

# Summer Schooled

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Begin

Summer, what a beautiful time of year but unfortunately Bradley still couldn't get any action. Other than his pet poodle Baxter licking his face on occasion, Bradley just wasn't getting any. Summer was just starting and college was only three months away but he

was still a virgin. Bradley had hoped to meet someone nice or easy while working at the local diner but so far it just didn't happen.

Working as a busboy could afford a young man only so many chances for romance. There was the waitress Janice, who spent more time hitting on truckers than taking orders. Some of the truckers were women but Bradley would hear them talking about boyfriends and husbands with alarming frequency.

The dishwasher, Kevin was fresh out of prison on parole. He got the job because someone owed someone a favor and the diner owner Mike, put him to work. Jose the cook was married with kids. This wasn't exactly an ideal knowledge base for someone trying to get advice on how to get laid.

One night after work, Bradley had ridden his bike to the convenience store next door for some chips before going home. On his way back he rode his bike through the diner parking lot in the rear and saw Jose sitting in his car. As he came closer he also noticed Kevin in the car but he was leaning across the front seat. It looked like Kevin was going down on Jose. Bradley just peddled faster and hoped they didn't see him.

Going online didn't seem to help. Mostly just a bunch of creeps and the girls his age seemed more into the older guys. That was fine but the younger girls just weren't his type. Besides, sixteen will get you twenty, right?

The days were going by too quickly and it was now after Memorial Day. The degree program he was signed up for would almost guarantee him a good job. For now however, he was just a five foot two inch, 120 pound dork who couldn't get laid.

Jose and Kevin offered to take him to a club they went to after work sometimes. Bradley declined. Those two were getting just a little too friendly. Especially after Bradley saw them in Jose's car, oh man they didn't see Bradley did they?

There was another waitress, Shannon, who was about ten years younger than Janice. Shannon picked up the hours that Janice didn't want. Bradley's future seemed bleak.

One day while sitting at the break table, Janice asked Bradley if he was available to help her move the upcoming weekend. Bradley had heard her discuss moving with Shannon and Kevin. Janice now wanted Bradley to help as well. She asked if he could come to her new apartment on Saturday evening after the diner closed for the weekend. Bradley said sure.

Maybe he would get a chance to see Janice without her work uniform. Janice wasn't bad looking but she seemed a bit old fashioned in her appearance. She always wore a skirt and nylons to work. Janice caught Bradley checking out her legs while seated at the break table on more than one occasion. Janice hated to tease him but once she knew he was looking, she would sometimes dangle her shoe from her stocking foot.

Saturday came and Bradley went to work. Janice had taken the day off for moving and Shannon was working instead. She usually wore shorts but today she was wearing a skirt and nylons like Janice. Shannon was kind of hot and Bradley loved to check her out when she wasn't looking.

As closing time drew near, Shannon offered Bradley a ride to Janice's new apartment. That was a relief since it was a couple miles away. Bradley left his bike at the diner after closing and he drove to Janice's with Shannon.

Bradley asked about Kevin but Shannon just shook her head and laughed. He was useless she said. The only reason he worked at the diner at all was so Mike could pay back a favor to someone. Why wasn't Jose helping, Bradley asked? Shannon laughed even harder. All Jose does is work and drink replied Shannon. A little bit too much information Bradley thought but now they were at Janice's new apartment. As Bradley and Shannon entered Janice's apartment, Bradley noticed that most of the moving and unpacking was already done.

SHANNON

What's up, are we too late?

JANICE

No just in time, I need some boxes moved into the basement.

SHANNON

I'm going to run to the store then, I'll come back a little later.

JANICE

Ok, Bradley can you give me a hand with these boxes here.

BRADLEY

Sure

Bradley spent the next hour or so moving boxes for Janice. There were only a handful to move but the basement of the apartment building was crammed with other peoples stuff. It took awhile to navigate through the piles of junk. By the time he was finished, he was covered with dust and dirt. Where was Shannon he asked, he could use a ride home now.

