**My New School**

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**My New School Ch. 01**

I had just moved halfway through my senior year of High School from a relatively small school, to a much larger one. The class I came from only had around a hundred or so students, and the one I had transferred to was considerably larger. The entire senior class had its own building, so everyone there was eighteen years old, though some were older if they'd been held back a grade. I knew it would take some getting used to, I also knew that it would be a bit of a culture shock, but I had no idea the kinds of surprises I was in for.   
  
Stephens Senior High School was located kind of off the beaten path so to speak, it was a fairly large campus surrounded by trees, about a mile and a half off the main road. If you didn't already know where it was, you'd never find it. They had a full size track, tennis courts, a 9 hole golf course, and an Olympic sized, indoor swimming pool, along with the usual baseball and football fields, and basketball court. They also had a dormitory building for the students, since it was more of a specialized, finishing type school, all students lived on campus. My guess was to get us ready for college life.   
  
The demographics of the school were also quite odd to me, it was mostly female students as the campus had previously been an all girls school, that changed a few years before I arrived, so the influx of male students was slow to start out. I was one of about 100 guys there, in a school of 500. Despite the previous function of the place, the administration was quite liberal, and given the number of guys versus girls there, we were grouped two to a room, and the guys were scattered around the building, seemingly at random.  
  
All of the bathrooms and showers were co-ed, though we still would have our privacy. They'd replaced a few of the regular toilets in the stalls with urinals to accommodate the male population, but they left the stalls up, again to provide privacy for everyone. The showers however, were mostly open with only curtains separating them, much like you'd see in a hospital.  
  
When I first got there, I was shown to my room on the third floor of the dorm building, where I'd be roommates with a guy named Mike. He was in class when I first arrived that Friday, so I didn't get to meet him until after classes had let out. I still didn't have a schedule, so I was told to go ahead and take the day to get settled in to my new surroundings, and my classes would begin the following Monday. I unpacked my things, and the first thing I noticed was that we had a balcony in our room, overlooking a courtyard across from the school building. It was a fairly nice room, with two full sized beds, separated by a wall that ran almost the length of the room, stopping just a few feet in front of the door to the hall. There was a closet on each side of the room, plus a desk, chair, and a small fridge. It was very similar to a college dorm room, except for the added privacy of the partition wall, which worked well for me as I always like to sleep nude. We each had our own door to the balcony, but it was one long, shared platform.   
  
I was given a rule book to go over, but since I was so tired from the move, I neglected to read any of it, promising myself that I would go over it first thing in the morning. I decided to get a shower before my roommate arrived from his classes so I stripped off and wrapped a towel around my waist, grabbing my shower bag before heading out the door, down the hall to the stairs. The shower room was in the basement of the building, so I had to walk through several different hallways in order to get to it. I made a mental note to myself that maybe next time I'd wear jeans and a shirt down there, as I didn't expect to pass so many rooms.  
  
When I got to the shower room, I was surprised to find that what I had thought were curtains, were actually just temporary walls they had moved in, and they weren't very big. The top of the wall came only to the top of my chest, and the bottom only down to my knees. I'm not a very tall guy at 5'11" so anyone taller would be able to see quite a lot if he were to look around, I myself was able to easily see into the next area. I turned around to close the curtain, but found that none of the areas actually had curtains, just the walls on either side of the shower head coming out of the wall. Behind that was a hook to hang a towel, and a small shelf for soap and shampoo. There was also a small mirror attached to the wall, which would come in handy when it was time to shave my face, plus I could also watch for anyone standing or walking behind me as I showered.  
  
The lack of privacy in the showers was concerning at first, but I figured that since we were all adults there, it shouldn't be a big deal, plus I kinda liked the idea of seeing so many girls there, and even the possibility of them seeing me. I started the water running in my shower area and let it warm up before adjusting it to a more comfortable temperature. Once I had it set the way I liked it, I stood under it and faced the opening to the shower hall, and was able to look straight ahead into the stall across from me. Hmm, this is certainly going to be interesting, I thought to myself as I washed my hair, especially when there are other people here. I wondered to myself if maybe they had a schedule setup where all the guys would shower together, and the girls would have their own time. Must be I imagined, because there really was little privacy here. In fact I wondered what the purpose for the little curtains on wheels was for in the first place, they didn't seem to do much. I looked over and saw that the water from the shower had sprayed all over each one surrounding me, turning them essentially transparent.  
  
Wow, this was really going to take some getting used to. At my last school, we had showers, but they were never used because we never had any sports teams. We had a basketball team years prior, but budget cuts and low crowd turnout quickly put an end to that. Just as I finished drying off after washing up, I heard someone walk in. I quickly wrapped my towel back around me and turned to walk out, giving the next person the entire room to themselves. As I turned to the shower hall, I was startled by a girl standing directly in my way, looking me over as I stood there, a little shocked in just my towel.   
  
"Hi, I'm Brittany! Brittany Dunning. Nice to meet you! You must be the new guy." She smiled, as she reached her hand out for a handshake. Kind of a weird situation to introduce yourself in, but hey, liberal thinking and whatnot.   
  
I took her hand and shook it, "Hi Brittany, I'm Jason, Jason Quinn. Nice to meet you, too. I was just leaving so you'll have the place to yourself." I smiled back at her as I stepped to the side to walk around her, but she stopped me by matching my step to my right.  
  
"You're leaving?" She asked, looking a little disappointed.   
  
