**Human Sexuality in College**

by**[HarryPerry](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=993232&page=submissions)**©

In high school, I was painfully shy. My hormones were raging, but I was so convinced that I was more naive than everyone else, I couldn't get up the courage to ask a girl out on a date. I watched as other more confident boys walked with their arms around girls, easily talked to them and even pushed them around in what I considered disrespectful ways. I just knew they were more confident because someone had taught them the "secrets" of attraction, sexuality and relationships. They must have had older brothers, cousins, or even friends that explained the "real" facts of life.

I made a point of keeping myself fit, my complexion clear and my hair in style in the hopes that some girl would take pity on me and make the first move. Of course a few did, but I was so convinced that they were setting me up to make fun of me that I rejected their offers straight out. I never went to parties to which I was invited. I never went to school competitions or events. I just stayed away from everyone.

Looking back on it, my one saving grace was my desire to learn as much as I could about sex, girls and relationships. Much of what I read was airy-fairy crap that I knew was anything but accurate, but I did find a few very promising tidbits. I grew to learn that there are huge differences between boys and girls with respect to their desires in a relationship, but there are a lot of exceptions that make the void blurry. There are women who like sex as much as men, and there are men who have a need to be loved and supported as much as women. The trick is finding someone who is compatible; that's the hard part.

One other thing that came out of all my reading and studying was a lot of what is commonly referred to as porn. For some reason, our society has labeled porn as evil and unacceptable; something to be abolished and removed from existence. What I learned was that porn has been around as far back as biblical times. The Bible has stories of kings and queens having sex with their maids and servants, with their children, with their in-laws and many times with an audience. God even sanctioned many of these couplings, yet they are considered evil and deviant today.

Even reading the story of Sodom and Gomorrah, God got mad because of the raping and forcing of sex on people that weren't willing or old enough. Sure, people like to pull out some of the other things that were going on, like prostitution and swinging, but these have been going on for thousands of years before and after Sodom and Gomorrah, and God hasn't been upset about it.

In the end, I gained a lot of knowledge about sex and pornography. I discovered that I knew more about fetishes, fantasies, adult toys and human sexual anatomy than anybody I knew, adult or otherwise. Researching the web brought me to many porn sites and to many erotic story sites, and I had many a marathon masturbation session while learning of other people's fantasies and fetishes. I also learned that I had a real exhibitionism streak in me that my shyness kept me from ever revealing - until college.

There was a small, private college in Southern California that I read about while doing my human sexuality research. It was supposed to be a very progressive school in the area of Human Sexuality. The school was made up of only about five thousand students, which was fairly evenly distributed between males and females. They required an entrance exam, which was purported as extremely difficult, a physical exam and a photograph, the latter requirements to be performed the first day.

Months before high school graduation, I took the online entrance exam and received a 98% on it. It was mostly questions about human sexual anatomy and a number of questions on fetishes and social morals. I received an e-mail from them congratulating me on such a high grade and encouraging me to apply there. According to the e-mail, I was among the small 2% of people in the United States that was so well informed on sex and human sexual behavior. What they didn't know was that all my knowledge was from books (and the Internet), and none of it was from actual practice. This made me very nervous about going there.

I decided that the only way I was going to break out of my shell was to just "do it!" After applying and being accepted to Perineum College, I told my parents that I was going to Remington College, which is nearby, and headed to Southern California.

On the train, I read the college brochure they had sent me from cover to cover. They had degree programs in Psychology, Sociology, Animal Husbandry, Human Sexuality and Biology. Their Human Sexuality program had only recently been added to their curriculum, and it was soon to be accredited. They did warn in the brochure that students entering this program would need to be open-minded, comfortable with their bodies and their own sexuality, and most importantly, healthy. I figured the last part was verified by the physical we would have to have. The morning of general registration, I was a bundle of nerves. How was I going to do this? What was I getting myself into? What if I was rejected for some reason?

I have to admit, the gymnasium where they held registration calmed me, which was surprising. I think it was the confused look I saw on all the faces around me. We were all freshmen, and I got the distinct impression I wasn't the only one that was nervous and confused. Of course only a few of the students around me were going into Human Sexuality, but it still put me at ease - that is until Winter introduced herself to me.

"Hi, my name is Winter," she said boldly. "You look new here."

Oh my God! If she's a freshman, I've died and gone to heaven. This girl looked anything but wintry. She was a blond goddess from the local area; Southern California, or so I thought. She was about five foot four, had sparkling blue eyes and the most golden tan I had ever seen on a girl. Her blond hair was long, straight and flowed over her shoulders to just below the swells of her breasts. She was dressed in a pair of jeans and a crop-top that showed plenty of golden cleavage.

After reading what I had about how insulting it is to stare at women, especially their breasts, I had to consciously force myself to look her in the eyes. My internal drive wanted to scan her entire body and linger at the most heart-throbbing points, but I managed to overcome it. I stammered and stuttered, something that happened a lot when I was really nervous, and introduced myself. "Hi, uh... my name is... uh... Greg."

We shook hands, and I could feel electricity shoot up my arm from her touch. I thought I might collapse in a faint.

"I'm a junior here, and I volunteered to help out new students," she explained. "You looked especially lost, so I thought I'd help you through the registration process. Would you like that?"

"Oh, wow! That would be great!" I said, still a bit jittery.

"So, what are you going to major in?" she asked as she took my registration packet from my hands.

"Uh..." Suddenly, I was embarrassed to admit it.

"Human Sexuality, huh?" she surmised. I don't know if she guessed it from my hesitation, or if she saw it on my registration forms. Either way, her face suddenly lit up. "That is so cool!"

"Uh, why?" I asked.

"That's what I'm majoring in," she explained. "I'm a lab assistant for HS102, which you should be taking the second semester. We'll be seeing a lot more of each other when you take that lab." She giggled, and I wondered if she meant it literally or figuratively.

Her confidence was comforting. We still had to stand in line, but she helped me to get all my classes planned out for the next two semesters. With Winter's help, my paperwork was all done correctly, so there was no going back and filling it out a second time.

"Holy, crap!" she said as she went through my paperwork. "So you're Greg Morrison! I heard about you from the admissions office. You got the highest grade on your entrance exam ever recorded. Wow! I was hoping to meet you sometime. Maybe you and I could hook up after you get settled and all."

I almost fell over. I wondered if she knew what "hook up" means in today's culture. According to my findings, when a girl says she has "hooked up" with someone once or twice, it usually means she's had sex with them once or twice. There's no way Winter was proposing we have sex sometime.

"Uh, sure! I'd like that," I said hesitantly. "Maybe we could go to a movie or something."

"Right," she said with a smirk. Then she went back to my paperwork. I couldn't help but wonder if I'd said something wrong.

As we went through my registration process, Winter told me a little about what I was getting into. If it weren't for her enthusiasm, I probably would have been a wreck by the time the day was over. There would be a lot of labs throughout the program, and these labs often required experimentation, touching, nudity and more. I wondered what it would be like to have her as a lab partner, and my erection popped up so fast, it almost burst from my slacks.

"So, do you have a girlfriend?" she asked.

"Uh, no," I admitted almost to myself.

"I'm surprised. So, how many girlfriends have you had? Lots, I bet," she said with a grin.

"Uh... no," I was now very embarrassed. "Actually, I've never been on a date," I admitted hesitantly.

"What! You're a virgin?" she said a little louder than I wanted. "I can't believe that! Considering the score you got on the entrance exam and how cute you are, I would think you'd have more experience than most seniors in college."

At that point, it was my turn at the window, so I stepped forward, handed in my packet and waited for the guy to check it over. He punched some stuff into the computer, and a few minutes later, I had my ID card and a printed schedule of my classes.

"Okay, Greg, I need to go help another new student," Winter said to me, "but I'm serious; look me up, and we'll change your dateless state. I promise I'll go out with you, and I promise you'll have a good time. Call me in a couple weeks; after school gets rolling."

I couldn't believe I had finally met a girl that was making the first move, and I didn't feel like she was setting me up for a big joke. This girl was actually sincere and seemed to want to date me.

As we shook hands, she palmed a small business card to me and whispered, "My phone number is on the card." Then, in a normal voice, she said, "I recommend you join the Delta Rho fraternity. It's a fraternity for the less experienced students at this college, and it will help you overcome any anxieties you might have with the opposite gender."

A moment later, she was gone, and I was on my own again. My heart was pounding with excitement. Just being close to that girl had me so worked up I needed relief.

Pledge Week -----------

I didn't see Winter again after that first day. I called her a couple of times and left messages on her answering machine, but she never called me back. With my years of low self- confidence, it seemed obvious to me that her complements were just BS to get me registered. I was sure she was turned off to me after learning I was a virgin.

I did pledge Delta Rho, though. I found out that they had a sister sorority that catered to girls who were also inexperienced in dating and sex. Supposedly we would have a number of joint events that would encourage us to mingle. That made me nervous just thinking about it. It turned out that Hell Week was one of the joint events that took place. Pledges from our fraternity were brought together with pledges from their sorority to go through the humiliation and torture required to weed out individuals who were not really motivated to be in the house.

We were all awakened and practically bodily dragged out of our dorm rooms at 5am the first Saturday of school. The only time I was provided before being carried out of the dorm was to put on my socks and sneakers. Everyone, guys and gals, were tossed into the back of a moving van in whatever clothes we happened to be in at the time and taken to a remote grassy field on the edge of some national park. I was in a pair of boxer shorts that I sleep in as were a number of the guys. One of the girls was in a baby-doll nightgown that was essentially see-through, but the other girls were in robes or long nightshirts of some sort. We were all too scared and disoriented to really pay much attention to each other, but I do know that all the guys got a good look at the girl in the see-through nightgown. She was obviously mortified with being dressed like that in public. I couldn't help but wonder why a girl would wear something see-through and sexy in a dorm, especially a co-ed dorm.

At the park, all the pledges were lined up in two lines, boys facing girls. A rather mousy girl was across from me. Her hair was in a bun, and she was wearing black, thick-rimmed glasses. Her nightshirt showed little of her figure, but she was obviously slender and had breasts; the latter made firm mounds with evidence of stiff nipples underneath.

"Atten-hut!" announced one of the older brothers of the fraternity. We all did our best impression of a military stand at attention.

"Okay, here are the rules! The person across from you is your partner. I don't care if you don't want to be their partner. Live with it and support him or her. You get points for showing support. Your team spirit is a plus in this little game.

"We are going to put you through a number of very intimate, embarrassing ordeals, and if you find you can't go through with it, just come back to the table here, and we'll send you home.

"Whenever you present yourself at this table, which you will do after each task, you must be at full attention and say, 'Slimy worm reporting as ordered, Sir,' or 'Ma'am' as appropriate. Let me emphasize that you must be at full attention."

