



**Miss Zoey Teaches
the Guilty Cutie
Futa Teaches the Catholic
Coeds 11**

REED JAMES



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by

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Miss Zoey Teaches the Guilty Cutie

Hikaru and I had to take one more pic for the “blackmailer.” For the “cute” and “innocent” Mary Kate's perverse enjoyment tonight. Already, I had taken one of Hikaru sucking my futa-dick, her face covered in cum, one of her riding me cowgirl style, and the last one was of her pussy dripping with my cum. A yummy creampie.

Now we had to take one with cum leaking out of her butthole.

Hikaru was a willing participant. She wanted me to keep my job, and she enjoyed having sex with me. I felt bad that she had been dragged into this. The Japanese girl could be compromised, too. But I had a plan to catch Mary Kate and deal with her.

Hopefully.

I wasn't losing my job at St. Catherine's Academy for Proper Girls. For a hedonistic futanari like me, it was paradise. A bevy of horny, barely legal girls who were stuck in a school with no boys, denied any outlet for their hormones. I was here to give that to them. I wanted to be good, but it was so much more fun to be bad.

I was such a terrible ethics teacher.

Hikaru wiggled that ass at me. The Japanese girl's thick, black bush peeked out between her thighs, my cum matting those dark curls. Her rump clenched. She had such a gorgeous ass. Just such a delight to stare at. I would fuck her hard. Just pound her until I flooded her asshole with cum. I set my phone on the bed beside us and mounted the bed.

“Yes, yes, fuck my asshole, Miss Zoey,” moaned Hikaru. She planted her face down on the bed, reached behind her, and spread her butt-cheeks apart. Her wrinkled asshole gaped at me. It was just such a beautiful sight.

I loved how it winked at me. How it was begging to be sodomized by me. To have me ram into her anal depths. My dick throbbed and ached for this moment. I was so ready to just ram my cock into her bowels and fill her to the hilt with my big dick. I would pound her hard. Just fuck her over and over again. She would squeal and gasp. Her anal sheath would clench about me.

I would hold her hips tight and fuck her hard.

It would be magnificent. Just a real treat to enjoy pumping away at her asshole with every thrust of my cock. She would gasp and squeal and moan. Those thoughts filling my mind, I pressed my cock into her butt-crack and right against that naughty hole.

“Fuck me, Miss Zoey,” moaned Hikaru, not caring if the other girls heard me. Though, apparently, my walls were thick. But since I had fucked every girl in my dorm save Mary Kate, and they all knew I was a futa, what was the point in hiding it?

I thrust against her asshole, my hands holding her hips. Her anal ring stretched and stretched.

“Yes, yes, yes,” the girl moaned, rubbing her cum-smearred face into my bed.

I loved the feel of her anal ring widening to swallow my cock. Her flesh widened over my crown. She took more and more of me. I shuddered as she stretched to devour me. It was fantastic to feel that naughty hole sliding over my dick. I popped into her bowels.

“Hikaru!” I groaned as my futa-dick slid into the hot and velvety heaven of her asshole.

“Ooh, ooh, that's so good, Miss Zoey,” she moaned as her bowels engulfed more and more of my cock. I shuddered, loving the feel of her anal sheath swallowing me. “This is amazing!”

It was. I groaned as I bottomed out in her asshole. My black bush rubbed into her rump. My hands slid from her hips and stroked her sides while her bowels clenched about my cock. I shuddered, loving that delight. I slid back out of her. She clenched about me, moaning.

My boobs jiggled as I plunged back into her bowels. I thrust to the hilt in her hot flesh, loving the way she engulfed me. She felt incredible about my futa-dick. My pussy drank the heat flowing down my shaft. The cum in my ovaries warmed.

My hands caressed her back and sides, stroking her silky, pale-olive flesh. We had nearly the same hue. I groaned, pumping away faster and harder at her. My boobs bounced and heaved as I drilled my cock into her bowels.

She groaned, her flesh clenching down on me. I shuddered, loving the feel of her bowels massaging me as I pounded the Japanese girl's asshole. My dick throbbed as I drove to the hilt in her velvety depths again and again.

“Oh, that's so good,” she moaned. “Oh, Miss Zoey, I love your big futa-dick in me. You're so lucky to be a futa.”

“I am!” I moaned. So glad I had the rare, genetic disease Clitoral Erectile Hermaphroditism Disorder. I thrust harder and harder at her bowels. “And so lucky to have you for a student.”

“Miss Zoey!” she gasped, her bowels squeezing about my dick as I plunged away at her. I fucked her with such force. I buried over and over into her flesh, my boobs heaving. “We're both so lucky!”

I slid my hands down her sides and cupped her small breasts. Her nipples poked hard against my hands. I massaged them with my palms, her asshole clenching down on my cock pumping away at her. My bed groaned with the force of my thrusts as I pounded her hard and fast.

I thrust my cock to the hilt in the girl. I buried deep into her bowels. I loved how she gripped me. Her flesh squeezed about me. I groaned, thrusting away with all my might. Her velvety sheath swelled the ache at the tip of my clit-dick.

