guess! Girls, stop giggling now- the poor boy can't help that he's hung like my finger."

Troy's face started turning dark red at the teacher's words. *She didn't have to say it like that!* He tried to hide his shame the best he could, but each pose she adjusted his hips or legs so that his cock and balls were right out in the open, jutting out as if he was proud of them! She turned

him to face a different direction every few minutes, so that every giggling girl got to see exactly what the embarrassed boy didn't have between his legs.

Troy cringed as each new classmate openly snorted at his endowment, realizing that it was another girl he'd never have a chance at. *Or any of her friends, or anyone who sees her drawings! The nurse was right- I won't be dating anyone at this school!*

Worst of all, some of the girls were really cute! They bit their lower lips in concentration as they worked, their breasts pulled against their shirts as they arched their backs to get at their canvases, and some wore casual shorts and had slipped off their shoes, crossing their young legs and twirling their slim, bare feet right before his eyes...*oh shit!*

The front row giggled as his cock gave one twitch, then another, then broke into outright laughs as he started to erect. The teacher looked up from a student's canvas to see what the fuss was about.

"Well, you don't have much Mr. Appleton, but you sure seem to like showing it off!" she laughed as he reached half hardness. She waved her hand. "Keep drawing girls, I'm sure his *enthusiasm* for embarrassing himself in front of us will go away soon."

But it didn't. Once the blood started flowing, no matter how Troy tried to grit his teeth and fight it, his penis pulsed and grew stiffer.

"Mr. Appleton!" the teacher laughed as she looked up from another student's work a few minutes later to find him three-fourths hard. "What ARE you thinking about up there?"

The beet red boy cringed but didn't break his pose. "Please Ma'am!" he gasped, "can't we take a break?"

"Not quite yet," she said, starting to walk to the front of the room. "Girls! Flip to a new sheet." The sound of papers rustling swept across the room. "Let's try some more *interesting* poses, since our model has shown himself so eager."

"Please, ma'am-" he begged, red faced.

"Shush. I'll be gentle," she chuckled, patting his bare butt. "Now girls, as a man erects, does it become easier or harder to hold him in place with Sex Powers?"

The class answered as one.

"Easier!"

"Exactly. Now, Troy, stand up high on your tiptoes and stick one leg out, like a sexy can-can dancer."

Blushing, the boy did, but shakily. "Ma'am! I can't hold this!"

The teacher smiled and reached out to tap the straining boy in the center of his chest.

"Freeze," she said, and Troy found all his muscles locked in place like he was trapped in cement!

"Now girls, don't try this spell on your own yet. It takes a lot of care to freeze a boy's major muscles but still let him breathe! Let's draw our dear erect ballet star, and we'll end the class with that."

Troy couldn't move, held in nude place by magic as the classroom of cute girls giggled at him. And after a few minutes to make sure he couldn't move, three of the cutest girls in the front row started blowing kisses or stroking their pencils suggestively and winking at him. Unable to turn his neck or even close his eyes, Troy had no choice but to keep looking right at the teasing girls.

After a few minutes of that, one of them looked over her shoulder to make sure that the teacher was busy, then leaned forward in her low cut tank top and pushed her breasts together to give him an amazing display of young, firm cleavage. Her friends snickered at Troy's expression

as his cock surged but couldn't do a thing about it! She quickly stopped when Professor Gilda started walking back towards them.

"Oh my goodness!" the teacher exclaimed, getting closer. "Troy! You're dripping onto my stage!" She pulled a soft rag from her back pocket, grabbed the horrified boy's erection with two fingers and wiped his tip dry like a baby's nose as the front row teasers exploded into laughter. "There we go. Honestly!"

She had to do that three more times during the class as the girls teased him, and each time Troy was sure his heart would explode. But he survived until the bell rang, then she dissolved her magic and Troy collapsed onto the stage as the girls laughed and filed out.

"Good job, Troy," Gilda said, approaching the red-faced boy with his shorts and a cold bottle of Gatorade. "You were a much better sport than most scholarship boys their first time."

Embarrassed almost to tears, he sipped the drink just to look away. "I can't believe that just happened!"

"Oh, most new models pop a boner some time during the semester," she said, then laughed. "Usually not that quickly though." She sat on a table and smiled. "And usually not one that stiff! Benefits of a smaller penis, I suppose."

"Are you going to do that every time? Freeze me in some horribly humiliating pose?"

"Oh, no, of course not," the teacher laughed, then tossed him the rag so he could wipe his tip himself. "Only every time you get hard."

At least he could dress normally for his Cunnilingus class, since it wasn't a scholarship requirement. After the nude modeling humiliation, Troy wore as many layers as he could.

It was only eight boys, three of them his roommates, and he blushed as he remembered what the Headmistress had said. Had she done the room assignments by penis size too?

His roommates Billy and John were slight boys about his size, he could see them being small-dicked, but the last roommate, a tall, jovial brown-skinned boy named Alphonso couldn't be, could he? And he was so confident, so upbeat as the boys had unpacked on Sunday, he had to be normal sized!

But Alphonso was sitting right next to Troy in Cunnilingus for Beginners. The boys tried to make some idle talk, but they all knew why they were here: they were going to get to see and lick pussy! There was an electric charge in the air.

Troy stiffened as Professor Zadora appeared behind the stage. *She taught this class too?* Wow.

The brown-skinned beauty strode around her desk and laughed. "Feel that tension in the air! Do you boys think you are going to taste live girls on your first day?" She tossed books to the blushing boys. Troy read the cover and his face burned: *Tongue Worship for the Kneeling Male: A Guide*. "Read that and do the exercises inside. Every night."

Billy raised his hand lazily. "How can we do the exercises when we don't have girls to practice on?"

Zadora held up her hand, making a loose fist with her thumb towards them. She pointed at the hole with a laugh. "Your tongue goes in here." She pointed at the top, where her index finger bent. "Clitoris." The thumb and knuckle. "Labial lips."

"You expect to read this whole book and lie in our beds licking our own hands!?" Billy exclaimed. "That's silly!"

She smiled. "I do. Because your first practice with live partners is in two days."

Troy shivered, his hand on the knob to the door marked: Spanking Lab.

It won't be so bad, he thought. I've been spanked before and I took it. Ten light taps over my shorts, with a teacher supervising to make sure I don't get hurt, and then I'm done. He gulped. I hope!

Troy opened the door to find a small room with just one nineteen-year old black girl in it, swishing a ping pong paddle through the air experimentally.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I was looking for the big Spanking Lab," he said.

"The lab is split into small practice rooms like this one," she replied in a rich Nigerian accent. "This is room 5. If that is what your schedule says, you are in the right place."

Troy looked down at his schedule and swallowed. "Um, okay," he said, taking a small step inside. The room was the size of a small bedroom but contained only the chair she sat on.

The girl smiled widely, her teeth bright against her dark, smooth skin. "Close the door, please."

"Um, all right..."

"And drop those tiny shorts so we can get started!"

"What! I have to be naked?"

She laughed in a deep, musical voice and waved the paper in her other hand. "That's what the instruction sheet says! How am I supposed to give you a bare-butt spanking if you've still got your clothes on?"

His hands on his waistband, Troy gulped. "Will there be a teacher, um, coming in?"

"Not unless I call her because you're giving me trouble." She smacked the paddle against her hand. "You aren't going to give me trouble, are ya?"

Troy shivered at the way the smack echoed off the bare walls. "No Miss," he gulped and dropped his shorts to his ankles.

"Oh my Lord!" the black girl laughed, covering her mouth. "It IS true what they say about white boys, isn't it?"

His face turned red as she continued to laugh his soft cock. Why did this get to him every time?

She was still chuckling as she bunched her knee-length skirt around her hips and patted her bare thighs. "Come on, white boy, lay across my lap and I'll let you hide that two-inch tool between my knees where it won't embarrass you!"

Totally nude, Troy approached the attractive woman cautiously, lining up across her thighs and lowering down a little. "I haven't, uh, done it this way before, do I go here or-"

"Here, I'll show you."

Her hand caught his wrist and jerked it behind his back with surprising strength while she parted her legs, and Troy found himself toppling forward. His free hand caught himself just before his head hit the floor, but most of his weight was being supported on the girl's lap.

"That's the position," she laughed as his legs dangled uselessly in the air. "Now just to make sure you don't move..." The girl pressed her muscular thighs together and Troy froze as his tender cock and balls were pressed tightly between them.

"Now, white boy, let's give you some color! I'll start with my bare hand first."

"Okay, but just don't hit too-"

SMACK!

"OWwww!" Troy wailed as the girl laughed.

"That was just one! And I'm not even swinging hard! You need this practice as much as I do!" She laughed and gave the blushing boy three more hard swats, getting him to yelp with each one.

"Oooh, you've got a tender butt!" she laughed, then gave his warm ass a soothing rub. "But it's a cute one, at least. Now try not to squirm so much- we might be here a while!"

Troy moaned. He had been fighting it, but it had been three days since Nurse Hannah's finger. He hadn't dared jack off, and the way this girl's warm thighs felt against his bare body, and how each swat radiated outward through his groin, it was such an intimate position...

"Hey! Are you getting hard down there?" the black girl laughed, squeezing her thighs against the member trying to expand against them. "Nose buried in the carpet and your butt pointing to the heavens, and you're getting a boner while I spank you, white boy?"

"I'm sorry! I can't help it!"

"I know," she laughed. "Professor Parker told us this might happen. To the more perverted boys. She also told us to help you along if it did."

"No, please!"

But the girl reached down anyway around her outer leg, found his dangling penis and started massaging it.

"No! Uh! Please!"

"Now you're *fighting* getting hard?" she laughed, squeezing his cock rhythmically. "I'll never understand white boys! There you go," she chuckled as he stiffened rapidly in her hand.

Troy was dying of shame as one of her hands held him pinned while her other toyed with his member, which was responding against his will. "That's it! Let that three inch monster get just as stiff as it can!" she chuckled. She let go when it started twitching and producing copious pre-cum onto her fingers.

"Ick," she giggled, wiping her hand off on Troy's bare ass, then picking up her paddle. "Now, let's *really* start practicing!"

Four naked boys with red butts lay face down on their beds, moaning.

"I got 30," Alphonso groaned, gingerly rubbing his burning backside. "Fifteen by hand and fifteen with the paddle!"

"I got 35," Billy moaned, fanning his with a notebook.

"Me too!" John said.

Alphonso tried to look up without clenching his rear. "Troy, how many did you get?"

Troy winced- even remembering it made his butt burn more! "45."

"Oh man, she must have really liked you!" Alphonso laughed.

Troy groaned. His spanker had laughed at his erection the entire time, stopping every few swats to toy with his twitching "baby dick", then wiping the collected pre-cum on his ass before starting to spank it again. How he wanted to wash his own slime off his ass, but it hurt too much to touch! His face was as red as his behind. "I hope I never get her again!"

John sighed. "Man, I hope I get mine *every* week."

Alphonso perked up. "Was she hot?"

John looked around, then whispered, "She was *so* hot. Her thighs kept squeezing my hard-on as she spanked; dude, those thighs were like velvet! She tried to act all innocent, but she knew what she was doing," John added with a grin. "She could have stopped at 30, but she giggled and kept going, and when she slipped out of her sandals and crossed her tiny feet right in my face, I couldn't help it- I came all over them! And she let me!"

The boys hooted and congratulated him, some having to reach down and adjust themselves.

John laughed. "God I LOVE redheads!"

Now Troy perked up. "Redhead? What was her name?"

"Dude, I don't know!" John laughed.

"And she had cute feet?"

"She had the fucking cutest feet in the world!"

Troy swallowed. "Did she smell like... strawberries?"

"Actually, yeah, she did!" John sighed again. "Maybe I'll get her tomorrow for cunnilingus training!"

"That's right!" Alphonso said. "Professor Zadora said we'd be getting live practice tomorrow! Mmm, I could eat a lot of strawberries I bet..."

Troy ground his teeth even as his dick pressed painfully against the bed, imagining Amber getting him off while she spanked him. It had to be her- no other redhead's feet could make a boy cum while his ass was on fire!

"I don't know if I'm going to class tomorrow," Billy moaned. "My butt hurts too much!"

"Mine too. Maybe I'll take a day off," Troy said. If he had to watch someone else lick out his high school crush right in front of him- it would kill him! "Maybe a few days to rest up."

"Well, get a load of you whiners!" their hall monitor laughed from the doorway. "Do you babies want some lotion for your red bottoms? Should I kiss your boo-boos and make it all better?"

All four boys blushed, unable to cover themselves before the laughing Asian girl. Her jean shorts were even shorter than yesterday, if that was possible. She giggled as she walked around the room of squirming, face down boys, theatrically planting a kiss on each of their naked, red butts.

"There, you cry babies! Momma's put you to sleep. Now lights out!" she laughed, leaving the blue-balled boys in darkness.

After a few hours, Troy was finally able to roll onto his back, and Alphonso's words still haunted him. What if he did get Amber as a licking partner tomorrow!? He would get to pull down her panties and do all those tongue moves he had been studying....

Troy couldn't help but reach down and squeeze his painfully hard cock. What would she taste like? He could finally find out! Sweet, probably, and fresh like a-

A sharp cough from the hallway startled him. "No touching after lights out."

Troy blushed and put his hands on top of his covers as the Asian hall monitor shook her head and made a mark on her clipboard before continuing down the hall.

The boys woke up naked and tried not to look at each other or their pink asses as they brushed their teeth and showered. But Troy could sense the anticipation in the air, and even had to turn his shower cooler a few times to keep his fitful cock from growing when he thought of it.

Live cunnilingus practice! On real women!

Every time he thought of those scandalous positions from his study book, the cartoon men with their noses buried deep between a woman's intimate parts, his cock gave another surge he had to fight down.

The anticipation grew as the boys entered Zadora's classroom and found the teacher and three attractive upperclassmen standing behind four chairs on the cleared out stage. Zadora wore her usual robe and the girls wore light, airy dresses with slits up the side.

"Line up before one of the four volunteers," the teacher said, and as the three girls sat down in the chairs, Zadora herself sat down in the fourth.

The boys scrambled to comply and since most boys chose the girls their age, Troy found himself first in line in front of his exotic, Arabic teacher.

"You chose experience over beauty," she laughed. "That will win you some points, boy."

Troy looked at the shapely, totally bare leg that had slid out of her robe as she crossed her legs.

"You've still got quite a bit of beauty ma'am!" he gulped.

"A flatterer! That wins you points as well," she laughed. "Kneel," she commanded the first row of boys, and Troy and three others did, their hearts starting to pound. She turned her arresting eyes on the boy with a smirk. "And I have a note from the Headmistress that you are to perform all your tongue practice in the nude?"

Troy's eyes got wide as he remembered the Headmistress saying something about that.

"No! Ma'am, please!"

But she insisted, and Troy had to take off his shorts in front of three interested girls who immediately started giggling when they saw the size of his dick. He knelt again, blushing harder!

"You boys have five minutes to go through five techniques of your choice with your partner," Zadora announced. "She may correct you but at the end of five minutes, do not get greedy, go to the back of the line. You will have many chances for practice, I assure you. Begin!"

The other three boys dove forward and lifted the girls' skirts to begin licking immediately. Two met with satisfied giggles and the other girl snorted, "What are you doing? Higher! Oh my goodness, let me show you..."

But kneeling in front of the imposing Professor, Troy was much too nervous to do the same.

"May... may I start by kissing your feet and working my way up?"

"Points for asking permission first," she said. "Yes, you may."

Troy gulped and then picked up one of her slim feet to plant soft kisses on her instep, then on top of her foot, and then her delicate ankle. He started to go higher, up her toned calf but he felt the pressure of her finger on top of his head.

"I have *two* feet, boy."

Troy blushed and moved to kiss her other foot as well as she chuckled. He went up her toned calves the same way, holding each reverently in his hands as he kissed the firm muscle.

"Exactly," Zadora purred. "This is an act of worship. You have read your book well! Continue."

Troy gulped and used his hands to spread her robe, exposing most, but not all of her thighs.

"I like how respectful of my privacy you are being, boy," she said as Troy kissed his teacher's soft knees and slowly began up her thighs. "Especially since this robe is *all* I am wearing."

Troy's cock, which had been growing ever since he had kissed her feet, surged hearing those words!

She was naked under there? His teacher's naked pussy was just inches from him, under the little fold of a robe that he would get to flip up in just a second?

The other boys were dealing with girl's panties, sliding them down young legs or pulling them to the side to get access, but Troy would be there in just a second.

He kissed and nibbled his teacher's inner thighs, going higher towards the promised warmth-

"Professor Zadora, I hate to interrupt," Headmistress Parker said from the doorway, and Troy felt a hand on his head, keeping him from his goal. "But the Spanking Lab is overrun! We've had twice the number of girls as expected looking to practice on boys. Can we borrow some of yours?"

Zadora looked down at the boy between her thighs, his eyes pleading and his mouth watering.

"Of course, take them all," she laughed, pulling her robe to cover her bare legs from Troy's view. "We can start live oral practice next week with no harm."

"Thank you Professor!" Mrs. Parker said. "Boys, come with me! Chop-chop!"

The boys, especially Troy's roommates, groaned. They still had pink butts from yesterday's spankings!

But the Headmistress clapped her hands again and the boys hurried to follow. Troy started to pick up his shorts from the floor but found them pinned by one of Zadora's long, slim feet.