"Yeah, I just finished up," I replied, hoping to get back to the safety of my room to get dressed. At first the idea of being naked in the showers with other people, especially cute women like Brittany was kind of exciting, but now that I was standing face to face with the reality, I wasn't quite feeling it as much.  
  
"Aw. That's a shame, I was hoping for some conversation while I washed up. You sure you don't want to just soak for a little while longer? I bet you could use it to relax your muscles after all that moving in." The idea did sound pretty good, plus she wouldn't be able to see above the curtain anyway, she was too short.   
  
"Um, maybe. But are we supposed to be in here together, you know, a guy and a girl at the same time? I assumed there was a set schedule of some kind." I always try my best to stay out of trouble, and I'd hate to break the rules before I even attended my first class.  
  
"Of course we are!" She replied with an even bigger smile. "Here at Stevens they trust the students, besides no faculty is allowed in the student building anyway, not even the janitors. They hire some of the students who need a job to do that kind of thing. So, even if it was against the rules for some silly reason, it's not like we'd get caught," she said, winking at me. "C'mon, just stay for a little while?"  
  
Brittany was looking up at me with the cutest blue eyes and blonde hair I'd ever seen, plus from the way her towel clung to her body, she seemed to be really fit. "Okay, if you insist. I am still a little sore from the move today. I'm not used to climbing all those stairs I guess."  
  
"Great!" Brittany bounced on the balls of her feet a little when she said that, causing her boobs to jiggle a little, and her towel to slip down, revealing a little more cleavage. I've never been one to really enjoy large breasts, but hers seemed to be nicely proportional to the rest of her body. "I'll take the shower next to you!"  
  
With that she stepped back into the shower hall, and dropped her towel to the floor as she disappeared behind the now less transparent partition. Shit, as soon as the water hit it, she'd see quite a bit more of me than I was really comfortable with, but at the same time I'd be seeing all of her, so what was the harm?  
  
"Okay, so what's life like here? I just moved from a much smaller school, so this is all kind of a shock to my system," I said as I turned to face her partition, being careful not to stand too close to it so that I would be looking over it.  
  
"Oh, it's great" she started out as she started her water running. I took off my towel again, hanging it back on the hook, and started my own water back on. It did feel nice running down the front of my body, and even better when I turned around and let it run down my neck and back. "Everyone is really friendly, and really open with each other. I guess you could already tell that though, huh?"   
  
She stepped back a bit and looked up at me. Through the now soaking wet curtain, I could clearly make out the pink of her nipples in contrast to her lightly tanned skin. She made no effort to hide herself, and just stood there like everything was normal, though I did catch her gaze lowering to the curtain a few times, no doubt trying to get a look through it at me, too. I laughed and said, "well, if everyone is a friendly as you are, I shouldn't have a problem at all!"  
  
She smiled back at me, then she did the unthinkable. "I hate these damn things, they always make me feel so claustrophobic," she said as she swiftly grabbed the frame of the partition and pushed it towards the shower hall. It wheeled itself clear across the aisle, coming to rest against the one across from it. I covered myself out of reflex, and turned to face her to save the dignity of my backside from her view.  
  
"Hey! What are you doing!?" I asked, standing there with both hands covering my naked flesh.  
  
"Oh, don't worry, we all see each other naked here, silly. It builds friendships, plus once you get used to it, it's really not a big deal at all! I've seen everyone naked, and you will, too!" Her explanation didn't really help much, but now I had a full frontal view of her. She stood about five foot four, had a slim waist, curvy hips, and what I guessed to be very large and perky B-cups that looked even larger on her small frame. Her thighs were quite thick, and I noticed that she, like me, shaved everything below the belt.   
  
I started to relax just a bit, but I still kept myself covered, not quite ready to reveal that much of me just yet. "I guess that makes sense," I offered, "but I don't think I'm comfortable with that just yet, like I said, it's all going to take some getting used to."  
  
"Oh, don't be silly. It's like ripping off a band-aid, just not painful like that. You just have to do it!" She looked at my hands, waiting for me to move them. Instead I just turned around before I wiped the water from my face. "Nice ass, Jason!" She said with delight. "Now c'mon, turn around and let me see the rest of you!"   
  
Before I could protest or react in any way, Brittany grabbed my arm and spun me around to face her. I couldn't believe it, I was standing naked in the shower, right in front of the strange, albeit very attractive eighteen year old girl. "Wow," she said, taking a step closer to me, "very nice, very nice indeed!" She reached her hand out and gently cupped my balls, feeling the weight of my entire package as she studied it. I was beginning to think this wasn't the norm around here, but talk about one helluva welcoming committee.  
  
"Thanks," I said, not sure what else to say. Soon, my dick began to rise and I was now as hard as I'd ever been before.   
  
"Oooh! That's my favorite part about boys!" She squealed, "They get so big when they're excited!" She then released my balls, letting them hang free again as she reached up to her nipples and gave them both a good pinch. "My nipples get really hard, and look," she said, moving her right hand between her legs, gently spreading her soft little pussy lips, "so does my clit! Can you see it, poking out from it's little hiding place? What do you think?" She asked, looking me right in the eyes now with an expression of hopefulness that I'd say something nice.  
  
"Um, yeah, I see it. It's very beautiful, Brittany." Yeah, I kicked myself for that, but it was all I could come up with at the time.  
  
It seemed to be good enough for her though. "Thanks!" She said with delight. "Do you want to touch it? I don't mind, I actually like it when people play with me down there. You can even grab my boobs if you want."  
  
