

Chapter 1: The Student Goes to College

I got to college when I was just eighteen. It was on a hill above Runnymede, between Windsor Castle and Heathrow Airport. The college grounds were large and quite secluded. Naturally I could not resist on my very first night, going out into a great grassy field surrounded by mature trees, stripping every stitch of clothing off, including my shoes and socks, and running around with my stiff cock bouncing in front of me.

I settled in and made new friends along with some older friends, as several boys from my high school were attending the same college. I began to get used to some of the traditions and antics of the students. One tradition was that if anyone jumped the line-up for meals at the dining hall, he would be unceremoniously lifted up and passed back over the heads of the entire line and dumped at the back.

I, ever the one to avoid this kind of attention, would absolutely never do anything to deserve this punishment. Of course the minor technicality of actually doing something to deserve the 'pass-back' was a concept totally missing from the minds of my alleged friends.

A new tradition seemed to begin with my 'pass-back' too, one that I thought I would die rather than experience!

There almost seemed to be an unspoken command and my so-called-friends all turned on me as I was innocently trying to see what was on the menu. They lifted me up over their heads with a loud cheer!

I started to yell and protest, and then I felt my shoes and socks come off. My blazer followed as I was passed down the line, all the other students were cheering and getting into the spirit of it! Hands were all around me, holding my arms, my back, my buttocks, my legs, as I passed back along the line. I felt my pants come undone, all the buttons popping open like a miniature machine-gun. The pants were left behind as I sailed on the sea of hands clad only in underwear. Of course, my cock instantly became hard and leaky, tenting and wetting my Y-fronts!

By now I was blushing and protesting, with embarrassment beyond measure. My underwear began to slide down my bum, and soon enough my engorged cock bounced out of its entrapment, to drool over my abdomen and down my sides onto the cast of supporters below. The underwear went the way of the rest of my clothes. I was now totally naked, boned and dripping. I was also, I was later told, bright scarlet from head to toe!

Eventually, I reached the end of the long line, and the final couple of students grabbed my shoulders and held me up as my feet dropped to the floor. My journey was over!

I stood dazed at the back of the line. Normally I would have expected to simply continue

to wait in line until I got back to the servery and collected my meal. However, I was totally naked! I couldn't very well simply stand there naked and pick up my tray and go eat!

I looked expectantly down the line, wondering when my 'friends' would bring my clothes to me. The line ahead of me stretched round the corner and all the other students were facing away from me and busily engaged in talking to their friends. They were all ignoring me! No clothes were visible. It was as if I had never been dressed at all!

As I dithered, wondering what to do, a voice behind me said, "Mr. Jones what on earth are you doing?"

I gaped behind me. I recognized the voice of the Principal, of course. Mr. Marshall stood glowering at me from behind his heavy horn rimmed glasses. As I turned, his view of my naked bum was replaced with the sight of my rigid and leaking member. He looked down and his face turned a rather frightening shade of reddish purple.

"What is that?" he exploded angrily.

I looked at him in mortified embarrassment. I followed his gaze down to my painfully swollen penis, dripping copious amounts of precum into a pool forming at my bare feet.

"Ah, what do you ... ah, well, sir ... that is my penis, sir!" I stammered awkwardly, thinking what a very peculiar question it was.

I could almost see the steam coming out of his ears. "Mr. Jones, I know it's a penis!" His eyes bulged alarmingly, his face edging to dark purple. "Why am I observing your hideously aroused penis in the dinner line up and why is it dripping filth on my floor?"

Other students were starting to gather around us now, forming a rough circle. Most of them were smirking and nudging one another. I wanted to cover my dick with my hands, but I knew if I so much as touched it I would shoot! The idea of an involuntary orgasm in such a public venue was for me the stuff of horrific nightmares!

"Ahhh ... sir, I don't know er, what to say, er sir!" I had suddenly realized that I could not tell him the truth. If I did, he would instantly demand the names of the instigators of the incident. The golden rule of every British schoolboy, of course, was, 'you don't snitch on your friends.' Actually you don't snitch on anyone, but especially your friends. If I told on them, I'd be friendless for the next three years at this place.

"Mr. Jones, are you being deliberately obtuse?"

I was only vaguely aware of the meaning of the word, 'obtuse.' I just stood mouth slightly open, looking confused.