"Go on boy, follow the others," she said with a grin.

"But my clothes!" he gasped, tugging on the shorts again. But her foot held them fast to the floor.

"The Spanking Lab isn't far. And you will be nude there as well. Maybe some sun and fresh air will help that little stick grow into a tree!" she laughed, tapping Troy's rock hard erection with the ball of her foot.

The three girls snickered as the boy turned many shades of red.

"But-"

"Go. Zadora has spoken," she said, popping Troy lightly but meaningfully in the balls with the top of her foot.

Troy squeaked and ran off as the four women laughed.

Troy and his three roommates groaned in the showers, trying to use the water running down their backs to soothe their bright red butts.

"Two spanking days in a row!" Alphonso said, pounding his fist against the tile. "It's not fair!"

"I won't be able to sit for a day!" John moaned.

"Two days!" Billy said.

"At least you guys got to lick some pussy!" Troy griped. "The Professor pulled me away before I even got a taste!"

"Then you shouldn't have spent so long on the foreplay," Alphonso laughed, splashing the runoff onto his rear.

"Girls like foreplay!" Troy protested. "I was trying to warm her up, like the book said. You know, to make her orgasm!"

"In five minutes?" the brown skinned boy laughed. "That's not the point! Just get a good taste and get out! Man, my girl was sweet. And fully shaved!"

"Mine had a landing strip," John said, soaping his hands and then starting to stroke his hardening cock. "But a cute landing strip- a thin line."

"I just licked mine through her panties," Billy said, playing with his erecting cock as well. "Silky satin. I would eat those panties if I could!"

"What are you guys doing!" Troy demanded, watching them stroke. "You'll get caught!"

"The hall monitor only works at night," Alphonso said. "To make sure our stroking doesn't keep the girls awake. We're not going to get caught during the day. Although I have to say..." He looked at the other two boys who were still daydreaming and slowly stroking. "It is pretty gay to do it *right in front of us*, you know what I'm saying?"

"We're going to see each other naked and hard a million times this year," Billy argued. "And this is our only chance to stroke! I don't care if the girls sense my thoughts, as long as I get to cum! Turn around if you don't want to look!"

Troy and Alphonso did, even though Troy found his cock stiffening. He remembered how good jacking off with a wet, soapy hand felt- what if Billy was right? How long before he was stroking off in front of the others, not caring what girls read his thoughts?

And he had gotten to kiss Zadora's thighs, her warm, naked thighs, just like the rest of her had been naked under that robe just inches from him...

"Well well well, what have we here?!" mocked Miranda St. Clare, standing across the shower entrance. Her eyes flicked to each of the four nude boys' crotches. "It's like a meeting of the itty bitty dicklet committee, isn't it girls?"

The boys groaned as her Miranda's two friends joined her in the doorway, triumphant smirks on their faces as well.

"And two of the little dicklets were having a little beat off!" she laughed at Billy and John, who had dropped their cocks, red faced. "Didn't anyone tell you? Boys aren't allowed to jack off until *after* they've gone through puberty, which obviously none of you little dicks have!"

"Hey! You're not supposed to be here!" Alphonso said, the only one of the boys who was still soft. He covered himself with his hands. "Get out!"

Miranda tossed her long blond hair and then stepped down the dry center of the shower, her high heels clicking on the tile.

"Make me."

She walked past each boy in turn. Her schoolgirl skirt stopped just below the swell of her ass, but even with the large steps her long, slender legs took, the skirt never once flared to show her panties, even though it threatened to with every step. Troy guessed it must have been her runway training; he couldn't make his eye look away from her!

"My my, how standards have fallen at SPU," she sighed, looking right at each boy's cock as she passed even though they tried to hide it. "They used to have a minimum size limit. But now it looks like they'll let any micro-dick in!"

Her two friends laughed even as they still blocked the humiliated boys from leaving.

Troy's heart froze as Miranda stopped in front of him.

"And you. Your family couldn't even afford to send one of you here, and now we've got to deal with two of you? You and your dollar store sister should go back to the trailer park you came from, and take your three inch dick with you!"

"You ARE a bitch," Troy growled, "Just like everyone says. And I don't have to sit here and take this from you."

Miranda smiled. "Yes you do. Because you made the mistake of getting hard."

Troy looked down in shock at his fully hard cock. He tried to run out the door, but the tall blond yelled, "Wall!" and made a Powers gesture with her hands.

An immense force spun Troy and pulled his palms flat against the wet tile while another force planted his feet firmly on the ground.

"Freeze!" she laughed, slapping his ass and Troy found himself unable to move again, just like when Professor Gilda had done it!

"You two dicklets too," Miranda laughed at Billy and John. "Girls, help me out."

With her friends help, the other two erect boys were quickly Frozen into a similar position against the wall, as if cops had stopped all three and were going to frisk them. Or worse.

"Now that you're prepared," Miranda giggled, "how about a little Powers torture, to show you what SPU girls really think of tiny dicked losers?"

"Don't worry! I'll go get help!" Alphonso said, starting to run towards the door.

"You leave and I'm going to start crushing their balls with a Powers grip right now," the blond laughed, then held out her palm and started slowly bringing her fingers together in a fist.

It felt like a vise was crushing Troy's balls! He threw his head back and squealed, as did Billy and John.

Alphonso paused at the door, hesitating.

"How much pain will they go through, in the five or ten minutes it takes you to run and find a teacher to help free them?" Miranda laughed. "But if you stay and share their punishment, I'll won't crush any balls. We'll make it feather torture instead. Just light, gentle feathers. On my word as an SPU girl."

Alphonso looked at his trapped friends, unsure. Miranda squeezed her palm again, making all three boys cry and wail.

"Okay, I'll stay!" he said. "Just stop that!"

"Get it up," Miranda giggled, wagging a finger at his soft cock. "Stroke it for me, baby dick, so you can join your friends."

Red faced, the boy did, closing his eyes as the three girls laughed at him.

"Umm, good technique," Miranda said to her friends. "You can tell he's had a lot of practice!"

Alphonso released his cock when it was reasonably erect and opened his eyes. "Fine. Are you happy now?"

"Almost. Wall. Freeze. No, spread wider, there you go," the girl said as she trapped him with a spell just like the others, then spread his feet wider against his will. "Yeah, let's really let your little sacs hang free," she giggled, tapping Alphonso's balls from behind through his wide legs, first softly, then hard enough to make him wince each time.

"You know, you're not half bad," she told the struggling boy, running her hands over his muscular nude body as he grimaced. He scowled more as her thin fingers found his cock and started stroking him against his will. "You're the biggest of the bunch. Almost six inches. Almost a real man! But still a little squirter, just like a boy," she laughed, letting go one second before the tall boy would have cum.

"Loop, loop, loop," she giggled, making three orgasm blocks around his cock before going back to the doorway. "Here's the deal, little dicks! You decide how long you get tortured. The Freeze stays in effect as long as you're hard. The Feathers stay in affect as long as you're frozen. and because you're all Looped up tight..."

Troy gasped as she Looped all the rest of them like Alphonso!

"...I predict a *long* torture!" she laughed. She looked at her friends, and then the three girls did a spell as one.

Troy gasped as a hundred invisible active feathers started tickling his cock, balls and asshole, not stopping for an instant! The other trapped boys moaned as well.

"AHHhhh!"

"Fuck!"

"NO!"

"And just to show you I'm not a *monster*," Miranda giggled, going to the back wall, "I'll even give you losers a way to call for help," she said, popping open the second floor window which overlooked the school's courtyard. "Go ahead and scream your hearts out. Maybe someone walking by will eventually hear you!"

Then Miranda laughed and walked out, leaving the nude, hard boys panting and writhing against their bonds, already begging for mercy.

"So I hear you boys had a quite little adventure in your first week!" Nurse Hannah laughed as she took Troy's pulse on Sunday.

"We yelled for twenty minutes before a teacher came in to free us!" he said. "I hit Miranda's orgasm block like fifty times!"

"The staff can hardly plan our schedules around the possibility of hapless males getting into trouble in the safety of their own dorms," she laughed.

"It wasn't our fault! It was that Miranda St. Clare!"

"Yes, the other boys told the Headmistress. She's being punished."

"How!" Troy demanded.

"Miranda is on Powers restriction for one week."

"That's all?!"

"It was just a little prank," the nurse giggled, getting out the glass bowl, lube and gloves. "In my day, boys would sneak into the female dorms and put our bras into the freezer overnight! This is the same; a little humiliation, but no one got hurt."

"No one got hurt?" he cried in disbelief.

"Are you going to wail during your entire visit?" she asked, rolling her stool up to the wall with the metal rail again. "I've got other scholarship boys to relieve today, if you're not interested."

Troy swallowed. After Miranda's prank, he needed relief more than ever! "No, please! I want to do... that, please."

The young nurse giggled. "Hands on the bar, sweetie, just like before."

Troy approached and grasped the metal reluctantly. "Do we have to... um, use the bar every time?"

"My husband insists," Hannah giggled, tapping his two hands. "Freeze, freeze."

Troy reflexively tried to pull away, but the magic held fast!

"Some of the boys try to get handsy when I give them relief, so this is standard procedure now," she explained, whisking his shorts to his feet. She helped the blushing boy step out of them and froze his feet wide apart, as before. "My man doesn't want anyone pawing this body except for him!"

"You... you have a husband?" the nude boy gulped, pulling against his bonds. He felt so helpless, even as his cock hardened in anticipation!

"Of course," she laughed, positioning the table with the bowl under his cock again. "Everyone's got to have someone special in their life."

Troy jumped as her lubed hands closed around his dangling privates and started milking him like a cow. "But you make boys cum every Sunday!" he squeaked.

"That's just my day job," she laughed. "And my husband enjoys the idea of me handling desperate, horny boys all day and then coming home to fuck him. And I kind of enjoy it too!"

She sighed, leaning back as she stroked his cock and massaged his balls with a grin. "Do you have a girl on campus that you fancy? Maybe more than one? Maybe the whole volleyball team?"

His cock surged as he thought of the ten six-foot tall seniors who played volleyball on the courts between the dorms, wearing just tiny shorts or sometimes just bikinis over their ripped bodies. They always seemed to be playing or stretching as he came back from class!

But he gulped and shook his head. "Just one girl."

"Since you're not touching yourself, you can think about her how ever you like and she won't know," the nurse giggled, still stroking. "It helps boys shoot the biggest loads for me. Go on, picture your girl in the showers...soaping herself up...."

Troy grunted, starting to move his hips as the nurse giggled. But he bucked against the magic bonds as a slick finger slid down his buttercrack.

"HEY!"

"That's another reason for the bar," the nurse giggled. "Now relax that cute bum for me."

"Please! Can we not do the... butt stuff this time?" he begged, trying to pull his rear away. But trapped as he was, her lubed finger was unavoidable and his buttohole clenched each time she raked her nail over it. And her fingers were getting closer to entering his asshole with each stroke!

"You Freshmen boys always whine about having your little bottoms played with," she chuckled. "Just relax and enjoy it."

"It's humiliating!" he said. Now her fingers were teasing the rim!

"Sometimes a little humiliation is just the spice a young boy's life needs."

"What do you-" And just like that, the nurse's gloved finger was inside his asshole again! "GAH!" he cried.

"See?" she laughed. "Feels better, right? You macho boys always say you don't like having your bottoms penetrated during sex, but why does it always make your cocks so much harder?" she giggled, squeezing his iron hard member.

He was shaking his head. "No! I don't like that!"

She giggled. "We'll see what you're saying in thirty seconds."

Troy's face burned as the nurse kept on sliding her slippery finger in and out of his asshole in time with her stroking hand. He couldn't help but moan in pleasure!

She giggled and started stroking faster. "Now, this girl you like. Have you two been intimate yet?"

He shook his head, his breaths coming faster. "No."

"Have you even asked her out?"

"No!" It was getting hard to think, with her finger wiggling inside his ass!

"Do you think she fancies you back?"

"I don't know!"

"Well don't wait too long," the nurse giggled. "Cute SPU girls have a way of getting snatched up quickly. Every man wants a woman who knows exactly how to push his dirty little buttons."

"Ungh!" Troy grunted, lifting up on his tip-toes. Hannah matched him by pushing farther in, until he was almost being held up by her finger up his rear! Still fingering his bottom, the nurse adjusted the low cart with her other hand, making sure it was right under his cock.

"Now, just explode into the bowl with all you've got. This relief has to last you a week, so I want to see a big load out of you. You gonna give me a big load today, honey?"

Troy blushed as her hands took him ever closer. After all he had been through this week, now he had to cum with a woman playing with his ass! And the bowl had markings on the side to record his output!

Hannah squeezed his balls a little roughly. "I said, are you gonna give me a big load today?"

"Yes nurse!" he hissed.

"Good," she giggled, swirling Troy's tip at the top of each stroke in a way that made his knees shake. "Okay, I'm going to go faster now. Big load, now, sweetie. It's okay if you yell when you cum. Think of your favorite girl in the shower again. Trapped, helpless, waiting for you? Or maybe she's got you like this, tied up with her finger up your bottom? OH!"

Troy screamed, unloading into the bowl in violent spurts. "AMMMBBEER! FUUCK! AHHhhhAHH!"

The nurse pumped his cock and ass in unison, making his spurts go on much longer than they normally would. As he wound down, she made smaller, gentle strokes to get every last drop. When he stopped dribbling, the nurse patted the horribly blushing boy on his ass. "Whew! Need a cigarette after that, huh?"

Blushing and sweating, Troy nodded. It had been an incredible orgasm, even if he had been tied up like a cow getting milked. The Powers bonds started dissolving and he stood up shakily, rubbing his hands.

The nurse she picked up the bowl to show him how full it was. "You should really ask this Amber girl out- it looks like she has quite an effect on you!"

"Yeah," he panted, blushing. "Maybe I should."

The nurse giggled. "That, or you really like having my finger up your bum!"

Troy was still thinking of the nurse's words as he sat next to Amber in Homeroom the next morning, smelling her body spray. Gulping, he leaned over to whisper to her.

"Hey. You, um, look really nice today."

"Thanks!" she said, then giggled at what he wore, just his required scholarship shorts and flip flops. "And that's a pretty snazzy outfit you've chosen too, Troy!"

He blushed and laughed. "Come on..."

"I'm just teasing. So, has your first week at SPU been interesting?"

He sighed. "Yeah, interesting. You guys?"

"Oh, we've had a LOT of fun," Amber giggled. "On Friday we learned how chastity belts work! There's like ten different types!"

Troy gulped. "Hey, I was wondering, what are you doing for dinner tonight?"

"Look at that bitch Miranda!" Jess interrupted from his other side. The blond model was just walking in, followed as usual by her friends and the crowd of girls asking for autographs. "How dare she cut that Loop when I was sucking!"

Amber grabbed his arm. "Troy, you've got to hear this story!" she said, and Troy sighed and realized he wasn't going to be asking her out today. After he had been told the tale, he looked at Jess.

"Sorry sis. That does suck," he giggled.

"Shut up!"

"I mean, aren't you supposed to swallow anyway?"

His sister shot him a pissed-off look. "Why don't I make YOU taste hot cum, and then you can tell me if it's fun to swallow!"

Troy held his hands up. "Hey! Don't blame me if you guys don't know how to make-"

"Loops," Zadora's voice boomed, snapping all the students to attention. "The most simple Powers spell. And the most powerful. A closed circle, the basis of all magic." She started walking through the crowd. Troy could swear- he hadn't seen her enter the classroom again! "How long," she asked, "does one Loop deny a boy's orgasm?"

"Every one knows that," Miranda snorted from the front. "One day per Loop."

"Right," Zadora said. "And wrong."

Miranda made a face as the class giggled at her.

"A Loop," Zadora said, "can be broken by a male sooner than a day, given sufficient...*stimulation*, but that boy will probably be chafed for many days after that!" she finished and the girls in the class giggled, including Amber and Jessica on either side of Troy.

"A Loop can also last longer than a day, if the woman makes it tight enough. It is all the skill of the weaver, much like sewing. Now let us practice! Where is our scholarship boy? You! Get down here."

Jessica squealed and practically pushed Troy towards the stage, where a chest-high clothesline had a wide sheet hanging from it.

"On the far side of the sheet, boy. And drop those shorts." Troy's mouth dropped and she laughed. "Don't worry- on the other side of the sheet, no one will see."

With his only protection being a hanging sheet, he did. But it was still embarrassing- he could see their faces and they could see his! And they knew he was naked back there!

Jess was laughing and Miranda gave him a superior smirk.

"Now," Zadora laughed, "all the females. Line up and Loop this boy one at a time. I will teach you how."

"All of them?" Troy asked as the girls started to line up, including Jess and Amber. "That's like... thirty days of Loops!"

"Beginners make very weak loops," Zadora replied. "You won't be blocked for more than fifteen days, at most."

"Fifteen days!" he squealed, and the girls giggled.

"The nurse can take them off on Sunday," she said. "Were you planning to masturbate yourself before then?"

"No!" Troy said, his face burning as the class laughed.

"Then there is no problem," Zadora laughed. "Front of the line, begin."

The first girl in line, a tall curly haired girl who Troy was afraid could see over the curtain already, tried. She made a circle with her fingers pointed at Troy's cock, but then frowned in frustration.

"I don't feel anything."

