



**Miss Zoey's
Hedonistic Lesson
Futa Teaches the Catholic
Coeds 5**

REED JAMES



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by

Reed James

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Miss Zoey's Hedonistic Lesson

Amelia smiled up at me, her hands reaching up beneath my skirt. I had spanked her during class to get her to behave, and now she thought I was a lesbian that wanted her to go down on me. I looked around. The last class of the day was over. All the students had left, leaving us alone.

Her hands felt so naughty sliding up beneath my skirt to my panties. My clit throbbed, wanting to become my futa-cock. I bit my lip as this naughty White girl hooked my panties. This fourth-year girl had such a naughty gleam in her eyes.

She had found a new way to control the classroom. I wouldn't let her put on her makeup, and now she moved to seduction. She wanted to eat my pussy to "apologize," but I could tell she was doing it to continue being a brat.

And I couldn't stop her. I was a perverted futa. A naughty dickgirl-teacher who wanted to do all the kinky things I could with my students. It was supposed to be different at an all-girls Catholic college. This was my chance to get away from the hedonism of the world and focus on educating these girls.

Amelia hooked the panties, her green eyes sparkling. The redhead drew them down.

"Mmm, I'm going to so apologize, Miss Zoey, for being such a cunt in class." She licked her lips. "I'm going to eat your cunt and make you feel so good. How does that sound?"

"You don't have to do this," I whimpered as she worked my panties further and further down my thighs. They emerged from beneath my skirt, a pair of silky gray delights.

"But I do," she moaned. "Mmm, I have to show you how much I respect you, Miss Zoey. Dykes need to have their pussies eaten out by their students, don't they? Oh, yes, I know just the sort of teacher you are."

There was something... bitter in those words. My brow knitted. "What are you saying, Amelia?"

She smiled. "That I know just how to behave for a perverted teacher like you. Mmm, you're the sort of dyke that likes us young. Barely legal. That's okay. I'll make you cum hard. I'm a good girl now. Your spanking worked. You're getting just what you wanted."

"I wanted you to pay attention in class and stop being a disruption," I groaned as my panties reached my ankles. I lifted my right foot out of them.

"And yet you're so eager for me to eat your pussy, Ms. Zoey." She grinned at me. "I think you doth protesteth too mucheth."

"Doth protest too much," I groaned.

“Whatever.” She licked her lips. “See, you're educating me. Teach me to eat pussy just the way you love it, Miss Dyke.”

She shoved her head up between my thighs. I shuddered as she did that, her hair brushing my flesh. Her breath washed over the curls of my thick bush. Then she was nuzzling into my pubic hair. She kissed my cunt. I shuddered as she did that.

Her tongue flicked out. I gasped as she slid through my cuntlips. She parted them, sending such delight through me. She brushed my clit. I gasped as it throbbed, wanting to turn into a dick. My hands balled into fists.

I couldn't let her know I was a futa. Too many of my girls were learning that truth. Four knew. Unless Amelia was my blackmailer. Seeing how she behaved, and how she licked my cunt, might be her messing with me. Getting back at me for spanking her by seeing if she could get my cock to grow.

I swallowed and trembled. A cold wash of fear spilled through me. I was so getting fired.

Amelia's tongue banished that dread with pleasure. She had a nimble one. I groaned at her skill as she ate my pussy with gusto. She thrust her tongue up into my snatch. She swirled it around in me. I groaned, my cunt clenching about it.

“Amelia,” I whimpered, my hands balling into fists. “Oh, Amelia.”

“Miss Dyke,” purred Amelia. “Mmm, this is just what you want.”

“It's not,” I moaned. “I didn't spank you to get you to eat me out. You don't have to do this.”

“Then stop me.” She fluttered her tongue against my clit, drumming against my bud. Sparks flared. “Stop me, Miss Dyke, if you don't want that.”

I hesitated as she thrust her tongue back into my cunt. She caressed around my silky walls, sending pleasure through me. I clenched my fists tighter, my boobs jiggling in my bra and blouse. My bud wanted to blossom into a cock so badly. I needed to stop this, but... but...

I moaned, deep and throaty, as her tongue caressed around in my pussy. She knew just where to lick and lap to send such delight through me. I bit my lip, my brow furrowing as she caressed me with hunger.

“That's what I thought,” she purred and then lapped up and down my folds.

She was right. I wanted this. I wanted to fuck all my students. Break the rules. Take advantage of my position of power over them. All the nubile bodies of the girls of Black Rose Dorm flashed in my mind. Not just the ones I had fucked—dominating Selena, submissive Bella, and innocent Hikaru—but shy Malika and quiet Aisha, bullying Linda and virginal Mary Kate. And now I had bratty Amelia licking and lapping at my cunt.