“Miss Zoey!” she moaned, her bowels clenching hard around my dick. “I'm going to cum!”

“Let me feel that asshole going wild!” I moaned, thrusting hard and fast at her. I buried into her again and again.

“Ooh, you're going to feel it, Miss Zoey!” she moaned, her flesh clenching down on me. “Yes, yes, you're going to feel my bowels going wild!”

“Big words!” I moaned, my ovaries growing hotter and hotter. The cum aching to erupt. I thrust my dick into the massaging heaven of her bowels. I loved how she gripped me. How she held me tight. I groaned, burying into her with hard thrusts. I plowed to the hilt in her flesh. It was incredible. “Such big words! Prove it!”

“I'll show you big words!” she moaned, her asshole clenching down on me.

I groaned, savoring that delight. It was awesome. Just amazing to feel her bowels gripping me, swelling me towards that moment of eruption. I massaged her little titties and hard nipples. I buried to the hilt in her bowels.

She gasped, her asshole clamping down on me. I drew back and she squealed. Her flesh rippled around me. Her orgasm swept through her. I shuddered at how amazing that felt. I buried back to the hilt, savoring the way her flesh rippled around me.

“Mrs. Zoey!” she moaned, her voice thick with her climax. “Cum in me!”

“Yes!” I groaned, her flesh massaging the tip of my aching dick. “I'm going to... to... Yes!”

I erupted.

I fired blast after blast of my cum into her snatch. The pleasure slammed through me. Hot jolts of ecstasy that crashed into my brain followed by the gentler waves of rapture washing out of my cunt. My pussy convulsed as I unloaded my jizz into her snatch.

“Mrs. Zoey, yes, yes, yes!” she moaned, her bowels rippling around my cock. “That's so good!”

“So fucking good!” I groaned, spurting over and over into her. I shuddered, my dick firing again and again into her bowels. I swayed from side to side, stars dancing before my eyes. “Lord!”

I basted her bowels. My ovaries flooded her with so much of my cum. I swayed, pussy cream spilling through my bush to run hot down my thighs. My round boobs jiggled. I shuddered, stars bursting before me as I swayed through such rapture.

I fired a final blast of cum into her. I felt so amazing. My ecstasy melted into euphoria. Rapture into bliss. I sucked in breaths, my tits rising and falling. I shuddered, loving the rush of this moment. The high of it.

“Ooh, Miss Zoey,” she moaned. “Mmm, I think you fired more than enough cum into my bowels for the picture.”

I blinked. “Right, right, picture.” I shook my head and grabbed my phone lying on the bed beside us. “I almost forgot.”

“Mmm, did my asshole make you feel too good?” she asked. “Huh?”

“Oh, yeah,” I panted as I slid my clit-cock out of her bowels. I shuddered at that last caress of her velvety bowels and then I was free. Her asshole gaped open. She groaned, her butt-cheeks clenching, hiding the sight. I pried one apart with my left hand just in time to see cum bubbling out and then running down her crack.

I made sure Hikaru was all in frame, including her face looking back at me. Even better, the tip of my futa-dick at the button. I snapped the pic before saving it to the cloud so I could get it on my laptop and use Malika's special we client.

Hikaru grabbed my pillow and collapsed on her side. She rested her head on it. “I just need a quick break. Mmm, then we can go again.”

“You need to get some sleep,” I told her. “Don't you worry, you can spend the night here.”

She smiled. I watched her eyes close and her breathing becomes slow and regular. I smiled at how cute she was before feeling bad about getting her meshed up in this whole blackmail situation. I turned and went to the laptop. I turned it on, downloaded the photos from the cloud, and attached them to the email.

Malika said by using this software, it would put a “tag” on the email that would let me know when the blackmailer opened it. Well, let Malika know. Then I could catch Mary Kate red-handed tomorrow morning in the library I put in the ridiculous email address, blackmailer69@ymail.com.

That done, I had to pee. I glanced at Hikaru. She was sleeping soundly. I shut down my laptop and opened the door to the dorms. It was quiet. The girls all in bed. It was a dark night, so not even moonlight streamed through.

I passed naked through, my cock shrinking into my little clit. I felt so in control of this dorm. Today, I had dominated Sister Esther Rosa who was a closet lesbian who refused to let anyone else enjoy that delight until Amelia and I had broken her. And now the blackmailer would be exposed.

This was my domain. I ruled the Black Rose Dorm at St. Catherine's.

I glanced at Mary Kate's bed. The eighteen-year-old girl's form was just a shadow in the dark. Soon, the light would be shone on her. I would figure out what she wanted.

I reached the bathroom and slipped in. I didn't turn on the lights. I wanted my eyes to adjust, and I was feeling tired. It was hitting me now. These late nights with Hikaru were adding up. I sank on the toilet and did my business.

I wiped and stumbled to the sink. I turned on the water and yawned. I stretched my back before thrusting my hand beneath the warm water. I soaped up, yawning again. Boy, was I tired. I wanted to just find my bed and...

