

Max Brewster – 3/7/2017 – Tuesday – 7:41 pm

When they started to walk down the stairs, Max was suddenly *very* aware that the club was a lot more packed than it had been when they went up to get their nap. He could hear the TVs were turned up, but was able to pick out several voices having conversations before they were even halfway down to the ground floor. There was the sound of some people out splashing in the pool, and there was the sound of Olivia Rodrigo playing in the far distance. The different levels of sound made it difficult to pick any one thing out to focus on.

“Welcome back, sleepyhead,” Esme said as they reached the ground floor. “Got your energy back after getting some rest?”

“A bit,” Max said.

“He's lying,” Jenny said with a smile. “He's fully rested and eager to test the bounds of what he's allowed to do here.”

Max shot her a side eye glance before turning his gaze back to Esme. “How many people are here right now?”

“Including you, Jenny and myself? A baker's dozen, although it's mostly women. Liane and Danny are out by the pool, and they don't like to share, but they do love to put on a show, and do love to watch. Logan's wandering around as well, but he hasn't seen much he's interested in today, so he'll probably also just loom and watch. But most of the women are rather excited to have a new man on the menu, and are hoping to catch your eye.”

“So what are you in the mood for, Max?” Jenny said, moving to stand directly in front of him so she could rub her ass back against his crotch. “There's got to be some fantasy you've always wanted to try and just never had the guts to convince a partner to give a go with you on. Pool boy? Pizza delivery? Landlord and desperate renter? Professor and failing student?” She giggled a little. “You can't hide that. I felt that twitch. Always wanted to be a professor with a naughty coed trying to convince you to give her a passing grade?” She glanced over at Esme. “Do you think we can use the office for a bit?”

The Latina nodded. “Ms. Weismann is working out in the lounge and she has her laptop with her, so the room is perfect to double as a set for you to use for that sort of fantasy.”

“We certainly don't *have* to,” Max started to say before Esme hushed him quiet.

“Nonsense. If that's what you've always wanted to try, then you should definitely do that,” Esme said to them. “Did you want to select your partners yourself, or should I dispatch a handful of people who might be a good fit?”

He was about to answer when Jenny spoke first. “Tell you what. Why don't you take Max to the office and get him settled there, and I'll gather up an appropriate couple of partners for that sort of scenario. Surprise is the best part of these kinds of things, so let me get all of the details worked out, and you just go and get into character as a college professor in his office.”

“Jenny, you don't—” he started to say before she spun and kissed him.

“Don't worry, Max. Don't worry so much. I'll be there as well, and you should just cut loose and embrace the fantasy. Grab onto it with both hands and just do whatever you want to whomever you want however you want, and live out the fantasy however you want to. Nobody's gonna judge you, and this club's here to let people express themselves sexually however they want to. If someone's uncomfortable, they'll just excuse themselves and nobody will be mad, okay?” She held his face in her hands, her eyes peering deeply into his. “Promise me you'll totally cut loose here and just embrace this fantasy you've always wanted to live out, okay?”

He couldn't help but smile a little bit. “Okay. Okay I will. But why do I think you're gonna take this basic little fantasy that like a million men have had and amp it far beyond what I'm expecting it to be like?”

She grinned wolfishly. “Because I am, silly, obviously. If I let you set the parameters, you'd aim too low, and I need to teach you some ambition, how to swing for the fences, so you're gonna go to your office, and I'm gonna bring you your fantasy and a whole lot more than what you think you're gonna get, so you get your ass in there, mister, and start pretending to be a professor.”

“Yes ma'am.” There was something about the way that Jenny spoke to him that made not want to disagree with her, as if she was looking out for his best interests against his own self-preservation. She was right, he had to admit to himself. If he'd gone and set it up, he would have been so nervous with it that he would've taken a while even to pick one girl he thought he could convince to play the desperate co-ed, but the place was so full of beautiful women that he couldn't imagine being dissatisfied with whoever wanted to engage in such a story. “Lead the way, Esme.”