As the brother was talking, I let my eyes wander. The young woman in front of me was actually rather cute. She had a perfect complexion, jet-black hair, thin eyebrows and piercing blue eyes. Her nose was slender and straight, and her lips looked like the perfect movie-actress lips. Her jaw-line was very sharp, and her neck was slender and long. Her breasts were clearly a good size under her nightshirt, and it seemed obvious to me that she wasn't wearing a bra by the clear protrusions of her nipples. I couldn't help but wonder what she looked like without the nightshirt.

Then I saw her. Behind one of the tables was Winter. She was looking up and down the line of pledges with a smile on her beautiful face. I then realized that she was a member of the Delta Pi sorority. Wow! That means I'd get to see her again for sure, especially if I get voted into this fraternity.

"Strip!" bellowed the brother.

Damn! I hadn't been listening. Did he actually command us to strip? I quickly looked around, and sure enough, everyone up and down the line, male and female, were taking whatever clothes they were wearing off. They were leaving their shoes on for some reason.

"Hey, you better hurry up," the girl across from me said.

She was now standing at attention completely naked except for her shoes. My erection sprang to full hardness as I looked at her perfect body. I'd seen pictures in magazines, but this was an amazing specimen of the female anatomy.

I realized I had to hurry to catch up to everyone, but I was sorely embarrassed of my erection, and I didn't see any of the other guys sporting one. I hesitated, but I didn't want to cause my team to lose points, so I just bit the bullet and yanked my boxers off.

At attention again and facing my partner, I saw that her eyes were focused on my hard- on. I was mortified, but there was a hint of a smile forming, and her tongue glided between her slender lips. I think she forgot that I was attached to the swollen appendage that seemed to fascinate her. Her staring only made my cock get that much harder.

Since she wasn't paying attention to my face, I let my eyes wander her magnificent body. Her breasts were everything I had imagined, if not more. They were full and firm, and her areolas were slightly upturned and were dark brown and about the size of quarters. She had amazing nipples that stood out at least a quarter inch or more; maybe a half inch. Her breasts were so full that the sides extended further than her rib cage, and I imagined those behind her could see them bulging out under her arms. Her waist was tiny compared to her breasts and hips, and I could see her ribs expanding and contracting with her breath. Clear hipbones could be seen bulging on either side of an amazingly flat abdomen and stomach. A tiny teardrop bellybutton adorned the center of her stomach, making my mouth water.

Then my eyes dropped to her nether region. She had a beautifully trimmed one-inch wide strip of black hair rising from above her womanly slit toward her bellybutton. The strip was about three inches long and trimmed to look like it grew that way naturally; no sharp edges on the sides from a razor. Her crease was not like I had imagined it. I expected a miniature fanny; just two pillows of skin pressed together to form a slit. Hers had just a hint of other pink folds peeking out from between her two outer lips, and there was a pimple-like bump pushing its way out from within the folds. The girl was clearly sweating as a thin sheen could be seen between her thighs. Considering how cold it was out, I wondered if she might not be peeing. How embarrassing for her.

Suddenly, Winter was directly in front of me. Her nose was less than an inch from mine, and she was staring into my eyes. I could feel her hand wrap around my erection and squeeze it.

"Remember me, worm?" she said loudly.

"Uh, yes," I responded quietly.

"YES, WHAT?" she yelled as she squeezed my dick harder, making me wince.

"Yes, ma'am!" I said back in my best military voice.

"Remember, scum, I am your superior! You will always address me as Ma'am, Mistress or Your Highness! Since this is your first screw-up, drop and give me ten! Each time you go down, I want you to kiss my feet to remind you of my superiority over you. Each time you come up, say, 'I am your slave to command!' Understood?"

"Yes, ma'am!" I barked.

Immediately, I dropped to the grass and started doing the pushups. Ten was easy for me, and I did them quickly. The only thing that slowed me down was my having to say in a loud voice that I was her slave to command. She was barefoot, so I decided to kiss a different toe each time I went down. They were cute little toes with the nails neatly painted in bright red with a black stripe. I was also very aware of my erection against the grass each time I was all the way down.

When I stood back up, Winter immediately grabbed my erection again and leaned in to touch my nose with hers.

"I hope you learned your lesson, toe-jam. Remember to always treat your superiors with the respect they are due."

"Yes, ma'am!" I responded loudly.

I couldn't believe it! Not only was she boldly holding my dick, but also she was at this point stroking it; right there in front of everyone. I was sure that at least the female pledges nearby could see what she was doing, and I knew that the eroticism of having such a beautiful girl fondling me, especially outdoors in front of others, would have me reaching climax very shortly.

The next thing she did was lean in and whispered in my ear, "Don't let an upperclassman see this thing soft today, you hear me!"

"Yes, ma'am," I replied in a normal voice.

She released me and went on down the line.

My partner was staring at my hard-on again, and the grin on her face was clear.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GRINNING AT?" one of my brothers barked at her. She immediately cleared her face of any smile and said, "Nothing, sir!"

"ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT HIS ERECTION IS NOTHING?"

"No, sir!" she replied, clearly shaken.

"DOES YOUR BOYFRIEND HAVE ONE THAT'S BIGGER?"

"No, sir!"

"THEN WHAT WERE YOU SMILING AT?"

"Uh, I was smiling at the thought of touching it, sir!" she admitted, a clear blush crossing her face.

"DON'T WORRY, SCUM, YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE! NOW LOOK STRAIGHT AHEAD AND STOP SMILING!"

He moved on and yelled at another girl down the row. My partner was clearly embarrassed at having to admit she wanted to touch my hard-on, and she now stared straight ahead with a serious look on her face.

"Right now, Mistress Anne is attaching a map to the female worms. The boy worms must read this map and direct his team to the destination. A table and one brother and one sister will be at each destination where you will report as you are to report here at this table. There, you will be given directions on your first task. Complete it and return here for your second task."

A few minutes later, Mistress Anne stood between us and taped a map to my partner's chest. I couldn't see what she was doing until she stepped away to put a map on the next sorority pledge's chest. My partner had a map duct-taped to her chest between her full breasts. Since she was so well endowed, the map actually spanned across her breasts but was small enough to only cover the split between them; her nipples were still exposed. At the same time, two brothers were walking down behind each of the lines and were tying our wrists together behind us. They were using plastic ties to make sure our hands were flat against each other, and we could not pull them apart.

"This is not a race for time," the brother explained to us all. "Your hands are being tied behind your backs to ensure that you don't use them. You must find other ways to accomplish the tasks. You will be graded on accomplishing the task and various aspects of performance. If you have any questions, too bad. Now get going. Scumbags, dismissed!"

Task 1 ------

First thing we did was break up into our teams. Each boy-girl team went into a huddle to introduce themselves and discuss strategy.

"Hi, I'm Greg," I said to my partner.

"I'm Janice," she responded. "I'm so embarrassed. I hope you don't think I'm a wanton slut."

"Of course not," I replied. "I took it as a compliment. What else would a guy think of a beautiful woman admiring his erection?"

"Oh, I'm not beautiful, but thanks anyway," she replied.

"Ah, but you are beautiful. I have to admit, I have no experience to speak from, but in comparison to the pictures I've seen in Playboy, you're in the cream of the crop."

She was blushing profusely by this time, and she obviously wanted to change the subject. "Well, thanks. Now let's figure out what we need to do." She held her chest out for me to read the map.

I was definitely distracted by her large, firm breasts, and the hard nipples seemed to be calling out to me, but I tore myself from staring or trying to lick one of them to read the map.

The map was a copy of one of the trail maps used by the national forest. Someone had used a Magic Marker to write, "You are here," with an arrow pointing to the park. Then there was a large X marked on one of the trails. It looked like a two-mile hike.

As we headed down the trail, we noticed other couples headed off on other forks. Apparently, we all had our own trail and our own destination. There were only about five couples, so it seemed reasonable.

We chatted and got to know each other a little as we walked.

"You said you don't have a lot of experience," Janice said. "I don't have any. I'm not only a virgin, but I've never even been on a date."

"Really?" I exclaimed. "Neither have I!"

We were both surprised at this. I thought she was far too good looking to be a wallflower. Besides, knowing guys, her breasts alone would attract most of them. It turned out that she went to an all-girls school and was very protected by her parents. Now at 18, she could go off on her own, and she was trying to expand her horizons.

I told her about all the reading and research I had done in the area of sexuality and relationships. It was hard to admit that my lack of opportunities and my shyness was replaced by a focused urge to learn as much as I could on the subjects. I also explained some of my viewpoints with respect to how society seemed to overrule nature and even the Bible. My attitude was with an open mind, though I was still somewhat inhibited because of my upbringing.

Janice seemed quite distracted by my erection. She kept staring at it, and she asked me questions about it, wondering if it hurt when it was hard or because it bounced when we walked. She asked if it got hard on its own or if I had to feel some arousal for it to get hard. She also wanted to know if I could will it hard or soft. I told her, no, it didn't hurt and that it usually got hard because I was aroused. I also explained that I could will it hard, but I did it by thinking arousing thoughts.

"That means you are feeling aroused right now," she said to me.

"Uh, yeah," I admitted. "I guess I've got a bit of an exhibitionist streak in me."

"Oh, so that's why you got erect so fast when we stripped."

"Actually, I was so nervous, I was surprised that I was hard," I admitted. "What got me worked up was looking at you. I've never seen a real live naked woman before, and you've got a killer body. It was all quite overwhelming."

"You really think I've got a nice body?" she asked. "I always thought I was too skinny, and these breasts of mine are just too big and white. They need some tan, and I've been thinking about a breast reduction."

"Oh, don't do that," I scolded her. "As soon as the word gets around about what a fabulous body you have and how nice your breasts are, you're going to get more dates than you can handle." She seemed to have to think about that.

I asked her about her nipples, wondering about what made them hard. She admitted that they sometimes got hard because she was cold, but she added, "They're hard now because I'm aroused. This is the first time I've ever been naked around another person, other than my doctor, and I find it quite exhilarating. Not only am I naked around a strange man, but also I've just been naked in front of a whole bunch of people I don't know, and I'm hiking through the woods naked. It's all quite intense, and I'm all tingly inside. I guess there's some exhibitionism in me, too."

We talked some more about philosophies and sexual mores. Janice seemed interesting in my views, and she indicated she was working on relaxing her own inhibitions based on many of the restrictions taught by her family. She wasn't quite in agreement with everything I said, but she still had an open mind.

Then Janice asked, "What was it that the sister whispered in your ear?"

"She told me to make sure no upperclassman saw my cock go down."

She thought about that for a moment, and then said, "Ah, now it makes sense. When the guy was saying that he wanted to make sure we heard him when he said we were to be standing at full attention, he wasn't just talking about our stance. He was saying that you need to be hard, and I bet he also meant that my nipples were to be hard, too."