I sensed someone was behind me. I straightened as a dildo pressed up between my thighs and shoved into my bush. Before I could even stop it, the dildo buried into my cunt. I gasped at that thick shaft of rubber stretching me open.

“Selena!” I gasped, knowing who it was in a flash. My hands gripped the counter while the stimulation of my snatch caused my clit to blossom out of control. “What are

you doing?”

“Reminding you that you're mine, Miss Zoey,” Selena purred. She hugged me from behind, her large breasts rubbing on my back. The fourth-year student, who had dominated Bella into being her sex slave, thought she could control me.

It was my own fault for submitting to her the first few times. I had been out of sorts then. I hadn't realized what I was. A hedonist. I had been trying to deny my sexuality. To be a good, Catholic woman, a righteous role model for my students.

“Mmm, you have to know your place, Miss Zoey,” the blonde lesbian purred as she thrust her rubber dick in and out of my cunt.

My futa-dick throbbed and ached as she pounded me. I gripped the edge of the counter, moaning as her rubbery cock plowed into me. My pussy clung to her dildo, drinking in the girth of her. The thickness. She felt incredible pounding into me.

Her hands slid around and cupped my breasts. The White girl fucked me hard while she played with my round tits. They were smaller than her big boobs. I groaned, my pussy clamping down on her dick churning me up. She plowed to the hilt in me again and again.

“Mmm, Miss Zoey!” she moaned, her fingers sliding up to pinch my nipples. “Miss Xué.”

She came close to pronouncing my real name, complete with the high tone on the last vowel. I just went by Zoey since it was easier for people in America. And I liked the name. I liked fitting in. My dick throbbed as she fucked me.

“Such a naughty, naughty futa,” panted Selena, her hard nipples poking me in the back. “Mmm, fucking Hikaru. Just what were you doing to the young thing?”

“Making her my slut,” I groaned. “Like you did with Bella.”

“You?” She scoffed, her fingers digging into my tits. “You're no mistress. You're a follower. A lackey. You want to be on your knees with a collar about your throat.”

I snorted and humped my ass back into her thrusts. My butt-cheeks rippled from the impact. She gasped in delight and drew back. I groaned, “You don't know me at all, Selena.”

She slid her fingers up and pinched my nipples. “Oh, I know you. That first night, here in this very bathroom, we found out just who you were, didn't we?”

She buried hard back into my cunt. She slammed into me with deep plunges. Hard thrusts. It felt amazing. I groaned, loving the strokes. My ovaries drank in the friction. It swelled up my cock to the tip. The ache grew there, that explosive release just aching to burst from me. It would be magnificent.

“Just keep pounding me,” I groaned. “Make me cum with that big dildo, Selena!”

“Make *you* cum?” Her fingernails bit into my nipples.

Pain flared and shot down to my cunt. My pussy clamped down on her thrusting toy. The friction increased. So did the pleasure. I gasped at how amazing it felt as she twisted my nipples and pumped away at my twat. My futa-dick twitched.

“You're here to make me cum, Miss Zoey,” she hissed. “You're here to please me.”

“Mmm, then why are you fucking my pussy with that thick and wonderful dildo?” I moaned. “Ooh, yes, yes, pound me just like that.”

“I'm fucking you because I get off on fucking women,” she groaned.

“I'm not a woman. I'm a futa. I have a big, throbbing clit-dick. Way bigger than this little dildo.”

“You're close enough to being a woman to fuck you,” she moaned. “You got a pussy, after all.”

She didn't care for my futa-dick at all. It was so strange. Lesbians usually went wild for my clit-cock. They all liked to shove phallic objects into their cunts. They just didn't want anything to do with men. But a woman with tits, a juicy pussy, and a cock...

We made them go wild.

But not Selena. Sure, she liked to fuck me, but she had never let me fuck her back. She didn't want to touch my futa-dick. She made me fuck her sex slave. She had me pound Bella while she watched, the hazel-eyed brunette submitting to her mistress's commands.

I grabbed Selena's right hand squeezing my boob and yanked it down to my girl-dick. She grabbed my cock, her fingers wrapping around it. She slammed the dildo hard into my pussy, moaning as she slid her hand up and down me, pumping away at me.

Then she hissed and ripped her hand away.

But it was enough to set me off. “Yes!” I gasped. “Thank you for the reach around.”

My pussy went wild around her dildo. My cum spurted over and over, splashing the mirror. I groaned, my back arching. She plunged her fake cock over and over into my cunt. She stirred me up. It was amazing to feel her fucking my rippling twat.

“Oh, you made me cum so hard with your handjob!” I moaned. “Such a good lesbian!”

She buried her hilt into me and hissed, “You are mine, Miss Zoey!”

My pussy rippled and writhed around her dildo as she shuddered. She twisted my nipples while she moaned. I could tell she was cumming on my dick. Her passion echoed through the bathroom while my futa-dick kept unloading. I was making a huge mess.

I surged up to the peak of my orgasm. I swayed, jolts of rapture and waves of ecstasy washed through me. I squeezed my eyes shut, savoring the dildo in my pussy. I shuddered and fired that last blast of cum. I panted while she whimpered.