Esme took him down the hallway and back to the back corner of the house, opening the door forcefully, and when it opened, he understood why she was putting her back into it so much. The door was thick and heavy, and Max noticed the walls were that way also, presumably to keep from sound contamination spilling from one room to another. As much as the option of voyeurism was encouraged here, there were also places that allowed people to have some isolation. It was clear this place wanted to cater to all sorts of tastes.

“So, the cabinets over there are locked, and please don't try and break into them, because A) they contain club paperwork and B) they've got alarms on them, and if those go off, I'll have to come running, even if it isn't intentional. Also, don't break the monitor that's on the swing arm. You don't need to worry about the furniture holding up to whatever it is you want to do with them. The desk, the chairs, the couches – everything's designed to hold up to 800 pounds, so unless you're stacking quite a large number of partners on them, it'll hold.” Esme led him into the room and pushed him to sit down in the chair behind the desk. “One last piece of advice? Whatever it is you're nervous about or afraid of? Just put it aside and embrace the experience. Run at it full speed, without doubts or regrets, and have fun with it. Think of every experience you have at Ironwood as a once-in-a-lifetime thing, so give it everything you've got. So get comfortable, and you should have a student coming in to see you sometime soon now.”

He moved to sit behind the desk, glancing around the area, as if he was trying to settle into the space, to get familiar with it. He wasn't sure what to expect. Sure, there was always the sort of silly daydream fantasy of being a man in power with women trying to convince him to change his mind. He knew it was such a typical, *boring* fantasy, but it was one he'd wanted to have and considering he was told to try anything that he wanted to craic on with, he was going to do it.

The office was a nice home office, but he could easily see how anyone could project whatever they wanted to on it, almost like it wasn't a *real* office, but a stand-in for whatever scenario happened to need something office adjacent. There were a couple of couches against the walls, and a nice plush leather chair behind the desk, something like a real seat of power. There were also two chairs in front of the desk, so he could see the suggestion of a professor's office if he squinted hard enough. It also had a bathroom adjunct, which certainly made it seem like the kind of place someone would spend more than a little time in, although there weren't really any creature comforts. He understood why, though. This wasn't *really* Dana's office – it was the place she used as an office when it wasn't being a playroom show office for club members.

It turned out he had a bit of a wait. He was expecting Jenny to just run out, grab some girl and come back in, but he found himself killing time in the office for certainly longer than he'd expected to, nearly half an hour, and just when he felt like maybe he was being put on or that they had forgotten about him in the office, the door open and Jenny strolled in.

She'd changed her appearance, her strawberry blonde hair up in a more professional bun, a clipboard resting on her arm. “I'm sorry, Professor Brewster, I know that you were intending to work this afternoon and that these aren't normally your office hours, but I simply couldn't stop them,” she said, and he grinned a little, seeing her don the role of his administrative assistant.

He was about to tell her it was fine, when four women came marching in, three followed by one, the last one closing the door with a heavy slam. "Professor Brewster," the woman in the back said, agitation and aggravation heavy in her tone of voice. She was a Japanese American woman in her early thirties, and while she was no doubt beautiful, there was an air of experience about her, a woman who had lived through some trials and tribulations. She was dressed in casual clothes, a dark silk blouse and dark crimson trousers, her figure slender, her frame smaller than the rest of the girls, and yet somehow, her presence loomed over all of them. "My name is Zelda Fujikawa, and I'm the Den Mother for the campus chapter of the Delta Delta Delta sorority, and I understand three of our girls aren't doing particularly well in some of your classes, so I brought Blake, Kelly and Song here to discuss what they can do to stop failing."

Two of the girls he recognized from before. Kelly was the girl who had crawled beneath the table at lunch and had sucked him off with no regard for the other women seated around the table, or the fact that Max had been trying to eat. She was dressed in a midriff baring t-shirt that barely stretched down to beneath her tits, and a skirt that was dangerously high up on her thighs, in addition to long leather boots that went up past her knees. She had a playful smile on her lips, and expression that seemed to hint she'd only begun showing him just the kind of bad girl she could be. Her brown hair was done up in a sort of loose, swirled high ponytail.