I was in shock, how could she be so forward about all this? Had she no shame? I couldn't resist though, so I reached down and gently teased it with my finger tips. Brittany shuddered with pleasure as she smiled even bigger and closed her eyes, her left hand still playing with her breast. "That feels really good," I said, not sure what to say next.  
  
"Can I play with your cock?" She asked next, looking hopefully up at me once more. I was strangely aroused not only because I was playing with her most private of places, naked, in the shower, but because she so openly and readily called it my cock. "It's so big, and thick. I don't think I could wrap my hand around it all the way." She looked down at it, tilting her head one way, then the other, trying to gauge if she could or not.  
  
"S-s-sure," I managed to say. Her face lit up as her small hand grabbed it near the base. She then took her other hand from her breast and wrapped both hands around me.  
  
"Wow, it's not the biggest penis I've ever seen, but it certainly is the best looking! I bet it would feel really great inside of me." Suddenly her face turned a bit, as if she was cringing at what she'd just said out of fear for offending me. "Sorry," she mumbled as she looked down at her feet. "I get a little carried away sometimes, I hope I didn't upset you." She let go of my dick and let her arms fall to her side.  
  
"Don't be, I appreciate the compliment!" I said back to her, though she couldn't see my smile as her gaze was still on the floor between us. I reached up and put my hand on her face to guide it up to look at me. Once she saw my smile, she brightened right back up again and before I knew it, she had me in a very close, and very tight hug.  
  
"Oh, I'm so glad!" She said as her right hand slid down by back and rested on my butt cheek, giving it just a very small squeeze. Her breast were pressed against my stomach, and her head was laying on my chest. My dick twitched between us, and Brittany giggled. "I hope it's okay that I'm hugging you, I really like to hug people!"   
  
"You're fine," I assured her. "You give really nice hugs!" She squeezed me even tighter before letting me go and stepping back, giving me another look up and down.  
  
"Thanks! Most people feel kinda awkward when I hug them in the shower, but that's the best place to hug, I think!" There was something about her, innocent, yet experienced. It's like she didn't give a second thought to anything being sexual, and if she did, she most certainly didn't see it as being wrong in any sort of way.  
  
"It is a unique experience," I said in agreement.  
  
"Yes it is. I think I'm going to like you, Jason. Can we shower again together sometime?" She asked as she shut the water off, letting the remaining water bead down her smooth skin.  
  
"Sure, I guess." I replied. "It was really nice meeting you, Brittany." I turned my own water off and grabbed my towel from the hook to start drying off.  
  
"It was great meeting you, too! I look forward to seeing you around!" With that, she grabbed her towel off the floor and skipped out of the shower room without bothering to cover up at all. Her butt bounced up and down as she moved along, despite her being more, um, thick than I usually like, I had to admit, she did look amazing.  
  
I wrapped my towel around my waist and walked back up to my room. When I got there, Mike had just gotten back from classes and greeted me at the door. He had a smaller build to him, much like mine, only he was a few inches shorter. "Hi, you must be Jason. I see you found the showers already. I'm Mike, it's nice to meet you!"  
  
"Hi Mike, yeah, it's a different experience than I'm used to, but I think I can learn to live with it."  
  
"Good, as you can tell, we have a very open and free spirited atmosphere here at Stephens, You seem like you'll fit right in!" He said, shaking my hand before leading me in the room and closing the door behind us. He motioned me over to his side of the room to show me around. "It's not much, but for the year at least, it's home. If there's anything you need, feel free to let me know, I'll be happy to help!"  
  
"Thanks," I said, "I'm going to go over and get dressed really quick. Is there a good place to eat around here? I'm kinda hungry."  
  
"Yeah, I'll take you down to the dorm cafeteria once you get dressed."  
  
"Awesome, I appreciate that," I said as I turned to go back to my side of the room. Once I was behind the privacy of my wall, I dropped my towel and laid it on the bed. I bent down to grab my jeans and shirt off the floor, and quickly got dressed, then put my socks and shoes on. "Okay, all ready to go!" I said as I walked back to his side of the room.   
  
To my surprise, Mike was standing naked next to his bed. "Oh, sorry. I didn't realize you were changing over here." I said as I turned away.  
  
"No problem, it's my fault, I should've warned you I guess." He said as I heard him pull on a pair of gym shorts and a t-shirt. "Let's go get some food!"  
  
With that I followed him out of the room and back down to the first floor. We walked through a set of double doors into the dormitory cafeteria. There were several tables and chairs spread through the middle of the room, plus a buffet at the far end. We approached the buffet and I was amazed at the selection they had there. There were burgers, tacos, pizza, almost anything you could imagine a high school student would want to eat, there it was.  
  
We loaded up a couple of plates and proceeded to sit down at a table to eat. A few minutes later I spotted Brittany walking towards us with a couple of her friends in tow. She stopped and said something to them, and they all giggled and tried not to look obvious as they all three stared at me from across the room. "Hi Jason!" She yelled and waved at me.  
  
"Hey, Brittany!" I yelled and waved back. Her and her two friends approached the table, Brittany sat across from me, next to Mike, and the other two sat on either side of me. The one on my left was a very petite blonde girl, and the other was a taller, but still small brunette. Brittany introduced us all and I learned that the blonde was named Chelsea, and the Brunette was named Samantha.  
  
Mike's jaw dropped as the three of them sat down. "I see you've met Brittany already," he said with a bit of shock.  
  
"Yeah, I ran into her shortly after I got here," I said, leaving out the rest of the details.  
  