“Oh, Selena,” I purred, my entire body buzzing with delight. “Next time, I'm fucking you with my big futa-dick. You're going to love it!”

Selena hissed and ripped her dildo out of me. “If you think I'll—”

“Now off to bed with you,” I snapped. “You have classes in the morning. I want to see your grades up. If they slip, I will be very cross with you.”

I marched past her and out of the bathroom, my dick shrinking back into a clit. I wore a huge smile as I sauntered back through my domain of the dorms. Selena had to learn that I ruled here, and not her. It might be painful, but in the end, she would love my futa-dick.

I reached my bedroom and slipped inside to find Hikaru still asleep. I checked my alarm was set and then crawled into bed behind her I spooned her from behind, pressed my face into her sweet-smelling hair, and fell into dreams almost immediately.

* * *

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The terrible, horrible, disgusting sound of my alarm clock shrilling through my dreams dragged my awareness out of my dreams. I groaned, groggy, and smacked the alarm clock, silencing the infernal thing's horrid shrieking.

I rolled onto my back, wanting to sink back into sleep. Why was I getting up at such a God-forsaken hour? I should be—

The blackmailer! Mary Kate! This was my chance to grab her. That sent a rush of something through my body that snapped me awake. I wasn't sure what it was—I teach ethics, philosophy, and history not biology—but it had me sitting up and rolling out of bed.

A groaning Hikaru rolled over and pressed her face into my pillow. “I wanted to give you a good morning blowjob, Miss Zoey.”

“Sorry,” I told her and headed to grab clothes. I wanted a quick shower. “I have a meeting. Go to your bed and get some more sleep.”

She did just that, stumbling from my bed. She found her robe, looking like a mindless robot, and tottered out of my room. I wanted to join her. My excitement was quickly being outweighed by my desire to go back to bed.

I forced myself to march through the dorm room. Some of the girls were stirring. I passed Malika sitting on her bed doing homework. She glanced at me, her black hair falling loose about her head, and gave me the most obvious wink in the world.

I nodded back, hoping Mary Kate hadn't noticed. She was stirring, her blonde hair loose about her face. She re-braided it every morning. She sat up as I strode by naked, my clothes in hand. The girl's jaw dropped at seeing my naked form.

I was so bold now. My blackmailer had helped to make me like this, but she needed to be punished. I couldn't wait to spank Mary Kate's pert, little ass before I sodomized her with my clit-dick. I knew she wanted it. I would give it to her.

I reached the shower. Beneath the spray, I nearly passed out in the heaven of it. I didn't want to leave the warmth, but I had to get out. I dressed in a lilac blouse and gray pencil skirt. I combed out my hair, put on my makeup, and then swept out of the

bathroom as the girls were spilling in, Malika and Mary Kate some of the first. The latter already had her French braid sweeping down her back.

I left behind the dorms and crossed the foggy lawn to the school itself, entering the venerated building. It looked ancient, like it had stood here for eons. In reality, it was only two hundred years old and extensively remodeled.

I stopped by the teacher's lounge where I knew coffee awaited. I poured myself a glass, added cream to cool it down and to cut down on the bitterness, then I chugged it away. I gulped it down, craving that caffeine to lift me out of my exhaustion. When that cup was finished, I poured a second.

“Long night?” asked Sister Esther Rosa. “Or an early morning.”

“Both,” I said, glancing at the nun. She wore her black habit, her white wimple wrapped around her golden-brown face. The Hispanic woman was a beauty beneath her garb. “I have a blackmailer to catch in the act.”

“A blackmailer?” Sister Esther Rosa asked, looking around to make sure none of the other teachers were in earshot. She busied herself pouring her own drink. “Am I...?”

“No, no. She's been making me do things with one of my students or she'll expose me.” I smiled. “But I have a trap for her. I'm going to spring it.”

“Oh, this sounds intriguing,” Sister Esther Rosa purred. “Shall we?”

I shrugged and we swept out of the room. She had really relaxed since she'd admitted who she was. No longer glaring at me with suspicion born out of her envy that I was doing the wicked things with my students that she feared to do. We chatted. She asked me some of the things I did. I told her about the picture.

“That many times last night,” she said. “No wonder you need the coffee. How much energy do you have, Zoey?”

“A lot, Sister Esther,” I told her. “One of the perks of being a futanari.”

We reached the library on the second floor and headed into a spot to watch the computers from within the shelves. The nun was squirming. She was antsy as she sipped at her coffee and watched the girls come in to use the computers. They didn't have access to the outside world. There was expensive nanny software on them, too, to keep them from going to inappropriate sites, like Facebook, Twitter, or porn sites.

Malika was the first. She took her position at the computer that she enjoyed watching porn on, silently. She had figured out some way around the nanny software. More girls filtered in. I knew most of them by now. They were in my classes. Seo-Hyeon Lee from my World History class. Cymone Johnson my Ethics class.

Mary Kate sat down at one. I tensed. “Okay. It should be at any moment.”

“Mary Kate?” asked Sister Esther Rosa. “She's your blackmailer. Not Linda? Not Amelia?”