My clit throbbed. Ached. I groaned, fighting against the urge to let her grow. I could cum without it sprouting. Amelia's tongue brushed it as she licked at my clit. She stroked over my flesh, sending such naughty pleasure through my body.

She licked and lapped and feasted on me. It felt incredible. I shuddered as she did her thing. She licked with such passion on me. With such hunger. I groaned as she did that. It was incredible to enjoy. I bit my lip, shuddering as I rose closer and closer to my orgasm.

“Yes, yes, yes!” I moaned, fingernails biting into my palms. “Jam that tongue into my cunt.”

“Mmm, you don't want me to suck on your clit, Miss Dyke?” she purred.

“No, no!” I gasped. “In my cunt.”

“See,” she cooed. “You want this so badly. I'll make you cum, Miss Dyke. I'm so sorry for being a brat. From now on, I'll be a good, little cunt-munching whore for you.”

There was that bitterness again.

Her tongue plunged into my cunt. I gasped as she did that. She swirled around in me. She caressed me. The pleasure rippled through me. I groaned, my long fall of black hair swayed down my back. My nipples throbbed, but my clit...

The itch was almost unbearable as her tongue brought me closer and closer to cumming. She fucked it in and out of me, stimulating my cunt. A normal, natural orgasm. Not an obscene and unnatural futa-climax.

“That's it,” I whimpered. “Oh, yes, yes, I'm going to cum, Amelia. Lord, yes!”

She flicked her tongue through my folds and latched onto my clit. I gasped as she suckled on it. What was she doing? Was she teasing me? She was my blackmailer, wasn't she? This was her getting back at me. Making me panic by nursing on my pearl to get me to sprout.

“Oh, Lord,” I whimpered, the itch so intense. I had to explode with my futa-cock. I couldn't stop this. I was such a naughty dickgirl-teacher.

My bud spurted.

My clit swelled into her mouth. She nursed on me as I engorged into my massive girth. Her lips sealed about my expanding shaft. She suckled hard, her tongue swiping over the edge. She froze in her sucking as I grew bigger and bigger. She caressed over my little futa-cock.

Her head pulled back as I expanded. My skirt rustled over her as she slid her lips up my swelling cock and popped her mouth off. I groaned at that. She shoved up my skirt and leaned back, her face appearing from beneath the fabric.

“What the fuck?” she screamed. She looked up at me and then back at my growing clit-dick. “You're a futanari?”

My cock grew so long it brushed her lips again. She squeaked and fell back onto her ass, her face flushed. She stared up at me, her large breasts rising and falling in her white, schoolgirl blouse, her pink-and-black tartan tie draped over them.

“You didn't know?” I hissed.

“No!” And I could see the truth in her eyes. Amelia wasn't the blackmailer. She trembled there, staring at my futa-cock as it reached its full girth. “Oh, my fuck, you

really, really, really are a futa. That's a clit-dick.”

“It is,” I groaned.

She sat up again, her hands grabbing my dick. “And it cums? They really ejaculate?”

“Yes,” I panted. “Oh, Lord, Amelia, you can't—”

She swallowed the tip of my dick with such enthusiasm. I gasped as she slid her mouth over the crown of my cock and sealed her lips around my dick. Both her hands pumped up and down my shaft as she nursed on me.

My pussy clenched when she suckled. I shuddered, my dick twitching in her stroking hands. They worked up and down my long shaft as she nursed on just the tip. Her tongue danced around the spongy crown. My face contorted from the delight of this moment.

I groaned as she bobbed her head. She worked her mouth up and down my cock. Her red hair swayed while her green eyes stared up at me with such lust. I shuddered, my dick throbbing and aching her mouth.

“Oh, Lord, Amelia, yes,” I moaned, my cunt growing hotter and hotter. Her suction warmed my cunt which swelled the heat up to my ovaries.

They brimmed with cum. Girl-jizz aching to spurt into her mouth.

She suckled with wild abandon. She nursed on me. I groaned, loving her bobbing her head. She worked her lips up and down my dick. She had sucked a cock before. She was no stranger to this. She moaned with such delight. Such enthusiasm.

There was something different about this. While she had eaten my pussy with skill, there had almost been something mocking in it. She hadn't truly wanted to eat my pussy, but was doing it almost out of self-loathing.

This was different.

She worshiped my cock with such enthusiasm.

