**Thornbush Academy**

by luv2custrip

**Thornbush Academy Ch. 08b – Nude in Public**

*Girls almost in bikini bottoms, then naked on the street.*

**Chapter 4: You Can't Do That**

Somehow it had been decided that the Dean and I were going to escort our nineteen-year-old students Andie and Miko into the shop for some impromptu -- mostly falling out of -- bikini modeling. Serena and Olivia were being taken back to the van by Ms Griswold to "make some adjustments" to their appearance for their upcoming premiere nude walk down one of the town's streets.

We were all well aware of the prevalence of cell phones and we assumed nearly all the video buttons were going to be pushed as soon as we exposed these two ladies' own very special buttons -- along with all the rest of their naked charms. Ms Griswold had extra makeup, hats, sunglasses and even wigs so that the naughty nudes would not be recognizable.

We entered the shop and were immediately struck by the unexpected presence of our driver. He was leaning over the counter and getting overly familiar with a tall skinny girl with pink and yellow hair, tats all over, and wearing nothing but an open men's leather jacket -- open to her pierced belly button -- on top.

"Oi: there ya are," she drawled. "The 'kinis for yer girlies are in the dressin' room-- not that they're goin' ta be gettin' that much dressed!" She did her own unique high-pitched version of giggling then went back to playing kissy-face with our very appreciative driver.

Her jacket gaped open as she leaned forward and I spotted an oversized safety pin pierced into her prominent left nipple.

I looked to the Dean for some support but he merely nodded and led our team to the back of the shop. He was remarkably self-possessed for a man who just been orally pleasured under the table by a naked Ms Serena. Sun hats, sunglasses, coverups and of course barely-there sexy swimwear were hanging from the ceilings like stalactites, and seemingly sprouting full-grown from the shop floor.

There were what looked like two converted closets turned into dressing rooms in the back of the store. The bottom eight inches or so were open, so an easily pleased voyeur -- or one with a foot fetish -- would be quite happy.

Dean knocked on each door, then opened door number two on a whim.

He came out with two minuscule garments that possibly had around eight square inches of material each.

Unpredictably, Miko's eyes got happily wide. She grabbed the tiny white garment instantly: "Oh yes it's mine!" she proclaimed.

Andie actually looked nervous and reluctant as she grudgingly took the second 'kini. What little material it had was very cute: a green, red and blue plaid pattern.

Miko was biting her lip. A couple had found their way to the back of the store. The guy had that fashionable two-day-old unshaven look and a mop of sandy hair; probably late thirties. The woman was tall and bleached blonde -- maybe 5' 10 in her spiky open-wedge sandals -- and was displaying nearly all of her very long and possibly overly-muscular legs in thread-ripped cutoff denim shorts.

When she turned our way to find out what her husband was gawking at, I saw her best feature: 40s or even 42Ds in a tight t-shirt that proclaimed: "I Survived My Twenties; So Can You!"

Miko looked to both of us. "Are we changing now?" She was licking her lips.

Light brown Andie seemed to be turning white. "Miko: there are people here!"

Strange behavior from a girl who had spent nearly half the day naked with me yesterday. But that was within the safe bounds of Thornbush; this was the scary, real world.

Dean merely raised his eyebrows. "You're here to get nude in public; there's your public."

"But--" Andie was sputtering. "It's one thing to flirt with a cute waiter, and then hide out naked under a big huge table and tablecloth. A girl stripping off for the tourists who just wandered in -- you can't do that!"

Dean sighed. He stood behind Andie and put his meaty hands on her soft shoulders.

"Oh Andie. You do know that Professor David and I love you; we would never do anything to hurt you. If you're really not ready for all this, it's up to you."

Andie looked up at me and reached out for me. I stepped up and held her tight.

"I'm so sorry," she spoke into my shoulder. "At the Academy, I can do anything: I can strip naked, dance naked, and make love with any beautiful man I want. Here..." she glanced at the couple who were now whispering together, "here, I'm back to being that scared little girl who had to be talked out of her robe for her first cunnie stretching."

"Excuse me!"

It was Sandy, who by his accent and manner revealed himself to be quite American.