That sounded logical. Why else would he make a point of "full attention?" I also now understood what Winter was saying when she described this fraternity as one that would help overcome anxieties with the opposite gender. Not only were we initiated right off with being naked in front of a number of people including members of the opposite gender, but also we were encouraged to perform very intimate things with each other. I was already feeling quite comfortable with Janice, especially considering I had a constant hard-on with her, and rather than be offended as I would have expected, she seemed to enjoy it.

When we got to the destination, a fraternity brother and sorority sister were waiting for us at a table. We both presented ourselves at attention, as we were required. The brother told us to stand at ease and then told us to read the directions on the table.

The brother was clearly impressed with Janice's breasts, and he made no effort to divert his eyes from them. I saw exactly what I read about; guys just can't look a woman in the eyes. The sister, on the other hand, was more respectful to me, although I did catch her glancing at my erection a couple of times.

On the table were some alligator clips tied together with small chains. We were to attach these clips according to a diagram and return to the main table in the park.

"Are you serious?" Janice asked the two behind the table.

"Hey, we're not forcing you to do anything you're not comfortable doing," said the sister.

"If you don't want to do it, you can leave now," said the brother smugly to Janice's tits.

Janice looked at me, and I said, "Look, I'm willing to do anything to get over my shyness and anxieties, and this fraternity seems to be the best way to accelerate that. If I have to do some weird kinky things to be accepted in this fraternity, I'm going to do them. As long as I don't have to hurt anybody or force someone else to do something they don't want, I'm okay with it."

Janice thought about it for a few minutes and finally agreed. "You're right. Let's do it." Since our hands were tied behind our backs, I had to attach the alligator clips to Janice, and she would have to attach them to me. Also, without our fingers, we had to use our mouths to attach the alligator clips. Janice went first and picked up one of the clips with her teeth.

"If my parents knew I was at this school taking Human Sexuality as a major, I'd be in a convent in a matter of hours. If they knew what I was doing right now, I think they'd disown me," she said as she leaned over the table.

I said, "So, you're in Human Sexuality, too, huh? So am I."

"Coo'" she said with the clip in her mouth.

She had to attach the clip to the underside of my scrotum on one side. The other clip went on the other side, and the chain between them was supposed to loop around my shaft three times.

Janice dropped down to her knees in front of me and squeezed the clip with her teeth. Since I was fully erect, she was able to reach my scrotum under my left ball easily. She made sure not to clip to my ball itself but to the skin around it.

I expected it to hurt, but I was surprised that it was more like an itch. The alligator clips must not have had really tight springs.

Next, Janice had to rotate her head around my cock with the other clip in her mouth to get it looped three times. The chain was barely long enough to reach the underside of the other testicle, but with a little tugging, which pulled the chain tight as it slid around my shaft, she made it. I found it extremely erotic having such a pretty woman so involved with my genitalia.

The chain I was to attach to Janice had two alligator clips on both ends and some kind of ornament in the middle of the long chain. I didn't have any trouble attaching the alligator clips to Janice's large, erect nipples. They were so stiff and long, the clips snapped around them easily. I was surprised by the moan from Janice, though, and I asked if I was hurting her. She just shook her head to say no, but the blush on her face indicated she was feeling something. The chain was long, and the ornament actually dangled right at her pussy level. I wondered if there was some significance to that, so I looked at the diagram more closely. Then I looked at the ornament more closely. Sure enough, it was some kind of clip, and I thought it was to be attached to her clit. Good thing Hustler Magazine showed me where a clit was, or I'd have looked like a real idiot.

"Um, I think this thingy is supposed to attach to your clit," I said to Janice.

"Oh my God!" she gasped. Her face was quite flushed, and I sensed this was very erotic to her.

I held the ornament up with my tongue while she inspected it.

"I guess you're right," she said in a hoarse whisper. "You shouldn't have any trouble finding it. I'm so turned on, its gotta be obvious down there."

She was right. That little bud I saw earlier was her clit. It was so big and hard that it actually poked right out from between her pussy lips. Based on my readings, I expected there to be some kind of hood or fold covering her little love-button, but apparently hers was completely exposed. I could smell her musky odor as I fumbled around with the little clip in my mouth, and I discovered the sheen on her thighs was her vaginal juice leaking out. Apparently, she was very aroused.

When I started using my tongue to figure out where her clit was before attaching the clip, she suddenly jammed her hips forward, driving my tongue even deeper between her lips.

"Oh my God!" she said again. "If you keep that up, I'm going to have an orgasm right here in front of all of you. This is so embarrassing."

"Thath okay with me," I said as I positioned the clip. I decided to stick my tongue between her lips again to see if I could get her to climax. I don't know why I did that, but it seemed like a fun thing to do. I dug around her clitoris a few times, and then sucked it between my lips. That's all it took. Janice jerked and shook all over as she went into a very powerful orgasm. I had never seen a woman have an orgasm except the staged ones in porn videos on the Internet. This was such an exciting thing to watch and be a part of, I thought I might blow my own climax in sympathy. I continued to lick and suck until she jerked her hips away from me. She bent over at the waist and panted for a moment before presenting her pussy to me again. Her face and upper chest were a deep crimson color, and she was biting her lower lip as she stood stiffly in front of me not saying a word.

I managed to clip the little gizmo onto her highly engorged nub, and she shuddered again, giving a low moan.

"Bravo!" the couple behind the table cheered.

"Extra points to the girl," the sister said as she wrote something on her clipboard.

"What! We get extra points for having an orgasm?" Janice exploded.

"The purpose of this exercise is to humiliate you, teach you who your superiors are and to force you and your partner to be intimate with each other. You demonstrated two that were above the requirements yet within the realm of this task."

"Oh, God, how embarrassing," Janice mumbled as we came to attention in front of the table before being dismissed.

"You two have actually earned a number of extra-credit points," the brother admitted.

"Shhh," the sister admonished him. "We're not supposed to let them know all the things we give points for."

As soon as we were dismissed, Janice and I headed back down the path from which we'd come. The jingling of the chains could be heard and reminded us of the pinching pain of the alligator clips.

"Wow, that was cool!" I said to Janice when we got out of earshot of the others.

"What?"

"I actually made you climax," I said. "I've always fantasized about doing that."

"Yes, you did," Janice admitted, "and I don't think I've had an orgasm that powerful ever."

"That is so amazing," I continued. "I always thought it was men that were 'on the edge' and would have orgasms easily. You've just proved it isn't just men."

"Well, I guess I should go ahead and admit it," Janice said. "Listening to your views and attitudes, I feel very comfortable talking to you. Hopefully, you won't think I'm a deviant or something, but based on what you said before, this shouldn't sound deviant to you."

I repeated my views that deviant behavior in my mind is being cruel or forcing one's will on another person, so as long as she wasn't in that category, I doubted she could ever be considered deviant or immoral in my book.

"Well, seeing you with an erection like that has me really worked up. Maybe it's because of my sheltered life, but I've been on the edge ever since we stripped our clothes off. What with being naked in front of all these people, having a really cute partner that is obviously aroused and has a wonderful erection, I'm a wreck inside. I hope that doesn't scare you."

"Not at all," I replied. "As a matter of fact, it really turns me on. Looking at you has me really worked up as well, and knowing that you are just as aroused only excites me more. I'm sure that if I was touched or rubbed the right way, I'd be spewing all over the place."

"Really?" she said with sincere surprise. "It doesn't turn you off to find out how easily aroused I am? I always thought I was a nymphomaniac or over-sexed or something and men would be repulsed by me. When I touch myself, I have these fabulous, really powerful orgasms that make me want to explode inside. I want them over and over again, but my parents have me trained to think it is disgusting and deviant behavior."

"As I've been trying to tell you, I don't think that way, and I don't understand why society does. I believe that part of the reason we're all so messed up is because our natural instincts are so repressed," I explained.

"You're not saying that just to make me feel good so that you can later take advantage of me, are you?" she asked.

"Absolutely not!" I moaned. "It could be that I'm frustrated like you, maybe for different reasons, but it has driven me to do this research and make my own conclusions. This is what I've come up with. I find you so amazing. I've read about women like you, but I didn't know they really existed. You sound like my fantasy woman; someone who is open, likes to show off a little, and loves a good orgasm. I sure hope we get to spend more time together after this is all over."

"Really? You're not grossed out by me?"

"Not in the least. Look at my erection. It's as hard as it has ever been. Just hearing what you just said, and hearing it from such a gorgeous creature, it's driving me crazy."

We walked in silence for a while. Although my hormones were in full swing, there were a couple of places along the trail where I slipped and almost fell. One time, the distraction caused my cock to droop, and the chain slipped off.

"Oh, damn," I groaned. "Sorry about that."

"Not a problem," Janice said with a grin, almost enthusiastically. "Let me see if I can help."

She squatted down in front of me and sucked my half-flaccid cock into her mouth. Oh, God! I had only fantasized about a blowjob, and now there was a beautiful woman giving me one. I don't think I was in her mouth for 30 seconds before I was hard as a rock again, but she didn't stop right away. She sucked and licked my cock until I was about ready to explode. Then she suddenly released me.

"Let me know if you're getting close to cumming," she said casually. Just the sound of her saying "cumming" almost took me over the edge. "I'm not concerned about you cumming on me or even in my mouth, I'm just concerned about keeping you erect. I've heard that after a guy cums, he loses his erection for a while, and we don't want that."

"Well, you better stop now," I suggested. "I'm pretty close."

"Wow, that was easy," she said, looking at my erection. "I thought it would take a lot more than just that."

"I told you, you're a beautiful woman, and I'm very inexperienced. The combination is overpowering."

Janice then used her teeth to open the clip on one side of my scrotum and looped the chain around my dick three times again. Once again she had to pull on the clip to tighten the chain before attaching it to my sac.

We continued down the path a little way when, suddenly, she got very serious. "I hope I don't offend you," she said quietly, "but I'm not ready for a relationship. I'd really like to go out with you sometime, but I want to do some more experimenting for a while."

That really caught me off-guard. Going steady or some kind of dating agreement hadn't entered my mind. Apparently, it had entered hers. Was she considering something more serious? My ego suddenly leaped.

"Oh, that's perfect," I agreed. "I'm not ready for a commitment, either."

"Well, I'm not ready for... you know... full-on sex... vaginal sex... you know, insertion, penetration," she stammered.

"That's okay," I comforted her. "There's a lot to do without going all the way."

"I'm not saying I'm against it," she went on. "I'm just saying I'm not ready. I could be by the end of Pledge week at the rate things are going. Just understand that I want to do it when I'm ready."

"Not a problem," I agreed.