"Is your subject hard?"

"No," the girl said. "I'd sense that energy if he was."

"The curiosities of magic," Zadora laughed. "The harder a man gets, the closer to climax he is, the easier it is to deny him! A perfect system, since the harder he is, the easier a man is to command any way. Now, boy," she said, looking at him across the curtain. "Get hard."

"What!"

"Quickly now- touch yourself and erect. Surely you can find some motivation amongst all your beautiful classmates."

"No!" Troy cried as the class laughed, Jess the most. If he touched himself now, every girl would be sure to know what he was thinking about! "They'll use Powers to see right into my mind!"

The professor chuckled. "You are wiser than you look, boy. But don't worry, Zadora will help you." She closed her eyes, bowing her head, and then Troy felt psychic pleasure touching his cock!

It wasn't hot or wet, but smooth and long. It slid, rolled his cock between two firm muscles, rolling, rolling, in between curved toes... Troy gasped- she was giving him a psychic footjob!

"Ahhh!" he wheezed, looking over the curtain at her feet. She always went barefoot, and she had such nice arches!

"Yes," Zadora laughed. "I have seen where you try to look. Up now, penis. Up, up!" Troy groaned and he was fully hard in half a minute, his face panting and red in front of the giggling girls who could sense his arousal through the sheet. "Now," she laughed, "begin the Loops."

One by one, the girls stood across from the nude Troy, only a thin sheet between them, and made a Loop towards his hard cock. Some of the girls were gentle, looping him loosely, but Miranda and her friends pulled the Loop tight, pinching him at the end.

But that wasn't as bad as watching Amber do it.

"Sorry," his high-school crush giggled as she sealed his orgasms away gently.

Jess was next up.

"Best. Class. Ever," she laughed, Looping him once, then twice and a third time before moving on.

"Jess!" he said as she laughed and returned to her seat.

Zadora kept him as the example, so for the rest of class, Troy had to stand nude behind that curtain and watch girls try out different techniques the Professor suggested, or try and project their Powers to sense the number of Loops he had on him at any time.

The final count was over two hundred.

Troy prayed that the nurse was good at cutting Loops!

"Oh my goodness, how many of these do you have on you?" Hannah laughed, making one cutting gesture after another at Troy's crotch. He was already naked and Frozen in the milking position, grasping the bar. His hard dick begged for her touch but the last ten minutes it had just

waggled stiff in the air as she tried to remove his orgasm blocks. "You must have really made some poor girl mad!" she laughed. "What did you do?"

"I was the volunteer for Zadora's class on Loops!" he cried. "That's all!"

"Oh, her. Professor Zadora knows spells that even amaze the other teachers. You don't want to get on her bad side!"

"I won't!"

"Good," Hannah giggled, crossing her legs. "I thought you must have tried to ask out that girl you liked and really messed it up. I've never seen someone as Looped as this." She sighed and threw up her hands. "Alright, I give up. We'll just wait until next time. A week of blue balls won't kill you."

"No!" Troy screamed, pulling against his frozen hands and feet. "Please! I really need to cum!"

"Okay, okay, I was only half kidding," she giggled, patting his bare ass. "Here, it's a little easier to cut if you're even harder." She giggled as the boy moaned from her lubed hand spiraling up and down his cock. "At least you had a lot of extra time to study this week, didn't you? Since you weren't tempted to sneak off to the showers and play with yourself?"

Troy blushed and nodded. Even as Alphonso, Billy, and John snuck away at different times before lights out to get relief, Troy just had to lie in his bed and suffer with an aching cock, since he knew he couldn't cum! He had spent the time re-reading his Cunnilingus book and practicing on his hand, even though thinking of doing that to Amber or any girl at this point just made the pain in his balls worse!

It had been his hardest week yet, and now the nurse was cutting loops with one hand as she lightly stroked him with the other.

"And that girl you like? Did you finally ask her out?"

He shook his head. "Not yet."

"Better hurry," the nurse laughed. "You may have held off this week, but you'll slip and touch yourself thinking of her at some point. Girls are usually okay with guys doing that *after* they've started going out; it's a bit flattering, really," she laughed. "But if she senses your dirty thoughts *before* you talk to her, that's just creepy!"

"Thanks," Troy panted. "I'll hadn't thought of it like that."

"There we go," Hannah said. "I think that's finally all of them!" She gave him a big spank on his bent-over ass. "Now! Open up that rear hole for my finger!" she laughed, lubing up her hand.

The blushing boy squirmed against his bonds. "Please! Do you have to?"

The cute nurse laughed as she spread KY around his clenching asshole again. "Oh, don't pretend you don't like it. I can measure your arousal with my Powers, you know."

Troy's face got ten shades of red as he pushed his butt out and relaxed his anus so that the giggling nurse could slip her finger in.

"There we go," she laughed, grasping his cock as her finger slowly started sliding in and out of his rear. "See? We've already developing a nice little routine! And remember what I said: ask your honey out before it's too late. The weeks at SPU will start flying by before you know it!"

They did.

The front row girls in his Monday posing session started getting more aggressive in their attire, most wearing cheerleading shorts instead of sweatpants, and showing off all of their smooth, lotioned legs right before his eyes. One week, one of the girls noticed how Troy was stealing glances at their feet and whispered to the others.

The four girls slipped off their flip flops or sandals and drew his gaze to their bare feet by scratching them or rubbing them languidly as they worked, acting innocent when Professor Gilda would pass by. It was a slow build, but Troy couldn't stop his cock rising to salute the girls' cute feet even as he begged it to calm down.

"Oh goodness, you're even harder than last time," Professor Gilda chuckled. "Your little frank and beans really like being on display for us, don't they?"

"NO!" the horribly blushing boy whined, as the girls in the front hid their laughter behind their hands.

"Naked boys can never lie," the teacher laughed, watching his erection twitch in the air, then clapped her hands. "Well, if you like showing off so much, let's get you in some poses boys are normally too embarrassed to do for us!"

Some weeks, Troy was able to make it through a whole posing session soft, mostly by soaking his cock and balls in cold water before class. But that brought its own set of humiliations as his package shrunk to a truly humiliating size, and Troy heard the phrase "baby-dick" snorted more than a few times behind his back. But usually, the girls won.

Brightly painted toenails and revealing shoes became the norm in the front row, as had subtle leg crosses, back stretches or almost-upskirt peeks that the hot students did whenever the professor's back was turned. And each time Troy's cock stretched and hardened against his will, Professor Gilda took it as license to pose and freeze him in some horribly embarrassing stance.

The girls got to see a nude Troy bent over touching his toes, doing the splits between two chairs, and lying on his back with his legs jack-knifed up in the air, all with his red, four-inch erection rock hard and pointing at the boy's face, like an arrow to his humiliation.

The weeks in the Cunnilingus class went somewhat better.

Professor Zadora specifically choose Troy to be at the front of her line the next live practice and he started the same way as before, taking the time kissing her slim feet and legs all the way up. But this this time he did get to part her robe at the middle and gaze on her beautiful pussy and immaculately trimmed landing strip before finally tasting her womanhood. He tried his best to make her orgasm, but after five minutes of muted but encouraging noises, she patted him on the head.

"Excellent start. Good tongue stamina and nice variation. Next!"

"But-" Troy looked forward at her wet, glistening pussy inches from his tongue. All he wanted to do was taste it again!

"Yes, we can all see how much of a tongue slut you enjoy being, boy," Zadora said, and the other girls laughed as she tapped his dripping hard-on with the instep of her bare foot. Troy was still the only naked boy during licking practice, Zadora never let him wear clothes, even when he was waiting in line. "But you're not good enough to make me lost in mindless ecstasy and forget I have other students to train. Next!"

But as the blushing boy rose to towel his drenched face of her juices, Zadora grabbed his erection softly, loving, almost making his knees buckle. "You're not quite there yet, but you're on your way, boy," she whispered, giving him a few strokes that made him almost shoot off in her hand. "Keep practicing and you'll do great things with that tongue one day." Then she pulled back and barked, "Next!"

The upper-class girls in the other three practice lines were rotated each class, so each week brought a different set of cute students to giggle at his penis size when he disrobed, then giggle again as he reached the front of their line, already starting to erect just from thought of tasting them. But as weeks went on and Troy practiced on his hand and read his Cunnilingus book for an hour every night, those girls' giggles became gasps of surprise, then moans of pleasure, and finally, on a lean, curly-haired California surfer girl...an orgasmic yell.

It was the first orgasm in the licking class that term, for which Zadora ordered a round of applause for the blushing boy and girl, then started holding the licking practices in private rooms just like the spankings were.

Troy still wasn't allowed to dress, but the first real life orgasm he had given a girl, a very attractive one on top of that, took his confidence to new heights and he began making the practice girls cum regularly.

There was a tiny blond cheerleader with a totally bald pussy who almost squeezed his head off between her tan thighs when she came. There was a big-breasted British girl who started off shyly biting her lower lip but ended grabbing the back of his head and yelling "Fuck! Tongue in me, tongue in me! Harder!" as she came on his face. There was the goth girl with the nose piercing who snorted at his small cock and barely made a noise until he licked his finger and stuck it inside her as he kept sucking her clit, she came howling at the top of her lungs as she gushed into his mouth; that had been his first squirter. Trapped between her thighs and not knowing what else to do, he had swallowed it all.

Word started getting out until half the upper class girls would clap when he walked into their practice room and drop their panties almost before he could get on his knees to start to worship them from their pretty feet up.

One Thursday Troy's partner was his hall monitor, and he left the tiny Asian girl in a limp, sweaty mess after three consecutive orgasms, one a mind-blowing g-spot orgasm on his finger. After that she tried to convince Troy to come to her room every Friday night for 'more practice', even though he blushed and declined.

But being upperclassmen, the Troy's practice partners were even more turned on by orgasm denial than the freshmen girls, and even though Troy was regularly rocking their world with his tongue, his pleas for some reciprocation were met with laughs and sometimes even with orgasm blocking Loops around on his hard cock!

The best he got was a handjob from a slightly chubby but cute Sophomore who coaxed him into producing a quick load all over her hand, but then wiped that hot cum onto Troy's back as she giggled and pushed the boy to his knees for her "thank you" orgasm. Which Troy reluctantly gave her, even as he could feel his own ejaculate dripping off his ass and between his crack.

And each Sunday the pretty nurse giggled and stroked him off with her finger up his ass, asking the blushing boy about Amber as the weeks went on. Troy wanted to make his move, but it never seemed the right time! He was always either Looped and horny enough to be a nervous wreck, or coming out of Cunnilingus class with some other girls smell on his face, or having trouble sitting from a spanked backside! They talked some, but Amber seemed to be getting deeper into her studies, more eager to wield Power like Jessica and Miranda, which made him scared.

Troy also noticed that the larger-dicked boys would have to go to the Spanking lab less often, or if they did, they ended up fucking the spanking trainee half the time, if the noise through the doors were to be believed. But the Freshmen girls were all too happy to spank Troy

and his 'baby-dick', and would practically coo in delight as he got hard from just the action of their hand on his backside.

Some would be rough, holding him painfully in place by his wrist behind his back or one of their legs over his, to keep him perfectly still as they reddened his ass. But the worst girls were the ones that were kind and understanding, stroking his face gently or lovingly rubbing his ass afterwards as they told him how 'brave' he had been. They were the worst because Troy realized what they were doing: treating him like a young boy they had to babysit, one who was too young to even been seen as a sexual threat.

Because of his baby dick.

The handjob from the curvy girl was two and a half weeks in the past and Troy had suffered through an especially hard week of teasing when he rushed to his latest Wednesday spanking session.

"Sorry I'm late," he said, jumping inside and turning to close the door. He slipped his shorts to the floor with his butt towards the girl- there was usually less laughter that way- then turned to face her. "I had to take a quick shower beforehand and *oh shit!*"

The athletic brunette with great legs in the short white skirt laughed as Troy frantically tried to cover himself.

"Oh shit is right!" Jessica laughed, her eyes as big as her brother's as she looked his nude body up and down. "Are you in the right room?"

"This is a mistake!" he gasped, reaching for his shorts. "It's got to be-"

"Woah woah woah big brother!" she giggled, jumping forward to put a shoe on his shorts before he could pull them up. "Don't give up so quickly!"

With her weight on the clothes, he couldn't raise them past his ankles, and there was no way to get her foot off without pushing her over or exposing himself, so Troy stood up, turning red as he cupped his cock and balls, nude in front of his sister.

"What are you doing! Let me out of here!" he cried. "It's got to be a mistake!"

"Are you supposed to be in Spanking Lab 5?" she asked, fluttering her week's schedule at him. "Cause then you're in the right room!"

"But YOU can't spank me!"

"Why not?" Jessica laughed.

"You're my sister!" the nude boy squealed, knowing he couldn't cover both his front and back from her eyes and chose his front, blushing deep red as her gaze traveled across his exposed butt.

She fluttered the paper again. "My schedule says I have to do 30 spanks on a boy's bare ass this afternoon, and you're the only bare ass I see!" She pulled up her already short skirt and patted her bare thighs. "Get over my lap, big brother!"

"No!"

"Fine. I can spank you just fine where you are!" She jumped from her seat and swung the paddle at his naked butt. Crouched with his hands over his cock and balls, he could barely move a third of the speed she could.

"OW!"

"It's like herding cattle!" Jessica laughed, swinging again. "Git along, lil doggy!"

"OW!" he cried, jumping as she connected with a second full-weight swat. He tried to run away, but the small room didn't let him. And now she was between him and the door! "Stop that!"

"Thirty hard ones with the wooden paddle like this," she laughed, "or 28 medium ones with my soft hand over my lap. You decide!" Air whistled past a high-speed paddle a third time.

"OOOOWW!" Troy yelled. He couldn't take three more of those, forget thirty! "That really hurts!"

"Then get over my lap like a good boy," she laughed, sitting down again and looking at him expectantly. "You knew this might happen when we both came to SPU."

Troy face and ass were bright red, and now she had pushed her chair against the door!

"What's happened to you?" he demanded.

"Let's just say I've learned *a lot* at college," she laughed. "And the first is not to chit-chat with little boys who need spankings! Now get over my lap or its 40 with the paddle AND I'm not giving you your clothes back afterwards."

"No!" he gasped, then stamped his feet. He couldn't let her do this! But he also had no way out! "Fuck! Damn it. Fine, okay!"

Jessica squealed in triumph and patted her thighs. Her tan, toned, smooth thi- *No! Don't you dare think about that!* Troy yelled at himself.

With a burning red face, the nude boy laid himself across his sister's lap, covering himself with his hands until his stomach met her legs. He jumped as Jessica squeezed each one of his buttocks like she was judging fruit.

"Oh! You've got a nice tush, Troy!" she giggled. "Have they been making you work out to get a tighter ass?"

He didn't think he could blush any harder! "Yes!" he admitted.

"Weights or running?"

"Both!"

Jessica giggled and gave his naked backside one last squeeze, then adjusted her legs and how he laid across her lap. "Now, the Headmistress says your boy bits should dangle between my thighs to keep you centered. So go ahead and let them."

Both of Troy's hands were supporting the weight of his torso as he faced down toward the carpet.

"They are!" he said.

"What? I can't feel them," she said, swinging her knees back and forth slightly. "Are you sure you're in?"

His face was turning purple. "I'm in!"

"No you're not! On every other boy, his dangly bits have touched my calves. What are you, like half as short as... oh shit you are!" She was craning her neck to look between his spread legs. "Oh MY GOD- is that your dick?!?" she laughed. "IT'S SO TINY!"

Troy felt his heart stop. Now she knew too! "This is ridiculous! I'm leaving-"

One hand gripping his neck and another hard smack on his ass washed away any thoughts of escape.

"Bad BOY!" Jessica said, spanking him with her bare again. "You stay until released!"

"OW! Not so hard!"

"Big brother, you haven't even *felt* hard yet," she laughed, starting to rain blows down on his upturned cheeks.

As promised, they were all with her bare hand, but she was putting all of her body into each blow. Troy promised himself he wouldn't cry- she would never ever let him forget it if he did- and he gutted out the first ten, hoping she would tire.

"This is fun!" she giggled.

And if anything, her blows got harder as he showed more discomfort! By fifteen, his ass was on fire! By twenty he was in silent tears and at twenty five he broke down and cried.

"JESSICA! Please STOP!"

"Awww, big brother, don't cry, come on," she giggled, reaching down to wipe his eyes. "I'll stop, shush, shush," she said, wiping his face as she rubbed his tender, red ass. "We'll just rest here a while."

"I don't WANT to-" he said through his sobs, but stopped when her hand spanked his ass hard.

"I said, we're resting here," she said in a firm voice. "You've got five more to go, and five extra for making me stop before I finished."

Troy just started crying more, knowing it was useless to argue. He wiped his own tears away, but more always came.

"Oh Troy," she laughed, then handed him some tissues from her purse. "What would Mom say if she could see you now? Or Amber?"

"Don't tell her about this!" he cried, wiping his face.

"I won't," Jessica said, then giggled. "If you take five extra. On top of your extra. And I'll lotion your sore bum afterwards, to show there's no hard feelings."

Troy was dying. But Amber couldn't know he cried!

"Fine! But hit softer! This really hurts!"

His sister laughed.

"I wouldn't know," she said, then started spanking his ass again.