"Oh, well that's good I guess." he said, and went back to his food. I got the impression that he either didn't much care for her, or there were some unresolved feelings there.

Brittany and Chelsea began talking about a number of different things, like homework, teachers, and something about a party on Saturday. I didn't catch most of it because they talked so fast, plus I could feel Samantha staring at me silently. I looked over and as soon as I caught her eye with mine, she smiled and turned away in embarrassment. Chelsea then asked her "Hey, Sammy, are you going to the party tomorrow?"  
  
Samantha replied nervously, "I don't know. I don't have anyone to go with, and I don't know that I'd have much fun anyway."  
  
"Oh nonsense," protested Brittany, "It'll be great. Plus, if you ask nicely, I'm sure Jason here would go with you!" I turned to look at Samantha again, this time she just looked at me with a mix of fear and excitement on her face.  
  
"He wouldn't want to go with me, I'm sure he'd rather go with you, Britt, or maybe you, Chelsea." She looked down at the table in front of her, clearly defeated.  
  
"Actually Samantha, I'd love to go with you!" I said.  
  
"R-really?" She asked, looking up with a hopeful doubt in her eyes.  
  
"Of course! I think you're really cute, and what better way to make a good first impression on everyone than taking the cutest girl at school to the party?"  
  
"Oh, you're really laying it on thick here, Jason." She had a bit of of a scowl on her face, and her eyes narrowed making her look less than amused.  
  
"I'm serious, I really do think you're cute, and I'd like the chance to make new friends, plus get to know you a little." I could tell that she didn't quite believe me, but she was definitely getting closer. I could also tell that she like me, and to be honest, I really did think she was the most attractive person I'd seen so far. She wasn't traditionally pretty, not like Brittany was, but I've never been attracted to girls like that. She had more of an exotic beauty to her, whereas Brittany and Chelsea were your typical, stereotypical, cheerleader types. Samantha seemed like she had a lot more going on upstairs than both of them combined, and that really got my gears turning.  
  
"Well, okay I guess. But I'm not much of one for parties, so if I leave to hang out in my room, don't get offended, okay?"  
  
"I won't, I promise. In fact, I'm not much of a party guy myself, so if you'd rather do something else, I hope you'll let me join you." It was true, I never really like parties that much, especially ones where I didn't know anyone.  
  
"Even if it's just going back to my room to watch TV or a movie?" She asked hesitantly, no doubt feeling like her self perceived boring nature would drive me away.  
  
"Especially if it's just watching TV or a movie," I said confidently. "Parties are a lot of pressure and I'd much rather duck out early to go relax instead."  
  
"Really? You're not just saying that, are you?" She asked cautiously.  
  
"Really." I looked in her eyes, they were beautiful, almost a reddish brown color that stirred feelings inside of me that I'd never felt before. It was a little scary, but at the same time, incredibly exhilarating.  
  
"Well, okay." She smiled as her confidence returned, sure at that point that I was telling the truth, though I still could tell she didn't quite believe it all. I felt like she had a difficult time getting attention with the likes of Brittany and Chelsea in her company. They were so outgoing and bubbly, while Samantha was much more subdued, I could certainly see why she might have a tough time.  
  
"Awesome!" I replied enthusiastically, "What room are you in? I'll pick you up at 8."  
  
"I'm in a single room, number 324," she replied.  
  
"No kidding? We're neighbors then! Mike and I are in 325, right across the hall!"  
  
Samantha's eyes got wide and she smiled even bigger this time. "Great! I was hoping I'd get to see you around quite a bit!" She said.  
  
"Especially after what I just told you," Brittany said jokingly. Samantha shot her a dirty look, and I looked over at her with a knowing smile.  
  
Chelsea piped up too, "I know I'd like to see more of him," she said, nudging my arm with her elbow. Samantha's face kind of dropped a bit after that, knowing that now she had competition she couldn't possibly beat in her mind.  
  
I just ignored it, and kept my attention on Samantha, which seemed to put her at ease a little more. I finished my food shortly after Mike finished his, and we stood up to leave. "Can I walk you back to your room?" I asked the gorgeous brunette I'd just met.  
  
Samantha hesitated for a moment, then smiled at me and agreed. I stood next to her and offered her a hand, which she gladly took as she stood, too. After she was standing next to me, I offered her my arm in a joking, almost exaggerated kind of way, giving her an out if she were to feel uncomfortable with that.  
  
She didn't though, and gladly took my arm as we began the walk back upstairs. Mike walked behind us, and Chelsea and Brittany stayed behind for a few minutes. They lived on the second floor on the other side of the building, so they took a different stairway.  
  
When we got to our rooms, I told Samantha that I was really glad to meet her, and I looked forward to going to the party with her the next evening. She smiled and kissed my cheek before going into her room and closing the door behind her.  
  
Mike and I walked into our room and I followed him over to his side. "Hey, man. What was up with the way you looked at Brittany? Is there some history there or something?"  
  
"Well," he began with a great deal of hesitation, "kind of. At the beginning of the year, I had, shall we say, and embarrassing moment at the pool, and she laughed at me for it. She used to tease me a lot about it, until I finally told her to stop."  
  
"What happened?" I asked, trying to imagine what it was that was so bad.  
  
"I was standing by the side of the pool, trying to put my goggles on, when she came up behind me and pulled my swimsuit down, then pushed me in the pool, naked in front of everyone." He looked really upset about it, and I wondered then what she'd teased him about.  
  
"That wasn't a nice thing of her to do. What did she tease you about though?"  
  