After a minute of silence, she said, "I'm so afraid that I'm not being clear."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, it's just that I'm so confused right now. I mean, I really like you, and my hormones are going crazy. I'm just afraid I'm going to say or do something to screw everything up." She was obviously working some things out in her mind and didn't know how. "I really, really want to go out with you," she continued, "and being as inexperienced as I am, I'm afraid I'll get all emotional and clingy. I don't want that. I want to enjoy my freedom. I want to experiment around a little, but I also don't want to push nice guys like you away."

"I've been thinking the same thing," I said. "You are physically more than a dream-come- true, but as a person, you excite me beyond anything I could ever have imagined. We've already opened up to each other quite a bit, which has made me very comfortable with you, and I've never told anyone some of the things I've told you. I am also so afraid I'm going to say or do something that's going to ruin the closeness we've already developed, but, with that said, I also want to expand my horizons."

"You know what's cool?" she said with a big grin. "If we both get accepted into our houses, we'll see a lot of each other. From what I've heard, it's not a good idea to get involved seriously with anyone; at least not too soon. I guess there's a lot of hanky-panky, and getting serious only causes problems. I've heard some stories about our houses that would curl your toes."

"Like what?" I asked, seriously intrigued.

"Well, supposedly, only students enrolled in the Human Sexuality program get accepted into our houses. Since labs often require nudity and intimate touching, the college administration turns its head on most of the sex restrictions that are imposed on the other houses."

"I wonder what these labs require," I said curiously.

"Well, I've heard that one girl in my sorority spent an entire week nude to fulfill a project requirement. She never wore a stitch of clothing except a pair of moccasins. She was doing a study on the affect it had on other students and her own sexuality. I guess she was pretty confident that she wouldn't be overly aroused since she felt her libido was pretty low. According to the rumors, she got so turned on during the study, she was begging guys to have sex with her three days into her week, and she never had any trouble finding a willing partner."

"Damn!" I groaned.

"According to one girl I spoke with, a guy and a girl in one of the HS300 classes demonstrated 27 sexual positions in front of the Student Union Building. It was supposed to be to educate other students in ways of making their relationships more fun and interesting. She said that they did this over a one week period and that each position resulted in climax for both of them."

"Wow! That's amazing!" I said, wondering if I'd be able to do anything like that.

"What surprised me even more about that story was that the guy and girl were dating other people at the time. They had met in class and were made partners on a project of their own choosing by the teacher. Demonstrating sexual positions was what they came up with."

"You've got to be kidding me," I exclaimed. Janice shook her head to indicate she wasn't. "I suppose I could work up the nerve to spend a week naked, but I'm not sure I could have sex with an audience like that, especially with someone I just met."

"Oh, I could!" Janice admitted boldly. Then, suddenly, she became reserved. "I don't know where that came from. I'm usually very shy about my fantasies. I'm sorry."

"Don't be embarrassed," I encouraged. "I think it's cool that you have the nerve to do things like that. The thought really turns me on, and I hope that going to this college will build my self-confidence to the point that I could enjoy some wild fantasies, too. Maybe you can help me over some of my anxieties."

Janice looked at me with a surprised look, and then she started to laugh. "I can't believe we're having this conversation. Here I am, a bookworm-librarian who was so proper in high school that guys wouldn't even talk to me, and now you're asking me to be your mentor in wild fantasy sex. That is so weird."

"And here I thought I was helping you out of your shell," I admitted shyly. "So tell me about your goals at this school."

"Well, I'm not sure, but I wanted to become comfortable enough with my body and my own sexuality that I could help others do the same," she said. "I figured that my own experience would help me better understand others who are naïve and repressed, but I was hoping to be more intimate with my clients than a typical psychiatrist. Sometimes people need to experience things to get over their inhibitions and anxieties. That's why this college is such a godsend for me."

"And me," I agreed. "I've fantasized about public sex, and it always gets me really turned on. Of course in my fantasies, everyone around is aroused by what I'm doing, but I think reality isn't like that. With the social restrictions we've created on ourselves, many people would be outraged and disgusted, even if on the inside they were going crazy with excitement."

Janice hesitated and then said, "It's funny that I feel so comfortable talking to you. For some reason, I don't feel like you're judging me; at least not critically. I feel like I can talk about anything."

"I hope you do," I encouraged her, "and I want you to know, everything you say to me will stay between us. I'm not about to go out and tell people anything you've said to me. Besides, I was thinking that maybe we could share our fantasies and fetishes and help each other realize them."

"Thank you for saying that," Janice said back to me. "I kind of assumed you were that kind of guy, but as I've said, I don't have a lot of experience, and so that you know, I'm not going to spread any rumors about you, either."

I looked at her and grinned. "If you want to spread good rumors, I'm okay with that." We both laughed.

"So, anyway, my other goals: It turns out that those stories I heard were one of the draws to this college. Someday, when I'm a bit more comfortable with myself, I'd like to find out how many guys I could have sex with before I was fully satiated or I became raw. I would like to become skilled at finding young virgin guys and give them a fabulous first experience and then teach them how to seduce other women to have more experiences. I plan on revamping my wardrobe while I'm here so that everything I own is sexy, see-through, very revealing or skin-tight. I'm only going to wear panties when I'm bleeding, and I never want to own a bra again."

"Well, looking at you now, you're well on your way to reaching your wardrobe goal," I said, grinning. She bumped her sexy shoulder into mine as if she were punching me. Then I added, "It sounds like you would like to be a sex surrogate when you graduate."

"What's that?" she asked.

"In your case, you would help dysfunctional men through sex," I explained. "In some cases, you might have to 'date' them for a while to get them relaxed, but you would probably have to actually have sex with them at some point. The final act is usually performed a few times to ensure that they've overcome their anxieties."

"Wow! That sounds like a great job! I'm going to look deeper into that this semester."

"The problem with it is, sometimes the guys are pretty geeky or gross. They're the ones that are really struggling with sex and relationships," I warned her.

"Their personality doesn't bother me. As long as he doesn't smell bad and is clean, I think I could have sex with just about anybody. I'm sure I could convince them to improve their hygiene before we actually do the deed."

"Wow! That's really cool. I don't think I could be so open-minded," I admitted. "I've got to be attracted to the woman to be able to get turned on."

"I guess that's one of the benefits of being a woman," she explained. "I don't have to get an erection, which means I don't have to be attracted to the guy, per se. All I need to do is get wet, and I can do that easily."

I had to agree with her.

"So, what are your goals at this school," she asked me.

"I was hoping to get over my anxieties with women," I started. "I want to drop as many barriers as I can sexually. I was hoping to live out some of my fantasies, most of which revolve around exposure and exhibitionism. I'd love to be a male model for erotic art, whether I'm posing alone or with others. The idea of being naked while others are scrutinizing my body makes my nerves tingle all over, but I'm not sure anyone would be interested in me."

"Well, you're wrong there," she argued. "You've got a really nice body. Some girls might want a little more muscle tone, but most would be thrilled to check you out naked."

I thanked her, hoping that she was right, and then added, "When I graduate, I hope to be a sex therapist."

"You'd be a fabulous therapist," Janice said. "Here you've got me opening up to you already, and whatever anxieties you have with women sure aren't obvious to me."

"Maybe," I said softly, "but I haven't asked you out, yet, and you've never been on a date with me. That's where you'd see me fall apart."

"Well, maybe we can work on that," she said with a smile. "As I said, I want to help men get over their sexual anxieties, and I want to break in virgins. This would be a great opportunity for me to practice, and besides, I'd really like to go out with you. Considering how well we get along and how open you are, it seems to me that we could do some experimenting on our dates. Just the thought of having a willing partner is getting me really excited about some of my fantasies."

"Just the time I've spent with you today, I think a lot of my anxieties are melting away," I told her. "I think any anxiety I might have had wouldn't be there with you."

Just then we came out into the park. We noticed another couple getting dressed, but no one else was there except the upperclassmen (and women). It looked like the girl that had been in the see-through nightclothes. It was surprising to me that a woman that would dress like that in the dorm would have issues with sex.

"They must have whimped out," I said to Janice, cocking my head toward the couple getting dressed. "Looks like they're leaving."

Before we presented ourselves to the head table, we checked each other over. Janice sucked on the head of my cock for a moment to make sure I was fully hard, and I flicked her nipples and clit with my tongue until we were sure they were nice and stiff. I don't think either of us needed to do that, but I know I did it because I wanted to.

After reporting, we were told to stand at ease. Winter came around the table and removed the alligator clips from my testicles. She seemed to take great delight in stroking me as she unwrapped the chain. I know a little bit of pre-cum leaked out while she was squatting in front of me, but she didn't seem to notice.

As she was squatted in front of me, I said, "So, wha..."

Immediately, she stood up and put her nose in my face. "DO NOT SPEAK TO ME UNLESS I GIVE YOU PERMISSION!"

I shut up.

One of the brothers from my fraternity unclipped the alligator clips from Janice. He seemed quite impressed with her clit, and I think she had a small orgasm as he removed the little clip. Roughly, he ripped the map off of her chest and attached another.

"Okay, you did well on your first assignment. Now follow the map to your next one," the brother told us.

Task 2 ------

We stood at attention until we were dismissed, and then we turned and headed off into the woods. I noticed this time that we were to head down a different trail. This one was a bit closer, so the walk wasn't as long.

"So, where'd you hear these stories of students here?" I asked. "I mean, no one I knew even heard of this school."

"Well, actually, I heard it from the older sister of one of my girlfriends. She goes here," Janice explained. "I only told you some of the more mild stories."

"You consider a story of a couple having sex 27 different ways in public mild?"

"Yeah!"

"And you still wanted to go here?" I couldn't believe a girl would want to go to a school that had a reputation like what she described.

"Actually, that's what motivated me," she said. "Some of the stories she told us are things that I really want to do myself. For example, according to my friend's sister, she and a friend of hers got themselves painted so they looked like they were wearing clothes. Donna, that's my friend's sister, was painted to look like she was wearing a short pair of denim jeans, unbuttoned in the front with a bright orange bikini thong peeking out. On top she had painted a bikini top to match the thong bottoms. Her friend was painted to look like she was wearing a tube-top and a pair of skin-tight jeans. Then the two of them spent the day in town. In reality, they were both stark naked except for their high-heels, but they looked like they were just wearing really tight clothes."

"Damn!" I moaned, thinking about what that must have been like. "How'd they hide their pubic hair?"

"They shaved it all off, dummy," Janice said as she rolled her eyes.

Wow! How stupid of me, but what a turn on.

"So, you mean they wandered around town like that? Didn't anybody figure it out?" I asked.

"I guess not," Janice said. "According to Donna, they spent the whole day like that. They went shopping, had lunch together, talked to some guys at the mall, and even rented a couple of those recumbent bicycles for a couple of hours. It was amazing. Donna said she was so horny by the time they got home, she had to ask four fraternity brothers to come over and satisfy her."