JANICE

Don't worry; I can fix you up. Go in the bathroom and take off your clothes. I can wash them quick while we wait for Shannon. Did you eat yet?

BRADLEY

Yes, before we closed the diner.

JANICE

Why don't you take a shower then? You can break it in for me and make sure it works.

BRADLEY

Okay

Bradley went into the bathroom and took off his clothes and passed them to Janice through the door. His underwear was still clean. He would need something to wear while Janice washed his clothes anyways. Janice was still wearing a skirt Bradley noticed. It looked a little different than her work skirt but she was still wearing the same color nylons that she did at work. There was even a pair of nylons hanging from the towel rack.

Looking at Janice's nylons made Bradley think of Janice with her legs crossed while she sat at the break table at the diner. Whenever she let her shoe dangle from her foot, it made him hard for some reason.

Now he was standing naked in her bathroom staring at her nylons and it was making him hard all over again. All he could think of was stroking him self with Janice's stockings. She wouldn't notice, would she? Oh man he couldn't help him self.

He pulled the nylons from the towel rack and began to stroke himself with them. He noticed liquid coming from his head. Don't let it touch her stockings he warned himself. Bradley came in an instant. He let it go into his cupped hand. What a relief. He had masturbated himself thinking about Shannon a couple times but not Janice. That was going to change.

Bradley tried without success to put Janice's nylons back on the towel rack and they fell to the floor. The semen was all over his hand. He had to get in the shower. He got down on his knees in the bathtub to make sure he cleaned himself and everything went down the drain.

Good, now he was done and thinking a little bit clearer. He toweled off and put his underwear back on. Bradley had decided his senior year to toss out his tidy whiteys and opt for boxer shorts instead as soon as he turned eighteen. Good decision as he was still hard and the boxers didn't show it as much.

He grabbed another towel and wrapped it around himself. As he opened the bathroom door he stopped himself and pushed the door closed and quickly put Janice's nylons back on the rack. Good, he righted himself and walked out of the bathroom and into the front room where Janice was seated watching television.

Bradley quickly sat down on a chair opposite Janice who was sitting on her couch. She didn't notice Bradley's hard on, good. All was well. Where was Shannon he wondered but he didn't have anything else to do anyways. He was only eighteen and not old enough to drink yet.

JANICE  
Was the water hot enough?

BRADLEY  
Sure, nice place.

JANICE  
Thanks, a friend of Mike's owns it, a guy named Ed.

BRADLEY  
That was nice.

JANICE  
Not really, the only reason he rented to me is he's trying to get in my pants.

Bradley laughed. He wasn't expecting Janice to let her guard down so much. Bradley also noticed Janice was still wearing her skirt and nylons but had her shoes off. Oh no. Looking at her stocking feet was making him hard again. Just like at the diner.

Bradley was starting to squirm as he got harder. He wondered if he could make it to the bathroom and jerk off with Janice's stockings again. Oh man he was getting nervous and warm. Janice couldn't see the bulge in his shorts could she? Try to focus on something else he told himself.

Janice could sense Bradley's discomfort and was enjoying it just as if she were at the diner. It was she who got Bradley hired at the diner by discarding several of the applications that were turned in. Mike never noticed.

Janice thought that Bradley was just adorable and couldn't wait for him to start. She was twenty years older but just couldn't help herself. She began plotting as soon as he started.

When Janice decided to move she realized she had the perfect excuse to have Bradley over. Janice had long ago realized that the only time she liked to see any man was if he was bound hand and foot and gagged and blindfolded and draped across her lap. It made paddling a lot easier and all the more enjoyable, especially if they were wearing a pair of her nylons. It made her feel like she had absolute control. That really turned her on.

Bradley was no exception but she knew she would have to take it a bit slower considering his age. She decided she would use Bradley for something simple to begin with, like a floor mat.

JANICE  
I think my wallet ended up under the couch. Could you help me get it out?