“I've eliminated everyone in my dorm but Mary Kate,” I said. “It has to be her. Hikaru is the girl I'm being forced to do things with. Selena's too bold, Bella does what she says, I already figured out what Malika is doing on the computers, Linda and Aisha

are lovers who didn't know I was a futa, nor did Amelia. It's Mary Kate. No one else could have figured it out.”

We waited. I kept glancing at Malika. She looked at us too much and kept shaking her head. Then Mary Kate stood up and left. My jaw dropped. I stepped out of the shelves and Malika hurried over to join me.

“No one has checked the email you sent, Miss Zoey,” she said. “She didn't log in.”

“But...” I stared at Mary Kate. “It has to be her. What does that mean?”

“Either she's not the blackmailer,” said Malika, “or she knows we're on to her and she's being cagey.” The Senegalese girl shrugged, her ebony face twisting in apology. “Sorry.”

“Then we need to interrogate her,” said Sister Esther Rosa. She marched after her and shouted, “Mary Kate, stop right there.”

The blonde girl froze. Her entire body trembled. Her shoulders sagged. She turned around and looked so utterly guilty as she trembled before Sister Esther Rosa. Tears sprang in Mary Kate's blue eyes. She rubbed her hands together.

“You're free to go,” I told Malika and marched after Sister Esther Rosa. The other girls were watching and whispering as the nun grabbed Mary Kate's braid and then used it as a leash to march the girl out of the library.

I hurried to catch up with them. Mary Kate looked terrified. Tears spilled down her cheeks. My stomach lurched. She stared at us, her lower lip quivering. Then came the sobs. I just wanted to hug her. To rock her and soothe her and tell her it would be all okay.

It's an act, I told myself. She's just using tears to get out of trouble.

I had used tears many times to get out of trouble with my father. Every girl learned that trick. Maybe, Mary Kate was truly frightened and crying because she was found out, or maybe she was just faking it. If she was cunning enough to blackmail me and pretend to be this cute, innocent girl, then she could be an incredible actress.

We marched her down the hallway from the library and into Sister Esther Rosa's classroom. I shut the door behind us and locked it. Mary Kate jumped at that. Then she squeaked as Sister Esther Rosa yanked her to stand before her desk.

“What were you doing on the computer?” the nun asked. She picked up a ruler from her desk and smacked into her hand. “Huh?”

Mary Kate swallowed. Her body trembled. Her pink, purple, and black tartan skirt swayed about her thighs. She wore knee-high socks. She glanced back at me, her green eyes swimming with tears. Her heart-shaped face looked so vulnerable.

“M-Miss Zoey,” she whimpered.

“Tell her,” I said.

“I... I was just checking my emails,” she said, her shoulder shaking with another sob.

“Your emails?” I asked. “Right, right, your emails. Like blackmailer69@ymail.com?”

“W-what?” She glanced at me, trembling.

“If you were just checking your email, then why did you look so scared and guilty when I stopped you?” purred the nun. “Why are you crying right now if you've done nothing wrong.”

“B-because...” She squirmed. “You have a... a... Girls say you like to spank. I don't want to be spanked. I didn't do anything wrong.”

“Liar,” Sister Esther Rosa hissed. “You're lying to a nun. You think God doesn't see that.”

Mary Kate squeaked and grabbed her amulet. “I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I was... I was on Facebook.”

I blinked. “Facebook?” I marched up to her. “You were on Facebook? How?”

“Well, one of the older girls told me how to do it,” she whimpered. “I just wanted to keep up with my friends. To see what they're doing. That's it. I just went to Facebook.”

“That's it?” asked Sister Esther Rosa. “You did nothing else?”

SMACK!

The crack of the ruler into her palm made Mary Kate jump into the air and squeak in fright. She stared at the ruler, her lower lip quivering. “I was on Instagram, too! And Twitter. I... I even was on Snapchat! Just to check up on my friends. That's it. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry that I broke the rules.”

She flew to me and hugged me tight. She buried her face into my blouse, sobbing. I hugged her, staring in confusion at Sister Esther Rosa. The cute girl rubbed her face into my breasts, soaking my blouse with her tears.

“Uh...” I said, staring at the nun.

“She may be confessing to a lesser crime so we don't press her on a large one,” the nun said. “The guilty often do this thinking it'll mitigate or distract their interrogators. She's hiding something.”

“I'm not.” Mary Kate stared up at me with these deep, green eyes. “I'm really not.”

“Then why are you blackmailing Miss Zoey?” demanded the nun. “Why are you threatening to expose her to the headmistress if she doesn't do all the filthy, depraved things your perverted mind craves.”

“W-what?” gasped Mary Kate. “B-Blackmail. I wouldn't. I really, really wouldn't.” She hugged me tighter. “P-please, I don't know your secret.”

My brow furrowed. She had to be the blackmailer. Who else could it be?

“What do you have against Hikaru?” I demanded.

“H-Hikaru?” She looked so confused now. “What does Hikaru have to do with this?”

“You haven't written me notes?” I asked.