"Do you really think you could do something like that?" I asked.

"Oh, without a problem," she answered, "but I'd like to do it with a guy rather than another girl. I want to be the only one that is completely naked, and I want the guy I'm with to know it. The thought of going on a date with a guy, going out to dinner with him and doing day-to-day things with him while I'm completely naked sounds so exciting. I want him to be so turned on the whole time that he'll do just about anything with me. One of my fantasies is to be sitting on his lap in some crowded public place somewhere and have sex while no one knows."

"God! That sounds so hot!"

"It's too bad there's no way a guy could be painted and nude, too, but with that thing," she looked at my erection pointedly, "there's no way I can see that it could be done."

"Yeah, you're right," I agreed. "Guys wearing skin-tight clothes just doesn't hack it in public, either. I guess the best a guy can do is wear snug jeans without underwear."

"Hey, would you be interested in being my date when I do it?" she asked.

"You bet! I would love it!"

"Cool!" she said. "I know you'd be willing to break a few social rules in the guise of experimentation."

"You know I would, especially with such a fun partner!" I agreed. "What's amazing is that I probably would have been too nervous to agree to something like that, but if you are my partner, I think I would do just about anything. I feel so free when I'm with you."

Both of us were clearly quite aroused by our talk and naked-in-public state. We were both quite erect when we got to the next table. Again, a brother and sister were manning the table. Again, we came to attention and reported to them, and again, the guy could not take his eyes off of Janice's breasts. It surprised me with how blatant he was, but I also could understand his fascination in them. They weren't especially huge, just large for her otherwise slender frame.

The girl seemed pleased with my erection and didn't hesitate to look at it, but she had better self-control than the brother and didn't stare.

On the table were the instructions. There were ten packages of condoms and a variety of diaphragms. The instructions were that Janice was to put all ten condoms on me, and I was supposed to put one diaphragm in her. Without use of our hands, both would be difficult.

We had to work together to open the condoms. I held the edge of one between my teeth, and she had to grab the adjoining edge with her teeth, bringing her close enough that it might look like we were kissing, and rip the package open. A couple of times, the condom bounced out of the package and fell to the ground. It was a good thing there was a soft matt of grass under us so it didn't get covered in dirt.

The first condom was the most difficult for her to put on me. It was a basic, unlubricated condom, and she had to figure out with her tongue how the latex unrolled. Then she had to rotate it around in her mouth so she could fit it over the head of my cock. Presuming we would be judged on how well it was put on, she unrolled it all the way down my shaft using her tongue and lips.

"Oh, God!" I groaned when she had my cock fully engulfed in her mouth. "I can't hold back anymore!" I could feel the back of her throat as she used her tongue to make sure the condom was full unrolled, and I lost it.

I guess I expected her to jerk away in the hopes of stopping my release, but she didn't. Instead, she clamped down on my cock and started sucking and massaging it with her tongue. I came in buckets. I swear my balls sucked into my body and tried to follow the sperm. My whole body jerked and shook for a good five minutes, and Janice never released me and never stopped sucking.

I was so afraid that she'd pull away and the brother and sister would see me flaccid. Winter did warn me not to let that happen. Janice must have considered that, too, because she kept her mouth firmly wrapped around my shriveled cock. For the next ten minutes, she continued to suck and massage my dick until I was fully erect again.

When she finally did pull away, I looked down and saw the condom filled with my sperm. It had run up the shaft about three-quarters of the way, making most of my cock look milky white. Janice looked at it for a moment, but then grabbed the next condom package with her mouth and stood up in front of me. We opened it as we had the first, and she pushed the latex sleeve onto my shaft. After the fabulous orgasm, I wasn't about to have another, and the added level of latex separating her mouth from my skin made me less sensitive. Janice had no further incidents putting the rubbers on my cock, but the eroticism of the whole event kept me fully erect.

The next step was the diaphragm. Again we had to open the package together, but it took us a few minutes to figure out how I was to insert it. Then Janice said, "How about I slip it over your dick, and you push it in."

"What about your hymen?" I asked.

"Oh, I lost that years ago on my bicycle," she explained. "Be careful, though. Nothing bigger than my finger has been in there since, and your dick looks pretty threatening." She grinned at me, and I knew she was saying that to boost my ego, which it did.

Again she dropped to her knees and balanced the diaphragm on the end of my cock with her mouth. Then she stood up and leaned against the table and spread her legs for me. I moved up to her and carefully pushed the head of my cock against her bare pussy lips. I could see her clit standing swollen at the top of her slit, and her whole mons appeared to be swollen and pink.

"You see how turned on I am?" she asked as I bent my knees to position my cock to her lips. "I think that is so disgusting. I look like a slut."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Look at my clit! It's so obvious! It practically screams 'I'm horny! I want to be touched! I want an orgasm!' It makes me look wanton," she said.

"It makes you look sexy," I said.

"But none of my sisters have a clit that sticks out like that, and neither do any of my girlfriends," she argued.

Her pussy opened easily for me, and my cock slid in without resistance. She was very tight but well lubricated, so I was able to push the diaphragm all the way in. If it weren't for the ten layers of latex on my cock, I would have blown another wad while in her. Still, I could feel the heat and pressure from her vagina as my cock became fully embedded in her. I continued to push into her until I was sure it would go no further.

With my hips pressed against her groin, my face was almost next to hers. She whispered in my ear, "Stroke in and out a few times, would you please?"

I did as she asked, and on the fourth stroke, she had an orgasm. Her groin slammed against me, and I watched as her stomach muscles tightened and relaxed about five times. Her face and upper chest flushed a deep crimson, and her breathing became labored. I held myself still as her own bucking caused my cock to pump in and out.

Finally she came down, and we paused for a second for her to recover. Janice shook her head as if to shake herself back awake, and the bun in her hair came loose. That's when I found out that she had really long hair. It was beautiful, too. Her slick black hair was thick and straight, although a bit wavy after being wrapped up in the bun. It hung down over her shoulders to about six inches below her breasts. She looked so sexy, I thought I was going to cum just looking at her.

We brought ourselves to attention in front of the two monitors, and they dismissed us. Both of them had big grins on their faces, and the sister was writing something on her clipboard.

As we were walking away, I heard the sister say, apparently thinking we couldn't hear, "Okay, I'm ready. After that little scene, you can do me, but hurry up. We can't afford to be caught."

"Damn, that was hot!" Janice said as we rounded a corner. "I guess my commitment to avoid penetration for a while has been busted. I have to admit, though, it was wonderful. Doing it in front of those two back there only made it that much more erotic."

"It was pretty hot for me, too," I agreed, "except that with all these rubbers on my dick, I couldn't feel it very well."

"Maybe when we're done with these silly tasks, I'll let you fuck me proper," Janice said with a smile. "That is if you aren't worn out by then."

"I'll do my best to be there for you," I said, grinning back.

After we walked for a while, Janice asked, "So, what is it that you look for in a woman? You know, what would you want?"

"I guess there's a fantasy woman and there's a real woman," I said, thinking as I spoke. "The fantasy woman is something I'm not sure exists, though getting to know you is making me less sure that's true. The real woman is what I think is truly possible. I'm hoping that after going to this college for a while, I'll find the fantasy woman and real woman can be one and the same."

"Okay, so tell me the description of the fantasy woman," Janice said.

"I guess she'd be pretty, at least pretty to me," I began. "I've found that some women other guys find attractive aren't always ones I would choose. The women I find attractive are usually in good shape, not skinny and not overweight, but healthy so we can do energetic things together. I like a pretty face and long hair, but I think all guys like that."

"Uh, huh," Janice grunted. "So, what about her personality? Do you care about that?"

I could sense some attitude, and I was sure she was thinking that I was just like all men and only interested in the body.

"Actually, the personality is more important than anything. Of course I'd like her to be in generally decent shape, but I want her to be real open-minded. I want to have fun with her, and I want her to be willing to do things. I've read about guys who dated girls that loved to dress provocatively and sometime even expose themselves inadvertently. One of my big fantasies is to go out on a date with a pretty girl who wore really sexy, revealing clothes. In these fantasies, she often exposes herself to others while acting as if she didn't realize it."

"Wouldn't that embarrass you? You know, wouldn't it bother you to have other people seeing the body parts of your date that are normally private for you?" Janice asked.

"Not at all!" I exclaimed. "As a matter of fact, I'd be thinking, 'Eat your heart out, people! She's going home with me, and we're going to have some really hot sex.' I'd be working up to a really great orgasm all evening long."

"I'm really looking forward to our first date, Greg," Janice said with a big grin. "I hope I don't go too overboard, but I'm planning on really pushing the envelope with you. Based on everything you've said, it will only make going home with you afterwards that much better."

We arrived at the main park just as another couple was headed back into the woods. It looked like they had just accomplished the task that we did first. The girl was pretty flat-chested, but she had really big, red nipples. She was also shaved bald, which kind of intrigued me. It just made her look that much more naked and exposed.

The guy was pretty well hung, but he was flaccid. Janice and I looked at each other with a knowing look; both recognizing he would lose points for that.

Again we reported at attention, and again Winter came to me to remove my items.

"Hmm, had a little too much fun on this one, did we?" she said with a grin as she slipped the condoms off in one swoop. I guess my sperm made the whole mess rather slimy, and it slipped off easily.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied.

"Hey, wormette!" Winter yelled to Janice. "Get over here and clean up your partner."

Without hesitation, Janice dropped to her knees in front of me and sucked my cock into her mouth. I couldn't believe she was so willing to eat my cum, but she didn't even hesitate. By the time she had cleaned me up, I was on the verge of another orgasm. It was everything I could do to keep it from happening.

We stood at attention, and the brother ripped off the map and taped another to Janice's chest.

Task 3 ------

After we were back in the woods, I asked Janice, "Doesn't that ripping of the duct tape off your chest hurt?"

"Actually, it's not that bad. They must be using some kind of tape that comes off easily; or else it could be that I'm sweating and it is just about to come off anyway."

"Well, I noticed you're a bit pink where the old tape was, and I was concerned," I said.

She looked down at herself and then said, "Oh, that isn't bad. I'm so pale that even the most minor irritations look bad."

As we walked through the woods this time, we actually talked about things other than sex. I found out she has one older sister and a younger sister. Her family was very strict with all of them, and it is doubtful that her older sister has gone on a date even though she's in college. Janice did not want to be like her.

We talked about the music we liked and the activities we enjoyed. She really enjoyed dancing, but the only guy with whom she's ever danced was her father. She'd really like to dance with a guy her own age.

"How about a nude dance," I asked playfully.

"What? You mean dance in the nude?" she asked with a grin.