BRADLEY

Sure, I'll pick up the couch and...

JANICE

No, just reach your arm under the front of the couch. Come here, I'll show you.

Bradley got up and walked across the room and knelt down in front of the couch while Janice remained seated. He reached his hand under the couch but couldn't feel anything.

JANICE

You're doing it wrong. You have to reach farther; you have to lay down on your back first. Here, give me the towel.

Janice pulled the towel off Bradley and motioned for him to lay down as she pulled her feet off the floor. After he had laid flat on his back next to the couch, Janice pulled her feet off the couch and let them rest on Bradley's stomach.

JANICE

Do you feel the wallet?

BRADLEY

No.

JANICE

Than reach farther.

Janice slid one foot up to Bradley's chest and slid the other across his thigh and onto his leg. The sensation of Janice's stocking feet against his bare flesh made him even harder. Now it was bulging out and Janice could see it for sure. Bradley tried to distract himself by squeezing his shoulder tight against the couch but still couldn't feel anything but carpet. Janice slid her foot from his chest onto his face and forced his head to one side.

JANICE

Do you feel anything she said?

BRADLEY

No.

Bradley gasped; he began to shutter. Janice slid her other foot onto Bradley's erection bulging through his shorts and he jumped.

JANICE

How about that?

BRADLEY



Oh yea.

JANICE  
Stay down.

Janice was a big girl. She stood just over six feet and loved to stand close to Bradley at the diner so she could tower over him. Now he was flat on his back right in front of her. With one of her stocking feet holding his head down and the other grinding away in his groin, it was a perfect way to start a relationship.

Bradley had never cum so fast. He had hoped for a blow job maybe, but this would do. He had seen pictures and clips online of women doing this to men but he didn't think much of it.

For the moment he was pinned down. Janice continued to massage Bradley's erection through his shorts. She was thoroughly enjoying herself. Watching Bradley jump around while she stroked him was starting to make her wet.

After he came again she decided to tie him up so she could play with him some more. Janice pulled her feet away and yanked on Bradley's underwear to get them off and then threw them to the side. Bradley was a bit disoriented and Janice was quick to take advantage.

She told Bradley to get on his knees and she reached into the drawer of the end table next to her couch and pulled out several tie straps. Within moments Bradley was bound hand and foot and hard again. Janice pulled out an ottoman. Since Bradley's dick was still leaking she draped the towel over the ottoman first and then laid Bradley across it.

Janice definitely had a knack for making men do what she wanted. She had worked as a stripper for ten years and knew her way around a dick. She was renowned for playing her customers for every cent they had. If any complained, they didn't do it too loudly as Janice was also known for taking unruly customers into the lap dance room on the pretense of sex and then kick them in the balls. That actually was how she met her current boss Mike. Turned out he liked it and would even pay Janice extra for the service.

An old knee injury finally brought her pole dancing days to an end. When Mike found out he offered her the job as a waitress at his diner. Although the tips weren't as good she still made a living and she didn't have to take her clothes off unless she wanted to.

The only drawback was Mike. He often wanted Janice to come in early to the diner so she could give him a blow job. Mike would call Janice into the cooler for a quickie but all she ever gave him was a quickie hand job. If she wasn't in the mood for that, she would kick Mike hard in the nuts until he fell down. That was usually enough to keep Mike away for the day.

Poor Bradley, all tied up and hard as a rock. Janice pulled out her paddle and proceeded to scold him for his loss of control and cuming without her permission. The ottoman was low enough to the floor that Bradley's face was pushed down into the carpeting. Janice sat down on the couch and laid her foot across Bradley's face and began to raise her paddle. Oh man, he was ready to go all over again thought Bradley. Suddenly a knock at the door.

JANICE

Oh good, it's Shannon. Don't go away Bradley.

Janice walked out of the room quickly and returned with Shannon. Bradley looked up and saw that Shannon was still wearing her skirt and nylons and had taken off her shoes as she came in. Oh no, more stocking feet to stare at.