The other girl he recognized as the tall blonde who had been lounging with her by the pool when he arrived, but she had changed from her swimsuit into a single piece cheerleading outfit, mostly a dark navy with white around the neck and gold pleats near the bottom of the skirt, a white belt around the midsection, and the word "Cal" written in gold across the chest, stretched *very* tightly on the girl's tits, the fabric pulled taut enough that he could make out the outline of a nipple piercing through the girl's right nipple. She was certainly younger than Kelly, but definitely looked like a coed. Her blonde hair had been drawn into braided pigtails that hung down in front of her, which certainly added to the youthful appearance.

The last girl he didn't recognize, a stunning Asian woman who looked like she was just on the very end of being able to pass as a college student, so Max would've guessed she was in her early or mid twenties, although he'd found that Asian women often looked much younger than they actually were. Good genetics, he guessed. She had on a Berkeley sweatshirt that hung massive and loose over her, falling down to her mid thighs, and whatever else she had on beneath that, he couldn't see. The size of the sweatshirt almost gave the impression that she didn't have *anything* on underneath it, but he felt certain she was wearing some short shorts beneath it, at the very least. Her face was gorgeous, with a button nose and lips that had a sort of girly pink lip gloss on them. She also had heavy black-framed glasses over her eyes, he supposed to give her that sort of nerd look.

The three girls each stood with their hands folded in front of them, each looking down at their shoes, like they were being admonished and couldn't quite bring themselves to look him in the eyes, although he could see that slight mischievous grin on Kelly's face, unable to completely commit to the illusion. In fact, Kelly was squeezing her arms together a little, to try and make her breasts pop a bit more for his attention.

He glanced over at Jenny, who had the biggest shit-eating grin he'd ever seen on a person in real life smeared across her face, and then sighed, moving to sit down in his chair behind his desk. Right, he figured, let's do this.

"Well, Miss Fujikawa, I hate to tell you that you've trounced them all the way across campus for nothing, but these three girls are all doing *extremely* poorly in my class, and I don't know how you think they can make up for the poor exam scores, the lack of dedication to their coursework or the absolute shambles of projects they turned in for the midterms," he said, putting on the guise of a college professor at his wit's end. "Hell, Kelly even misspelled the *course name* in her research paper. That shows that she isn't taking my class seriously, and if she cannot be bothered to put in the time or the effort, I don't know why you think I would do them any favors."

Kelly giggled a little at that, and then Zelda's hand reached out to slap against her ass with a hard crack, which made the brunette gasp and wince just a little. "Sorry sir," she said. "Sorry ma'am."

Zelda glanced at Jenny, giving her a nod, and Jenny made her way over to the office door, making a point to over-dramatically 'lock' the door, making a show of it, before giving Zelda the nod in return. "I'm afraid that's just not acceptable, Professor Brewster. These girls have very rich parents, and if they found out that I'm responsible for their little girls not getting passing grades, why they'll make my life a living hell, so these girls are going to do absolutely *anything* to get you to pass them, aren't you girls?"

"Yes Miss Fujikawa," the three younger girls said in unison.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean by that, ma'am," Max said. This was always his favorite part in those kinds of dirty videos, where the girls just went full bore at the professor until he couldn't help but engage in their lusts.

"Now Professor Brewster," Zelda said, moving to stand behind Kelly. "I am one hundred percent certain..." she said, yanking up the shirt over Kelly's tits, exposing them to his view, the girl's nipples rock hard, as Kelly licked her lips. "...that the four of us..." she said, moving to tug up Blake's cheerleading skirt to expose a fully uncovered snatch with only a wisp of blonde hair at the top of it. "...can put our heads together..." she said, grabbing Song's sweatshirt, pulling it up and over her head, revealing the girl was completely nude beneath it, and instead of folding her hands over her breasts and pussy, Song folded them behind her back, as if trying to present her body to his eyes as much as she could. "...and work out an arrangement that satisfies you plenty." That was when Zelda pulled her blouse up and over her own head, tossing it aside, no bra on beneath, exposing her own breasts to his view, dark brown nipples over her tan flesh. "Don't you?"