Troy was crying again before she finished, and Jessica soothed him like he was a scared child. And as promised, she got some handcream out of her purse and squirted a big dollop onto Troy's ass and started rubbing it in. He grimaced but it did help, even though it was his own sister rubbing his butt like he was a baby!

"We've come so far since the start of school, haven't we?" she giggled. "Now I can make Loops, pretty good ones, too, so if you piss me off at home you can say good bye to your squirty squirts for a while!"

Troy gulped. The way she was talking, the position she still held him in, face down and ass up...

"I wonder if Mom will let me spank you at home too? Or maybe we'll keep it a secret! On your birthday, instead of giving you a present, I'll just give you a bare butt spanking just like this!"

"Why would I want that as a present?!"

"Fine, on MY birthday then!" she laughed, still rubbing his ass. "This can be your gift to me every year from now on. A little demonstration from brother to sister, to show that you know who's in charge. On Christmas, too, but I won't make you give it to me in front of the tree and Mom!"

"No! We're never doing this again!"

"Your ass is already red- just a little green and it's Christmas colors-"

She giggled and her thighs brushed his tingling cock. Her silky smooth thighs.

"Jessica!" he gulped. "Let me up please!"

"Why? What's going on?"

"Nothing! Just let me up!"

And then he felt it. He had been denied too long, and her legs felt too good, as did her hand on his ass, rubbing...

"Troy!" she gasped. "You're getting hard?! Oh my god you're SUCH a PERV!"

As Troy struggled to get up, she held him down with one hand on his neck and dug in her purse with the other, pulling out her phone and reaching under her legs to snap pictures of his growing boner.

"Is *that* all there is? Wow little brother!"

"I'm your *big* brother!"

"Not with THAT for a dick!" she laughed and took a picture of his red ass as well.

"Delete those pictures!" he cried, finally getting up off her lap.

"I will... if you let me Loop you five times!"

"No!"

Jessica giggled and put her thumbs on her phone. "Dear Amber," she said as she typed. "Check out these pics of Tr-"

"Fine!" he cried. "Go ahead! Just delete those pictures!"

"Deal," she laughed. "Just remember this when we're back at home, *little brother*."

Jessica buzzed the whole way back to her dorm.

She hadn't really planned on spanking Troy again every birthday and Christmas, she was just saying that to rile him- or was she? Headmistress Parker always told the girls that it was a new world now, that women had to embrace their dominant position or be left behind.

But Troy had gotten a boner from it! Was he just a 'natural submissive' as the Headmistress said half of men were, or was she just that hot?

Jessica would take either one, if it meant she could make her sibling as embarrassed as he had been today! God, that was a rush!

She was still giggling as she entered her room to find her roommate studying.

"Guess who I ran into today?"

"Who?" Amber asked.

"Troy."

"Holy crap, I haven't seen him in weeks!" Amber laughed. "I hadn't realized because I've been so busy studying."

"Yeah," Jessica laughed. "*Studying*." She pantomimed giving a blow job, her tongue pushing out her cheek from the inside.

Amber's freckled cheeks blushed. "That *is* studying!"

"You didn't have to study every night this week! Or study two Senior guys at once!"

"I wanted to see what it was like," the redhead said, looking at the floor.

Jessica kicked off her shoes and flopped onto bed. "And?"

The other girl grinned. "It was pretty hot." Then she looked up. "So- Troy! How's he doing?"

Jessica laughed, looking at some pictures on her phone. "Oh, he's fine. He's got some nice color in his cheeks now."

"What did you guys do?"

Jessica grinned and shrugged. "Normal brother/sister stuff."

Was that tiny dick really all her brother had? Jessica giggled. She was going to tease him about that SO much when they got back home!

"Hey- guess what I learned," Amber said.

Jessica shut off her phone. "What?"

"I was reading ahead in our Magic 101 textbook-" Amber started.

"Nerd. Perv. Pervy nerd!"

"Shut up. And guess what happens when Awakened girls masturbate around boys?"

"When they masturbate?" Jessica said. "We can see all their naughty thoughts in our head."

"No, when *we* masturbate and there are boys nearby!"

Jessica swallowed. The two girls had talked about a lot of sex over the weeks, but mostly on the males' side. Females playing with themselves hadn't been a topic, especially since they now lived in a room together and shared a shower.

"Um, what happens?"

"They can't help but get hard, and then their dick starts vibrating like it was..." Now the redhead blushed again. "...a um, marital aid."

Jessica sat up in bed. "And they can't stop it? No matter what?"

Amber shook her head. "Not as long as the women keep, you know, masturbating."

Jess's mind was spinning. Headmistress Parker had said to experiment. And it wouldn't hurt any boys, not really. And with Troy securely under her Loops- the thought of him, writhing in bed with his three-incher hard and him unable to cum or even stop it...

She grabbed her friend's shoulders. "That's it! We're doing it!"

The redhead was confused. "What?"

"Masturbating. Tonight! I want to make all the boys in that Freshman dorm squirm!"

Amber looked down at her book again. "Jess, the boys' dorm is like a block away, and there's like a hundred guys in there. If this book is right, we don't have nearly enough Power for that."

"Not just the two of us, no," the grinning girl said. "But we're in a dorm of *two hundred girls*."

One minute before midnight, Jessica looked over from her bed to Amber's. "Are you ready?"

The other girl blushed and nodded.

"You look really hot, by the way," Jessica added.

"Really?" the small redhead giggled, looking at herself as she lay on top of her covers.

"Hell yeah! That thin cotton tee-shirt and no bra- I can see your hard nips, Amber! That's how I know you're turned on. And those white cotton panties with red cartoon cherries on them? Totally innocent and cute. You've got a real 'horny virgin' look going on- trust me, any boy would die over it!"

The thin girl blushed in the low light and rubbed her legs together anxiously. "Thanks. And you look really good too."

"This old outfit?" the brunette laughed, naked except for a pair of tiny pink socks. "I just threw it together. Too bad Troy can't see us now!"

Amber bit her lip. "Yeah. But he's going to feel it pretty soon, won't he?"

The vision of her brother, straining, unable to cum, came to her mind again. "Let's hope so!" She looked at the clock just as it turned over. "And Midnight Masturbation begins!" she laughed, then licked her fingers and went to work.

Out of two hundred girls in the dorm, a hundred and fifty had agreed to Jessica's plan, with only the snotty Miranda St. Clare and her clique not joining in. The rest of the girls had synced their watches, some like Amber had lit candles to 'get into the mood' which Jess rolled her eyes at, but all had agreed on the basic plan.

The Freshman and Sophomores would start first, touching themselves at the stroke of midnight. The upperclassmen with their more trained Powers would wait near the boy's dorm, Loop every boy who got hard from the younger girls' actions, and then run back to join in themselves.

Until every male in the boy's dorm was going out of his mind.

As she pulled at her stiff pink nipples and rubbed her lower lips in faster and faster circles, Jessica looked over at the innocent Amber doing the same, both their bodies starting to buck as their pleasure slowly built inside them. Already she could feel the Power growing around them, as ten, then twenty, then a hundred other girls did the same right on schedule.

Jessica gasped- she was already wet enough to soak her sheets! Maybe it was Amber sneaking glances at her nude body, maybe it was the idea of what they were doing, but as the sexual Magic filled the air, making every girl's pussy sopping wet in a matter of minutes, Jessica could only imagine what was happening over in the boy's dorm.

Troy grunted. He had been sleeping on his stomach, still sore from his sister's spanking his this afternoon. But now he was woken up as his downwards pointing cock started to harden.

That's weird, he thought, not feeling up to fantasizing right now with a burning ass. But the pressure of a half erection felt nice, like he was fucking his soft bed. He ground his hips into the mattress with a sigh.

But then it kept building.

Troy sighed and raised his hips, letting his insistent hard-on pop free to point at his belly button before laying down again.

There. Now maybe I can get back to sleep....

But then it kept building.

Now it wasn't getting hard, but super hard, like blood was being forced to overfill his cock by a vacuum pump. And each beat of his heart pushed more fluid in, until his dick felt like it was going to burst from the pressure!

What the fuck is happening? God, it's starting to really hurt!

And then, from the base of Troy's tight, blue balls, through the over-stiff root of his cock and up to the tingling tip, he started to vibrate.

Vibrate?!

It made him want to touch it so much! He bet the softest stroke would have had him shooting off. But Troy looked at the clock; it was way past lights out. He had to let whatever this was pass!

But then he noticed grunts coming from the other beds in the room.

Oh no- was this happening to the other guys too? What type of Sex Magic was this?!

Billy ripped off his sheets and, in the low moonlight, Troy could see that the other boy's hard-on seemed as tormented as his.

"What is this?" Billy cried. "Shit!" The boy started furiously stroking his cock.

"Stop!" Troy cried, even though he was dying to do the same. "You'll get locked up again!"

"It hurts too much!"

Now John grunted and ripped off his covers too, grabbing his bath towel to catch his release as he started stroking just like Billy. "Oh, fuck, that feels better!" the boy sighed.

"Stop it!" Troy begged. Watching them give themselves so much pleasure, Troy found his resolve weakening. He looked over at Alphonso- the taller boy was on his back but wasn't stroking, even though he had a very obvious tent under his blanket. But Alphonso was gripping his bedsheets with white knuckled fingers, the muscles in his arms tense.

"It's the girls," he rasped. "Power girls send off waves of pleasure like this... when they... masturbate."

Troy felt his cock surge harder. "How do you know that?!"

The brown-skinned boy was starting to sweat. "I had... three older cousins that lived with us... and while I was growing up, they...they used to... ahhh fuck it!"

He joined the others, throwing off his blanket and stroking his quivering cock with abandon.

"They'll catch you!" Troy whined.

"I don't care as long as I cum first!"

Troy bit his pillow, trying to ignore the waves of pleasure. But through his open doorway he could hear the moans of boys in other rooms down the hall as they groaned and touched themselves. The noises grew until it seemed every boy in the dorm was doing it except him!

Troy cursed and rolled onto his back, then gasped in pleasure as he took his cock into his hand. It did make some of the pain go away!

"Three girls can do this?" he asked Alphonso as both boys gritted their teeth and jacked off.

The other boy shook his head. "No. This is stronger! This is like... all the girls on campus doing it at once!"

Troy closed his eyes and stroked faster. *All the girls? Even Amber? Nude, in her bed, touching herself... Jessica too-* His balls tightened. *No! Think of Amber- keep thinking of her!*

Troy didn't came if Amber sensed him- he wanted her to know how he felt! And he needed to cum so badly! *Oh god, here it came...*

His balls pulled tight to his body and Troy held his breath, waiting for the explosion...

But there was nothing!

"UUNNGH," he cried, stroking even faster, trying to tip over...

He felt his cum push back into his balls, increasing the pressure there even more, and then he was panting, sweating and exhausted on his bed.

And his cock was still vibrating!

What the hell?!?

Troy saw the other three boys reach the moment of orgasm, push their hips up into the air... and then fall back to the bed unsatisfied just like he had.

Billy was panicking. "We can't cum! We're Looped!"

"No, we can break it! Just keep trying!" Alphonso said, still stroking.

The boys started again, groaning, kicking their feet and jacking off for all they were worth.

Their Asian hall monitor burst into their room, slamming the lights on.

"What's going on in here! Stop that!" All four boys ignored her. "I said stop!" she cried, blowing the whistle around her neck. "Stop or..." She looked over her shoulders, then ran to the next room of boys. "You too? Stop it!" Troy heard her yell.

And for a few moments Troy masturbated thinking about her petite body, and how it had felt to taste her juices- maybe that would tip him over!

But he hit the orgasm block again and fell back, frustrated.

"I need help! They're masturbating!" The hall monitor was yelling into her cellphone.
"Who? *All* of them!"

Troy and his roommates kept fighting for the orgasm that was just seconds from their reach. He thought of every fantasy to try and get over the hump: the giggling girls in the art class and their cute, painted toenails, the girls who had spanked him and played with his cock and ass as they did, the young girls he had licked and how they looked when they were cumming on his face- that got him close, closer than before. He thought of Amber and her perfect feet, about licking her pussy, about the gasp she would make when he bent her nude over his bed at home and took her from behind... another blocked orgasm! Finally, he even thought of things he shouldn't- cumming all over Jessica's smug face, or taking Headmistress Parker in her ass, or Professor Zadora licking him for a change, swallowing his load without complaint. He was desperate!

Troy was still thinking about his exotic teacher performing hot, nasty oral sex on him when she burst into his room, dressed in a cream silk nightgown and nothing else, as her hard nipples testified. Followed by Headmistress Parker in a bathrobe and slippers with her hair in curlers, and Professor Gilda in a bra and tiny panties.

Troy thought he was hallucinating until Zadora ran up to him and grabbed his balls, hard, while shouting "Freeze!" He froze, mid stroke with his balls in her hand. She squeezed without mercy and held her hand out behind her like a surgeon. "Belt!"

Professor Gilda pressed something metal into Zadora's hand and she pulled his balls out and away from his body as the boy cried out.

"OWWW! Please!"

"Dirty, dirty boy," she said, slipping a cold metal ring behind his balls, then cramming his shrinking penis into the tight metal tube. "This should teach you." She bent his cock down until his tip was tucked tightly at the bottom of his balls. And then Troy heard a loud click.

Headmistress Parker had done the same to Alphonso and Billy with the hall monitor's help, and Zadora and Gilda did John before all four of them rushed out, leaving the unfrozen boys stunned, wearing shiny new steel chastity belts.

The teachers had been in the room for about five seconds.

Troy heard yells and begs for mercy as the scene was repeated in every room down the hall, and all the boys at SPU slept in metal that night.



Hey Boys! Why haven't you applied for your SPU scholarship yet?

Gentlemen on our scholarship program get the finest education in the country, with their tuition, books, meals and dorm costs completely covered. And our girls are dying to meet you!

SPU maintains a strict 4:1 female to male ratio, so you won't have to struggle for dates like other college boys do- attractive girls will practically kick down your door and drag you away!

Because each of our Freshmen have to complete 30 hours of blowjob practice to graduate. Don't you want their hot little mouths on you instead of some other guy?*

So if you think you can 'measure up' to being an SPU man, ask your guidance counselor about a scholarship application today! (Pictures and detailed physical exam required.)

*Male orgasms will be magically blocked during blowjob practice.

Headmistress Parker made an announcement over the loudspeakers the next morning. There had never been an incident at SPU like this before, she said. Smaller pranks had been played in previous years, but never on this scale, so penalties would have to match. All female students were banned from Powers use for one week. Also, all male students would spend a week in their chastity belt.

"But we didn't do anything wrong!" Billy protested, trying to pull his belt off as the boys listened to the verdict in their rooms. "It was the girls' fault!"

Troy gulped and gave his belt a tentative pull as well, but Zadora had sized the metal ring perfectly for his balls- it wasn't coming off!

The first day the girls were subdued, not talking to boys and sitting apart in the cafeteria, most of them wearing sweatpants or jeans instead of cute dresses. Even Troy's Thursday licking practice partner didn't say much until he started to grunt and breathe heavily.

"What's wrong?" she asked, spreading her knees to look down at him. Today it was a cute Freshman with nerdy glasses.

He blushed, trying to adjust himself in the belt. "It's pinching a little."

She looked at how the belt strained away from him, the tube full. "Because you're getting hard?"

He nodded.

"It hurts when you try to get hard?"

He blushed. "Yeah. Maybe I should stop-"

"Just a few more minutes of practice," she giggled, pushing his head back into her pussy.

It could have been Troy's imagination, but it seemed like the formerly subdued girl was lubricating a lot more easily than she had before!

By breakfast on Saturday all the girls had figured it out. The cute dresses and makeup were back on display, and some of the girls sitting in the cafeteria around Troy and his roommates would slowly eat bananas with their red lips and wink at the belted boys, giggling as the boys grimaced in pain.

Of course, scheduled Sunday relief with the nurse was canceled, due to the boys' masturbation penalty.

Monday's nude posing session was the worst, because now the front row girls' feet and teasing poses caused Troy direct pain as he stood, red faced in front of the class as his cage obviously tried to strain away from his body. Professor Gilda had no sympathy, saying, "Maybe you boys should have some more self control next time!" and made sure to pose him so that his trapped cock was on full display to the curious girls. A few didn't even know that chastity belts existed, and Troy noticed to his humiliation that his locked up cock and balls were featured in great detail in all the drawings produced that day.

Even mundane classes became an ordeal with the belt on, as the girl sitting besides Troy in Calculus kept yawning and stretching her full breasts up and out, or extending her bare legs into the aisle and dangling a sandal off her little foot, smiling as the boys around her groaned in pain.

And for his Tuesday licking practice, Professor Zadora showed up in his private room herself.

"I wish to judge your progress personally," she said, then directed him to strip and kneel as always. But this time, in the private room, she was more vocal than before, almost purring as she directed his tongue. And the way she scratched at his back with her fingers drove electric surges right to his trapped, painful cock.

He pushed away after a few minutes. "Professor, please, I can't go on! It hurts!"

"Forget this little thing between your legs," she laughed, tapping his cage with her foot. "It can't help you now anyway. Only your tongue can."

She made him lick for a few more minutes, smiling as her moans, her smell and her taste kept his cage tight and full, the metal ring pulling his balls hard away from his body.

He pushed away again. "Please! My balls are going to be ripped off!"