SHANNON

What happened here?

JANICE

He wouldn't leave my feet alone so I had to tie him up.

BRADLEY

No I wasn't.

JANICE

You should never back talk while you're tied up.

SHANNON

You stare at our feet all day long.

BRADLEY

No I don't.

SHANNON

Don't lie; it will only make it worse.

JANICE

That's right.

Janice began to paddle Bradley just enough to make him jump a bit. Shannon sat on the couch and rested her stocking feet on Bradley's face. The involuntary motion against the soft towel created just enough friction. Between that and Shannon's feet in his face, Bradley came again.

Janice pulled Bradley up off the ottoman and grabbed a container of skin moisturizer. She kept Bradley kneeling in front of her while she sat on the couch again. Janice filled one hand with moisturizer and began to gently massage it into Bradley's ass.

Shannon grabbed the towel off the ottoman and wrapped it around Bradley's cock. Not tightly, just enough for him to feel it. Bradley began to get hard again and started jerking himself back and forth. He exploded into the towel while Janice and Shannon laughed. Bradley was nearly exhausted but wow what a night.

JANICE

That's enough for now. I want to go out for a drink.

SHANNON

Yea, and me too.

Janice untied Bradley as quickly as she had tied him. Quite a skill she had. Janice walked to the dryer and pulled out Bradley's pants and shirt and gave them to him. She also pulled a pair of panties from her skirt pocket and handed them to Bradley as well.

JANICE

Put these on

Bradley complied and then pulled on his pants and shirt.

JANICE

I want you to wear those panties every day until you come back here next Saturday, got it?

BRADLEY

Yes

JANICE

You can have your shorts back then.

SHANNON

Are we ready?

JANICE

Sure.

BRADLEY

Uh, okay, where are we going?

JANICE

We're going to the bar and you're going back to the diner and get your bike.

BRADLEY

Oh I thought we were...

JANICE

You talk too much. Slaves get to cum, they don't get to talk. At that she grabbed Bradley's cock through his pants and said, got that?

BRADLEY

Yea, ok.

As they made their way to Shannon's car, Bradley moved forward and reached out to open the door for Janice.

JANICE

Thank you Bradley, now get the fuck in back.

SHANNON

Did he think he was going to sit in front with us, (laughing).

JANICE

This guy definitely needs some work.

SHANNON

And some discipline.

JANICE

No problem there, we've got all summer, right Bradley.

BRADLEY

Uh sure.

JANICE

Where are you going to school again, oh wait you told me. It's expensive.

BRADLEY

Oh yea, lots of loans.

SHANNON

Wouldn't you rather have a car than a bike?

BRADLEY

I guess but I need to save some money for school.

SHANNON

We might know someone with a car you could have cheap.

BRADLEY

Really, that's great.

JANICE

Who do we know?

SHANNON

You know that creep that hangs out at the club that's always grabbing my ass?

JANICE

Oh yea, I know, he's a friend of Mike's. If he's there tonight I'll ask him. Maybe we could take him in back.

SHANNON

Oh yea, that fucker.

BRADLEY

Back where.

SHANNON AND JANICE

Shut the fuck up.

JANICE

There's the diner. Ok Bradley, did you have fun tonight?

BRADLEY

Yea it was great.

JANICE

Good, do you know how to keep your mouth shut?

BRADLEY

Uh I don't know.

SHANNON

Don't worry, Janice has plenty of gags.

JANICE

See you Monday slave. (Laughing)

With that they drove away as Bradley grabbed his bike and rode off. Bradley was a bit dazed as he peddled home. Between Shannon and Janice and her stockings, he had cum six times. By the time he got home he was exhausted. It was only ten o'clock but he was ready for sleep. After he said hi to his parents he took off his clothes and got in bed.

He started to doze off but thinking about Shannon and Janice made him hard especially since he was still wearing Janice's panties. He started to caress himself through the silky fabric. It took longer this time but he came in Janice's panties. Whoops, he thought. He would have to wash them. Before he could get up, Bradley fell asleep.