"Yeah. I read a story one time about a fraternity that had an annual nude dance," I explained. "It was probably fiction, but the idea really turned me on. They'd invite the sorority over, and everyone would get naked and dance."

"Ooh, I like the sounds of that," Janice said. "I wonder what it would be like to be dancing so close to a guy that his penis was embedded in my pussy while we danced around the floor."

Well, that got my drooping hard-on back to full-bore. "Maybe we can do it sometime and find out."

I also learned that Janice, like most women, liked chick-flicks. She wasn't into the action- packed movies I liked, but we did have one common interest.

"I once saw an X-rated movie," Janice said in a confidential tone. "I only saw about ten minutes of it, but it was so erotic. I think the movie was really old. One of my girlfriends found it in her garage. It showed a bunch of people in a theater watching this man and woman having sex on stage. After the guy had a climax, the actors dragged the front row of the audience on stage and started having sex with them. In a few minutes, everyone in the theater was on stage having sex. It was so erotic, I thought I was going to burst."

"Now, that's something I'd like to do sometime," I said. "I would love to reach the point where I could have sex on stage."

"Oh, me, too," she agreed.

Our next task turned out to be really strange. Janice was supposed to put as many elastic hair bands on me as she could. These are the cloth elastic bands that women use to hold their hair in a ponytail.

This time, after putting about five on my cock, I told her I wouldn't be able to hold back if she put another on. I was so turned on with her using her mouth to roll these elastic bands down my shaft, I was right on the edge. I couldn't believe how close to the edge I was. How many orgasms in one day could I do? I had always believed maybe two, one in the morning and one in the evening. I was now thinking I could have one every twenty minutes or so.

"If I'm careful, do you think you can hold out?" Janice asked.

"Not if you touch my dick!" I groaned. "I doubt you could stretch one of those things enough to keep from touching the head of my cock, and right now, if you just breathe on it, you could set me off."

Janice thought for a moment and then came up with an idea. To keep from making me cum, she decided to extend the requirement. "It doesn't say that I'm only supposed to put them on your cock," she said. "It just says as many as I can put on. Maybe I should put them other places, as well."

She managed to loop a couple over each ear, and she impressed me as she put four around my scrotum. That's when I learned about another very sensitive spot on my body that I wasn't aware of; just behind my balls. I had to warn her to avoid touching me there with her tongue. Putting the elastic bands on my nut-sack turned out to be quite erotic, as she had to suck my balls into her mouth to manipulate the elastic band over it with her tongue.

With the break that my cock received from her attention, she was able to put ten more elastic bands onto my hard-on. She was very careful to push them down quickly and avoid touching my glans any more than necessary with her tongue or lips. It helped a little, but I was still just about to spew when she finished.

Now it was my turn to put elastic bands on her. The table was cluttered with small, rubber bands. They looked like the ones used by people with braces on their teeth. I had to think a bit to figure out how I was going to put these on her and where.

That's when I learned that Janice has very sensitive nipples. She shuddered with little orgasms as I put the little rubber bands on her stiff, extended nipples. I was quite surprised that I was able to get seven on each of them, but I think Janice was in climax heaven the entire time.

Then I had an idea. "Hey, if you can put elastic bands on my ears and balls, maybe I can put some on your clit."

"Oh, God!" she gasped. "You're right, but I don't know how much I can take."

"It's okay," I encouraged her. "You can have as many orgasms as you want. As long as you keep your nipples and clit erect, we should do just fine."

Sure enough, she had an explosive orgasm as I was trying to put the first rubber band on her clit. I had to suck her little nub into my mouth and hold it still as I rolled the rubber band from around my tongue onto her clit. She was clearly multi-orgasmic as she went through orgasm after orgasm while I managed to get five rubber bands down there.

The brother and sister manning this table actually applauded after we were finished and headed back to the main table.

"Oh, God," Janice moaned as we walked. "This is so erotic. I can feel the rubber bands squeezing my nipples and clit. I swear I'm going to be having orgasms all the way back to the main table."

"That's okay with me," I said. "I like watching you cum."

With that, she stopped and leaned against a tree. She had me run my tongue up and down her pussy, avoiding her clit for fear of pulling off the rubber bands, until she had an orgasm. We had to do that three times on the way back to the main table. I was really getting to like tasting her, and I actually fantasized that she'd want to go out with me a lot over the next few years.

"Would you kiss me?" Janice asked one time. "On the mouth, I mean. I need to feel your lips against mine."

There was no hesitation on my part. I leaned in to her, and our lips met. Hers were so soft and moist, and the feel of her tongue as it darted into my mouth was almost enough to make me cum. I had never kissed a girl like that before, and I found it so erotic. We licked and kissed each other for a good five minutes, sliding our tongues across each other's, sucking on each other's lips and breathing each other's breath.

When we finally separated, I thought I would try something I read in a book. I continued to kiss her face, slowly maneuvering myself to the nape of her neck. Using the tip of my tongue, I slid it up and down her spine, just below her hairline. She shivered and said, "Oh, God, Greg, you've got to stop, but I hope you do that when we go out on a date. If you want me to go all 'wild-woman' on you and fuck you until your balls run dry, kiss me like that, and I'll be out of control."

That book was right, I thought to myself as we started back down the path.

Janice and I reported to the main table in the park as we had been instructed. Winter and the brother both had to laugh at the bands hanging from my ears, and their nods and looks implied they were impressed with our ingenuity.

Winter seemed to enjoy removing the bands from my cock and balls. She was careful about the ones that were around my scrotum, but she seemed to be intentionally stimulating me as she removed the ones from my cock. She had me dripping pre-cum again before she was finished.

We had to tell the brother to remove the ones from Janice's clit, as he completely missed them. Even Winter had to squat down and get a close-up look as the brother gently pulled them off. Janice made no effort to hide the fact that she had another orgasm while the brother was fumbling around down there, and Winter and the brother just froze while Janice grunted and convulsed.

"I must say, I'm quite impressed," Winter said while staring at Janice's engorged clit. "I've never seen such a sexy pussy, and that clit makes my mouth water."

Both Janice and I looked at Winter in shock. I had read about bi women, but this was real. She wasn't just a faceless person in a book. Winter was this drop-dead gorgeous woman.

"What?" Winter said aggressively when she saw Janice staring at her. "Does it bother you that another woman wants to lick your clit?" she said sternly in Janice's face.

"No, ma'am," Janice said in a strong military tone.

"Then what is that look for?" the brother barked.

"Um, I guess I've never known a woman that was a lesbian," Janice said hesitantly.

"I'M NO LESBIAN," Winter yelled in her face. "I'm just open-minded, and you better open your mind if you want to be a member of this sorority!"

"Yes, ma'am," Janice responded, clearly shaken.

Task 4 ------

Again a map was taped to Janice's chest, but this time the instructions were to go to the trailhead as marked and pick up a flag. We were not to drop the flag ever on our return trip.

It sounded like a simple enough task, considering the strange requests up to this point.

As we headed off, I said to Janice, "I think Winter is bisexual."

"Huh? What's that?"

"It means she likes to have sex with both men and women."

"Really? Wow! I've never heard of that," Janice admitted. I guess she really was naïve and sheltered.

A few minutes later, she said, "Do you think Winter is attractive?"

"Definitely," I answered. "She's the epitome of the blond California-girl, but I'm not as attracted to her as I am to you."

"Relax, big boy," Janice said with a smile. "I'm not jealous, and it's perfectly understandable for you to be attracted to more than one woman. I appreciate your compliments, but I know there are a lot of better looking women out there."

"I wouldn't say that she's better looking," I said. "As pretty as she is, you're definitely in the same league."

"Well, thanks, but the reason I was asking is, does her being bisexual turn you off?" Janice asked.

"Not at all," I answered emphatically. "As a matter of fact, it kind of turns me on. The thought of her being with another woman where they are exploring each other and bringing each other to climax is amazingly erotic. According to my readings, there are many men who get more turned on watching women than a man and woman."

"Really? Would it turn you on to watch Winter with another woman... say... someone like me?" she asked hesitantly.

"Oh, God, yes," I moaned. "That would be a super turn on, but I'd probably want to jump in and join you two."

"So, you wouldn't be turned off to me if you saw me with another woman?" she asked.

"Of course not. I would expect you to enjoy your sexuality with both men and women," I said. "I look at that as part of your experimentation, the exploration of your sexuality while going to this school."

"Oh, that's such a relief," she sighed. "I didn't know that there were women who were bisexual, and I just thought I was weird. I find Winter real attractive, and having her staring at my pussy like she was really turned me on."

"Cool!" I said, my dick getting harder just thinking about the two of them together. "I hope you let me watch sometime."

"Actually, if she's okay with it, I'd like you to watch us the first time," she said. "It would be so exciting to have you there while we each bring each other off. When I'm fingering myself, I usually get so worked up that I have to masturbate a few times. It would be such a turn on to be able to have you there to help after I wear her out."

"Just the thought of that is such a turn on," I said. For a moment, a little fear ran through me. What if I couldn't get it up as many times as she needed? What if, between Winter and me, we still leave her unsatisfied?

"What would you say to an orgy?" I asked. "I'm sure you'd get enough to satisfy you for days."

"Would that turn you on?" she asked inquisitively.

"Hey, the thought of having a party with wild naked women and doing wild and crazy things is a fantasy I've had for years. I would think you'd love the idea. You have the advantage of being able to have many orgasms a day, while I'd be lucky to have two or three. Besides, you've already told me you want to see how many men you can take on at a time. An orgy would be the perfect place for that, and you'd probably get to have a few women, too."

"Oh, God!" she moaned. "The thought of that is such a turn on, but I still think I'd like to have my first experience with a woman be more private. I guess the thought of being with someone that won't judge me critically and who would be visibly aroused while I'm experimenting is really exciting."

"I would definitely be aroused, and there'd be no doubt," I said with a grin, knowing she could see how much the suggestion had me turned on.

This time, our trail took us along a logging road, and from the sounds as we approached it; it wasn't the quiet, serene environment the forest had provided so far.

"Oh, crap," Janice suddenly said almost under her breath.

"What?"

"I heard about this," she explained. "Pledge week for the Delta houses is pretty well known. Supposedly, a lot of people come out here to watch as the naked pledges parade themselves past them."

A shudder of nervousness ran through me. As big an exhibitionist as I thought I was, the thought of walking naked in front of a bunch of other students while they watched and jeered me was very stressful. To add to the jittery feelings, I could see one of the brothers ahead beckoning us on. That meant I had to maintain an erection, at least as long as he was able to see.

"I have to admit," I said to Janice as my pace slowed, "this is making me very nervous."

"I see that," she said as she noticed my erection starting to droop. "Why is this bothering you so much? You've been naked in front of a lot of people already, and you said you've got an exhibitionist streak in you. This should be exciting for you."