She smiled, and before the shocked boy, undid the top half of her robe to reveal firm, proud full breasts, the first he had seen at SPU. Troy's caged cock throbbed. He remembered seeing breasts in magazines he would hide from his mother, wondering what those soft globes would feel like if any girl ever gave him a chance to touch them!

"I can sense farther than most women," she laughed at the stunned boy, then stood up and shrugged off her robe to stand fully nude before him. "And one certain boy was having very inappropriate thoughts about his teacher as she was rushing from her bed to save him," Zadora said, laying the thick robe out on the floor like a blanket, and then lying down on her back herself. She stretched her nude body languidly as Troy was transfixed.

"Teachers should not lay with students," she said. "But with that little bit of metal around your manhood, there is absolutely nothing you could do to me that violates University law," she purred, arching her back and breasts up. "So do what you will! I am giving you one chance to sate all your boyish curiosities. Fifteen minutes, but not a second longer."

Troy gasped as the pain hit him. "But the belt!"

"As you can see, I am not wearing your key anywhere on me," the nude Arabian woman laughed, running her hands up and down her sides. "Nonetheless, I thought my most talented tongue would jump at the offer to taste the rest of my body. If I was wrong..."

She smiled as Troy jumped forward to join her on the robe, the boy grimacing in pain even as he took one brown nipple into his mouth.

"Gently!" she chided, flicking his ear. "Soft and with tongue, just like it was between my legs. You've never touched a breast before either, I see."

Troy blushed and licked her breasts as she commanded, making her purr and moan under him even as pre-cum dripped from the hole in his twitching chastity belt. Then he kissed and nibbled her flat stomach, shoulders, legs, feet and even her back and her ass, trying to devour his teacher's entire body before time ran out.

"Five minutes," she laughed, tweaking his nipple as he sucked on hers. "Don't you think you should get to somewhere more... direct?" she asked, spreading her thighs just slightly.

Troy jumped at the invitation and used every skill he had learned to please the sexy woman even as his denied balls throbbed, locked behind him. He sensed her pleasure rising as the other girls had, used his fingers and focused all his efforts as he raced the clock... and then she was cumming under him.

"Yes! Good boy! Yes!" she screamed, holding his face against her drenched pussy.

Troy leaned back, panting as much as she was. "Did I make it? Within fifteen minutes?"

She stroked his cheek and laughed. "Do you know, I forgot to check."

As they were getting up and getting dressed, Troy asked, "Does this mean I'm finished? With Cunnilingus class?"

The teacher raked her long fingernails across his tight balls, making the boy moan in pleasure and pain. "Oh no, my sweet tongued boy. You and your little penis are just beginning your training."

"So is your little guy finally ready to come out?" Nurse Hannah laughed, tapping Troy's chastity belt with her key.

"Yes!" Troy screamed, pulling against his frozen hands on the bar. "It's been almost two weeks!"

With all the girls on campus brazenly teasing the belted boys the last few days and Zadora's taste staying on his lips long after their session, Troy was just like all the boys in his dorm last night- moaning and trying to pull his damn belt off!

"Well it's your own fault," the nurse laughed, preparing her gloves. "Masturbating all at once like that! What did you think- that there was safety in numbers?"

"It was the girls' fault!" Troy moaned. Just watching her lube her fingers was making his belt tight- his cock knew what always happened next! He squirmed against his frozen feet. "They played a prank on us!"

"It was Miranda's fault, it was Professor Zadora's class, it was all the girls in the Freshmen dorm," Hannah mocked, rolling the bowl underneath him. "It's always someone else's fault besides yourself. When are you going to take responsibility for this little troublemaker?" she asked, shaking his belted cock and balls.

"Okay!" he groaned. "Maybe... I was too horny! Is that what you want me to say?"

"It's a start," she giggled. "Now hold still, sweetie." She fiddled with the silver key, trying to get it into the tiny keyhole on his belt. "And doing that the week before mid-Term Break!" she said, shaking her head. "We should just send you home with this belt on. Let's see how you like your four week vacation then!"

"NO! Please!" he begged, tears forming. That would be absolute torture!

"Well you're lucky Headmistress Parker agreed to let me milk you boys one last time before you left. Otherwise you'd be pulling this big load out at home where your mother's could sense it! There we go."

And after ten days, the belt sprung off and Troy's cock was free again. He gasped in relief as the nurse jiggled the cage off and slid his balls through the iron ring one at a time.

"There. Feel better?"

"God yes!"

She giggled as she inspected his equipment. "A little chafing, but not too bad. You could have stayed in this belt for twice as long without a problem."

"No I couldn't! I would have died!"

"You'd be surprised," Hannah chuckled. "Now, since you've got such a full set for me," she giggled, patting his heavy balls, "I can do something special. I can Loop you so that you don't shoot off in ten seconds, and then really take my time building you up. The climax should be pretty amazing. The other boys' sure were."

Troy squirmed, trying to decide. On one hand, he wanted to cum as soon as possible! On the other, he needed it to be very good and draining. He didn't know how many chances he'd get to jack off back at home!

"Okay," he finally sighed. "Let's go for a big one."

Hannah squealed in delight and sealed off his orgasms, then started playing with him like it was a race. "You're going to hit your orgasm block a few times, but trust me, the end result will be worth it," she told him. "And I'm going to make it special- two fingers up your bum this time!"

Troy groaned. "No! That's too much!"

"You'll take it, you'll see. Now open wide!" she giggled, and Troy felt her slick digits probing around his asshole, making his whole crack slippery.

He blushed as Hannah had to coax his anus into relaxing enough, like he was a girl taking a cock for the first time. But eventually, and with enough stroking, Troy was bending over with two fingers sliding in and out of his ass. It was a strain, but his cock did get harder!

"Nice and full, just like a young man's ass should be," the nurse giggled, stroking his cock in time with her rear hand. "Now hold on tight, I'm going to make you test those Loops!"

She gave Troy enough stimulation to have him shooting off in seconds, but the magic held. He was a shaking, sweating, but still-erect mess flowing steady pre-cum into the bowl when there was an urgent knock at the door.

"Nurse Hannah- come quick!" one of the secretaries said. "A girl has fallen outside and hit her head on the curb!"

"NO!" Troy cried as he felt her fingers pull from his ass. He started struggling as her hand disappeared from his cock too. "Not now! You can't leave me like this!"

"It'll just be for a second, honey," she said, stripping off her gloves with practiced a motion. "Then I'll be right back to finish you off."

The secretary chuckled as she ushered Hannah out. "I've never heard a boy who wanted his butt fucked so badly!" she giggled.

"Wait till he gets to Sophomore year," Hannah laughed as they hurried down the hall, and then Troy was alone.

His cock ached, jutting out in front of him heavy and steel hard. He pulled at his frozen hands lightly, then with greater fury. If only he could get one hand free- he could finish the job himself!

After a minute he stopped struggling. It was pointless. Magic would always win. Magic was too strong when he was this horny.

Troy perked up when he heard the clicking of high heels behind him. *Thank god Hannah was back!*

Then his blood ran cold when the visitor spoke.

"Well well well, what have we here?" Miranda St. Clare laughed, walking into the room. "A three-inch dicklet all wrapped up and ready for me to torment!"

"Get out of here!" Troy yelled, trying to turn his head enough to see her.

"And look, Jasmine, his ass is already lubed up and open! This little baby dicklet loves taking it up the butt!"

His face burned as he heard a second set of heels enter as well and laugh at his predicament. Worse, he couldn't even close his legs to stop them from seeing up his butt!

"The nurse will be back any second! You better get out of here!"

"Not likely, baby dick," Miranda laughed, examining the lube and gloves on the nurse's table with distaste. "Not with my friend Sierra holding her pretty little head and saying she sees stars. She'll keep the nurse outside for fifteen minutes, just like I told her to."

She grabbed his ass hard, her manicured fingernails digging into his flesh. "I saw you walking in here, so ready to spill your worthless load. I want to send you home on Break with a message, so you and your stupid sister don't come back!"

Troy was shivering, helpless, his dick starting to soften in fear, but not fast enough!

Her friend Jasmine grabbed his hanging balls from behind. "We should just squeeze these until they're useless, Miranda!" she laughed. "Remove his baby dick genes from the dating pool!"

Miranda chuckled at Troy's terrified face, but then said, "No, that would be too kind. Baby dicks should always have working nuts attached, so they can be teased and suffer blue balls for the rest of their life! No real girl would fuck that nub anyway."

Troy gasped in relief as Jasmine let his nuts go. The fear was helping. Just a little softer and then...

"Awww, baby dicklet's getting soft," Miranda laughed. "Keep him stiff, Jasmine. We're not nearly done yet!"

Her friend stood in front of Troy and held the boy's nose deep in the cleavage of her low-cut dress, both girls laughing as his dick quickly sprang to full hardness again, making him as trapped as ever.

"Too easy," Jasmine laughed, stepping away.

"What do you want from me?!" Troy cried.

"I want you to never want to come back to SPU," Miranda said, and Troy's heart stopped as she picked up his open chastity belt. "We could lock you up and fill the hole with glue, but then you'd just come back here to get it removed." She picked up one of the gloves. "Or I could have Jasmine fist that wide open asshole of yours, but somehow I think you'd like that!"

Miranda strolled in front of the nude, erect, trapped boy and leaned on the bar. "No, those are all humiliations that *we* would do to *you*. What will make you stay away is a humiliation that only you can do to yourself." She stroked his cheek. "I've heard that you like feet, don't you, baby dick?"

"No!" he snapped, his face red and his dick twitching.

"That's a yes," she laughed, then took out her smartphone. "Oh? What do I have here? It's a little video I took in the showers." She set the phone on the ledge, right in front of Troy's face. The video showed two nude girls showering, but only from their thighs down.

"Look at those young, nubile legs," Miranda laughed. "Those smooth calves, those little feet. You'd love to lick them, wouldn't you, baby dick?"

"No!" he gasped, but he didn't look away. With this much sperm in his balls, he couldn't!

"I wonder whose feet they are, though?" Miranda whispered into his ear. "Which naked showering girls are you peeping on right now?"

The camera flashed up over their bodies, too quickly to see their privates, but stopped on the faces of the two oblivious students as they laughed and chatted in the showers.

Miranda broke into laughs as Troy gasped.

"Yes, that's right! It's your brat of a sister and that redhead you're always hanging around with! Don't they look sexy? Let's see how their cute feet are doing again."

Troy groaned as the video panned back down, stopping at Jessica and Amber's bare, wet feet and slim calves, zooming in to crystal resolution. His cock was throbbing so hard!

"What would you do, I wonder, if we left you alone with this ten minute video and your hard cock?" Miranda laughed. "Would you do something so obscene that your broadcast thoughts would make you the laughing stock of the entire campus? Let's find out." She moved her phone just out of Troy's reach, then tapped his right hand. "Unfreeze!"

He gasped as his right hand came free of the bar. He instantly tried reaching for the phone to turn it off, but it was inches too far away.

"Not what you should be grabbing for, baby dick! Here, let me remind you."

And then Troy felt psychic feathers assaulting his privates again, just like when she had him trapped in the shower before!

Troy cried out in pleasure and need.

"Aww, is baby dick horny?" Miranda laughed. "You know how to fix that- it's the only way you get off! And I've given you something nice to look at!"

"No!" he said, writhing.

"Come on, just a little stroke. Look! Your sister's standing up on her toes now!"

Troy had to look and it was true- Jessica was perched up on her toes, maybe reaching for the shower head. Or maybe showing Amber just how tight her little ass could get-

"FUCK!" Troy screamed, and then he started stroking his own cock, desperate for relief!

The girls cheered in victory. "Go baby dick! Don't your sister's feet look so hot? Jack off to them faster!"

Troy closed his eyes, not looking at the video. He could think of something else, Professor Zadora maybe-

"No you don't," Miranda laughed, then leaned to whisper right in his ear. "I want the whole campus to sense you masturbating to your own sister's feet, you pervert! You'll never want to come back here! Now think of them- or maybe her and her redhead friend, in their panties in bed, licking each other's feet! Wouldn't that be hot?"

His eyes were closed, but as soon as she said the words, Troy pictured the scene, Jessica and Amber, giggling and sucking on each other's toes!

"Oh yeah, that's a nasty scene he's picturing," Jasmine laughed into his other ear. "Make it nastier- have them licking wet, sticky syrup off each other's feet! Mmm-mmm!"

Troy cried, but he was too horny to resist! The week and half in the belt, Zadora's session, and now this video and their words in his ears- Troy opened his eyes and pictured the cute feet in the video doing what she had said! Fuck, that was hot! It would be over soon, his balls tightened-

And he hit his orgasm block!

That's right! Nurse Hannah had Looped him!

"And he doesn't even get to cum!" Miranda squealed, dying in laughter. "Oh my goodness, baby dick, it really does suck to be you!" She left the video playing as she and her friend walked to the door. "Keep going loser! Send those dirty thoughts out! I'm sure you and your sister will have a *lot* of interesting things to talk about over Break!"

Jessica had her arms crossed on the train ride home.

"I can't believe you," she said. "The last day before Break and you do something like *that*!" She shuddered. She was a tight sweater and skintight yoga pants and had obviously wanted to wear cute sandals, but had now switched to big, concealing sneakers.

Amber, too, had her feet tucked securely under her, out of his view. "And syrup, Troy? Ewww!" she laughed. "I'm never letting you see my feet again!"

Troy was blushing, his face flaming red. "I couldn't help it! Miranda-"

"Don't blame her!" Jessica said. "You didn't have to broadcast your perv thoughts out for ten minutes!"

"I had to cum! You don't know what it's like! What- who are you texting?"

"I'm texting mom. I'm telling her about your little jack-off adventure and the whole school laughing at you!"

Amber giggled. "Little."

Troy's face burned. Girls could see his thoughts when he stroked- could they see his body too? Like a TV in their head? Some of the boys thought so! *That meant Amber saw his... oh god!*

He blushed as he crossed his arms and stared out the window. "Fine! Go ahead! Tell her what happened! That won't change anything!"

His sister giggled again. "That's what you think."

Troy dropped his jaw, trying to compute what his mother had just said.

"What do you mean, *she's in charge?*"

His mother almost looked embarrassed. But Jessica was besides herself in glee.

"Well, I don't know how to say this, but it's been... very nice, not having your, um... sexual thoughts spilling out every night around here while you've been gone. I haven't slept so well in years," the woman laughed.

"But-"

"And Jess told me about your...incident at school, and how all the girls there saw your embarrassing thoughts. And, well, I haven't been to a Sex Powers School, I don't know how to curtail things like that, so maybe it's best if Jessica... manages your masturbation while you two are on break."

"You can't be serious!" Troy yelled.

His rise in volume made his mother pull back. "Well, you definitely seem to be lacking in self-control, so maybe this will teach you some, young man! Jess is going to use her Powers to keep your embarrassing habit in check during break, *and that's final.*"

Troy felt like the room was spinning. "But... but..."

"I'll do it, Mom!" Jess squealed, giving her a hug. "Thank you!" Then she turned and stood very tall and formally, except that Troy could see her big grin while his mother couldn't.

"Troy," she said in a formal voice, "Please come to my room in ten minutes and we can privately discuss your release schedule for the next four weeks. I promise to be firm but fair."

And then she smiled.

Troy paced in his room, his heart pounding. What could he do? His mother seemed serious; would she kick him out of the house if he didn't follow this rule? He had no job and very little savings. Could he get his own place for four weeks? Or would taking whatever petty sibling teasing Jessica would throw at him over Break be the better option? He looked at the clock.

It had been ten minutes.

Troy thought about not going, but that would only make his mother and Jessica madder. Might as well hear what she had to say.

Troy gulped and knocked on his sister's door.

"Come in," she sang.

Troy made sure to close the door behind him. "Look, Jess, I don't know what you're planning, but you've got to agree, it's pretty messed up for a sister to use *Sex Powers* on her own brother! Let's just leave each other alone for Break, okay?"

Jessica had changed into a tight belly-baring tee-shirt and short cheerleader shorts, and was sitting on her bed with her long, tan legs stretched out in front of her like a princess. It was the same 'innocent sexy' look that had driven Troy crazy all summer. She tilted her head, leisurely examining her own purple painted toenails.

"It's also pretty messed up for a brother to jack off thinking about his own sister."

Troy was trying his best not to look at the thin, perfect girl feet in front of him. "I thought about Amber too!"

"And me." She was still inspecting her toenails. "And my feet," she giggled. She looked up at him with a smirk. "Do you find me sexy, little brother?"

"What! No!"

"Lying loses you your clothes, just like in Professor Zadora's class. Take them off."

"No way!" he said, then turned to leave.

"I'll Loop you into the middle of next year," she said, making him stop before he opened the door. "I've gotten really good at Loops. You don't even need to be hard for me to do it now. I'll block your orgasms completely, you'll break and jack off just like you did at school and piss Mom off more. And then you'll really be up shit creek. She'll probably order one of those cute metal belts for you!"

Troy was sweating as he turned back. "What do you want?!"

Jessica giggled and leaned back with her arms behind her head. "I want to be treated like the superior being I am. I want you to realize that I have Powers and you don't. Now strip, just like you did when I spanked your naked ass at school."

Troy blushed uncontrollably as he took off his clothes one by one and laid them on her chair while his sister just watched, with a superior smirk on her face. When he dropped his last protection, his boxer briefs, he stood in front of her with his hands over his crotch.