“Open up your bookbag,” hissed Sister Esther Rosa. “I want to see your writing.”

The girl broke from me and did just that. She pulled out her notebook. I frowned. The handwriting was cutesy and girlish, but it wasn't quite like I remembered the note being. My stomach was sinking more and more.

“Are you a fan of creampies, Mary Kate?” I asked her.

“I like pies,” she said, her brow furrowing. “I like lemon meringue. That's a cream pie, right?”

“She's not the blackmailer,” I said, staring at this girl. She couldn't be this great of an actor.

“Of course not,” she gasped. “I don't even know why anyone would blackmail you, Miss Zoey. You're so nice and sweet. Hikaru must have been so happy to have a slumber party with you last night. Did you braid each other's hairs?”

“A slumber party?” I asked. “You didn't think we were doing something else in there?”

“Like...” She shuddered. “Ess, ee, ex?”

Did she spell out sex? The girl who wrote those notes told us to do some hardcore stuff.

“How much do you know about sex?” I asked.

“It's when a husband and a wife come together to make a baby,” Mary Kate said, this bright smile on her lips. “Any other type is bad. But you're not bad, Miss Zoey. You must have had a slumber party with Hikaru. No matter what that naughty Selena was saying.”

“What was she saying about me?” I asked.

“Horrible things.” Mary Kate trembled. “I don't like gossip, but she said you were a... a... Penisgirl.”

“Dickgirl?” I asked.

“That's such a vulgar word,” she groaned, her hands clapping over her face. “I didn't even know what she meant, but the others were all nodding like they understood. I just buried my face under the covers. It was so embarrassing.”

At that moment, I had to ravish her. I could see that the lesbian nun was thinking the same thing. “I am a dickgirl,” I purred and unzipped my skirt. “Want to see.”

“What?” she asked in shock as I shoved off my skirt. It rolled off my hips and then fell down my thighs to land about my feet. The girl squeaked, “Miss Zoey!”

“We're all women here,” purred Sister Esther Rosa, her hands undoing the belt of her habit. “I'm a nun. This is okay. It's only a sin if one of us were a boy.”

“And I'm not a boy,” I purred, pushing down my panties to expose my black bush. I bent over, leaning close to Mary Kate's tear-stained face. “I'm a futanari. A dickgirl.”

Her eyes widened. “I've heard of futanari. They have a disease that makes them have... have...”

Lord, she was so adorable. “Makes them have a cock. Like this one.”

I stepped out of my panties. The wide-eyed girl stared at my bush as I straightened. I relaxed the pressure on my clit and let it grow. It swelled out of my bush. A big and thick dick that would fuck her hard. She would gasp and moan on it. I couldn't wait to ravish her.

She clapped hands over her mouth and trembled as my futa-dick grew thicker and longer. Sister Esther Rosa smacked her lips and drew her habit over her body, exposing her naked flesh beneath. She didn't bother wearing any underwear today. No bra or panties. Her large breasts swayed into view, her dark-brown nipples thick and hard.

Mary Kate's innocent, green eyes stared at my futa-dick reaching its full girth. She squirmed, her tartan skirt rustling about her thighs. She wore that crisp, white blouse with the tie. It made her so adorable. I just wanted to ravish her.

I took her hand and pulled it from her mouth. "Mmm, don't be afraid. Remember, this isn't a sin because we're all women."

I put her hand on my cock. My dick throbbed and pulsed in her hand. She wrapped her delicate fingers around it. I shuddered at that. She gasped and whimpered as she held my throbbing dick. She stared up at me.

"It's so hot," she whispered. "And big. This is... This is such a big..."

"Dick," Sister Esther Rosa purred, moving behind the girl, her big boobs swaying.

Mary Kate gasped as she saw the nun's naked breasts. I smiled and started unbuttoning my own blouse. The girl trembled as the nun moved behind her. She gripped my cock harder, almost too hard. I winced but didn't say anything.

I didn't want to spook her.

"It's a dick, Mary Kate," Sister Esther Rosa cooed as she hugged the girl from behind. "Now work your hand up and down that cock. Just stroke that big futa-dick. Mmm, you know you want to. Do it!"

"Y-yes, Sister!" squeaked the girl.

Her hand slid up and down my futa-dick. I groaned at her stroking hand. She slid up and brushed the crown. Delight shot down to my cunt. I shuddered at how great that felt. My face twisted in delight. This was amazing.

She felt so wonderful. I loved every moment of her stroking me as I undid my blouse. I opened it and slid it off my shoulders. It slid down my arms and then fluttered to the floor. I reached behind me and unhooked my bra, freeing my round tits to the White girl's wide-eyed gaze.

As I did that, Sister Esther Rosa loosened Mary Kate's tie. The blonde girl trembled, her hand still stroking up and down my cock. Her fingers were paler than my light-olive cock. She felt so good. My pussy clenched. The tie whisked off.

Then the naughty nun began unbuttoning the girl's blouse.

"Mmm, just keep running your hand up and down that big dick," the nun purred. "Mmm, it's making your pussy feel all naughty. That's natural. Our Lord wants you to feel that when you're stroking a futa's big dick."