"Mr. Jones," he enunciated each word separately as if talking to a moron, "Where. Are.

Your. Clothes?"

I looked down towards my feet, seeing that my penis was now harder than ever, bobbing in time to my heartbeat and running a continuous thread of clear liquid that now joined me to the growing puddle on the floor. I squeezed the muscle behind my cock in hopes of somehow clamping down on the flow. The effect was exactly the opposite of what I'd intended. My cock swelled even more, turning an angry shade of purple, twitching upwards so violently that the audience of fascinated students started laughing and pointing at it. Worst of all a great glob of gooey liquid slid down the rope of precum landing with a plop into the pool.

I had to say something. "Um well, sir. I really cannot say. I am just here. Naked."

"Oh, thank you so much for that eloquent elucidation. I feel much better now that we've cleared that up. I think I would like to see you. Right now. In my office."

"Yes sir. Um, may I go and get--"

"Dressed? Oh no, I don't think so. Your clothes might mysteriously evaporate from your body as the previous ones appear to have done. I mean right now!" He marched off clearly expecting me to follow on his heels. I did. Guffaws of laughter followed us down the hall. Several people flicked my rampant cock as I passed. I flinched and pushed them away, scowling. My face must have been the colour of beets. My cock was a darker shade of the same!

I got several slaps on my naked buttocks. I even felt a slick finger poked into my ass crack, almost penetrating my hole! That caused me to jump and squawk, and my cock to spasm violently, emitting yet more copious amounts of slime.

With all the stimulation to my ass and my cock as I passed what seemed like the entire student body on the journey to the Principal's office, when I arrived in his outer office area, I was so close to orgasm that I thought I was going to spontaneously cum right on his carpet.

This was an all-male college, but the office was staffed by a number of women. All of them clamped their hands over their mouths in a simultaneous show of horror as I walked in following my dripping member.

In his office, with the door mercifully shut, the Principal turned on me and said forcefully, "Now. Explain!"

"Sir, I'm sorry sir, but I have no explanation."

"I see," he had calmed down somewhat by now. "Let me see if I have this right. I am walking along the hall to see how dinner is going, and at the end of the queue I find you standing naked in line as if it's the most natural thing in the world. When I demand an

explanation, you turn and are obviously very aroused.” At this point, his gaze fell again to my errant member, “and I might point out, you have been aroused the whole time since that moment! In fact,” he continued, sitting down on a chair next to where I was standing, bringing his face close to my throbbing cock, “you seemed to get more aroused and excited as the audience grew around us. I see that you continue to become more sexually excited as I am talking to you now!”

He peered closely at my penis, his nose almost touching it. I could feel his warm breath tickling the head, and I almost expected him to open his mouth and swallow the cock! Unfortunately, the very thought of that was enough to send me over the edge altogether. I could feel the climax surging in my balls and they clamped tightly to the underside of my cock, which itself grew more rigid, more swollen, more purple. These changes happened quite visibly. The Principal appeared to be mesmerized by the sight.

“Ahhh, sir, I’m going to ... oh no, er sir you better, ahhh ahhh -- “ My prick convulsed and shot a brilliant white streak of cum directly into the Principal’s face! It splattered on his forehead like a hose, and then it ran down into his eyes and dripped off the end of his nose. The impact of the first shot caused him to jerk his head up in surprise, so the second blast hit him in the mouth! He’d opened his mouth to exclaim something just in time to receive a third shot clear down his throat!

Somehow, as I witnessed the effect of each shot of my cum, it stimulated me more and more, so that the pulsating convulsions of my phallus were increasing with every shot rather than weakening. I thought it would never stop! I shot him in the mouth, the chin and all over his tie. He was constantly on the move, trying to stand up and get out of the way. The final shot to hit him landed squarely on the fly of his immaculate blue suit.

He stood back from me, at last out of range. My cock had shot perhaps eight or ten voluminous blasts. Eventually, it subsided. I felt weak, my legs trembling.

The colour drained from his face. Now he looked like pale marble. I could see the effort he was making to slow down his breathing. Another drip of cum fell off the end of his nose.

He turned toward his desk and picked up the phone. “Miss Phelps, kindly ask Inspector Fanshawe to come here as quickly as possible. Tell him it’s an emergency.”