"There! Are you happy now?"

She sat up with her legs off the side of her bed, crossing them deliberately like Headmistress Parker always did. "Now we are in the proper positions to begin discussions," she told the nude boy. "First, you will not be orgasming this week because you yelled at mother and lied to me."

She made seven quick Loops towards his crotch as Troy gasped. "Jess! Please!"

"Do you want two weeks?" she said, her slim finger paused in the air.

"No!" he gasped, lowering his gaze from hers.

"Good. Now. You really don't want to find out what happens if you lie on this question again. Do you find me sexy?"

Troy's face was burning red. He was looking at the carpet, the door- anywhere but her!

"Yes."

She giggled. "And you've thought of me while masturbating before?"

"Yes," he whispered, his throat dry.

"You get turned on by feet, don't you? You're a little foot perv? Look at my feet while you answer."

He didn't want to look, but he did. And his cock twitched as he answered. "Yes."

This couldn't be more humiliating!

"So here's what we're going to do," Jessica said, smiling while she took a little hand bell out of her bag and put it on her nightstand. "Every time I ring this bell, you're going to sprint from where ever you are in the house to come kiss my cute feet- both of them. And then you're going to ask me if there is anything in the world you can do to make your exalted, superior sister happy, and ask please please please if you can be allowed to do it."

Troy was blushing, swallowing hard. "And if I do that... I'll be able to cum when you and mom aren't home?"

She laughed. "Let's get something straight, little brother. I don't give a rat's ass about your icky orgasms or how often you get them! All I care about on Break is being waited on hand and foot and having my life made easier by having you around." She twirled her foot, and his eye followed it. "And if you manage to be a good little butler to me, I *may* be more lenient on the whole Loops thing. That's all I'm saying. Any questions?"

Troy just wanted to die. "No!"

"Let's try it," she giggled, then rang the bell. Troy hesitated, then forced himself to his knees and lowered his lips to Jessica's foot. "And the other," she laughed, and he kissed the other soft instep as briefly as he could. "And now?"

"Jessica," he said, the words sticking in his throat. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

She frowned at his lack of enthusiasm. "Needs work. But don't worry, I won't get tired of ringing this bell," she laughed, then pointed at the kitchen. "Make me a turkey sandwich. No crusts, and a glass of cranberry juice on the side. You have four minutes or Loops get added!"

And Jessica laughed as Troy scrambled to dress and follow her orders.

For the next three days, Troy ate, slept, and lived at Jessica's command.

He prepared her meals, made her bed and got her snacks as she watched TV. His mother commented on "How helpful Troy had suddenly become!" but only saw a part of it. When their mother was home Jess would let Troy wear clothes, but as soon as she left he'd have to strip for his sister's amusement and stay nude until she returned.

The urge to masturbate built and built- it had been three days since he had cum, and kissing Jessica's feet forty times a day didn't lessen the pressure in his balls any! Many times the action would make his cock start to erect so that he was running around the house at her command nude *and* hard.

Jessica also seemed to get more comfortable having her sexually frustrated brother at her beck and call.

After one long morning run, she rang her bell and Troy came running nude into her room as she flopped down onto her bed, sweaty and panting.

"Three six-minute-miles!" she told him. "Can you see the sweat pouring off of me?"

Troy gulped and nodded. Her running outfit was barely there, tiny running shorts and a tight stretch top over a visible shorts bra, and beads of perspiration clung to all of her bare, lean curves. The morning wood he had been trying to fight down as he had laid in bed started ratcheting back up.

"Ugh. You're turned on by my sweat too?" Jess laughed. She stuck one foot out. "Take off my sneakers." Troy did, having to kneel and pull hard because she had laced them so tight. "Socks too!" Troy did- they were dripping wet, and Jessica laughed at his disgusted grimace.

"On your knees, hands behind your back," she said, standing up. "Less chance of you playing with yourself that way," she laughed. Troy had no choice. But now his hard cock stuck straight up between them, saluting his younger sister's body.

"Stay that way. In fact-" she reached out and tapped his chest. "Freeze!"

Troy gasped, locked in place. "You shouldn't know that spell yet!"

"One of the upperclassmen taught me," she giggled. Then she pulled off her top and tossed it in his face, the wet cloth leaving a smear on his face as it fell off.

"Jess!" he said, able to flinch only from the neck up.

She slid her running shorts down, to reveal her tight bikini panties. Troy couldn't look away as she tossed her shorts at his face too, the sweaty clothes hitting him right on the nose.

"Unnngh, I'm SO sweaty!" she laughed, walking around in just her bra and panties, gathering her towel and shower kit. She stopped and looked in her vanity, her ass towards him. "SO sweaty," she giggled, pulling her underwear higher into her crack to show Troy almost all of her tight teen ass. "My panties are SO wet, Troy. They're sopping!"

"Stop it!" he begged.

"Stop getting a boner, perv boy." She took off her sweaty sports bra and threw it at his face too, covering her breasts with one arm. "Here you go!"

Troy had no choice but to let it bounce off his face.

From behind, she slipped off her panties and draped the dripping wet garment over his shoulder.

"Now you just wait here as I go shower all this nasty sweat off of me," she laughed, leaving him frozen amongst her dirty clothes while his cock bobbed painfully hard and untouched.

And after her daily showers she would have Troy kneel nude by her side, holding her supplies while she did her hair and makeup. Her body was wrapped in just a tiny towel that always threatened to slip off her young breasts or up over her tight ass, but never did. She'd throw the wet towel over his face so he couldn't see her slip into her tiny day underwear, and then change into a cute outfit right in front of the long denied boy, some days trying on three or four little numbers as she laughed at how he was dying to touch his hard cock, but couldn't while she was around.

Of course he broke- any boy would have.

Using super human willpower, Troy suffered through two more days of this, then waited until late at night, when he was sure- sure!- Jessica and his mother were asleep. Then, heart pounding, he reached down and gave his aching cock slow, steady strokes that made his pain fade for just a second. *Maybe he could break her Loops-*

The bell tinkling down the hall made his heart stop.

Troy stayed in bed, frozen, hoping it was a mistake. Jess's bell rang again more insistently. Like a scared dog, Troy dragged himself to his sister's room, where he found her sitting in her chair holding her hairbrush, in perfect spanking position.

"Oh little brother, why did you even try to beat me?" she laughed. She was wearing a pink nightshirt that barely went below her hips and she patted her nude lap. "Come on, get in position," she giggled.

Red faced, Troy did. She gave him one of her socks- a clean one- to stuff in his mouth to muffle his cries so their mother didn't wake, but then showed no other mercy as she warmed his ass. And then Jessica did something much worse.

When their mother woke up in the morning, yawning as she stumbled into the kitchen to make coffee, she almost fell over in shock as she found Troy still nude, still erect and bent over their dinner table, Frozen in place. Then she read the post-it note stuck to his still red ass: "Momeeee- I was a bad boy and touched my pee-pee, so as you can see, my helpful sister Jess corrected me!" And his mother about died laughing.

So now Jess kept Troy nude all the time.

At first his mother had been shocked and amused at the naked Troy running around the house following his sister's commands, but after Jessica told her "Clothes are a privilege boys have to earn back at SPU. And Troy's a nude model for a whole *class* of girls there anyway!" she became just amused.

And seeing how much more compliant he was in his embarrassed state, eventually his mother started asking him "to be a dear" and help her out around the house with chores too.

Now two laughing women were ordering him around in the nude, although it was still Jessica giving the majority of the commands.

Being naked all the time and usually unable to cover himself, his privates got a lot of comments.

"Oh, it IS chilly in here!" his mother would laugh when he was soft, serving them drinks while they watched TV. "Turn up the heat, dear, maybe that will help that shrinkage."

"Is he about the same size down there as when you were changing his diapers?" Jess teased.

"Oh no," his mother said, then giggled. "But even then, I could tell, poor Troy was going to always struggle in the penis department- his father certainly did!" As Troy wanted to curl up and die, she tried to reassure him, patting his ass. "But I still loved him anyway."

But the comments got even worse when Troy got hard, as he regularly did since Jess canceled his chance to cum the first *and* second Sunday.

"Oh! Someone's flagpole just went up!" his mother giggled as they were watching a rom-com on the couch and Troy stiffened in response to the female lead.

"A three inch flagpole," Jess snorted.

"It's almost four inches!" Troy cried, and the women burst into laughs again.

Jess was holding her stomach. "'Cause that extra inch makes all the difference! Yeah Troy, at four inches you're a huge swinging stud!! A destroyer of women!"

His mother was wiping tears from her eyes. "Jess, be nice! Troy's doing all he can with the little bit he's got." She looked down as she patted his knee. "Wow- he's *really* doing all he can!" she laughed, looking back at the screen. It was a scene of the female lead getting dressed for the office in the morning, but only barely racy. "You really think she's that cute, huh?"

"It's the stockings and the garters," Jess said, stuffing her mouth with popcorn. "I always see Troy staring at the teachers at school that wear them, like Professor Parker and Milieu. Besides bare feet, those are perv boy's favorite!"

The women made Troy watch the rest of the movie with them, laughing each time the denied boy's dick rose fiercely in response to scenes which would barely have been considered PG-13. And after that, Troy noticed his mother taking extra care to look nice around the house, and wearing garters and stockings to work more often. And she always smiled when something subtle she did made his denied dick react.

Eighteen days into the four week Break, Troy had reached his limit.

"Please, Jess!" he cried, on his knees besides her bed. "I need to cum! I have to!"

His sister was lounging in just a t-shirt and panties on her bed, and put down the magazine she was reading with a giggle. "Ask me politely," she said, extending one bare foot off the bed towards his face.

Troy blushed, knowing what she wanted, but his balls hurt too much to resist!

"Please Jess," he begged, planting kisses on the bottom of her foot, "let me orgasm!"

She giggled as his cock started to erect from kissing her foot. "Why?"

"Because I NEED to! My balls hurt really bad!"

"But I feel fine," she said, smiling down at the nude boy. "In fact, I'm having the best vacation ever! So why would I *ever* let you cum, Troy?"

His jaw dropped even as his dick got harder. "But, but- you can't!"

"Can't I?" she giggled. "What if this is how things are supposed to be now? What if, after Powers, boys are never supposed to cum at all?"

"But I need to orgasm!" he begged.

"I told you: I don't care about your silly orgasms," she giggled. "I just care about being waited on hand and-" she pressed her sole into her brother's face- "foot! Freeze!" she laughed, and Troy found himself frozen on his knees, nude and erect at her bedside.

Jessica picked up her magazine again with a giggle, stretching out her young body in his view while his dick throbbed, begging to be touched.

"So you see, little brother, from where I'm sitting, things are perfect just as they are!"

Troy was tossing in bed, mostly soft but threatening to erect at any moment and lose yet another's night's sleep or get yet another spanking for touching himself. And that's when he felt it: a vibration, low and deep in his crotch. Behind his balls, below his cock, at the root of his sexuality.

He couldn't fight it- he started to stiffen. The vibrations continued, driving him harder, making his blue balls pull up, begging him to touch his vibrating cock!

Just like in the dorms! And from down the hall, he heard the unmistakable noises of a girl getting off. *She's masturbating!* he realized. *Radiating sexual energy! Fuck... No.... I can't...*

He gripped the sheets- he had just gotten spanked by Jess for touching himself this morning- he couldn't take another! But they continued, stimulating his cock up and down, making his tip tingle and drip. *No!*

But after a minute Troy grabbed his cock, the only way he could survive the waves of pleasure washing over him. Luckily, Jess seemed too distracted to stop him and Troy stroked all the way up to a shuddering orgasm block. It didn't satisfy, but it was more touching than he had gotten for a few days. Troy panted as the vibrations tapered down, still blue balled but at least having gotten to enjoy a few pleasurable minutes.

Then he heard the bell.

"Hey bad little brother," Jess giggled, her hair mussed, her neck flushed and sitting up and holding the thin sheet against her bare breasts, obviously nude underneath. "I seemed to have gotten this all dirty somehow. Could you go clean it for me?"

Troy's cock surged as Jess pulled a still glistening dildo from under the sheet and held it out for him. "And I know the stories at school of how much you like to taste pussy juices- DON'T lick it while you're washing it off, you perv!"

Troy took the sex toy reluctantly, blushing. It was twice the size of his fully hard cock!

"And then you can come back for your spanking," she giggled.

Troy soon learned that Jess masturbated about every three days, and those were the hardest nights of all. Being racked in pleasure while he couldn't give himself final release, always being called on to clean her dildos and vibrators afterwards- when had she gotten so many!- and always getting a spanking from the laughing girl after because her waves of Power had been too much to resist.

Except for one Friday night, when the vibrations started as normal, tormented Troy for the usual time, then tapered off. Troy had touched himself and was dreading the damned bell. But instead the vibes started again, taking him on another denied ride. *She's going to orgasm twice!* he gasped, gritting his teeth to ride it out.

Then, after ten minutes, it started a third time!

Troy was sweating, tossing on the bed. He had to touch himself, and this time he let his thoughts fly, not caring what Jess sensed. He cried when he hit the orgasm block again- he had been SO close!

The fourth orgasm fifteen minutes later made him go out of his mind, but at least Jess didn't ring the bell at the end, and for once, Troy was sexually exhausted enough to fall into a deep sleep.

In the morning, he let his mother hear about it.

"This is too much!" he said, slapping the counter top. "You can't let Jess torment my balls like that!"

His mother set her coffee cup down. "Now dear, sometimes-"

"She masturbated four times last night!" he said. "She's a sex fiend! You have to talk to her!"

"Dear," his mother said delicately, her ears turning a little red, "Jess stayed over at her friend's house last night."

"What?!"

Now his mother was blushing a little more. She drummed the sides of her cup with nervous fingers. "That was me you felt," she giggled. "I just felt an urge and my fingers started wandering-"

Troy covered his ears. "Mom! I don't want to hear that!"

She pointed at his hardening cock. "Part of you sure does!" she laughed. "I'll try to keep it down next time, dear," she chuckled, sipping her coffee again and sighing as she looked out at the bright morning. "I don't know what happened! I just felt more *charged* than I have in years! Maybe Jess knows why."

Jess did. And when she returned from her sleepover, to Troy's horror she explained to their mother what Zadora had taught her: in a Powers world, a sexually charged male throws off energy to make Sex Magic of nearby women stronger. And that female bodies naturally use that energy to improve their physique, as well as increasing their sex drive.

"That's why Professor Zadora looks ten years younger than she actually is," Jess added, sitting cross-legged on the couch as the nude Troy hurried to bring them lunch. "And you know the best part?"

Troy felt foreboding as his mother smiled. "No. What dear?"

"The more backed up and horny a boy is, the more energy he throws off!"

His mother smiled at the shivering and slowly erecting Troy. "Really..."

That opened the floodgates. Jessica showed her mother how to do basic Loops, just in case, and both women delighted in keeping his orgasms locked away under many layers of magic. They also delighted in wearing little around the house, and Troy's last week of 'vacation' was spent in an almost constant sea of bare feet to kiss, smooth legs to help lotion, full breasts bouncing in lacy bras and laughing women with their panty-clad butts in his view.

Masturbation attempts were still gleefully punished, however.

Jess loved wearing just a thong and bra, striking an innocent sexy pose as she pretended to look into her closet for something to wear, then whipping around to catch the kneeling boy the moment he touched his erection for even an instant. His butt was almost constantly pink from her spankings.

His mother was more gentle, tutting her disapproval the first few times Troy gave himself a quick squeeze as he massaged her stocking-clad feet after a long day at work. If he kept at it, he got a flick in the balls with her finger and some time with his nose pressed into the corner as she laughed on the phone with her friends at how "naughty" boys his age could be.

Troy looked at the calendar every single day.

"Are you sure you guys have to go back so soon?" their mother laughed from the couch, lying on her stomach in a light sundress and kicking her feet behind her like a schoolgirl. "I've lost five pounds in the last week! And my boobs are perkier than they've been in years!"

Jess giggled and gave their mother a goodbye kiss. "I know! My ass has gotten so tight and round! And I'm not sure, but I think my legs have stopped growing hair. I might not have to shave them as long as Troy stays denied!"

Troy, finally dressed, couldn't get his bags to the train station fast enough.

"Okay, I guess it's time," the older woman laughed, getting up and skipping over to them with a light step. "Go off back to college, kids! Jess, you learn all you can so you can do something great in this world. And maybe teach me a few more tricks as well," she giggled before giving her daughter a hug.

"And you, Troy..." Her hug to him was warm and close, her bra-less breasts mashing into his chest and her hips pressing against his. She held on until she felt his cock start to erect against her leg, then giggled into his ear. "If school gets too rough, you come back home to Mommy any time you want."

As the train left the station, Troy sighed and shook his head. *Who would have thought I'd ever want to go back to SPU?* he grimaced, adjusting his tight jeans. *What ever Miranda can do to me, it couldn't be worse than that! And at least I get to see Nurse Hannah!*

The door opened and a laughing Jess barreled in, pulling Amber behind her. "Look who I found, stroker boy!"

Troy groaned as he saw Amber's nose turn up. "Um, he's not going to start touching himself, is he? Cause I'm wearing flip flops today."

"No," Jessica laughed, pulling her inside. "Over the Break Troy found a couple of new women to think about. I didn't sense him stroking it to you once!"