She put her whole being into blowing me.

“Amelia, yes!” I moaned. Her tongue danced about my crown. The pleasure shot down my shaft. “You're going to get a big mouthful of cum.”

She moaned with such enthusiasm. This was a girl who loved cocks. Not a lesbian at all. Maybe not even bi. She was a straight, White girl. They could be the sluttiest with futas like me. Just going wild on our huge dicks.

I groaned as she pumped her ivory hands up my pale-olive dick. I groaned, the pressure swelling at the tip. I would blow. I would pump so much cum into her mouth. My ovaries quivered, the cum in them approaching a boil.

“Yes, yes, you're going to get all that futa-cum you crave!” I gasped.

She purred around my dick. The redhead squeezed her eyes closed and suckled with such passion. Her cheeks hollowed. The obscene slurping sounds she made rose around us. Her hands stroked my cock. They felt so nice.

But not as nice as that mouth and tongue. She rubbed the crown of my cock against the roof of her mouth while her tongue danced about it. She twisted her head as she bobbed, pressing the tip into the insides of her cheek. She took me to the back of her throat and suckled as she slid back up.

The pressure was intense.

Amazing.

“Yes,” I whimpered. “I'm so close.”

Her hands stroked faster. She double-fisted my cock while bobbing her head. Red hair danced. Her green eyes opened, glowing with such intensity. I whimpered, my pussy clenching. The heat swelled in my cunt. My two impending orgasms fed on each other. They built toward my climaxes in unison. Hand-in-hand.

Her tongue danced around the crown of my cock as she suckled. I gasped, my ovaries heating up. My cum boiled over. I felt that first pulse shoot up my cock and then explode into her mouth. I squealed as I came.

My pussy convulsed.

Juices spilled out and soaked my bush before running down my thighs. My cock spurting over and over again. I pumped my cum into Amelia's mouth. She groaned and drank it down. She gulped down all my cum.

It was magical to enjoy. A real treat to have spurting into her mouth. I loved it. My cock erupted over and over, each blast firing that powerful ecstasy through my mind. My pussy writhed, adding those gentler waves of rapture flooding through my body.

“Oh, my Lord, Amelia!” I moaned, firing all my futa-cum into the White girl's hungry mouth.

She gulped me down. She swallowed with such obvious enthusiasm. She let out a long moan of satisfaction. I shuddered, my dual pleasure swirling around in my mind. I trembled, hitting the peak of my euphoria. I rode that high as she nursed on my cock.

“Mmm, yes, yes, that was so good,” I purred, coming down from her orgasmic high.

She slid her mouth off my cock with a wet plop. “Holy shit, Miss Zoey. You came so much. I never had that much cum pump into my mouth. Damn, are all the stories about futanari true?”

“Probably not,” I panted, feeling so good.

“But you're still hard.” She gripped my hands in my dick. “So it's true you can fuck and fuck.”

I nodded, my fingers twitching.

She stood up and released my cock. She stepped back to the first desk, licking her lips and gathering up the cum that had leaked out of the corners of her mouth. Drool gleamed on her chin. She had given me one sloppy blowjob.

She attacked her tie. She undid the knot and ripped the silk through her blouse's collar. She threw it to the floor then started unbuttoning her top. I swallowed as she

worked open the white top, exposing her large breasts in a red bra. The color was so bright.

“Mmm, get naked, too, Miss Zoey,” she said. “I always wanted to do it with a futa. It's so hot. Like a guy but with a huge dick and no stubble.”

I smiled at her. I couldn't resist now. I started undoing my blouse. I worked the buttons through the eyelets one at a time and then peeled off my top. My round breasts were in a gray bra. She unzipped her tartan skirt. It fluttered down to the floor. Her red panties matched her bra. She reached behind her, twisted her bra clasp, and then slid it off.

The fourth-year girl's big breasts bounced out. They were a large pair. Double D's or bigger. Soft, too. So plump with red nipples. They were thick nubs but short. I shuddered as she glanced at me with this naughty twinkle in her eyes.

“God, now I know why you keep looking at me,” she moaned. “You're into big tits, aren't you, Miss Zoey?”

“I'm into gorgeous women,” I groaned. “And cute girls.”

“Such a perv taking a job here. God, you're going to molest us all, aren't you?”

“No, Amelia,” I gasped. “I came here to be away from the world. To leave this sort of stuff behind.”

“Liar.” She peeled off her panties, bending over. Her big boobs swayed before her as she worked down the red cloth. “If you wanted to get away from sex, you wouldn't have surrounded yourself with nubile girls. You *wanted* this to happen.”