"We don't know what's going on here; this girl looked so uncomfortable, and that one--" He broke off. Miko had just stripped naked and was looking for a place to put her clothes.

Dean smoothly produced a small digital camera from one jacket pocket and some kind of colorful business card from the other.

"I'm a photographer for the 'Shameless Ladies Collective;' and this" gesturing to me "is my personal assistant."

He handed Sandy the card, which I could see had rose petals in the shape of -- well, a female's "petals."

Dean then gestured toward Miko who had her bikini bottoms on but was struggling with how to put on the top. "This beauty is 'M24' on our website. The other--"

Andie was stark naked, her clothes draped over a store display, and was startled at the unexpected attention. She had been trying to take advantage of the momentary distraction of bare-breasted Miko.

"-- is 'A12.' Our photos are explicit, yet tasteful. They've appeared in galleries across Europe, in addition to your own San Francisco."

"Well..." Sandy was suddenly realizing his luck, that he had stumbled into a sexy young ladies' photo shoot. His wife came up.

"Where are you taking your pics today?" she asked.

Dean smiled. "In the storefront window display; these two are going to pretend to be mannequins."

"We're in the store window??" That was Andie, still naked, but now covering herself with her arm on top and clutching her bikini over her crotch.

"You know Andie..." Dean paused, thinking intently as he watched Andie pull on her bottoms. He suddenly clasped his hands together. "Girls! Leave those teeny bikini tops off but carry them out. Come on!"

Now he clapped his hands. "Up to the entrance here, then you must pretend to be mannequins. If -- why don't you assist me sir?"

He was speaking to the sandy-haired tourist. "You're quite the strong fellow. We have to sort of drag these mannequins out and then set them up."

Sandy -- we still didn't know the fellow's name -- was beaming. He seemed to have forgotten the very existence of his buxom wife as he dragged a blushing, totally horrified Andie out -- his arms around her waist, her arms crossed over her bare breasts -- and into the shop window setting.

Dean soon followed with a nearly uncontrollably giggly Miko -- arms over her breasts as well -- and only wearing what looked like the tiniest white thong panties in existence.

As he dragged Miko past me, he dropped what felt like keys in my jacket pocket. He glanced at the open-mouthed, buxom American blonde.

"There's a very easy to use, small digital video camera in the glove box," he whispered.

Dean and Miko disappeared into the storefront. I turned to the buxom blonde.

"Have you ever thought about posing nude?"

I thought she was either going to faint or have a spontaneous orgasm -- or both.

"Oh my god oh my god oh my god!"

I took that as a yes. I took her arm in mine.

"Come with me... I have an idea."

**Chapter 5 : Penney (sic) Lane**

We stopped outside to take in the scene of our two topless storefront models. We were both surprised to see a very realistic little stuffed dog, mouth open, with the girls' two bikini tops already hanging out. I could see where Dean was going. This bad doggie had relieved our blushing beauties of their tops, and was now going after their bottoms to complete both sets.

Andie already had her bottoms pulled down to just bunched up at her crotch; just high enough not to reveal any of her currently hidden treasures. Sandy was playing with how to pose a still giggly Miko's bare bottom, as her bikini bottoms were un-decorously around the girl's ankles. Apparently, choosing the right position for a giggly girl's bare bottom required a lot of very detailed, closeup, hands-on work.

A crowd was already forming and cell phones were out. Both girls were still covering up their exposed breasts to varying degress of success; but their cute bare bottoms were quite the attraction. A quick talk between the two male nude mannequin stagers and Sandy rushed back in to the store -- and quickly came out with two sets of oversized hats and sunglasses. Both girls' faces were sufficiently hidden, although no one was really focusing on their faces.

"Wow," my buxom blonde friend observed.

I took her arm again, and led her around the corner to our van. I beeped the remote keys and opened the door next to the driver's seat. I jumped into the driver's seat and sat her next to me.

"Are we going some --"

"Take off your clothes if you want to be part of a nude in public video." I glanced at my watch. "We don't have much time."