"Is that true?" Amber asked him.

Troy was blushing already! "Yeah. I guess."

The smiling redhead accepted the seat next to Jessica, then turned to the red-faced boy. "So if I slip off my sandals while I'm talking to your sister, you aren't going to like, try and masturbate to them, are you?"

"No!"

"Gosh, I'm just teasing you!" she laughed, but did slip one foot out of her shoes and play her toes along the straps as she got comfortable.

"So tell me!" Jess said to her. "Over Break! Did you do that thing you were talking about?" Amber looked down, grinning. "Well.... sort of... I did call Mark and say I wanted to see him again."

"The starting quarterback from Central High," Jess explained to Troy. "They broke up when they went off to separate colleges." She shook Amber's arm. "*And?*"

"Oh, he was real eager to see me," the redhead giggled, tucking her hair behind her ear. "Apparently girls at other colleges tease boys with their Powers too. He hadn't cum in like three days!"

"Three days!" Jessica said, giggling at the squirming Troy. "Wow! That's long!"

"So he took me out to a really nice dinner," Amber continued. "I wore this little black dress that stopped right here, and these four inch heels that I never dared wear before!"

"You must have looked *so* hot," Jessica said, as Troy tried not to picture Amber dressed to kill for another man, but failed.

"I guess I looked okay, but Mark seemed to be *really* into me. And I used all those little tricks that Professor Milieu always talks about."

"Feminine sensuality," Jessica told Troy, slinking in her seat and crossing her legs sexily to demonstrate.

"And afterwards..." Amber said. "He drove me back home, maybe expecting a quick car handy like I sometimes did when we were dating... but I invited him inside instead..."

"Yeah?!"

Amber bit her lower lip, then squealed. "AND now I know why women LOVE big cocks! I can't imagine ANYTHING smaller than eight inches could please me the same way!" Then she seemed to remember that Troy was in the room. "Oh, I'm sorry Troy! I didn't mean it like that! It's just that it takes a certain amount of *stretch* for a girl to... well, you know what I mean!"

"He sure doesn't!" Jessica laughed, mashing her bare foot into the crotch of his jeans. Her toes pressed on the erection inside. "But his baby dick sure seems to like your story!"

"Quit that!" Troy snapped, slapping her foot away hard.

Jessica's nostrils flared. "Well!" she said. "Amber, now let me show you what Troy and I did over Break."

And she pulled her bell from her backpack and rang it.

Troy's eyes got big. "What the hell? I'm not doing that stuff for you back at college!"

Jessica giggled. "Excuse me for a second Amber. I have to remind my little brother of all the lessons he learned over the last four weeks." She dove towards him. "Freeze! Freeze! Freeze!"

In the small compartment, there was no way to avoid her touch, and he couldn't get soft in time! Jessica Froze the struggling Troy bit by bit, then pushed him back onto the seat. She stripped off his shoes, socks, shirt and pants as the boy's muscles bulged while he tried to fight her magic.

"Quit it! Stop!"

"Hey Amber," Jess said, with a finger hooked inside his boxers. "Now that you've felt a real cock, how do you think big ole Troy would compare?" Then she giggled and pulled, letting his rock hard almost four-inches pop into view.

Troy's face was burning as he couldn't stop Amber from looking down at his crotch in person for the first time!

She covered her laugh with her hand. "Oh, Troy, it's... nice, really! Very cute- no- sexy, I mean! I'm sure it will make some girl happy someday."

"You're such a bad liar!" Jessica giggled. "Now tell me all about your night with Mark! How many times did you do it? Did Powers make it better?"

Amber looked quizzically at the Frozen, nude boy. "What about Troy? Don't you think he'd rather..."

"Oh, he can do whatever he wants. As soon as he gets soft, the Freeze will dissolve. I'm sure Troy will work his way free any second now," Jessica giggled, resting her crossed her ankles on Troy's thigh. "Now spill it!"

Amber gave the boy and his hard, obviously interested erection another look, then giggled. "Okay, I guess. Well first Mark started off careful, but once I let him know we were definitely going all the way if he wanted, he just picked me up and threw me onto my bed like a caveman! It was so hot!"

It was horrible. Troy fought to get soft! But both girls could see that as Amber described how her muscular, well-hung ex-boyfriend had taken her virginity, Troy's four-inch cock twitched and even started dripping.

"Oh! Someone's begging for more details!" Jess laughed, rubbing Troy's cock against his abs with the bare balls of her foot, making him shudder and almost cum against his blocks.

"Please!" he begged. "N-"

"Shush," she laughed, extending a leg to tap his lower jaw with her toes. "Freeze!" The touch of her toes conducted the magic and now Troy couldn't speak!

"Go on!" Jess prodded her friend. "How did it feel when Mark slid that monster in?"

"Great" Amber giggled. "I used my tongue to lube him up, just like Madam Milieu recommended, but even then, he had to hold my ankles so far apart to get in. It was so tight!"

"Just like it should be," Jess chuckled. As Amber talked, she kept giving Troy subtle rubs on the head of his cock, with the very same toes he had worshiped all Break long. Troy started panicking as he saw her reach behind her back with her left hand, where Amber couldn't see, and make the scissors loop-cutting gesture right at his crotch!

NO! Not this way!

But Jess kept asking Amber to describe her night in ever more intimate detail. And he had been teased and denied for four weeks! And he couldn't even move his body an inch to escape Jessica's devilish toes...

Right as Amber was breathlessly relating how Mark had been able to reach her G-spot even in a doggy-style position because of his exceptional length, making her scream his name for a third time that night, Troy exploded in a huge fountain of cum three feet into the air.

"HOLY SHIT!" Jess gasped in mock surprise. But instead of jerking her foot back, she thrust it forward 'in shock' and pressed his cock against his abs for at least two or three good strokes with her nimble toes before recoiling.

Troy grunted and came, spurting white cum all over his chest, unable to stop or move as Amber looked on in abject shock. His sister was laughing, trying to appear shocked too.

"Ewww! You got it all over my foot!" Jess howled. "Uhhh! It's dripping down the sides!"

The Freeze was quickly wearing off, but Troy was still speechless from the horror of what he had just done in front of his dream girl. "I... No! I didn't-!"

Amber was pulled back into the corner of her seat, shaking her head at him. "I can't believe you, Troy Appleton! I just can't believe you!"

This time the three of them were ushered in to see the Headmistress as a group.

It seemed like Amber had moved from revulsion to pity on how she felt about Troy's orgasm on the train, sometimes even giggling as Jessica twisted the knife.

"I'm sorry Amber, I should have Looped him!" Jessica whispered as the three of them sat waiting in the silence of Mrs. Parker's office. "I trained him to be my nude servant over Break, but I didn't know that your story would do that! We can't having him going off like that if he's going to be our naked room slave!"

Sitting in the middle, the blushing Troy kept staring straight ahead. "I am *not* doing that!"

"Sure you are, and I've got the bell to prove it! What do you say, Amber? Do you fancy having a nude foot boy to boss around for the rest of the year? You'll never have to do laundry again!"

From his other side, Amber giggled, "That would be nice. Unless he came all over our clothes. Or while we changed into them!"

"Oh, he won't," Jessica laughed. "He won't even try to touch himself when we're around. Or we'll spank his ass!"

"Did you really change clothes in front of him during Break?" the redhead giggled.

"Oh yeah! Troy didn't mind. Not even when I came back all nasty from my running! You liked picking up my sweaty clothes the best, didn't you, little brother?"

"No!"

"It would be nice to have a boy around to tell me if I looked hot before I went out on dates," Amber mused. "Because of Mark I think I'm going to have to try some of the other big guys at school."

Jessica laughed and threw an arm around the humiliated boy. "Awww! Do you hear that, Troy? You'll be Amber's little guy, who helps her get ready to go catch her big guys!"

"Well, you three seemed to have changed a bit during Break," the Headmistress said as she rushed in, quieting all of the three students at once. "In fact, you've changed a lot in just under one term at SPU- I hope you've enjoyed the personal growth."

"We have!" Jessica chirped.

Amber giggled and nodded as well. "Yes ma'am."

"Good. And my Powers can sense that Mr. Appleton is well drained of sexual energy, so he must have had a relaxing vacation as well! Some not so witty boys have started calling the Freshman holidays the 'Beat-off Break', but just remember that you're back at school now. So you won't have the freedom to masturbate as much as you've surely done for the last four weeks, young man."

Amber giggled, but Jessica fell into outright snorts as Troy's face burned. *If she only knew!*

"But the reason I called for you is to discuss your tuition commitments for your Sophomore term. Once you sign these papers, the monetary obligations to you and your families are legally binding."

She placed a pen and a sheets of paper covered with legal jargon in front of each student.

Jessica couldn't sign hers fast enough, and the Headmistress placed it in a thick binder with about a hundred other similar papers.

After Amber leaned forward to sign hers, Mrs. Parker folded it in half and placed it in a separate folder which only held three other similar sheets. "Of course, Miss Bonner, this commitment for your second term falls under the same considerations as your first. Agreed?"

The girl blushed a little and nodded. "Of course, Headmistress."

They turned to look at Troy, who was just staring at his, not even having picked up his pen.

The older woman smiled. "Well, Mr. Appleton? You don't want to be a scholarship boy at SPU for another term?"

Troy thought for a second. About Miranda, his mother, everything. "What happens if I don't sign it?"

"Then of course you will have to leave school after your Freshman final exams. Your credits will transfer to another college, be assured. And of course, the same applies to your sister."

Jessica about fell out of her seat. "WHAT?"

"You still haven't told her?" Mrs. Parker chuckled, looking at him, then turning to the shocked girl. "Dear girl, your brother's scholarship duties are paying for both of your tuitions. I hope you were extra nice to him during Break, because if he does not wish to return, you cannot either."

She turned to him with begging eyes. "Troy! You can't!"

"We can just go our separate ways, at the end of the this term?" he asked the older woman.

"Of course," she replied.

"Troy!" Jessica squealed.

"Thank you, Mrs. Parker," he said, starting to get up.

"Troy!" Jessica cried again. She tried to force the pen into his hand but he just dropped it.

"Please!" she begged as he walked out the door. "PLEASE!"

At first, Jessica threatened him. With spankings, with permanent orgasm denial, with humiliations he hadn't dreamed. But those only made him more sure of his choice- she shouldn't be allowed to increase her Powers any further. After this one term experiment at SPU, Jessica could go off to any school their mother could afford, he decided, and he would travel as far to the other side of the country as possible to get a job, any job.

And even as the secret loops Jessica threw on him made him unable to get relief and made him erect even more during his practices or nude modeling, Troy stood up and took the humiliation. He felt the laughs of the giggling girls as his hard dick bobbed for them, heard the whispers of what they had sensed him doing before Break, saw the feet and kisses blown his way.

But knowing he would only have to take it for a few more weeks, it felt like... freedom.

Jess changed tack as Finals week approached, at first bargaining, then pleading, then begging him. She would be a nicer sister, she said. No more teasing, no more stripping, and she'd even stand up for him against their mother's Powers! But he had to let her stay at SPU!

Troy stopped going to the cafeteria when Jessica usually went there, stopped taking her calls or reading her emails. And eventually she seemed to get the idea.

Studying for Finals was rough; he had never been pushed like this in his high school math or science classes. So Troy stayed in and studied as his roommates tried one last time to score with their classmates before the term ended. Most of the time the little-dicked boys were shot down, but they kept going out to try. It was on one of these Friday nights as he was studying alone in his room, that there was a knock at his door and he looked up to see Amber.

"Oh, hey!" he said, starting to blush. No girls ever came by the four 'baby dicks' room, so he had been studying Calculus wearing only his scholarship shorts! He tried to cover himself as she came in.

"Hey," she replied, not looking at the tiny shorts he wore as she sat on the far edge of his bed. "So... you're really not going to let Jess come back to SPU next year?"

"You saw what she does to me!" He started to blush even harder. "You saw... up close."

"Yeah, if my sister acted like that I guess I might have a foot fetish too," Amber laughed. "I know, she can be mean sometimes, but...." Amber tucked her hair behind her ear, and Troy started to melt. "She really loves it here, Troy. You should hear about how she talks about the classes! She had already started reading the books for next year! Or she had. She kind of stopped a few days ago."

"Well, maybe *I* don't want to come back!" Troy said. "Did she ever think about that?"

"Is it really that bad here?" Amber asked, crossing her legs. For the first time it registered with Troy exactly what she was wearing. A little black dress that stopped mid thigh and four inch strappy heels. Like she had with Mark.

"You... came here to seduce me so that I'll let Jess stay?"

Amber giggled. "Not exactly. Jess told me how you felt about me, how you really felt, kinda hoping I *would* do that. That's what *she* wanted. But I'm here to ask: what do *you* want, Troy?"

She dangled one black high heel off of bright red toenails in a way that made Troy want to fall to his knees and start kissing them.

"Feminine sensuality," he grunted, shaking his head.

"What?"

"You're trying to use Feminine Sensuality on me! Right now!"

"Oh! That!" Amber laughed, looking down at the seductive pose her foot had struck. "I was studying so hard for Professor Milieu's final- I hardly know I'm doing it sometimes!" She put both feet on the ground. "Is it really so bad if women get better at that? Doesn't it make every day less boring?"

He gulped, thinking of a whole city of Jessica's and Amber's walking around. It definitely wouldn't be boring!

"Amber, I... just want to kiss you."

"That's all?" she giggled. "To let Jess stay?"

"No! More! I want to do everything to you!"

"I see that," she laughed, and then reached out to gently touch the tent which had sprung up in his thin shorts. "Let's just try this for now." Troy about passed out when she reached down and started slowly squeezing his member up and down.

"No!" he gasped, using some reserve of strength he didn't know he had to grab her hand and keep it from stroking. "I don't want that to be it our first time! I need more!"

"Let's see what you say after you've cum," she giggled. "And maybe I'll give you a second handjob."

Troy jumped as she started to pull down his shorts. "No! That's not enough!"

"Really?"

Somehow he pushed her back. "It's not just you! It's this... whole school! I don't want to come back here! No matter what, they'll always make fun of me for my...little dick!" he finished, blushing. "Everyone, especially the girls!"

Amber sat back, eying him.

"Okay. I've got an idea."

Miranda St. Clare crossed her arms and looked down at the nude and erect Troy sitting on a chair in the common room of the girls' dorm. "You're fucking kidding me."

"Nope," Amber said. "A blow job contest! You versus me. First one to make their boy hit their orgasm block wins. I'll take any cock you name as your champion, and you take Troy. He's my champion tonight," Amber said, winking at him.

"I'm not sucking that micro dick!" Miranda laughed.

"Trust me, I won't enjoy it either," Troy said, and Miranda sneered at him.

Amber smiled. "Afraid you'll lose?"

"He wouldn't last *ten seconds* in my mouth!" the model laughed.

Troy knew she was right. It was later at night, and most of the girls who had gathered to watch were in their night clothes, tee-shirts and shorts or baby-dolls and panties, like it was a boy's wet dream slumber party. That would have been enough to zap his stamina, but somehow, just before bed, Miranda looked just as beautiful as she did during the day.

Her long golden hair shone like the sun and the expensive but conservative long sleeve pajama top and bottom she wore still made her fashion model body look amazing.

And she was barefoot.

Troy knew he wouldn't last *five* seconds- what the hell was Amber's plan?

"I knew you'd back down," Amber laughed, for once dressed better than Miranda, still in her black virginity dress. "You know that small dicks are harder to get your tongue in the right spots than the big ones. That's why you only suck huge ones- you need those big error margins!"

"Ooohh, what good reverse psychology," the blond taunted. "I'm super convinced now. I guess I'll just give up big cocks forever!"

"Not for fucking, obviously," Amber said. Troy winced even though they had discussed this part before- Miranda had to believe it. "But for sucking, yeah. Which takes more skill to drive: an SUV or a little two-seater Porsche? One mistake and you crash the tiny one!"

Miranda snorted. "We'll see. Trevor!" she called, and a nude, hugely hung Adonis ran out of her room, his cock almost slapping his knees. "Here's my champion- and he's a semi-truck, not an SUV! Have fun choking on it!"

She snapped and pointed to the chair next to Troy, and the boy sat. "You get him hard in front of your boyfriend. And then we'll get a third party to double Loop them both."

Troy almost couldn't watch as Amber knelt in front of Trevor and struggled to get half the horse dick into her mouth. She did gag a few times, but licking and nibbling on the huge mushroom tip finally got the monster to rise. It towered up like Troy's arm, and he felt ridiculous sitting erect with his small dick beside it!

An upperclassmen both sides trusted Looped both boys securely. "Once for the contest, twice to protect the contestants, and a third, just for safety's sake," she giggled, making three equal orgasm blocks around both their cocks.

"And here's an extra two, to keep all his slime out of my mouth," Miranda said, pulling her Loops tight to make him wince. Then both Miranda and Amber went to their knees between the legs of the boys.

"A thousand dollars," Amber reminded the other girl. "You better have it on you when you lose!"

"And if I win, you, micro dick and his dollar-store shopping sister all leave school before the second term!" Miranda replied. "You better not welch on that either!"

"Troy wasn't planning on coming back," Amber said, looking at him. "He's halfway gone already."

"Well here's to all the way," the blond said, sharply pulling Troy forward by his full balls. "How long has it been since you blew your load, shrimp dick?"

"F...five days!" he stammered.