"I thought so, too," I agreed. "I can't explain it. I guess it seemed okay when the rest of the pledges were stripped, it was demanded of us, and only a few of the fraternity brothers and sorority sisters were witnesses. For some reason, parading in front of an entire school body completely naked and exposed while everyone else is dressed makes me uncomfortable."

"Hey, I'm going to be naked, too," she reminded me.

"True, but you're beautiful, and no one is going to make fun of you," I said, feeling very self-conscious. "Society doesn't frown on naked women like they do naked men."

"Oh, that's bullshit!" she said forcefully. "First of all, I'm not beautiful, and second of all, you are very good looking. You have nothing to be ashamed of, especially if you keep that thing erect." She looked down at my almost completely flaccid cock and added, "Here, let me get that thing back to that impressive hard-on I enjoy so much."

I stopped walking, and Janice squatted down in front of me. Leaning in, she sucked my cock into her mouth and started to work her magic. Considering how inexperienced she was, her technique was fabulous. I guess enthusiasm far outweighs practice. Of course looking down at this fabulous looking woman, her long black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her large breasts parting the hair to expose her erect nipples, was enough to give the Pope an erection.

When I was on the verge of an orgasm, she seemed to sense it before I could say anything and stood up.

"I noticed a bit of semen coming from your cock," she said as we started walking forward again. "Is that just left over from earlier, or is that a pretty good indication that you're close to a climax?"

"That was pre-cum," I explained. "It happens when I am really close to orgasm. You're pretty talented, and I have to admit that I'm really turned on by you."

"Thanks, Greg," she said with a big grin. "I'm pretty turned on by you, too."

"You're not having any trouble with this 'gauntlet' we're approaching, are you?" I asked.

"Actually, a little, but I think the excitement of realizing one of my fantasies is overriding any fears I'm feeling," she explained. "My biggest concern is that everyone will see my juices running down my legs and my clit standing up. Although I think my breasts are too large for my skinny body, I can get over that. Having them think I'm turned on is okay, but having them know that I'm so excited that my pussy is running like a river is a bit over the edge. I don't want people thinking I'm a slut-nympho or anything."

"Who cares what they think?" I argued. "The guys are going to be drooling over you, and the girls will be so jealous that they'll probably hate you, except of course the girls who want to have sex with you."

"You need to listen to your own advice," she said with a grin. "Just so you know, my girlfriends and I have talked frequently about the desire to see a man naked in public. It was actually something I would masturbate over as I thought about how erotic it would be, especially if the man were to be fully erect. That's part of the reason I'm so turned on when I'm with you."

"Okay, I think you've convinced me," I said to her. "My exhibitionist side is starting to kick in, and knowing you're going through it with me is getting me pretty worked up."

We picked up our pace, and a moment later, we were in the middle of the dirt road in front of what seemed like hundreds of people. Both men and women lined both sides of the road, although there seemed to be a lot more men than women. I was surprised to find that the women were actually more rowdy than the guys, and to my further surprise, they were anything but insulting. Some of the really cute girls whistled at me, and I heard one foxy babe yell out, "Hey! You can use that thing on me anytime you want!" My ego was starting to soar.

What I also noticed was that the guys were actually better behaved than the women. Most of them just clapped and yelled out compliments to Janice. I expected guys to make crude comments about her tits, but I only heard them say how beautiful she looked and what a lucky guy I was. Things like, "Oh, my God! What a babe!" and "Wow!" could be heard all throughout the crowd. Only one guy was rude and suggested she let him fuck her tits. To our surprise, the guys around him actually insulted him and pushed him to the back of the crowd.

This really young-looking innocent-looking girl put two fingers in her mouth and made a wolf-whistle. I was feeling very complimented until she yelled, "I wanna lick your clit, honey!" Wow! That blew my stereotype thought.

That's when Janice seemed to lose it. She turned to me, and I could see her face and chest were quite flushed. I thought she might be sorely embarrassed, but the rosy color reminded me of how she looked after her previous climaxes.

"Okay, Greg, I'm about to do something way over the edge," she said. "I hope you don't hate me for this, but I've got to do it!"

Before I could even react, she stopped me in my tracks, squatted down in front of me, and started sucking like a crazy woman on my dick. I was in shock but in heaven at the same time. The crowd went wild as Janice worked my cock like a pro. I was impressed with how deep she took me, and she only gagged once; the first time she pushed her face into my pubes.

The guys around us started chanting, "Suck it!" and "Swallow him!" and Janice only got more excited. I never thought I could get over my self-conscious feelings in front of a crowd, but Janice overcame any anxiety I might have had. The whole scene was surreal, and all I could think about was getting this fabulous blowjob in front of a whole bunch of strangers. Their wild enthusiasm encouraged me. I got more and more turned on by the thought of blowing this huge load in front of them, and I did. This time, though, instead of holding my cock in her mouth through my orgasm, she released me after the first shot went down her throat. She quickly maneuvered her mouth to the underside of the head of my cock and sucked as my second shot flew out into the dusty road in front of me.

The crowd went wild. Cheers went up, and the applause was deafening. Both men and women were screaming encouragements to us. "Oh my God! He's actually cumming," one young woman screeched. "That is so hot!" I heard another woman groan. "God! What a lucky bastard," I heard one guy say.

Immediately after my spurt jettisoned from the head of my dick, Janice sucked my cockhead back into her mouth and pumped her head up and down while massaging the head with her tongue. I squirted another three good shots into her mouth, and she swallowed it easily.

"Jesus! She's swallowing it!" some guy exclaimed.

"I gotta get me some of that," I heard another guy say.

"I am so horny, I need to be fucked!" I heard a woman say, and three or four guys all offered to help her out. I was too incoherent to know if they actually did anything.

As Janice had done before, she continued to suck my cock after it was completely drained. I realized she was going to keep it in her mouth until I was hard again, so I just enjoyed the eroticism of being naked in front of all these people with a beautiful woman squatting in front of me. Watching her aggressively working my cock in front of a wild crowd brought it back to life quickly. She didn't stop until I was as hard as I had been before she started, and then she released me and stood up, ready to go. Her face and chest were still quite flushed, and I knew she was highly aroused.

"Holy, shit! He's still hard!" I heard a female voice exclaim along with a number of other comments.

Just then, I had an idea. "Turn about is fair play," I said as I jumped in front of her and squatted down. Without hesitation, she spread her legs slightly and pushed her hips toward my face, so I buried my tongue between her lips.

It didn't take long. She was pretty worked up. I tried to take it slow by running my tongue up and down her lips and avoiding her clit, but she jerked when I got close, and my tongue flicked across it. As soon as she started jerking, I realized she was already climaxing, so I sucked her clit between my lips and flicked my tongue back and forth across it. That was clearly too much for her because she jerked her hips away. I lunged forward and dropped to one knee to bring her clit back between my lips. It was so swollen and protruded so far out that I was able to grab it again easily. Feeling me take hold of it again, she pushed her hips into my face, and I again sucked on her clit. Her body convulsed and shook as she screamed, and I wondered what the natural habitants of the forest thought. She must have held the peak of her climax for a good five minutes before she finally came down.

The crowd went crazy. I couldn't tell what was going on except for the noise they were making. Bringing Janice to such an animated climax in front of all those people had me so turned on, I was ready to cum again. I couldn't believe it. I'd already had two great orgasms, and I could have had another without a problem.

When she finally pulled away and slumped with exhaustion, I stood up and faced her. Was she okay with what I did? Would she be horribly embarrassed with having such a vocal orgasm in front of all these strangers? Had I overstepped my boundaries?

"Oh, God!" Janice moaned as she leaned into me and rested her head on my shoulder. "Let's get out of here."

The crowd was almost out of control. Watching us each get each other off in front of them had them screaming and moving toward us. That's when I noticed there were a whole line of brothers and sisters from our houses acting as security. They were struggling to keep the crowd at bay, and it encouraged us to get a move on.

We then moved quickly down the remainder of the road until the trail picked up again into the woods. The crowd cheered us along the whole way. I don't think either of us heard any comments; we were just too anxious to get out of there.

As soon as we were away from the people and in the woods again, Janice stopped and leaned against a tree. "Oh my God! I've never been so turned on in my entire life!" she groaned. "That was so erotic!"

What a relief to hear her say that. "You were pretty hot out there," I commented, still feeling a little out of breath.

"I told you that my fantasies were pretty out there," Janice said. "I hope I didn't embarrass you."

"Actually, I was a bit embarrassed at first," I admitted, "but you were so hot, I forgot all my fears and really got into it. I can't believe you got me off and hard again so quickly or so easily. After that little incident, I am absolutely sure that you are going to be able to help me overcome my anxieties with women, and I am amazed that the crowd approved so enthusiastically."

"Oh what they must think of me!" she suddenly turned pale.

"Who cares? Besides, I'll bet every guy out there is hoping to go out with you, and just think, you can turn every one that doesn't thrill you down. Imagine the power you have. You can choose which guys you want to spend time with and which you want to ignore, but one thing's for certain, you won't have trouble getting dates."

"But they're all going to think I'm such a slut," she moaned.

"Would you stop calling yourself a slut? That's one of those social attitudes we're supposed to overcome by going to this school," I reminded her. "Besides, I wouldn't be surprised if this is becoming more common around here, especially after the stories you've told me. I'd bet you're in a more common class than you think."

"Maybe you're right," she agreed. "I was worried that you would be embarrassed when I let you cum in front of everyone... you know, when I aimed your cock so it would spurt for everyone. I wanted the crowd to know that you were cumming, and then I wanted them all to know that I was swallowing it. It just got me so hot to know everyone was watching me drink your semen."

"Well, it certainly entertained them," I grinned. "I was so focused on my orgasm, I didn't care what you did, as long as you let me finish."

Janice grinned and said, "I was so turned on feeling your cum in my mouth, I was actually struggling to allow that one spurt to be wasted."

We continued to go over the events together, calming each other's fears. I told her of the comments I had heard, and she told me of some that helped fuel her fires. We continued on to the end of the trail going over every erotic second again and again.

It turned out that we didn't see any other fraternity brothers or sorority sisters at the trailhead. There was an American flag on a fairly long pole flapping in the breeze. With our hands tied, it was extremely hard to pull it out of the base, and it was even more difficult to keep it from hitting the ground. We ended up having to stand opposite each other with the flagpole between us, press our bodies together while capturing the pole, and lifting ourselves and the pole until it was free. Then we had to maneuver the pole onto my shoulder where I could use my neck to hold it until Janice could run around to the other side of me and catch the flag as it dropped down but before it hit the ground.

After a bit of work, we were able to balance the pole across our shoulders with the flag draped down my back. It then required a concerted effort to walk in step so we didn't drop the pole on the ground.