"Oh my god oh my god oh my god!" This was becoming a familiar refrain. She pulled off her cutoff shorts along with her panties. She whipped off her tight tee in about three seconds.

"Well?" she asked breathlessly.

"Uh... your bra?"

"Oh. Sorry!"

She bit and licked her lips. The bra required the longest removal time thus far -- about six seconds.

Her breasts were big and fleshy and a bit droopy for a woman her age, but her big poky nipples and her large, dark red areola more than made up for it.

I had her lean back with one foot stretched out atop the center console, the other way way out against her door.

Those muscular legs were muscular all the way up. And she had a very wide, very open, very fleshy pussy.

I reached in without asking. I pulled and tugged on her sloppy inner labia as she gasped. They were like wet pink, very flexible wings. I briefly pulled them apart just enough to take a good look at her gaping hole. She was already so sticky wet.

"I'll be shooting you from behind. I want your hot legs open and these inner lips hanging down in between. Okay? Guys love that look."

She was breathing so hard she couldn't speak.

I leaned forward and grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her to me. We immediately started sucking each other's tongues.

I broke it off reluctantly to look at my watch.

"Shit," I said. "They'll be coming down the side street in less than a minute."

I leaned way over her on the way to the glove box and pulled out the miniature video camera. Along the way I brushed her big hard red nipples and made them quiver and bounce and get even harder.

"Too bad I'm not filming your front. Your nips are already poking out nicely and your clit is almost there." I noted that her clitoris was beginning to ooze out from under her fleshy hood like a poky bit of strawberry gelatin topped with cream.

Now I jumped out and ran around the car, opening her door. She hesitated, then eased herself out, naked on the street except for her wedge-y sandals.

I swatted her ample butt.

"Go! To your left!"

I started filming. I panned from a closeup between her legs (yes, her inners were hanging nicely) up to the street sign:

Penney Lane. It wasn't spelled right, but...

"That's it!" I exclaimed. "That's the theme: I got a 'good morning' note, we all went on a day trip, the restaurant was 'A Taste of Honey,' then Andie said--"

"I don't know what you're babbling about!" said my nude companion. "I'm standing out on the street fucking naked -- and there's two more naked girls on their way!"

Indeed there were.

Serena and Olivia were slowly strolling our way, hand in hand, amazingly being filmed by our driver, who must have the unique ability to be in two places at once.

Both ladies were wearing:

-- white stiletto open-toe heels with straps that went halfway to their knees;

-- silver chains around their necks, around their waists, around their wrists, and around their ankles;

-- their hair incongruously pushed inside two sun-hats; and

-- wrap-around sunglasses.

Other than the above slew of accessories, they were totally nude.

Serena's breasts were lightly quivering 38D mounds of pink-tipped wonder. Her tum was amazingly flat with a belly button in the shape of a slit -- a slit that seemed to be directly pointing toward the larger slit of her love hole that was winking and quite visible at the terminal fold of her shaved and boldly open pubes.

Sweet-faced brunette Liv had only slightly less impressive mounds but they were so girlishly cute, so sized for a man's hands, with sensitive rose-pink nips designed to be suckled. Her tummy was still rounded with some teenage baby fat -- but that baby fat pleasantly extended downward to her prominent mound, her delicate pink slit lightly furred in a wide triangle of soft curly brown.

They occasionally stopped; they put their arms around each other and kissed. The girl-on-girl vibe was older woman -- Serena was twenty-six -- and younger girl -- Olivia was nineteen.

They had a remarkably small following, maybe fifteen people, mostly men with their cell phones out and recording. There thankfully wasn't much traffic on this side street but I did observe cars slowing down and even pulling over as the drivers gawked.

My nude blonde friend -- I still didn't know her name -- was gawking herself. Then she looked down.

"May I repeat: I'm still fucking naked out on the street and there's more naked girls coming my way. Care to tell me what the hell I'm supposed to do??"

I put my hand on the small of her back, right above her ass crack. Her skin was so hot.

"Run right up to the older, taller girl, and give her a big hug and a kiss like she's your long-lost lover. I'll be filming you from behind. Just remember to keep those hot legs open -- let me check -- yes; your inner lips are still hanging nicely. I'm going to focus on those danglers -- and on your sweet butt.