I froze. Did I? I was so sure of my motivations, but were they all my lies? Had I not come to this private, Catholic school so I could recommit to my lax faith? Where I could be a good, Catholic woman again and leave behind my deviant desires?

That was the thing about our minds. Our logic was a slave to our desires. The bible often spoke of the evil in men's hearts. Our lusts desire sinful things, and our mind comes up with excuses why we deserve them. We assuage our guilt with self-deception. We trick ourselves into thinking it's okay.

We rationalize our sinful behavior.

Had I rationalized mine?

Yes. I told myself I had to seduce Hikaru for the blackmailer, but I wanted to ravish that nubile girl. I pretended I had to obey Selena because she could expose my secret, but I just wanted to fuck her sex slave Bella. And now, I had pretended I was powerless against Amelia's advanced because I ached to pound her cunt after spanking her ass.

“Yeah, you came here to perv on us and fuck us with your big futa-dick,” purred Amelia. “I love it.” She sat on the desk, spread her legs, and showed off her shaved pussy lips. A V of red pubic hair adorned her pudenda and aimed right at her cunt. “Come fuck me, Miss Zoey. I want to feel a big futa-dick in me.”

I swallowed and undid my bra. I freed my round breasts. The White girl stared at my tits. She bit her lips as I sauntered to her. My futa-cock bobbed up and down, aching

and throbbing with my desire for her.

“Ooh, you Asian girls are always so pretty,” she said. “Even a straight girl like me can appreciate that.”

“If you want a futa to fuck you, are you really straight?” I purred.

“That's a great question,” she said, her eyes on my boobs. “I mean... I guess I'm bi or something, cause you are smoking hot with that big dick and those titties. Mmm, Miss Zoey, just fuck the hell out of me. I want that huge cock in me. I like them big. No more aching for our village weekend so I can find some stranger to pound me. I got you right here.”

I shuddered. “We have to be careful. Don't want to get caught. If anyone found out... If the headmistress found out...”

“That old bitch.” Amelia rolled her eyes. “I won't tell her. Trust me.” She snagged my cock and pulled me between her thighs. “Just slide this big girl into my cunt, and I'll be so good in class. I just need a real cock to fuck me.”

I cupped her face as she rubbed my dick against her pussy lips. I stared into her eyes and then kissed her. She moaned, her lips tasting salty and tangy all at the same time. My cum and pussy cream mixed. She pressed my cock right against the entrance to her cunt.

I thrust into her schoolgirl pussy.

The fourth-year cutie moaned as I slid into her cunt. Her barely legal pussy squeezed about my cock. I groaned, loving the feel of her naughty cunt. It was such a rush having her twat engulfing my futa-dick. Her silky flesh massaged me.

I whimpered, her tongue dancing in my mouth. I loved how she felt against me. Around me. I kissed her with such passion as my cock bottomed out in her youthful pussy. My round breasts quivered against her large boobs. They felt so soft against mine.

She broke the kiss and leaned back on her elbow, pushing those big and lush tits against me. “Oh, my fucking damn, Miss Zoey. Ooh, teacher's got a big dick. Shit, I've never taken a cock this big in me before. You're good. Mmm, just such a delight.”

I winked at her.

“Now you need to fuck the hell out of me. I need your cock pounding me. Just fucking me hard and fast.”

I grinned at her and drew back my cock. She groaned as I did that. Her pussy clung to me. That tight and hot cunt squeezed about my dick. It was an amazing delight. I groaned, savoring the heat of her. Then I thrust back into her snatch. I buried deep and hard into her twat.

I fucked her with passion. It was such a thrill to feel her cunt wrapped around my dick. It was a fantastic delight to feel her pussy squeezing about my dick. I pumped away at her. I thrust with force into her snatch. Her boobs bounced as I did while her face twisted in delight.

The White girl threw back her head while her cunt squeezed about my dick. She held me tight as I plowed into her. I groaned, pumping away at her with such powerful force. I drove my cock into her snatch deep and hard.

“Yes, yes, yes, Miss Zoey!” she moaned, her green eyes sparkling. “Mmm, ram that big futa-dick into my cunt. Damn, you are churning me up.”

“Can you blame me?” I panted, my hands grabbing her big tits. “You're just so tight.”

“No, I can't!” She shuddered, her thighs squeezing about my waist. She held me as I pumped away at her. “Oh, yes, Miss Zoey. I'm going to cum on this dick. Your futa-cock is amazing. Oh, yes, yes, this is hotter than watching Classy Clitcock or Donna Dickgirl.”