"She laughed at me for having a small ass. She teased me about it constantly for over a week, calling me cutie pants and stuff like that."  
  
"I can see where you could take that personally," I assured him.  
  
"Everyone said she was just flirting with me, but I didn't see it that way. It was humiliating. Everyone saw my dick, plus the water was really cold that day, so everything shrank quite a bit by the time I got out of the pool again, and she still had my swim trunks. She refused to give them back unless I turned around and showed her my 'little ass' again. Then she wanted me to do jumping jacks in front of everyone. I did, and she gave them back, but the damage had been done already."  
  
"That sucks, dude. I can't even imagine what that was like. Did she get in any trouble for it?"  
  
"No. Everyone but me thought it was funny. The worst part is that I used to have a really big crush on her, I couldn't believe she'd treat me that way." Mike looked down at his feet as he sat on the bed. I could tell it still really affected him in a big way. I had the suspicion however, that Brittany really was just flirting with him, albeit she certainly could've come up with a better way to do it.  
  
"So that's why you got so quiet when she sat next to you, it makes sense now." I said, not offering that I was formulating a plan to get them together later.  
  
"Yeah," he said. "I'm going to go for an evening swim. Care to join me?"  
  
"That sounds good, let me find my bathing suit." I walked over to my side of the room and searched through every box and bag I had, but I just couldn't find it. "I think I'm going to have to pass on that tonight, Mike. I can't find my suit. I think it's in the box of clothes that I shipped over here. It still hasn't arrived yet."  
  
"That's okay, the pool is usually empty this time of night anyway, and swimming alone clears my head. I could use it right about now."  
  
"Okay, well enjoy yourself. I should be here when you get back." With that he changed into his suit and headed out the door.  
  
By that time it was almost 9 o'clock and I was unusually tired so I decided to just go to bed. I took off my shoes, then my jeans and shirt, leaving them in a pile on the floor. I then flopped face down into my pillow, and without even covering up, I was out.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
I woke up the next morning to a knock at the door. Mike answered it, and the person said they were looking for me. He told them he'd get me, and I'd be right out. Mike turned the corner into my half of the room, and didn't seem phased at all to see me laying face down, naked on my bed. He told me the administration had sent a student assistant over to come get me, they needed to talk to me about my schedule. I got up, almost forgetting I was nude, before pulling on my jeans, shoes, and shirt. Mike turned back towards the door after I was dressed and opened it again.  
  
"Hi Jason, my name's Matt. I'm an assistant for the staff here, and they'd like to see you in the office. Do you know where it's at?"  
  
"Hi Matt, no I don't. Would you mind showing me?" I asked.  
  
"Sure, no problem!" We walked down the stairs and out the main entrance to the dorm building. We crossed the courtyard over to the main school, and he led me right to the proper office. Sitting inside was the school counselor who told me that due to safety requirements, before they could finalize my schedule I had to take a physical exam, and a swimming test in order to be cleared for all the classes I had to take.  
  
They called up another assistant to escort me to the medical part of the building, this time, it was Chelsea. "Hi Jason!" She beamed. "I get to take you for your physical I guess."  
  
"I guess so, where is it?" I asked.  
  
"It's just down the hall a little ways, but first, you need to go to the locker room and strip down to your underwear. I know it sounds strange at first, but it just makes it quicker and easier for the school doctor."  
  
"Okay, just lead the way!" I said as I followed her down the hallway. She walked me into the locker room and stood there to watch as I undressed. I don't think she needed to watch me, but I got the feeling she wanted to. I was a little nervous because the boxers I was wearing were kind of loose, and my dick had a bad habit of popping out of the front of them whenever it felt like it.  
  
I managed to stay covered though, and she led me a few doors down to the medical room. The nurse guided me in to an area behind a curtain and asked Chelsea to stay outside. She pulled the curtain behind her, then told me to remove my boxers as the doctor would be in shortly. She turned her back to me while I removed them, then asked me to sit on the table and wait there. Once I was seated, I covered myself with my hands and she turned back around. "Okay, you're all set. The doctor will be in in a few minutes." She said, and pulled the curtain back open to leave.  
  
I was glad I was covering myself, because Chelsea was still standing right outside. When the nurse left, she didn't quite close the curtain all the way, so Chelsea had a direct view of me sitting there naked. I pretended like she wasn't there, because at that point, what else could I do? I just had to wait for the doctor to arrive, and hopefully close it behind him.  
  
That didn't happen though, she came in through a different curtain. When I turned around I saw four other girls sitting on a bench across the other room, and the doctor didn't even try to close that curtain. Great, here I was, going to be on full display for not only Chelsea, but four other girls, too.  
  
The doctor asked me to turn to my right so she could get my measurements and to put my hands by my side and keep them there. This gave all five girls a direct view of my penis from the side. Chelsea on one side, and the other girls on the other. Oh, not to mention the doctor didn't appear to be older than mid twenties, so by the time I dropped my hands, I was red with embarrassment. She went through her checklist and did the normal routine, blood pressure, checking my breathing, so on and so forth. Then the hernia check came. She put on a glove and squeezed one of my balls between her fingers. "Turn your head and cough, please." I did, and accidentally made direct eye contact with one of the girls on the bench in the other room. They all giggled when they saw how embarrassed I was. With that part finally over, the doctor had a surprise for me. A prostate check. Yeah! A prostate check at 18 years old! I couldn't even begin to imagine what for, but when I asked, all she would tell me is that "it's normal procedure for males here at this school to receive one as part of a 'sexual health' checkup.  
  