Max couldn't help it. He found himself licking his lips a little bit, looking at each of the girls in turn before his eyes looked over at Zelda for a good moment. "Your girls are really going to have to put in some in-depth work in this office to raise their grades. I just don't know that I believe they're capable of working that hard, even if their asses are on the line."

"Well, where do you want to start? With Kelly? I know she's kind of a troublemaker," Zelda said. "But her heart is in the right place."

Max shook his head. "We'll save Kelly for last. Let's start with Song, simply because I don't understand why she's having such trouble," he said with a sigh. "When she does get work in, she shows a very good understanding of the text, but she has done horribly in all the in-class quizzes, so either she's getting someone else to do her homework for her, or she's not paying any attention when I'm teaching, although she's never on her phone or anything during class."

Zelda spanked Song on the ass, and the younger Asian woman stepped forward some. "Go on, Song. Tell him why you have trouble concentrating."

Song looked up at him and blushed, her facial expression that of mortification. Her voice was tinged with an accent, her English exceptional but not her first language. He thought it was a Korean accent, but he couldn't be sure. "My apologies, Professor Brewster," she said, bowing a little bit. "When you are speaking, I sometimes find my mind drifting, having inappropriate thoughts about you teaching me... other sorts of things. You are so confident, so powerful, and I cannot help but wonder if you would be that way as a lover, so unlike all the boys I have met in my classes since I came here from Seoul. It... I find it very difficult to think clearly when such lusts run through me."

The girl was slender with full tits capped with tiny brown nipples, almost no areola to them whatsoever. He wondered if they were enhanced, but Max had decided long ago that unless the work was very poorly done, he would never judge a woman for breast augmentation surgery. There was a wedge-shaped patch of fine black hair above her pussy, natural but not out of control. Her limbs were thin and willowy, and he wondered if the girl was half as fragile as she looked.

Song moved to step forward, Zelda moving in behind her, before finally getting Song to bend over his desk, placing her elbows on the top of it, her ass pointed back towards him, her stance good

and wide.

“I think the only thing you can do is fuck some sense into her, Professor Brewster,” Zelda said with exasperation. “Once she's gotten the cobwebs cleaned out, she will be able to pay much better attention in class, and frankly, for all that you've had to endure over this semester, I think you deserve this, don't you? A young, pliant co-ed to take out some of your sexual frustration on?”

“I can't help but notice you've begun stripping as well, Miss Fujikawa,” Max said as he moved to his feet, standing up behind Song, his hand lifting up before spanking down on her ass. Instead of a whimper of pain, he was fairly certain he heard a squeal of delight.

“Whatever punishment these girls have earned, Professor Brewster, I have earned accordingly, as their den mother,” Zelda answered, unbuttoning her trousers, pushing them and her silken panties down to her ankles before stepping out of them. “I'm willing to accept my share of the blame and take my licks responsibly.” She moved over to stand beside him, reaching down to unbutton his jeans. “I'll just give it a few quick licks and then you can show this ditzy slut what a real cock feels like.”

Zelda slid down onto knees and pulled his jeans and boxers down to his ankles, making him step out of them as her lips moved to wrap around his dick, her fingertips curled around the base of it to stroke it a little, her tongue washing over it, until she slipped her mouth down as deep as she could before pulling her head off with a loud smack.

“There you go. Now show this slut what she's been missing,” she said, sliding off her knees, standing up, giving Song's ass another slap, making the girl widen her stance a little more.

As the line from 'Hamilton' went, Max thought to himself, 'okay, so we're doing this.'