“Definitely,” I panted, my round tits bouncing as I fucked her.

My hands kneaded her big boobs. They were soft and delicious. My fingers dug into them as I plunged into her snatch. I buried deep and hard into her, loving the way she gripped me. She held me tight. It was wonderful to thrust into her. I loved every moment of it. Every last second of burying into her twat.

Her pussy held me tight. She squeezed about me. I groaned at what she did to me. I buried hard and fast into her cunt. My boobs bounced with my every thrust. She stared at them, biting her lower lip as I drilled into her cunt.

“Ooh, it's hot watching your tits heave as you fuck me, Miss Zoey.” She licked her lips. “Maybe I should have been paying more attention to girls. That's so hot. You got a big dick and cute tits.”

“Not as cute as yours,” I moaned, squeezing her boobs. Lord, they were so soft. My fingers dug into them.

She giggled. “Aren't you a naughty one? Mmm, yes, yes, I totally get it. Yes, yes, pound me. Drive that cock into my snatch. Ooh, I'm going to cum so hard. I'm just going to explode. Pound me with that big dick.”

I pounded her. I fucked her hard. I buried to the hilt in her twat over and over again. Her pussy squeezed about my clit-dick, that wonderful ache building and building at the tip. My snatch grew hotter and hotter, feeding on the silky friction sliding about my shaft.

My tip drank in the sweetness of her cunt. Her tight walls squeezed about my crown. Every thrust into her swelled the pressure in my ovaries and my cunt. My cock ached to erupt into her youthful flesh. I pounded Amelia hard, my fingers digging into her boobs.

“Ooh, yes, yes, fuck me hard,” she moaned. “Mmm, that's so good. Yes, yes, just fuck me. Pound me. Make my cunt cum on this dick.”

“I'm going to spurt every last drop into your snatch,” I moaned, driving into her. “When you cum, I'm going to flood you.”

“You say such awesome things, Ms. Zoey,” she groaned, her cunt clamping down on my futa-dick. The silky pressure increased.

I shuddered, so close to cumming. I gripped her breasts and buried into her, my tits heaving. My black hair danced down my naked back. I was so close. Just a few more strokes into her tight twat, and I would erupt.

She threw back her head, her red hair dancing. As her pussy clamped down on my cock, her face contorted in bliss. Eyes closed. She whimpered as I drew back, the silky embrace of her snatch sending euphoria flooding down my shaft and spilling through my cunt. I rammed back into her.

“Fuck, yes!” howled Amelia.

The White girl came on my dick.

The beautiful, porcelain-skinned redhead convulsed around my cock. That wonderful, silky, amazing heaven spasmed as I rammed back into her. She howled at the top of her lungs as her pussy suckled at my dick.

“Cum in me, Miss Zoey!” she moaned, her green eyes snapping open and staring into mine. “Just erupt in me!”

“Yes!” I gasped and plunged into her writhing embrace. My futa-cock burst with pleasure. My ovaries detonated.

Hot futa-cum pumped into her twat. My pussy convulsed, juices spilling hot down my thighs. I shuddered, pumping load after load of cum into her snatch. She whimpered, her thighs holding me tight. Her twat writhed about my clit-dick.

Stars burst across my vision as the dual delights rushed through my body. I trembled, my heart pounding so fast. This was incredible. I whimpered, basting her twat in load after load of my cum. I flooded her with everything I had, my juices spilling hot down my thighs.

“You naughty, little brat!” I groaned.

“Fuck, yes!” she gasped, her pussy suckling at my futa-dick. “So fucking naughty!”

I groaned and kissed her, pressing my boobs into hers. She held me back, our lips working on each other as the pleasure carried me into the stratosphere. I pumped blast after blast of cum into her twat, just painting her with cum.

I was such a terrible teacher. I shuddered, wondering if shouldn't just embrace moral hedonism as my guiding philosophy. Abandon Kantianism for it. I shuddered, kissing her back as my nipples brushed hers. Sparks flared.

Her pussy wrung me dry. I groaned, my orgasm dying into passion. This was incredible.

I broke the kiss and pulled out of her as I stumbled back on my heels. She panted while my cum ran out of her pussy. She quivered there, her eyes going unfocused for a moment. Then they sparkled with delight.

“What do I have to do to keep enjoying your cock, Miss Zoey?” I asked.

“Get an A on the next test,” I said. “I'll fuck you again.”