I had no choice. She had me go to the other end of the table and bend over, my ass pointed directly at the four girls on the bench. I looked up and saw Chelsea beyond the other curtain, and now standing next to her was Brittany! This had just gone from bad to worse, and it wasn't over yet.  
  
The doctor gave me a plastic cup, and told me to hold it below my genitals to catch my release. My release!? This wasn't an exam, it was a full blown prostate stimulation, to completion! I'd heard this was a thing, but I never imagined I'd have to have it done to me at a doctor's office, much less in front of all these female classmates!  
  
It got even worse from there, it turns out the four girls on the bench were not only there for their physicals, but as a learning experience as well! The doctor called all four of them back into my room while I'm bent over this table. She begins by asking them if they all have a clear view of everything, then she puts on her gloves, and lubes up her index finger. She tells me to relax, and that I might feel some discomfort at first, but it's all normal. She slides her finger in my asshole and starts to move it around, searching for my prostate gland. She finds it and makes a note on her chart. She then pulls her finger out and I hope it's over. It's not. Now it's the first girls turn, she gloves up and does the same as the doctor did, with her direction of course. Then the other three take their turns at it, meanwhile also having a very good look at my bits from behind.  
  
I think it's about over when the doctor says "now I'm going to demonstrate the prostate milking technique. Pay attention, especially to the patients genitals. When done properly, this creates a very powerful orgasm, and a very productive ejaculation." She puts her finger back inside of me and starts massaging my prostate. I get hard within seconds, and I know Brittany and Chelsea can see it quite well from their vantage point since they've moved much closer without me noticing.  
  
This goes on for a few minutes and I can feel the precum dripping from my engorged dick. I was surprised at just how good this was actually feeling, and even though I should've been embarrassed beyond belief, the fact that I had six attractive girls watching everything just made it that much better. Not to mention, the four from the bench were in their underwear, too, although I couldn't see them very well at this point. My mind wandered back to the day before in the shower with Brittany, and the image of her standing there naked, plus the image of her bare ass bouncing away from me pushed me over the edge. I let out an involuntary grunt and moan, then came full force into that little plastic cup I was holding between my legs.  
  
My knees buckled and two of the girls each put a hand on my hips to steady me, thought they were more accurately grabbing my naked ass. I just kept cumming and cumming, I had no idea an orgasm could last that long, it was actually really amazing. Before I knew it I was spent, and every last drop I had in me was now filling up this little cup. The doctor took it from me and sealed the lid on tight. "Okay Mr. Quinn, you're all set. You probably will want to lay back on the bed and recover for a few minutes though, an experience like that can really take it out of you."  
  
She wasn't joking, it really did. At this point I didn't care about my audience, I just laid back on the table and tried to catch my breath. All four girls at this point had gathered around the table, and were all looking at my slowly fading erection. Once it subsided, it flopped forward and landed on my balls, causing all the girls to laugh, including Brittany and Chelsea, who had pulled the curtain open even further and were basically standing in the same room!  
  
After a few minutes, the doctor came back, leaving the curtain open even wider so that I could see even more female students in the room with the bench, and they could see me. She told the original four to take their seats again, once more the curtain remained open. She then told me to get up and put my underwear back on, I was done and I had passed. At that point, I was beyond caring about all the people watching me, it was supposed to be a professional environment, and whether it was or not, I was going to pretend it had been, just to save what little was left of my dignity.  
  
She called for Chelsea to then escort me to the pool for the swimming test, but first to let me get the rest of the way dressed. She stood in the locker room with me again as I put all my other clothes back on, smiling at me because of the scene she'd just witnessed.  
  
When we arrived at the pool, I met the swimming instructor, Ms. Clark, another young woman in her twenties who seemed much nicer than the doctor was. She told me to go behind a curtain in the corner and change into my swim suit. When I informed her that I didn't have one, that I was waiting on my delivery to arrive with my other clothes, she told me that it couldn't wait, as we had to get this done today.  
  
She then told me to just strip to my boxers and swim in those. Sitting in the bleachers of the pool were around thirty students, all in their swim suits, awaiting their turn in the water. About ten of the students were male, the rest were females. A few snickers could be heard as I stepped out from behind the curtain, once again in just my boxers.  
  
I grew up swimming in different pools, and was actually a really good swimmer so I wasn't too worried about this test. I was worried about my attire however, and as it turned out, for good reason. As soon as I dove in the water and started towards the other end of the pool, I felt the elastic waistband of my underwear begin to slide further and further down my lower body, eventually the kicking of my legs caused them to fall off from around my ankles. Now I was naked in the pool, being watched by all these people. Once I finished the first lap and turned around, I began searching for my lost pair of boxers. I heard Ms. Clark blow her whistle and yell at me to stop. I looked up, and there was my underwear. In Ms. Clark's hand. I stayed in the pool, treading water to keep afloat hoping the instructor would toss them back to me. She didn't.  
  
"Mr. Quinn. I was afraid this would happen. Get out of the pool and stand up here, facing the bleachers." She couldn't be serious, could she? She wanted me to stand completely naked in front of all those people? Not wanting to disappoint her further, I complied with her instructions and climbed out, covering myself with my hand as soon as I got my feet on dry ground. "Hands on your head, Mr. Quinn!" She barked, anger in her eyes.  
  
"Are you familiar with the rules here at Stephens?" She asked.  
  
"No, Ma'am. I just arrived yesterday and haven't had the chance to read the rule book yet."  
  