The only sensual part of this whole thing was pulling the pole from its stand. I had never been close to a woman, not to mention a naked woman. The feeling of her warm body pressed against mine, her full, round breasts pushing against my chest, and her thick, soft hair tickling my shoulders.... I'm sure she felt my hard-on bumping into her abdomen as we attempted to raise the pole, but she didn't say anything.

The return trip was less than exciting. It was a real test of teamwork to keep the flag from falling off of our shoulders. We had to walk through the "gauntlet" again, but there were no wild antics. The crowd applauded and cheered as we stumbled by, and I know that my erection had drooped to almost a completely flaccid state. I'm sure I lost points for that, but it couldn't be helped.

We managed to present the flag to the main table, and the fraternity brother took it from us. We immediately came to attention and said in unison, as we had each time before, "Slimy worm reporting as ordered, Ma'am," since Winter was sitting behind the table.

Winter looked at my flaccid penis, and then looked over at Janice's pussy. I don't know if Janice was aroused, but I wasn't at the moment. Having Winter return her gaze to my groin started to have an effect, and I could feel my cock start to rise. Winter leaned forward to rest her elbows on the table and hold her head in her hands as she pointedly stared at my rising erection. She didn't say a word.

When I was fully erect, she said, "Okay, you may stand at ease now."

The two of us relaxed, and I noticed the other couples were all in the park; all except the couple that we saw dressing after the first task. None of the guys had erections, so I figured they were losing points.

"You may go over to stand with the others," the fraternity brother said, so Janice and I made our way over to them. No one was talking, so we just nodded to them and turned to face the table where Winter was sitting.

Tasks complete --------------

"It turns out that we lost one team," Winter announced to all of us. "We had five tasks for five teams. Each would be required to perform all five tasks, but since we now have only four teams, we've decided to forgo the final task." An audible sigh could be heard from all the pledges.

"Before we are done, though, you are all required to take an exam," the fraternity brother said. "The purpose of the tasks you just performed was to get you to learn about your partner and become a supportive team. This exam will test how well you did. All of you completed the tasks, and there were points given for various aspects of them. Only two couples have earned enough points to be accepted into this fraternity and sorority at this point. If you fail the exam, it doesn't matter how you did with the tasks, you will not be accepted into the fraternity or sorority. If you pass the exam with really high points, you could sway the committee to accept you in spite of your low score on the tasks. How you do on the exam is an individual thing. You could be accepted while your partner gets rejected. We hope you took the time to learn about each other."

"Now we need the male worms to line up over here!" Winter announced, now standing off to one side and pointing to a spot in the grass in front of her.

"The female worms line up over here," the frat brother said.

We all moved to our respective lines and waited for our next command. Winter and the fraternity brother went down their respective rows and snipped off our binds. We were finally able to use our hands and arms, and we were all shaking our limbs out as they continued their instructions.

"At the top of each exam, write your name and your partner's name. The exam has five questions and is divided into two columns," Winter said. "In the column on the left, answer the question for yourself. In the column on the right, answer how you think your partner would answer the question. We will compare the results to see if you and your partner opened up to each other at all."

The guys were all ushered over to a table with pencils and the exams. The girls were ushered over to the other side of the park where another table was set up. We all sat and started filling out the exams.

The questions were:

1.What sexual experience do you have? Name 3 people with whom you have had some sexual contact. 2.What is your career goal upon graduation from Perineum College? 3.Name three sexual fantasies that you have had. 4.Are you heterosexual, homosexual or bisexual? 5.Name three of your most sensitive erogenous zones.

These questions were easy for me. I felt very confident that Janice and I had covered all these points with each other.

For the first question, I indicated that I had no experience and there was no one with whom I had ever had sexual contact other than myself. I could say that Janice had masturbated herself, but she also had not involved anyone else. I did mention that she and her friends talked about sex and boys and that she seemed to know that her clitoris was more pronounced than her sisters and friends, but that was as far as it went.

The second question I indicated my desire to be a sex therapist. As for Janice, I put down her indicated goal of becoming a sex surrogate.

I wrote down my fantasies of public sex, dating a girl that liked to expose herself and being a male model. Then I wrote down that Janice wanted to take on as many men as she could, and she wanted to get her body painted to look like she was dressed and walk through town with a guy like that. I also wrote down her desire to have sex in a crowded public place.

For the fourth question, I wrote down that I was heterosexual and Janice was bisexual.

Finally, I answered the fifth question by describing my sensitive glans, my scrotum, my perineum (the area between my balls and my anus), and my tongue. For Janice, I actually wrote down more than three just in case if I didn't write down the same three she did. I wrote down her mouth, her nipples, her clit, her pussy lips and the nape of her neck.

End of Day ----------

I was the first to finish, and as I handed in my exam, I noticed Janice was handing hers in at the same time. It seems we were really in sync. We were both told to go sit by the parking lot and wait for the rest of the pledges to finish.

"Wow, that was easy," Janice said as we sat down in the grass.

"It says a lot for how well we learned to communicate," I agreed.

"It looks like your little penis is all worn out," Janice said as she stared at my flaccid cock. "I take it you don't want to fuck me properly."

"Not true at all!" I said as my cock started to rise. "See, just mentioning it is getting it hard."

"Hmm," she said as she reached over and started stroking me.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?" we heard from behind us. It was one of the brothers that we'd seen at the gauntlet.

"Just playing," Janice said innocently.

"STAND AT ATTENTION WHEN YOU TALK TO A SUPERIOR!" the brother barked.

Janice immediately stood up and came to attention. I did the same just in case.

"NOW, WHAT WERE YOU DOING?" the brother yelled in her face.

"I was fondling his dick, sir!" Janice replied.

"WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO TOUCH HIM?"

"Uh, no one," Janice said quietly.

The brother then put his face up to mine and said, "DID YOU ASK HER TO TOUCH YOU?"

"No, sir!" I replied.

"WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HER TO STOP OR PUSH HER AWAY?"

"Uh, because I liked it," I said.

"I DON'T CARE IF YOU LIKED IT! SHE SHOULD ASK PERMISSION BEFORE TOUCHING YOUR PRIVATE PARTS!"

"Sir, if I'm not being insubordinate," I started hesitantly, "but Janice can touch me anywhere, anytime and in any way she wants with or without my permission."

"That's a pretty bold statement," the brother said, still with a loud voice but not quite as strong. He went over to Janice and asked, "Do you feel the same way about him touching you?"

"Yes, sir!"

"What are your names?" he demanded. "I'm going to have to report this attitude." We told him our names, and he wrote them down on a pad with some notes.

Suddenly, the brother's face softened, and he said, "Good! Then our tasks were successful. I hope you both did well on your exams. Now I have to ask you both, please refrain from any further sexual activities until we take you home. Not everyone here feels as comfortable as you two apparently do, and we need to keep this event under some control, as minimal as it may be."

"Yes, sir!" we both said in unison.

"Okay, at ease," he said and walked off.

"Hmm, I guess we can't fuck," Janice said with a very disappointed tone. "We can't even play with each other."

"I guess not," I agreed.

We only had to sit there for another minute before three others joined us; one of the women and two of the guys. Both guys were really geeky looking, but one of them was in really good shape. If the latter guy were to do something with his hair, cut off his overgrown facial hair and get some contacts, he would be pretty good looking. The other needed more help considering his acne and gangly appearance.

The woman, though, was really cute. She was very short, maybe five foot or five foot two. I doubt she weighed more than 110 pounds, but her figure was perfect for her size. She had an all-over tan, dark brown eyes and short, thick brunette hair. Her pubic hair was out of control, though. She really needed to trim it. She had quite a bit more foliage than I did, and her upper thighs needed to be shaved. It seemed odd to me that such a cute young-looking girl should be so bushy.

We all started to chat, and it sounded like they didn't do as well as Janice and I had. Although all three learned about their partner's college aspirations, they didn't get too personal. They had trouble answering the more intimate questions.

It was only a few minutes longer, and the other two women came over followed by the last guy. The girl we had seen earlier with the really flat chest and big nipples was very outgoing and friendly. It sounded like she did well on her exam because she and her partner got along well. It looked to me like her pussy was a bit swollen compared to when I saw her earlier that day. Also, there appeared to be cum dried on her abdomen and pubic area. Even more obvious was the sheen down the inside of her thighs. Apparently, she was highly aroused, too, and I hoped Janice noticed.

The other woman was really tall and gangly. I would guess she was over six feet tall. Her arms and legs were long and slender, and she looked like she needed to eat a bit more. In my mind, I hoped she wasn't anorexic or bulimic or something, but I rationalized that she wasn't that bad. This tall woman was very pale, like she hadn't seen the sun for years, but she had a pink glow that I presumed was from being outside all day and getting some sun. Although she had blond, wavy hair down just past her shoulders, her bush was a dark brown. She also needed a trim, but at least it looked somewhat groomed. I imagined that she had a bathing suit that was modest but still required her to clean up her bush.

We didn't get much time to talk to the final group as they tossed us back into the back of the moving van and drove us home. We weren't given time to dress, and our clothes were just tossed into the back of the truck for us to try to put on while we were moving. I was a bit disappointed that the girl with the see-through nighty didn't survive the tests. I figured that she would have been fun to have as a sorority sister.

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Janice and I were both accepted into our respective houses. The guy with the really bad acne didn't make the cut, and neither did the really tall woman, but all the rest did. I was surprised at how two of the pledges were able to overcome their team's poor performance in the tasks with their knowledge of their partner, yet their partners didn't make it.

The other events during Hell Week were pretty fun, but they will have to wait for another chapter, as will some stories of dates with Janice. Winter is into domination, and her lab class was pretty erotic, not to mention some of the sorority parties she presided over.

What was interesting was that Janice and I didn't get the most points, even though Janice and I got a record number of points for both houses. There was actually another couple that did better; the couple we had seen that included the flat-chested girl. Her partner turned out to be eight inches long when he was hard, and I guess they actually did the deed when they paraded in front of the crowd. According to one of the brothers, she had the biggest nipples anyone had ever seen. They weren't as inventive as Janice and I were, but their added size and lack of modesty gave them an edge, and their sexual openness pushed them into the lead. Although the guy was only half erect at one point, the two were so attracted to each other that they only lost a few points on that one occasion. The rest of the time, they were both "at attention" every time. According to reports, they also gave each other a few orgasms during the event just as Janice and I had done. They weren't aware that points would be taken away if they weren't obviously stimulated, but they just happened to be anyway even with the occasional release.

After getting into the fraternity, Winter came by to explain herself. She actually got into a little trouble because she had given me her phone number. It wouldn't have been an issue if I never joined Delta Rho, but upperclassmen aren't supposed to fraternize with pledges before they're accepted into the house. My adventures with her are yet to be told.