He moved to step in close behind her, reaching down to grab his shaft, lifting it up to line it accordingly with her pussy, the tip of his shaft resting against those wet folds before he pushed in, and she squealed in delight, trying to lean back to push herself more onto his cock, and Max found himself unable to stop, sliding most of his length inside of her on that first thrust.

“*FUCK*,” he whispered in mild shock. Song easily had the *tightest* pussy he'd ever felt around his cock, and that included his first high school girlfriend, and he'd been her *first time*. “Good lord, Song, you are *fucking tight*. Am I hurting you?”

She shook her head frantically. “No, Professor. I feel very good. But I want to feel even better.” She leaned forward, lowering her head down towards the desk, her arms sliding to the other side of it. “You will not break me, sir. But I would very much like you to try.”

Max decided to take the girl at her word, because considering her snug her snatch was around his cock, he knew he wouldn't last long at all. She was very slick and warm, like molten honey drenching his shaft, but the pressure was immense, and occasionally she would clench a little, and he felt like his prick was immobilized inside of her for a moment.

His hands latched onto her hips to keep her held in place as he drew back and then punched forward, shoving his cock as deep as the young girl could take it, feeling her body shiver when he did, high pitched squeals of delight burbling from her lips. “Eeee! Thank you, sir! I do not deserve this kindness, but I welcome it! Fuck me into a better student, sir!”

One of his arms lifted from her hip, and his hand shot forward to grab a fistful of the girl's silky hair. A previous partner of his had taught him the proper way to grab a woman's hair to be forceful and not hurt her – slide your fingers along her scalp then bunch your fingers up tightly, so you were grabbing near the skin and wouldn't rip any loose. He pulled her back up to her elbows and both Blake and Kelly were looking directly at the girl's face with envy as he railed into her.

Jenny had her eyes on him the entire time.

“This is how a man teaches a girl,” Zelda said to him, standing alongside his body as he plowed into the Korean girl. “Fill her up. Wipe away those wicked thoughts and fill her up with something else instead, so she remains a good and doting student.” Her lips moved to nibble on his earlobe as she hissed at him. “Creampie that slut.”

Max felt his body tense up, as Song latched down and began to spasm, clearly having an orgasm

of her own, as it couldn't help but induce his own, his cock latched in place but still doing its best to pump a load or two inside of the woman's vicelike cunt.

He slapped a hand on the top of the desk, mostly for balance, as Song's whimpers and moans eventually quieted down, her hips still grinding her ass back against him, as if trying to his cock to keep that cream corked inside of her for as long as possible. When he tried to pull back, she pushed against him, as if she didn't want to let him go, even while he was starting to soften.

There was *no* way, he realized, that he was going to be able to satisfy every woman in this room, because his body was going to give out sooner or later. He was going limp now, and wasn't entirely certain he'd be able to get hard again, although that devilish grin on Kelly's face was threatening to not give him a choice in the matter.

As he finally slipped from Song's twat, he felt a soft hand on the side of his face turning his head, looking over to see Zelda still next to him, bringing his lips down to hers, a tender, kind and almost sympathetic kiss on her lips, as she stroked his cheek. "You are *such* a good teacher, Professor. You look so very tired, but I must insist you deal with at least one more of these girls before we leave your office, and then the other and I can come and see you during your next office hours, to make up the difference," she said with a sly grin.

"Well, Kelly already came and saw me earlier today for an oral exam," he said with a slight cough, "which she did quite well at, but she has quite the long list of transgressions to make up for, and she's really going to have to do some in-depth work to make up for those, so perhaps we can save her and yourself for another day."

Kelly's smirk widened a little bit more as she looked up at him. "Then I'll just lend a hand in your punishing of Blake, Professor, and I can come back later for additional coursework, as I definitely want to get the highest possible marks in your course. I'm willing to do *anything* to get my grades up, so you just need to tell me what I need to do and I'll do it." She looked over at Blake, reaching up to grab on one of the girl's pigtails to pull her head down to her height, as she kissed the blonde, who looked a bit startled and surprised by it, but quickly got into it. She pulled back from it to look at Max once more. "But this daft bitch has really got her work cut out for her," she said, leading Blake over towards Max. "Here, sit down and take a load off, Professor. You look exhausted."