Shannon and Janice made their way to the strip club where Janice used to work. It was how she met Shannon who was still a part time waitress there. As they walked in, they saw their boss Mike as he was walking out.

MIKE

Hi girls, sorry I can't stay; see ya Monday.

JANICE

Ok Mike.

SHANNON

What a dickhead.

JANICE

Oh yea.

The doorman Ted stopped them as they walked into the club.

TED

Hello girls, cover tonight.

Janice walked up to Ted who was sitting on a stool. She grabbed his dick through his pants and squeezed.

JANICE

Why don't you take care of that for us.

TED

Ok, ok. No problem.

He was just glad she let go. He remembered her from her time working there a few years before.

SHANNON

You're really good at that.

JANICE

Thanks; it's all in the reflexes.

They walked in the club and took a table near the stage. They both recognized the dancer performing as their friend Angel.

JANICE

Hi Angel.

Angel was startled and broke out of her routine to see who called her.

ANGEL

Oh, hi Janice, haven't seen you in a while, wait till I'm finished and I'll come down and sit with you.

As they waited, the waitress came up and took their order.

SHANNON

What do you want to drink Angel?

ANGEL

Whiskey sour, I'm almost done.

The drinks and Angel arrived about the same time.

ANGEL

What are you girls up to tonight.

JANICE

I don't know, I thought I'd get in a fight and then go home."

SHANNON

Oh there's that asshole.

JANICE/ANGEL

Who?

SHANNON

Right there talking to the new girl Maria at the bar.

ANGEL

Oh right, Tom, Mike's friend. He keeps trying to pinch my nipples, the dick.

JANICE

Does he still have a car for sale?"

ANGEL

Oh yea, he keeps telling all the girls he'll give it to whoever gives him the best blowjob.

JANICE

Let's take him in the back room.

ANGEL

Why, are you going to go down on him?

JANICE

Probably not, but don't tell him that.

SHANNON

If he touches my ass, I'm going to knock him out.

JANICE

Do you have any handcuffs Angel?

ANGEL

Of course, what stripper doesn't, they're in my fun bag in the dressing room though.

JANICE

Go get it then and meet us in the lap dance room, come on Shannon.

Janice and Shannon approached Tom to say hi.

TOM

Hi girls, what's up?

JANICE

I heard you like it rough.

TOM

Sure, what do you bitches have in mind?

SHANNON

Depends, do you still have that car for sale?

TOM

Sure, whichever you bitches suck the longest gets it. How does that sound?

JANICE

Fair enough, let's go.

As they made their way back to the lap dance room Tom began rubbing Shannon's ass. She turned to Tom and smiled and grabbed his hand. With his other hand he tried to pinch one of Janice's nipples.

JANICE

Bad boy, naughty boys get punished.

TOM

Go for it.

SHANNON



Let's get in the room first.

Angel was already at the door of the lap dance room when they got there.

TOM

Wow, three on one, are you sure you bitches can handle me?

JANICE

We'll try.

Angel opened the door and they filed in. Tom started grabbing at Angel's nipples.

ANGEL

Ow.

SHANNON

Here, let me.

Shannon pulls handcuffs out of Angel's bag and hands them to Janice. Janice quickly handcuffs Tom behind his back. Janice notices a ball gag in Angel's bag as well and pulls it out.

JANICE

Oh good, no one will hear him scream then.

She shoves the gag in Tom's mouth and pulls it tight.

JANICE

Careful what you ask for, asshole.

She turns Tom to face her and pulls her clenched right fist back and then swings at Tom's groin. Janice loved to fight and it showed. She swung like a boxer much to Tom's discomfort.

JANICE

Help me hold him up, Shannon.

They each grab an arm and Janice proceeds to punch Tom in the balls. Just as she tires of that, Angel steps in and begins to kick him as well.

ANGEL

That's for grabbing my nipples, dickhead.

JANICE

Give me that chair.

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