“Then I better get to studying.” She slid off her desk and found her red panties. She stepped in them, her big boobs heaving. “Because I want that cock in me again. Oh, my god, futas are awesome. I wish there was more of you in the world.”

“Well, Clitoral Erectile Hermaphroditism Disorder only affects one in ten million women,” I said.

“You hit the jackpot.” She grinned at me as she pulled on her bra next. “Damn, you filled me up with so much cum. Don't normally do bareback, but you're special.”

“Thanks,” I said, letting my clit shrink. It was easy after cumming twice.

Her green eyes watched my cock dwindling almost in a trance. She shuddered as it vanished into my bush and then became a little clit again. She shook her head and finished clasping her bra. She adjusted her tits.

“Mmm, that's so hot,” she purred.

We dressed, the air filled with the scent of hot pussies. My tangy musk and her tart passion seasoned the air. I pulled on my bra and panties. I shoved down my skirt and buttoned up my blouse. After she tied her tie, I grabbed it and pulled her to me. She had such a naughty smile on her lips.

I kissed her with hunger. I thrust my tongue into her mouth one more time. Now I had fucked four of my students. The list of blackmailers was getting depressingly short. I couldn't see it being Mary Kate, Aisha, or Malika. It had to be bullying Linda.

I broke the kiss with Amelia. “Enjoy the rest of your afternoon and evening. Study hard.”

“Yes, Miss Zoey.”

She strolled out of the room. I panted, adjusting my hair. Just as the door was closing, it opened back up and Sister Esther Rosa strolled in. She breathed in deeply, and I flushed. Her gaze flicked to me. Was the nun judging me? What was I reading on her golden-brown face?

“It's stuffy in here, isn't it?” I asked and hurried over to the window. I ripped it open and said, “Fresh air. Much better.”

She just stared at me. It was unnerving.

“Did you need something, Sister?” I asked casually.

“Why was Amelia in here?” she asked.

“I had to spank her,” I said. “She was being disruptive in class. I just followed your advice.”

“I see.” Her gaze swept around the room and then back to me. “We have rules to follow, too, Zoey. Don't be alone with the girls. People might get the wrong idea about what was happening in here.”

“Right, right,” I said, my cheeks burning. “Just trying to keep her on the straight and narrow.”

Sister Esther Rosa nodded. “Good, good. That's important. Our girls are bundles of hormones looking for any outlet. Amelia is one you have to watch out for. She plays

games. You can't relax your guard around her.”

I almost asked if Amelia had tried to do go down on Sister Esther Rosa. If Amelia had attempted it, the nun would have not stood for it. “Thanks for the advice. It's been a big help for me in settling in here.”

Sister Esther Rosa nodded. Her expression didn't relax. “Just remember it.” Then she swept out of the room.

I shivered. Did she suspect? I think she did. Lord, now I had another thing to worry about. I sighed and headed to my desk. I had papers to grade. A lot of work I had to get done before dinner. I sat on my chair, my body still tingling. I felt good after fucking Amelia.

There was roasted lamb for dinner with rice pilaf. It was delicious. I found myself lingering over it and chatting with Sister Theresa Maria, who taught English, and Célestine Giroux, an art teacher. She wasn't a nun like me. About half the staff were nuns. It was a fun conversation. We each were allowed a glass of wine with dinner as teachers and found myself lingering over it.

But soon we were drifting out. I headed outside and stretched my back. The sun was setting. A few girls were moving about as dusk settled in. They had an hour before curfew when they had to be in their dorms.

I spotted a pair heading into the Sunny Oak Grove behind the dorm. Linda leading Aisha. My teeth set. More bullying? I had warned Linda. That blackmailing bitch thought she could do whatever she wanted.

Well, if I busted her for bullying Aisha, no one would believe her “lies” that I was a futa. I would get rid of her and save Aisha from torment. That shy, Arab girl was just too sweet and self-effacing. She was scared to ask for help.

I headed after them with a determined stride, but by the time I reached the entrance to the grove and the paths that wound around in it, I had already lost them. But that didn't stop me. They were in here somewhere. I just had to catch them in the act.

I marched forward, casting my gaze around. It was already growing dark beneath the large oak trees. Dusk had fallen on the world. I went down the first right and then the left, heading to the back of the grove. I passed a girl sitting on a bench reading a book. It was Shania James from my fourth-period Ancient World History class.

“Did Aisha and Linda pass this way?” I asked Shania.

She looked up. “Uh, yeah, they were heading that way.” She arched an eyebrow at me. “Are they in trouble, Miss Zoey?”

“You really don't need to worry about that,” I said and moved in that direction.