You're gonna be a surprise, but don't worry -- Serena will see me and she will... adapt."

I slapped that big bare ass for the second time in two minutes; definitely something I was enjoying.

"Okay: go! Start running!"

Naked amateur Blondie was so breathlessly excited. She nearly tripped, almost fell out of her sandals, but what a trouper! She ran right into the mix of the other nude beauties and their mostly male fan club -- and she grabbed Serena around her waist and planted a big wet one on her lips.

Wow! Serena of course had seen me with the handheld camera. Her eyes were shocked for only a second; then I saw a big grin. Her hands went around the buxom blonde and squeezed her bouncy ass.

Then Serena released her and squatted down in front of her... and I mean squatted. Serena knelt back on her high heels with her gorgeous legs wide open.

Then she pushed the blonde's muscular thighs open even more and Serena's tongue was out and started licking what Blondie had dangling.

"Mmmm..." Serena said. "Thanks for the tasty treat David!"

Blondie predictably said "Oh my god oh my god oh my god!"

Both our nameless driver and I were now filming up close. Olivia was turned away, toward a young guy who had parked quite illegally and was approaching her, cell phone recording. Liv was cupping her breasts in her hands, squeezing and pointing her hard nipples at him, licking her fingers and using them to bring those breast buttons to record lengths.

Her fan was getting closer and closer. I sensed his phone was about to drop and his tongue was about ready to come out and take over from Olivia's fingers.

We were filming the beginning of a three-girl naked pop-up street orgy.

And then I heard a familiar voice shouting something, just around the street corner. It was the Dean, sans his two almost-bikini-wearing models.

He was shouting "Sirens!"

Three naked ladies, two videographers, and several horny males clutching cell phones said "Oh shit!," all at once, and in various accents.

Three naked ladies and two videographers ran for the van. I caught up with the Dean.

"I can't believe it! The mayor... his wife is an Academy graduate... we usually have carte blanche here!"

I didn't know what to say. He sounded hurt. I jumped into the front seat and the driver glared at me.

"That's Miss Andie's seat!" It was the first words I ever heard from him. I jumped out and re-took my middle row, middle seat position from the morning.

Miko was already there, totally naked down to her bare feet.

"That was fun," she said.

I wondered where her clothes were.

Serena piled in, laughing. The sirens were getting closer. She was also nude, but still had on her silver body jewelry and her strappy heels.

"Ummm..." it was Ms Griswold, leaning forward, behind me to my right. I believe she was the only female with her clothes on on board.

"We have to get going!" she exclaimed.

The driver started rolling.

"Wait! Wait!" it was a familiar female voice. Blondie came up to Andie's window and the driver reluctantly lowered it.

"You still have my clothes!" the naked girl pointed out.

"I wondered whose clothes these were," Andie muttered as she passed them out the window.

The naked blonde saw me.

"I want a copy of my video!"

I handed my card to naked Andie who handed it to the girl outside, now clutching her clothing against her nude body.

"My email and phone are there."

The van started rolling again.

"What's your name?" I shouted.

"Deborah," she shouted back. "And I loved how you handled my body!"

She got that out just before the window closed.

"My goodness," said Serena, "just how many women did you pick up on this trip?"

**Chapter 6 : All You Need is Love**

We made it safely out of town without being picked up by the gendarmes, or the bobbies, or whatever they called their cops here.

Three out of four of our traveling females were totally nude; I had been assured earlier that all of the van's windows were tinted to prevent viewing in. But wait -- I heard rustling behind me and I craned my neck. Ms Griswold was in her underwear and was reaching behind to un-clasp her brassiere.

She saw me looking.

"When in Rome..." she shrugged, as her bra dropped to her waist and her conical flesh-twins fell out.

"Or in County Sussex," I countered.

I got a smile as she reached for her knickers. Sadly, there was no way I was going to be able to witness her cunnie unveiling without climbing over the seat.

I was pleasantly distracted as my two nude seat mates put one hand on each of my thighs... and started moving inward.

The Dean cleared his throat.