"Say goodbye to SPU then," she laughed. "I milked my Stud Trevor last night."

"Just try to last as long as you can, Troy," Amber said, squeezing his thigh. "For me."

"Go!" the upperclassmen said, dropping her hand, and then Troy was getting his dick sucked by the hottest, wettest feeling he had ever felt in his life!

But Miranda was still pulling on his balls roughly, and on every third bob of her head, she roughly scraped her teeth on his dick, on purpose Troy was sure. Just as the rich girl had predicted, Amber started to gag sucking on the much bigger cock, but Troy saw his high-school crush close her eyes, stretch her jaw and start to hum as her tongue worked furiously. Then she opened her eyes and looked up into the strange stud's face with an honest, white hot passion Troy had never seen.

The muscle bound man grunted, tried to thrust deeper into her tiny mouth. "Oh fuck. She is good!"

Still sucking Troy, Miranda looked over at Trevor in annoyance, and finally her teeth stopped scraping Troy's four inches. She closed her eyes and her tongue came alive as well.

"Now it's a race!" the upperclassmen yelled, and the watching girls started cheering for their favorite.

Miranda's small clique of friends cheered for her, flipping Troy off and telling him what a loser he was. After a minute Miranda realized that wasn't helping and waved them off with annoyance, redoubling her efforts on his cock. It was hard for him to sit still now!

But Troy noticed that many more of the girls were cheering against Miranda. Girls from all classes, Freshman through Senior. Even girls that had mocked his tiny cock at other times wanted their team to beat the snobby Miranda. A lot of them were honestly cheering for Amber like she was a close friend.

Troy couldn't really think anymore.

After she put her mind to it, Miranda was actually very skilled with her mouth. But it was a cold, mechanical skill. Amber truly attacked her cock with passion, and even though Troy wished on a thousand gods that the other penis was his, just watching her in action made him slip towards losing the bet. There was a fire in the way she looked into Trevor's eyes. And then Troy noticed the trickle of juice running down her thighs; she had drenched her panties, sucking on a big cock! That was too much!

The other man was grunting, getting close, but now Troy was speeding to the edge much faster!

NO!

And then he saw Jessica making her way to the front of the crowd. He couldn't read her expression. He saw her whisper to a few girls around her, ones that were really cheering for Amber. He blushed, getting blown in front of his sister. *What was she doing here!*

And then Jess lifted up her shirt, showing Troy almost all of her firm, perky boobs, with just her fingers covering the nipples. The five girls around her did the same, flashing the boy as they bounced, giggling and blowing kisses at him.

Jess is trying to making me lose! That bitch! Oh NO-

Then Jess and her five friends made scissors gestures behind Miranda's back, all as one.

Troy felt the orgasm blocks on his cock snap off and he came like a gunshot into Miranda's mouth.

The stunned girl gagged on the huge, unexpected load. Instinct made her try to pull her head back, but Amber and Jess reached out to hold it down. Troy pumped and pumped and pumped into her mouth until his sperm spilled out around her shocked lips.

Miranda's friends tried to jump forward, but other girls in the crowd grabbed them. Girls that weren't in the popular clique, less-than-perfect girls that Troy had seen Miranda belittle. He got most of his load off before her flailing arms knocked Amber and Jess's hands away and she shot up, wiping her mouth and spitting it out.

"You did that on purpose!" she screamed at the three of them, and the laughing crowd. "I hate ALL of you ugly bitches! That's not fair! Not fair at all!"

She ran off, already starting to cry as the Miranda haters- now most of the crowd- cheered.

Jess pulled her shirt back down and Amber stopped sucking Trevor's cock.

"Baby, you can't stop now!" the big guy cried, his huge tool begging for more.

Amber stood up, straightened her killer little black dress, then giggled as she took the panting Troy's hand. "Sorry, *baby*," she replied to the muscular man, "But I'm going home with a different stud tonight!"

Amber and Jessica practically carried the spent boy to Amber's bed and dumped him in.

"So that was your plan all along?" he panted, still catching his breath from the orgasm. "You didn't want us to win?"

Amber giggled. "How many boys in the world can say that they ever shot a huge load right into Miranda St. Clare's mouth?" She touched the tip of his nose. "One! Now you'll be a legend at SPU. That is, if you decide to stay."

"Yeah, Troy, *please*?" Jessica said, begging him with her eyes. "Can we stay? Was that enough of an 'I'm sorry'?"

"I did look like a pretty good orgasm," Amber giggled.

Troy was about to smile, then shook his head. "No! One orgasm doesn't make up for a whole *semester* of not getting anything I want!"

Amber turned to Jess and gave her a meaningful look, Jess gave her a different look back; Troy couldn't follow- it was some sort of secret girl code they had developed during a semester as roommates.

"Well, I guess I'll go see how Miranda's stud is doing," Jess said loudly, walking to the door. "Maybe he needs a soft, comforting shoulder to rest his blue balls on!" she giggled then left them alone, closing the door securely.

Amber turned to Troy with her hands on her hips and giggled.

"So, you *still* need more convincing that SPU is worth it, huh?"

Heart pounding, he nodded.

She smiled and looked down at his half-hard cock. "Miranda's a bad girl. She didn't even clean you up after her blow job." She went to her knees and then he was in her mouth, being washed from root to tip by a loving tongue.

"Ahhh! Fuck!"

She giggled around the half-mast cock in her mouth. "I must be pretty good!"

"Amber, you're the best! I've dreamed about this ever since we met!"

"You better have not," she laughed between gentle licks. "We met six years ago, you perv." Even as she licked his cock until it was clean and glistening wet, it still struggled to get hard so soon. "Awww, looks like your little guy needs some time to recharge," she giggled, then stood up.

Troy watched her every move as she went to her dresser, casually took off her earrings and high heels, and then shimmied out of her tight dress right in front of him.

"Wow," he gasped. "Amber... you look incredible!"

"You're just saying that," she said, hanging up her dress while wearing just a delicate bra and tiny panties. "You've seen hotter girls than me all semester."

"No I haven't! You still take my breath away!"

"Flatterer," she giggled, then switched off the light, did something quick in the darkness, and then she was getting into bed with him. Heart pounding, Troy scooted over to make room and Amber pulled the covers over both of them. Troy could feel the heat coming off her body just inches from his. He was trembling, he could barely talk.

"Come here," she said, pressing back into him. "We'll take a nap while you recharge."

Troy tried not to shake as she pulled his arm over her bare shoulder, pressed her ass against his crotch and let him nuzzle her neck to smell her hair. He didn't feel a bra strap against his chest, or panties separating his cock from her ass- she was nude! He was nude in bed with Amber Bonner!

"So if I stay at SPU," he gulped, daring to run a hand down her side to feel the swell of her slim hips, "we'll do stuff like this more often?"

"I don't even know what *this* is," Amber giggled, relaxing back into him. "You're more like a brother to me than a boyfriend or something."

"But at the start of the year..."

"I was interested, sure. But since then..." Troy felt her pressing her ass into his stiffening four-inch penis and heard her giggle. "...I've come to see you a little differently. Let's just not do anything to mess up our friendship, okay?"

Troy swallowed, his throat dry as he ran his hand over her bare hips, ribs, and shoulders. "But... I want.. I want to make love to you."

"What?"

"Please! I want to be inside you- like Mark was!"

"Oh Troy! I was trying not to say it but, after Mark and the other guys, I don't know if I'd even feel you inside me!" she giggled.

His face burned as his hard-on ached, nestled in her soft ass. "We could still try!"

"Go to sleep," she laughed, yawning and pulling his hand up to cup her breast and holding it there. "And maybe I'll wake you up with something fun in the morning. okay?"

Troy gulped- he didn't want to say anything that would remove the pert breast from his palm! "Okay."

"Good," she sighed, already drifting off to sleep. "And I'm not supposed to even have you in here. So don't jack off and give us away."

Amber snuggled her ass into his cock again and Troy prepared himself for a long, sleepless night.

Troy awoke to Amber hungrily sucking his diamond hard erection.
 "Oh god!" he gasped. "Fuck! That feels- wow-oh fuck- OH NO!"
 But Amber was quicker, throwing a Loop around his cock before he could cum in her mouth. Troy slammed against the orgasm block, lifting off the bed and yelling, but not shooting.
 "Looks like Sex Powers are good for *something*, huh?" she giggled.
 "Yeah," he gasped, blushing. "Thanks."
 She went back to work and Troy was soon writhing in her bed as he enjoyed her talents.
 "Amber, stop! Let me lick you instead!"
 She let his twitching cock slide out of her mouth as she laughed. "Well that's a first!"
 "Please! I've wanted to taste you all semester! Let me try to make you cum!"
 Sitting up, the nude girl tucked her hair behind her ear and looked at the clock. "Jess will be back in fifteen minutes. Do you think that's enough time?"
 The redhead squealed as Troy rolled her over on her back and started worshiped her from toe to head, just like he had done for Professor Zadora. Except this time he was allowed to get hard as he nibbled, kissed and licked her, and Troy couldn't help but reach down and give himself a few strokes as he did. He didn't care what Amber or the other girls sensed- he wanted them to know how he felt about licking her!
 "Oh Troy," she giggled. "You really like me that much?"
 A few minutes later she was quietly moaning, then thrashing, and then Amber made the sounds he had been wanting to hear all semester long.
 "Wow, that was awesome!" she panted, coming down. "Who's trying to convince who here?" she giggled.
 "Amber, please!" he cried, looking up from between her legs. "I love you!"
 She laughed and touched his wet cheek. "Troy, we're nineteen. I'm not even sure what love means yet!" Then she was pushing him onto his back. "Now let's get back to you before it's too late."
 He cried out in pleasure as her hot mouth fell on his rock hard cock again, then whimpered as her skilled tongue built up his pleasure until his balls tightened and his back arched off the bed and then...he didn't cum!
 "Your Loop!" he cried.
 "Oh! Sorry!" Amber giggled, cutting the orgasm block and then started again. She licked his aching, back-filled balls before working him slowly back up to a glorious, incredible...
 "Ahhhh! Amber!" he yelled in pain, hitting the block again.
 "It's not me!" she said, still trying to suck him over the edge. "I cut my Loop! See!" She made the cutting gesture again and tried to give the now desperate boy relief a third time, with the same painful, blue-balling result at the end!
 She pressed her fingers to the base of his cock. "I don't understand! Someone must be throwing Loops on you right before you shoot every single time!"
 Troy finally heard the laughing coming from the hall and he screamed out in anger.
 "Jessica!!!"

"Well, the end of your first term at SPU," Headmistress Parker said, smiling at the three students. "How much you've grown!"

Troy blushed, looking at Amber to his left and Jess to his right. *If only she knew!*

"Now, Jessica, Amber," Mrs. Parker said, "I promised I'd ask you again at the end of the term: now do you understand why we teach more forms of female dominance than just magic?"

Jessica giggled at Troy, then nodded to her. "Yes ma'am. I guess sometimes, Powers alone aren't enough!"

The older woman nodded, then looked at Troy. "And you. I would have bet against a sub-four-inch scholarship boy surviving until the end of Freshman term, but you've made quite a little name for yourself on campus, haven't you? I've heard all your teachers and even a few upperclassmen praise how much an asset to SPU you are. I might have to try out that devilish tongue myself someday."

He blushed. "Thank you, ma'am."

"But now we have to deal with the matter of your potential second term," she said pulling a piece of paper from her desk.

"Yes," Troy said, "And I've decided-"

"And I believe there was some sort of incident with another student, Miranda St. Clare?" she interrupted. "A bet to leave school? And she won?"

The three students giggled- Miranda had bitched about swallowing Troy's cum for the rest of Finals week!

But the Headmistress was not amused. "Well, Miss St. Clare seems quite adamant that you follow through on the bet. This is a Cease and Desist letter from Miranda's lawyer," Harriet said, waving the paper, "that says, due to the bet, which was witnessed by many students, you three are officially required to leave SPU at once. Or Miranda's father will recall a 2 million dollar donation he gave to build our new library. We *desperately* need that money to repair that library, Mr. Appleton."

Troy looked at Amber and Jessica in shock.

Then the Headmistress laughed and tore up the letter.

"But luckily I know Miranda's father personally, and we *both* know that she's a stuck up princess who needs an attitude adjustment now and then. So I told Reginald St. Clare that if he didn't provide hard proof that Miranda had been given ten strokes on her rear with a rattan cane for all the trouble she's given you three this year, it would be *his* daughter who would be banned from campus next term, not you!"

Troy's nerves broke into relief. "Miranda St. Clare, bent over a bench and caned!" he laughed. "I'd love to see that!"

"Well, that is one photo shoot that will NOT be appearing in her official modeling dossier," Mrs. Parker chuckled. "Now, young man, have you decided about your financial commitment to SPU?"

Troy looked over at Jessica, who was pleading with her big eyes. He picked up the pen.

"No more freezing or stripping me in public!" he warned her. "Or at home for that matter!"

"You got hard! You gave consent!"

"I mean it!"

"Fine, fine," she begged. "Please, just sign it!"

"And no more secret Loops to keep me from cumming! Or jokes about my penis size!"

She laughed. "How about I promise to protect you from Sex Magic bullies like Miranda? That's what big sisters do for their *little* brothers, isn't?" Troy gave her a look and she added, "And *okay*, not as many teeny weeny jokes. I'll keep those short and sweet."

"Hey!"

"Okay, I promise! No more size jokes!"

Troy shook his head and looked over at Amber.

She smiled back at him, her legs looking incredible in a short, short sundress and a sandal dangling off her toes just for him to see. She sometimes did that that now, giving him little flirts even though they were 'just friends'. She would sit on his lap when they hung out in the Commons, let him stay in the room while she was changing clothes, and even let him massage her feet as they talked about anything and everything late into the night. But after that morning, Amber had never touched his bare cock again, never let him lick her again even though he had offered, and never hinted that she'd let him make love to her.

Troy smiled. *But a lot can change in a semester at SPU.*

"I'm looking forward to our second term, ma'am," he said, signing the form in front of him.

"Excellent!" the Headmistress said, putting it with the others before pulling out three Spring semester student guides. "I have taken the liberty of suggesting some classes for the young ladies' next term," she said, handing over the booklets. "Of course, as a scholarship boy, Mr. Appleton, your schedule is non-negotiable."

Troy gulped, expecting to see even more Nude Modeling and Spanking Labs in his schedule, but there were none.

"Pegging and Prostate lab on Wednesdays?" he cried.

Amber looked compared her schedule to his. "Oh, I'm in that too!" she giggled, squeezing his thigh. "That means that we might be having sex after all- except that I might be the dude!"

Troy was blushing, feeling his asshole clenching in fear as both the girls laughed. *That's not how he wanted their first time to be!* But his schedule didn't end there. "And... Futa... Futanari Class? What does that word mean?"

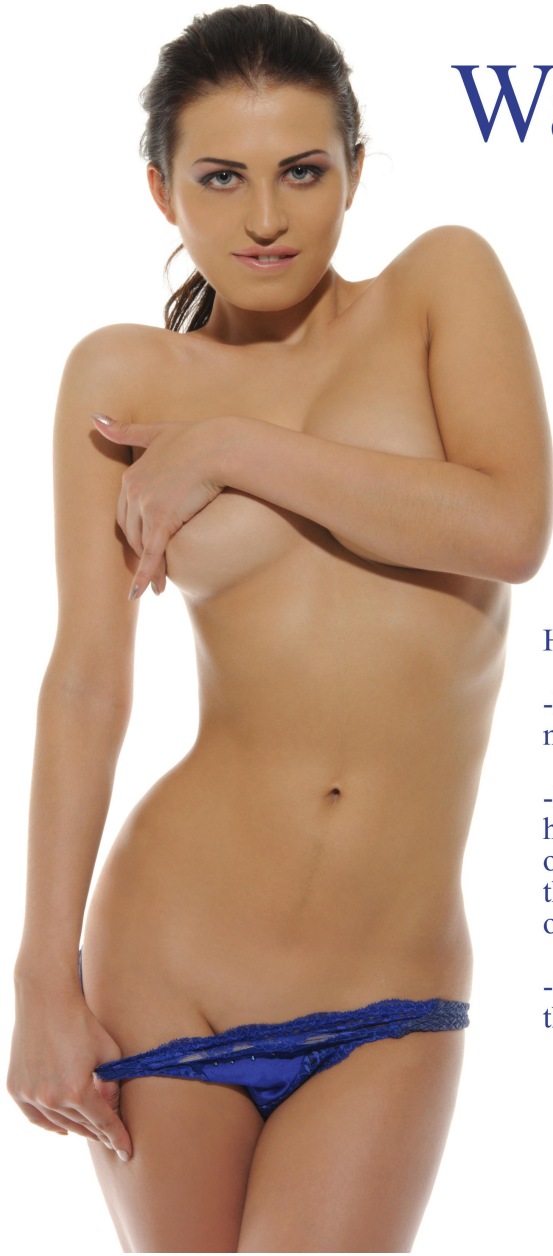
Both girls exploded into laughter.

"I know what it means!" Jessica squealed. "I'm in that one with you! Oh, that's going to be fun, little brother!"

"No, seriously! What does that word mean?! Tell me!"

Now Headmistress Parker was laughing as well.

"It means, young man, that you still have much more to learn at Sex Powers University."



Want More?

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will have even more
adventures in:
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