It was getting darker with every second, but there was still enough light for me to see. I followed the path until it reached a dead-end at another bench. There were several bushes near it with blue flowers I didn't recognize. I sighed, looking around.

Where had they gone?

Then I heard a whimper.

The sound of a girl in pain. Linda was hurting Aisha!

I whirled around and stared at the bushes. They were thick, but I could just make out movement through them. What was Linda doing to her? I had to put a stop to this. I moved around the bush slowly, wanting to make sure I had her red-handed.

I spotted an oak tree. Aisha was leaning against it, her face twisting in pain. My fury built. I moved more around the bush and then had a clear view of her. She tossed her head from side to side while Linda was kneeling before her and was...

Eating Aisha's pussy.

Aisha's skirt and panties were off and Linda had her head buried between the Arab girl's dusky thighs. The bully's brassy-brown hair spilled down her back as she feasted on Aisha's pussy with obvious delight. It wasn't a whimper of pain I heard.

But pleasure.

Aisha moaned and groaned, her face twisting with bliss. She shuddered, her headscarf framing her innocent features. Her hand grabbed the back of Linda's head. Not pulling the bully away, but holding Linda's face to her cunt.

I watched in awe.

"This isn't right," groaned Aisha. "We're women. We have to stop, Linda."

"Then why do you cum so hard when I eat you out, slut?" purred Linda. "When I jam my tongue deep into your cunt."

"Because I'm a dirty, sinful girl," moaned Aisha. She gasped. "Linda! Oh, Linda! This is so wrong, but... but... Yes!"

Her head tossed as Linda must have jammed her tongue into the girl's cunt. I couldn't look away from this shocking sight. They were secret lovers? Aisha wasn't fearful of reprisal from Linda if she confessed. It was her own self-hatred at being a lesbian. At enjoying this passion.

She was at a school where the girls would get in trouble for having sex with each other. This private school had strict rules on girls having sexual relationships. Especially lesbian ones. The headmistress made that clear as did Sister Esther Ruth. No wonder Aisha wasn't talking to the staff.

I quivered, unable to look away from what they were doing. This was like Selena and Bella in the bathroom all over again. This naughty, voyeuristic part of me took over. Instead of respecting their privacy, I just wanted to indulge my desires.

I had the perfect excuse to keep watching bubbling up in my head. *I want to make sure that Aisha isn't being forced to do this.*

But, really, I was just a hedonist that wanted to watch two cute and nubile girls have sex. Two third-year girls, barely legal hotties, getting it on. My clit throbbed and ached, begging to sprout. I bit my lip as I watched the feasting.

"Allah forgive me," moaned Aisha, her delicate face twisting in delight.

"Mmm, just keep praying," purred Linda. "I'm sure he will. That's what Father Anthony tells me after confession. 'Pray to god to lift the sin of homosexuality from my

life.' Yet here I am, eating your yummy twat, Aisha. Damn, your cunt is delicious.”

“Linda!” groaned Aisha, burying her face in her hands, her cheeks blushing an even darker shade of dusky brown.

“God, I love how embarrassed you get.” Linda's head moved.

Aisha squeaked and shuddered. Her hand shot back down to grab a fistful of Linda's brassy-brown hair. She gripped hard, whimpering and moaning, her head tossing from side to side as Linda devoured that cunt. I shuddered, my pussy getting hotter and hotter.

And the world was growing darker and darker. Night fell upon us. My breathing grew heavier and heavier as Aisha whimpered louder and louder. The tree she leaned against creaked. Her head arched, rubbing her headscarf into the oak.

“Linda,” she moaned. “Oh, Linda, I want to cum. I know it's wrong, but... but...”

“You want me to suck your clit?” cooed Linda. “Mmm, gladly.”

Linda suckled. The loud slurps had my clit pulsing. I had to masturbate to this. I had to satiate my own wanton desires. I shuddered and slid my hands up my thighs as I watched the sight. It was so intoxicating to witness.

My hands reached the waistband of my panties, my skirt rustling. I peeled them off slowly, wanting not to make a sound. Aisha moaned and gasped, her face contorting with delight. She trembled as Linda nursed with such passion on her clit.

I rolled my panties down my thighs and past my knees. I kept peeling them off, working them further and further down. I licked my lips, trembling. I couldn't believe I was really doing this, but I was. I had to strip naked.

“Oh, yes,” whimpered Aisha. “Oh, that's it. I'm going to have my shame.”

“You mean cum like a little lezzie slut on my lips?” cooed Linda.