“He does?” The girl sounded confused. “That doesn't sound right, Sister. It...” She sucked in a breath as she noticed the sister unbuttoning her blouse. “Sister Esther Rosa!”

“Shhhh,” the nun whispered and then licked the girl's ear. “Just keep stroking her cock. You're going to love this so much. You're going to have such a wonderful morning. Just like the Lord intended. He made Miss Zoey have that wonderful girl-dick, and He made your pussy feel all hot and juicy from stroking it. So relax.”

“But...” The girl kept stroking my cock. She stared at my quivering breasts, her green eyes so wide. She pumped faster. I groaned at how naughty her touch felt. My face contorted with the delight of her hand working up and down my dick.

This was intense. Insane. I couldn't believe we were doing this. My chest rose and fell. This heat swelled in me. My heart pounded from the girl's innocent and sensual touch. Her hand pumped up and down me faster and faster.

The nun's golden-brown fingers worked higher and higher up that crisp, white blouse. Mary Kate's heart-shaped face glowed with crimson embarrassment. And maybe excitement. Her hips squirmed. Her skirt swirling. She was awakening to her body.

Her eighteen-year-old, virginal flesh was coming alive.

The nun finished unbuttoning the girl's blouse. She opened the cloth wide, exposing a white bra cupping Mary Kate's small breast. The girl was so petite and lovely. She made my dick ache. My cock throbbed, wanting to ravish her. To push her down and fuck her hard.

I was so eager for that. My dick throbbed and pulsed with my excitement to do these wicked things to her. I would just throw her down and ravish her. I would pump away at her while she gasped and moaned. It would be such an exciting thing to do to her. How she would squeal and moan.

It would be exquisite.

The nun pulled the girl's arm out of one sleeve. “Mmm, you don't want to stop stroking her,” said the nun. “Switch hands.”

“Y-yes, Sister Esther,” the girl whimpered and did just that.

She stroked me with her left hand now as the nun pulled off her blouse the rest of the way. Then the wicked woman undid Mary Kate's bra. The straps went loose. She gasped as one slipped off her shoulder. She shrugged out of it, the bra swung away from her small tits.

They were gorgeous. Small mounds that I just wanted to massage. Dainty, pink nipples I wanted to nurse upon. My cunt clenched and futa-dick throbbed. She switched hands once more, her bra falling to the floor. Her small boobs had just the slightest quiver to them as she stroked me.

Then the nun hugged Mary Kate from behind, pressing those big and soft boobs into the girl's back. At the same time, Sister Esther Rosa slid her golden-brown hands up the

girl's ivory skin to cup her breasts.

“S-Sister Esther,” the girl whimpered.

“Mmm, isn't that nice,” purred the nun. “Don't my boobs feel wonderful against your back? And how do your little titties feel in my hands?”

“N-nice.” The girl shuddered then gasped as the nun pinched her nipples. The woman twisted them, making the girl whimper even louder.

“I think it's more than nice,” purred the nun. “Mmm, you like that, don't you? It makes your pussy so wet to stroke Miss Zoey's big girl-dick while I play with your tits.”

“Y-yes, Sister Esther,” the virgin moaned, awakening to her body's delights.

I smiled at her. “Just enjoy,” I cooed. “You're going to walk out of here a changed woman.”

“Yes, you are,” the nun purred. She pinched the girl's nipples. Twisting them. She shuddered. “But stroking that beautiful cock isn't enough. Do you know what you have to do to her?”

“No,” the girl whimpered. “Do to her?”

“You have to blow her,” the nun said, twisting those pink nubs.

The girl shuddered. “Blow her?” She shook her head. “What does that mean?”

“You have to suck on my cock,” I purred. “You have to fall to your knees and slide your lips over my dick. Then you suck on me like a lollipop until I burst into your mouth. You'll get to enjoy a salty treat. How does that sound?”

“I... I...” The girl shuddered. “Okay, Miss Zoey.”

She was so obedient. She sank to her knees, the nun descending with her, hugging the cutie. Sister Esther Rosa, her white wimple wrapped around her naughty face, winked at me. I grinned at her. We made a wonderful team together.

Mary Kate swallowed as she stared at my cock. It was at eye level with her. She held me in both her hands now, the nun still playing with her nipples. Squirming, the girl leaned forward. Her breath washed across my cock.

“It's so big,” she whimpered. “Can this really fit in my mouth?”

“Of course it can, sweetie,” I cooed. “Just mind your teeth. You don't want to hurt me.”

“Oh, gosh, no!” she gasped. Her tongue flicked over her lips. “I would never do that to you.”

She kissed the tip of my cock and then slid her lips over it. I shuddered as she did that. It was incredible to have her mouth engulfing my girl-cock. This cute and innocent girl sealed her lips about my dick. I shuddered as she suckled for the first time.

My pussy clenched with the delight of her suction. My dick throbbed, my tip held in the warm, wet embrace of her mouth. Her tongue twitched, stroking along the bottom of it. She nursed again, her green eyes staring up at me.