"Well, let me bring you up to speed on the rules of the pool. Anytime a student looses their suit in the pool, it's an automatic five day punishment."  
  
I wondered just what that punishment would be, as if standing in front of thirty plus of my peers wasn't bad enough.

"For the next five days, not counting weekends, you are not allowed to have any covering whatsoever. This includes towels, underwear, hats, socks, or shoes. You must remain completely naked until Friday, including today and tomorrow. Is that clear?"  
  
I couldn't believe it! How could this be right?  
  
"We teach accountability here at Stephens, and since you weren't accountable enough to ensure the proper swimwear, resulting in lost clothing, this is your punishment. Next week, I expect you to have proper attire for my class. Do you understand, Mr. Quinn?"  
  
"Yes, Ms. Clark. I understand." I said sheepishly.  
  
She then turned her attention to the rest of the class. "Now, beginning this semester we are implementing a new addition to this punishment for students. Robbie! Bring me the box."  
  
Uh oh. This wasn't looking good.  
  
A male student in a small Speedo came forward holding a box about the size of a shoe box. Ms. Clark opened it, and pulled out a bottle of clear gel. "Mr. Quinn, take this bottle, and apply a generous amount of lubricant to your rectum, then resume your position with your hands on your head."  
  
I did as I was told, and spread a sizable amount between my ass cheeks, making sure to lube up my asshole really well, as I had no idea what was going to happen next. I then put my hand back on my head as I was told.  
  
"Now students, in this box are two different items, one for females, and one for the males. The female item," she held up what equated to a vaginal butt plug, " is this device. It is to be inserted directly into the vaginal opening, and not to be removed until lights out at 10 pm. Once 6 am comes, you must reinsert it, no exceptions." She then pulled out a smaller object, thankfully, that was for the males. "This is part of the male equivalent. Same deal, out at 10, back in by 6. This piece," she held up a rubber ring with a rather large bulge on one side of it, "goes around the shaft of the penis, and must be placed back on the offending student by 6 am every morning."  
  
I couldn't imagine a worse punishment. I had to face the entire student body, naked, with a sex toy in my asshole, and a cock ring on. "Mr. Quinn, turn around, face the pool, and bend over and grab your ankles."  
  
Again, I did as I was instructed. Ms. Clark lubed the long, curved, black object and gently inserted it completely in my ass. The only thing keeping my hole from swallowing it were two rods at the end, shaped like a "T" that fit between my ass cheeks, and then right behind my balls. She then took her hand and lubed up the ring, then grabbed the shaft of my dick and lubed it up as well. I could already feel the pressure on my prostate similar to the doctor's finger earlier in the day. Each small muscle I moved, worked the device to apply pressure, not only to my prostate gland, but to the area between my balls and my asshole. This was an entirely new sensation, and it would've been quite pleasurable had it not been for the humiliating factor of such a large audience, that would only grow larger in the coming days.  
  
The swimming instructor then slid the ring onto my cock, with the large bulbous piece pressed against the tops of my testicles. She then took two elastic strings with plastic hooks on the ends, and used them to tie the ring to the device in my ass. "This is to ensure that the ring stays firmly in place, regardless of the student's arousal level. You may now turn around and put your hands back on your head, Jason."  
  
I stood and turned to face the students. A mixture of shock, disgust, and curiosity was spread among their expressions. Ms. Clark then reached in the box one final time, and pulled out a small rectangle with a button on it. "This, is the controller for all the devices deployed at any given time. One push of the button and it sends a signal to every device at once, initiating a very strong and powerful vibrating function, lasting no less than thirty seconds, and up to twenty minutes."  
  
She gave one quick push of the button and suddenly both the insert, and the ring began to vibrate almost violently. I was instantly overcome with the sensations, and I fell to the floor. Every muscle in my core was in a full spasm, sending shock wave after shock wave of overpowering sensation throughout my whole body. After fifteen seconds of this, I came. It rushed out of me so hard, and so fast that some of my ejaculate almost landed on the feet of the people in the front row of the bleachers. It was still going, and I was still unable to do anything but lie there, naked, writhing in a mixture of embarrassment and great pleasure.  
  
When it was over, I looked up, and to my horror I saw her. Samantha. The girl I was supposed to have the date with tonight. Oh no, I couldn't now. There was no way I was going to a party, naked, hooked up to super powered sex toys. Even watching a movie with her would be too much humiliation to stand. Sure her friends had seen me naked before, but she was different. She was supposed to be the one deserving of it, not just seeing it based on circumstance, yet there she was, looking down at me, then down at the puddle of semen at her feet. I couldn't look her in the eye, there was no way.  
  
"Ms. Charleston," barked the instructor. "Join your classmate here at once. Mr. Quinn, get up and resume your position."  
  
I slowly got up off the ground, my legs barely able to support myself as they were shaking so badly. I closed my eyes and put my hands on my head, wishing so badly that this would be over soon.  
  
I heard someone walk up from the bleachers and stand next to me. "Remove your suit and put your hands on your head," I heard Ms. Clark say to the girl. "Now, apply this lubricant to your vagina, then bend over and grab your ankles, just as Mr. Quinn did."  
  
I opened my eyes to see Samantha, standing next to me, stripping out of her one piece swim suit. Her small, firm tits sat nicely against her body, her tight toned stomach led down to a shaved pussy mound, and her long, skinny legs just completed the package. She turned around and bent over, allowing me a look at her from behind. Her tight, pink pussy peeked out from between her legs, just below her small, puckered asshole. She was the most amazing girl I'd ever seen, and she was about to be violated in a similar manner that I just had.  
  