Zelda adjusted Max and helped him to sit down in the big leather chair, forcing him to spread his legs wide, even as his cock was struggling at half mast. "Don't worry, Professor, we'll have you back up and running in just a moment."

Song pushed herself up and off the desk, looking a little unsteady on her feet, as she staggered over to one of the couches, slumping down on it, her hips tilted upward, a dazed smile spread from ear to ear.

"The problem with Blake here," Kelly said, tugging the cheerleader top up to expose Blake's tits, the tall blonde having decent sized breasts, one of them with a prominent silver barbell through it, "is that she's kinda a *major* slut, professor."

"Hey!" Blake said, her face scrunching up. "I'm totally not a slut!"

"You say that, Blake, but you've got a barbell through one of your tits, a studpost through your tongue and a tramp stamp of a bird of paradise right over the crack of your ass, and you're not even old enough to drink yet. How many boys have you been with?"

"That's none of your fucking business, skank!" Blake said, genuine annoyance on her face. "And even if I do get around, you don't get to slut shame me!"

"Oh, I'm not trying to *shame* you, Blake," Kelly said, twisting the barbell on Blake's nipple just a bit, the tall blonde's knees visibly buckling a little. "I'm just saying that's why you're doing so poorly in the Professor's class. You're *always* thinking about fucking."

The two girls were closing the distance on him, and Max could feel his cock starting to stiffen back up again, the sort of half-undone cheerleader outfit on the tall blonde ticking a few boxes inside of his brain.

“Especially in Professor Brewster's class, because who can blame you?” Kelly slipped her hand down between Blake's thighs and rubbing her fingertips across the taller girl's pussy for a moment, her hips pressed against Blake's ass to keep nudging them every closer to him. “He's smart, he's good looking, he's got a *great* cock and he *clearly* knows how to use it. You saw what he did to poor little Song over there,” she said, stage whispering up to Blake's ear. “You want him to do that to you, don't you, Blake?”

Blake's pierced tongue whipped out to wet her lips just a little bit. “Kinda, yeah.”

“Well, the Professor has been taking good care of people all day long, so you're gonna have to do most of the work here, but I don't think you'll mind, will you?” Kelly gave a swift swat to Blake's clit, which made her yelp in shock before she moved to turn around, pointing her ass back at him. “That's a girl, you can just take a seat and do all the work.”

“Make sure he gets where he's supposed to,” Blake said to Kelly.

The brunette grinned. “Awww. You're no fun. Fine.” She moved down to her knees as Blake moved to slide her ass up against Max's crotch, and he could feel his cock mostly hard now, as those athletic buttocks moved to press into his belly. Blake was tall enough that she could keep one of her legs on the ground, but she lifted her other foot up to rest on the desk, giving her some unusual leverage, as she grabbed his cock, stroking it a little bit.

“Not quite ready yet,” Blake pouted. “Don't you wanna fuck me, Professor? Don't you just wanna stretch open my nineteen year old twat until it feels like I'm gonna break?”

Max chuckled a little bit. “The mind is willing, but the flesh is a little weak.”

“I got you, Professor,” Kelly said, moving to wrap her lips around his balls, suckling on them, her tongue massaging across the top of one before moving onto the other. And just when he was getting settled in on the feeling of that, the brunette pushed her index finger against his anus, sliding that digit into his asshole so she could caress his prostate for a moment, giving a sudden surge of rigidity to his cock, his breath catching for a moment. “See? Now you're just about ready. But first, lemme get a taste of Song before you put Blake in her fucking place.” Her mouth moved to push down hard onto his cock, tongue slathering over him to suckle up any droplets of the Korean woman's juices from his prick before popping her face off it with a grin up at Blake. “You have no idea how tempting it is to stick his cock where the sun don't shine,” she said.