“Mmm, just like that,” I purred as she nursed. “Use your tongue. Explore the tip. That's the most sensitive part.”

She nodded and did just that.

I groaned at the sweep of her tongue. The way that she caressed me. My pussy clenched. It was amazing to feel. I groaned, my cunt on fire. My back arched, my boobs jiggling and shaking. I shuddered at the feel of her sucking and slurping on my cock.

“Wow,” I groaned. “Oh, wow, that's amazing. That's just outstanding. I love it. You're doing great.”

“Yes, you are,” the nun cooed. She slid her hand down the girl's belly towards the waistband of her skirt. Sister Esther Rosa shoved her hand down into the girl's crotch, bulging the fabric.

Mary Kate squealed about my cock. The sensation was amazing. I shuddered at the feel of it.

“Yes, yes, just like that,” cooed the nun. “Mmm, just suck her while I diddle that virgin pussy and...” The nun shot me a grin. “She has a hymen, Zoey.”

“Oh, Lord,” I groaned. Another virgin. Hikaru and Malika had been wonderful. Now Mary Kate.

The girl moaned and squirmed as the nun fingered her pussy. My own cunt clenched, just imagining those naughty digits sliding up and down my folds and brushing all my naughty bits. The poor girl would never have experienced anything like this in her life.

She groaned around my cock, her cheeks hollowing as she suckled. It was incredible to feel her doing this. I loved it. I savored the delight of her nursing on my girl-dick. She moaned around my cock, nursing with such passion.

“That's so good,” I moaned, loving what the girl did to me. “Damn, that's amazing, Mary Kate.”

She moaned around my cock, nursing with such passion.

“Yes, yes, just like that,” moaned the nun into Mary Kate's ear. “You're going to drink down all her cum, aren't you?”

The girl nodded, her cheeks hollowing as she suckled.

“That's a good girl.” The nun licked the blonde cutie's ear.

Mary Kate shuddered and suckled so hard, her hands gripping my futa-dick. Pleasure shot down my shaft and swept through my pussy. My cunt burned as it drank in her nursing. My ovaries swelled with the pressure of all the cum I would fire into her mouth.

She would gulp it all down. It would be incredible. The pressure swelled at the tip of my cock. Her naughty tongue caressed my spongy tip. My pussy clenched. I groaned, my face twisting in pleasure. She moaned and groaned around my cock.

“That's it,” the nun cooed. “You're going to make her cum.”

“Yes!” I hissed. “Don't stop, Mary Kate!”

The girl didn't. She kept nursing on me. Sucking on me. My boobs jiggled. My hair swayed down my back. The heat built and built around my ovaries. That wonderful

pressure that would fire all the cum into her mouth.

“Mary Kate!” I whimpered, so close to giving her my jizz.

The girl squealed around my cock. Her eyes widened. She suckled even harder, trembling. The nun had a wicked smile on her lips as she kept diddling the virgin's pussy. The pressure swelled in my ovaries. That ache at the tip of my dick verged on bursting.

“You just came, didn't you?” the nun cooed. “Mmm, Mary Kate, you just climaxed on my fingers. That's the gift the Lord has given you. Treasure it.”

Mary Kate moaned louder, her eyes going unfocused. The way she suckled sent delight shooting to my cunt. I shuddered, threw back my head, and then erupted. My cum fired into the innocent girl's mouth. I flooded her with spurt after spurt of my cum.

“Oh, Lord, yes!” I howled, dumping blast after blast of cum into her mouth. I quivered through the rapture. The pleasure slammed into my thoughts. I groaned through the bliss. “Mary Kate!”

She gulped down my cum, her green eyes glassy with her lust. She stared up at me as I pumped blast after blast of my spunk into her mouth. I unloaded in her, my pussy convulsing. Juices spilled hot down my thighs. I quivered there, my mind pummeling with delight.

“Yes, yes, swallow all of Miss Zoey's girl-cum,” the nun moaned. “Mmm, you're doing so good, child. Just so wonderful.”

“You are!” I groaned, firing the last of my futa-cum into her mouth. I swayed from side to side, my heart racing. This was incredible.

Mary Kate slid her mouth off my cock. She popped off, gasping for air. She trembled, cum and drool on her lips and spilling down her chin. I fell to my knees and cupped her face. I kissed her, tasting my salty passion on her lips. I loved how delicious they were.

She moaned, her tongue dancing with mine. She caressed me with hunger. It was magnificent. I loved what she did to me. I shuddered, savoring the wonderful treat. It was fantastic. I fluttered my tongue around in her mouth, reveling in the taste of her.

The wonderful delight of her.

I broke the kiss, and she whimpered, “Why would anyone want to blackmail you, Miss Zoey?”

“I don't know,” I said. My list of suspects was gone. I was so confused. What was I missing?

“Mmm, are you ready to experience Miss Zoey's futa-dick sliding into your virgin pussy and taking your cherry?” the nun asked.

The girl gasped. “Yes!”

Figuring out the true culprit had to wait. I had a virgin to deflower.

To be continued...