"Now that all of our lovely companions are rather inappropriately undressed, they have informed me that they would like to reciprocate the pleasurable favors that we bestowed on them during their ride out.

Ladies? Unbelt; unzip; pull down -- about to the knees."

My girls -- one giggly, one grinning -- did just that. I gave them absolutely no resistance as my penis had been in a constant state of arousal all day; it just felt so good to be released and flop about in the open air as my trousers and briefs were simultaneously lowered to my knees.

Serena unexpectedly turned away and pulled out a Gucci purse from somewhere. Even naked ladies needed to carry purses.

She came out with lipstick, then she bit her lip as she rather intently studied my penis.

"What are doing with that?" My voice was a wee bit shaky.

"Drawing a line of demarcation," she replied. Serena firmly but gently held my cock down balls-ward. She started her red line at my base, and ended at my hole. Then she released the beast, and it quite naturally flopped up to point to my belly. Still she held it firm, as she drew her line down the midpoint of my shaft from that side of my hole down to my scrotum.

Serena laughed softly: "I'm not even attempting to continue the line downward; you have a right and a left one which should be sufficient for us girls to follow." So she closed up the lipstick and put it away.

"What do think?" she was addressing Miko. "Little kisses and tiny licks to start, then we maybe take turns sucking?"

My eyes were beyond wide.

"Ummm... won't there be... messes??"

"Silly me!" Now Serena was really laughing. She dug out her purse again and came out with three foil-wrapped packets. She passed one seat forward and one seat rear.

"I'm ready," sighed Miko. "I can't wait to taste him."

So Miko started with soft kisses up and down my thighs, until she got to my scrotum. Serena held my penis up as Miko tried to suck up my left ball into her mouth. Failing that, she proceeded to tickle me with her tongue and then tried to bite some of my hairs down there right off.

My very own bare-naked ladies were taking turns to avoid bumping heads. Serena kissed all around the base of my hardening cock as Miko gripped it. Then Miko suddenly let go. Serena let it flop around crazily against her cheeks, her lips, and then her stuck-out tongue.

Serena let go and Miko was the first to take me fully into her mouth. She looked up at me for a while, not using her tongue yet, then she suddenly began sucking like a baby on a milky teat.

Serena reached down and brushed Miko's right cheek.

"I know you love that cock, sweet girl, we all do. Let me have a taste then we'll wrap him up."

Miko was blushing and panting a little as she let my penis out. Serena held me and stroked me lightly.

"Beautiful," she sighed. "I need this inside me," she whispered into my ear.

Serena bent down and took my whole penis into her mouth without preamble. She too looked up at me as she swirled her talented tongue all around.

"Okay," she said after she too let me pop out. "He's not long for this world; I'll hold him down whilst you do the wrapping."

I watched these two sweet naked beauties so single-mindedly attending to the needs of my penis. I was in a state between love and awe.

"This is so beautiful," we all heard Andie say. I could see her leaning back but I knew her hand was busy. Our driver had remarkable control! "We were there for each other today," she continued. "It was totally insane but we all had so much fun! And: none of the ladies needed to keep their silly clothes on! No: all we needed was love."

I closed my eyes as my two naked lovers took me in hand. These two both obviously loved men, or loved giving pleasure, or both. They pushed up my shirt and teased and tickled my stomach; they ran their long fingernails along the insides of my thighs.

But they always returned to my penis.

I was at the plateau stage for far longer than I could ever remember. When I finally hit the stage of inevitability -- I didn't want to cum. I wanted the pleasure that I was receiving from these sweet, lovely women to last forever. I suddenly felt that the male orgasm was a cheat; an unfair, too-quick end.

Serena whispered in my ear. "Go ahead and let go my love -- you deserve it. We had so much fun today -- it was incredible. You are all good men. You all deserve to let it all go and cum so much harder than you ever came before."

So I did. I lifted my naked ass off the seat and I felt both ladies put one hand under each of my cheeks. I came and I came and I came so hard and yet I felt as though my naked lovers had made me weightless. Their unlimited love, their strong soft hands, and their burning-hot-sexy nakedness was lifting me up towards the sky.