“Not today, bitch,” Blake replied, getting his cock lined up very quickly as she thrust down onto it, letting a filthy moan fill up the room. “Fuck that's a fat fucking dick!”

Kelly moved off her feet to stand in close, leaning down to kiss Blake, heads turned to one side, so Max got a good view of the two of them, Blake mostly squirming on his cock, as he could see the two girls getting their tongues tangled together, one of Kelly's hands on Blake's face, the other still cradling his nutsack.

“You lucky little cunt,” Kelly hissed at her. “You so don't fucking deserve his cock. Everything in your life has come so fucking easy to you, hasn't it, while the rest of us have had to do the fucking work, and got shat on by you little rich bitches?”

“I'm totes where I belong, bitch,” Blake said, sticking out her pierced tongue at the brunette. “Sat upon my fucking throne.”

Blake was starting to bounce on Max's lap, and while the girl wasn't anywhere near as tight as Song was, she did have an excellent motion to her hips, snaking them back and forth along his shaft, getting him to push in and out of her dripping pussy while forcing it to bend slightly to the left and right. She had one hand on the armrest of the chair, and the other reached behind her to grab the top of the back of the chair, the position clearly a decent amount of work.

“Well, you don't deserve a long ride, so I'm gonna make you cum, and when you do, you'll get your load and then get the fuck out of here,” Kelly said, the disdain for the blonde on her face looking rather genuine.

Kelly moved back down onto her knees and then leaned in to purse her lips against Blake's

crotch, as the blonde looked down suddenly. “Kelly, what the fuck are y—nnnnhhhh!” the blonde said, as Kelly's tongue pushed out and started to nudge against the cheerleader's clit, forcing her to shiver. “Holy fuck, you're hot slut yourself, bitch!” she groaned, and Max could feel the blonde's cunt spasm a little around his dick, the blonde starting to get overwhelmed with sensations.

“That's it, Blake,” Zelda said, moving in close. “Show the Professor how fucking sorry you are for not paying attention. How you're going to strive to be better than the bimbo bitch you've been in his class so far.” Zelda leaned down and wrapped her lips around Blake's pierced nipple, suckling on it, causing the blonde to shudder even harder.

“No fair!” Blake whimpered in a nasal tone. “It's my fucking turn and you bitches are rushing me and and it's not fucking fair, making me... making me.... oh shit... I'm cumming! Fuck! Too soon! I'm cumming too fucking soon! Holy fuckballs!”

Blake's entire body began to shake wildly enough that Max was briefly worried that an earthquake had hit, but the walls of her pussy started to squeeze like a heartbeat around his cock, constant spasms and clenches, and eventually, his body just wanted to yield, and his balls drew up to fire what little they had left in reserve, a few meager spurts of cum inside of Blake's snatch that felt like blood squeezed from a stone.

He slumped back hard against the chair, and Blake's body slumped on top of him, her back pressed against his chest, her legs splayed akimbo, as Kelly stood up, leaned down and kissed Max firmly, her fingertips sifting through his salt-and-pepper hair. “I'll be back tomorrow with Miss Fujikawa, Professor, and you can make sure I do everything I have to pass...”

Kelly moved to help pull Blake up from his lap, and the blonde looked like a new born fawn, her legs wildly wobbling, as the shorter girl sort of draped her over her own shoulders, carrying her towards the door, as Zelda moved over and helped Song to her feet, and the four women made their way out of the room, closing the door behind them, as Jenny rushed over to slide into Max's lap, wrapping her arms around him, stroking his face tenderly.

“That was *so* fucking HOT,” the strawberry blonde said to him. “How do you feel?”

“Dehydrated,” Max laughed. “Exhausted. Like I've just run a fucking marathon.”

“We shouldn't stay too long then,” she replied, “but maybe we can grab some dinner and you can meet some of the other members who are here tonight, so you can see if you want to schedule fun with them later.”

“After the last few days,” Max gasped, “I dunno if I'm ever gonna be able to have sex again.”

Jenny winked at him, stroking his chin. “Baby, you are *just getting started...*”