"Samantha's punishment is for talking back to me on Friday. Apparently she decided that she knew better than I when it came to who had passed the swimming test last year, and who hadn't. Now, while she was correct that she had previously passed, her tone was entirely too disrespectful for her to address an instructor with. She shall now receive the same punishment as Mr. Quinn here."  
  
I watched as Samantha slowly inserted this bulbous device between her tight little pussy lips. Moisture was dripping from around her opening as she slid it further and further inside of her until finally, she had it in all the way. "Now stand up and resume holding your hands on top of your head."  
  
She did so as she looked over at me, a slight twinge of fear showed through the look of utter humiliation on her face. "The last demonstration was only a test, in reality each time a signal is sent to the devices, it will increase the time amount, double the last one. The test signal was thirty seconds, this next push will be a full minute." I braced myself for what was coming next. I looked over at Samantha, and gave her my best look of support. Just before Ms. Clark could hit the button on her remote, I grabbed the girl, and held her tightly as she held me back. Suddenly, we were both pulled to the floor, and wrapped in each others arms, we had to endure a full minute of this punishment.  
  
After it was over, we were all dismissed from the test, and told to return to our dorm building. Samantha and I walked together, hand in hand, back across the courtyard to the stares of several hundred students, all gazing at our nudity and genital adornments. We went straight inside and up to our rooms. We parted ways in the hallway after she asked for a rain check on our date night. "Given the circumstances, I agree." I told her. I kissed her on the lips after we hugged one more time and closed our doors.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
"Dude, what the fuck happened to you?" Mike asked when I came in naked and exhausted, then collapsed on the floor in front of the door.  
  
I explained the medical exam, the prostate exam, and then the swimming test. "I should've packed my swim suit with everything else I brought with me," I said. "And what's worse, Samantha had to do the same thing because Ms. Clark didn't like her attitude. We've had to postpone our date."  
  
"Damn, that really sucks, Jason. Look, I know it's not a good time right now, but Brittany saw me in the hall earlier. She apologized for the way she treated me after seeing me at dinner last night. She asked if she could come over and hang out tonight. Is that okay with you?" He asked, clearly putting his roommate before his sex life.  
  
"Absolutely, Mike. She's seen me naked twice already, it's not like she's going to see anything more than she has of me. She was there for the whole prostate thing."  
  
"Are you sure? You look exhausted."  
  
"Yeah, I'm positive. I'm going to go to sleep now," I said as I slowly got up and walked into my side of the room. I once again dove face first into my bed, and buried my face into my pillow and closed my eyes. A few minutes later, Mike walked into my room.  
  
"Hey, Jason?"  
  
"Hmm," I grumbled from the pillow.  
  
"I feel so bad about what happened to you today, I should've said something, and I definitely should have offered you the use of my swimsuit."  
  
"Don't worry about it, Mike. It's cool man. I should've read the rule book."  
  
"Maybe," he said, "but you're new here, you had no way of knowing. So, in a small show of solidarity, look at me."  
  
I slowly lifted my head up to find Mike, standing completely naked by my bed. "I'm going like this the entire week that you have to, though I don't have the devices inside of me, I hope it helps relieve some of the humiliation you're going to feel."  
  
"It's okay, man. You don't have to do that for me. Besides, Samantha is in the same boat as I am, it'll all work out."  
  
Just then, there was a knock at the door. Without warning in walked Brittany, just as Mike had made his way back to his side of the room. "Oh, wow. Mike, you're naked!" She said, happily.  
  
Mike then explained what happened to me, and why he was now without his clothes. "It was kinda my fault, Brittany. I owe it to him."  
  
"That's so sweet! Samantha has the punishment, too. Fuck it!" She said, as she stripped bare with us. "I'm going naked, too now. The nudity is bad enough, but the sexual component? That's too far. We can show the administration that we don't agree with their tactics, if we show up naked, too, it'll take some of the edge off of what they see as something bad."  
  
"Thanks Brittany, I'm glad you understand."  
  
"You're so sweet, Mike. I've always liked that about you."  
  
After that they didn't say another word, they laid on his bed and kissed each other.  
  
Soon, there was another knock at the door. "Jason?" a sweet voice called out. "Can I come in?"  
  
I got up and opened the door to find Samantha standing there. "I don't think you want to, Mike and Brittany are having a moment," I said with the best half-laugh I could muster as I stepped into the hall with her.  
  
"Actually, I really don't want to be alone tonight. Can you come stay with me?"  
  
"Sure. If we're going to go through this punishment, we might as well go through it together, right?"  
  
"I'd really appreciate that, Jason. Thank you."  
  
We stepped across the hall into her room. She put on a movie and we laid in her bed together until it was time to take out the contraptions we had forced upon us.  
  
I helped her remove her device, and she helped me remove both of mine. We still weren't allowed to wear any clothes, but at that point, it really didn't matter. We laid back down and she asked, "Would you like to sit on the balcony with me? It's a really nice night outside."  
  
"Sure," I said as I followed her out the door, and into the night with the stars shining brightly overhead. We stood out there for a few moments, holding each other until I leaned over and kissed her.  
  
"That vibrator made me really horny, and seeing you naked is about to push me over the edge right now. You know, I've never had sex outside," she whispered.  
  
"Me neither," I said back softly.  
  
"Do you think we'll get in trouble for having sex out here?" She asked, seemingly concerned with what the punishment might be.  
  
"We already are in trouble," I said, with a devious grin.

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