“Yes!” gasped Aisha as I stepped my right foot out of my panties. “Oh, yes, yes, yes!”

My futa-cock sprouted as Aisha came. Her body bucked against the tree. Her pink-and-black tie danced over the front of her blouse. She whimpered, her eyes squeezing shut as she enjoyed her delight. My pussy clenched.

I grabbed my swelling clit-dick. I loved the way it grew in my hand. Every beat of my heart had it growing bigger and bigger. I stroked it, shuddering as I watched Aisha tremble through her passion. It was such a naughty thing to witness.

Her innocent face looked so gorgeous framed by her headscarf. Her modest *hijab*.

“Oh, Linda,” she whimpered as I pumped my hand up and down my futa-cock. “Oh, that's good.”

“And you know it's going to get better,” purred Linda as she rose. She undid her skirt and let it fall. “Pull off my panties. You know you want what's next.”

“Because I'm a weak and sinful harlot,” she whispered. “A *sharmota*.”

“My little, lezzie harlot,” purred Linda. “God, I love this.”

Aisha fell to her knees. I groaned, stroking my cock as I watched her grab the lacy, pink panties that Linda wore. The Arab girl's dusky fingers hooked them and drew them off. She worked them down and down, Linda's hips wiggling from side to side. I couldn't see if Linda had a bush or not from this angle, but I did love the sight of her naked ass peeking out from beneath the hem of her blouse.

My hand stroked up and down my cock. I brushed my crown and went down to my black bush, rubbing on my pussy lips. I shuddered and watched intently. The panties passed Linda's knees. Then she was stepping out of them, wearing the same Mary Janes as the other girls. Those black, polished schoolgirl shoes.

So hot.

To my surprise, Aisha didn't start eating Linda's cunt. She didn't bury her face in that twat. Instead, she grabbed one of the backpacks and opened it. She produced a big dildo. A huge, fleshy cock that was nearly as big as mine. It was attached to a black harness made of vinyl or rubber.

A strap-on? And Aisha was clearly going to be on the receiving end as she held the toy out to Linda to step into. The bullying girl did, her butt-cheeks jiggling as she put each foot into the harness.

Lord, was Linda blackmailing Aisha into being her fucktoy? It was clear the girl both enjoyed it and felt so much shame. I couldn't believe she hadn't been coerced into this somehow. I had to keep watching to find any evidence of Linda's bullying.

There were those lies again. I just wanted to watch Aisha getting stuffed with that huge dildo.

“You never have me lick your pussy,” Aisha said as she slid the harness higher and higher up Linda's thighs.

“I like cumming fucking you with a strap-on,” Linda said. “Don't tell me you really want to eat my cunt. Isn't that more of a sin than if I fucked you?”

Aisha shuddered. “I suppose so. You just... You always eat me out and then fuck me. Don't you ever want anything different?”

“Nope.” Linda shuddered as the strap-on was settled into place. “Ooh, that's it. Right on my naughty, naughty clit.”

I bet it was.

I was stroking my cock faster and faster now, aching for the wild fun to begin. My pussy clenched, juice soaking my thighs. Aisha turned and knelt there, still in her blouse, her pink-and-black tartan headscarf wrapped around her head and hiding her hair. I could see her pussy now. Shaved.

How interesting.

Then Linda dropped to her knees. It was just at the right angle where I could watch that dildo fuck in and out of Aisha's cunt while still seeing Linda's gorgeous rump. I shuddered as the bully pressed her fake dick against Aisha's pussy lips.

I could see her labia parting for the rubber cock. I whimpered at the sight. So did Aisha. She trembled as her cuntlips slid over that cock. She engulfed it with her juicy snatch. I shuddered at the sight of that huge dildo vanishing into her cunt.

Aisha could take my futa-dick with ease. It was clearly not her first time with that thick shaft.

I shifted my feet, my heels moving on the uneven ground. I wobbled for a moment. I was not wearing the right shoes to be standing off the path, but I didn't care. I had the perfect view. There was no way I was moving.

I pumped my hand up and down my clit-dick. I shuddered, my twat clenching. My face contorted. I bit my lower lip as I watched the sight. My hand flew up and down my cock. My pussy clenched. I breathed heavily.

Aisha moaned as Linda drew back her hips. The Arab girl tossed her head and then gasped as Linda slammed back in. The White girl fucked Aisha hard. Linda didn't hold back with her thrusts. She held Aisha's hips and rammed away.

I bit my lip, loving the sight while fisting my futa-dick. The ache grew at the tip. Pleasure burst from my crown every time my hand engulfed it. I loved stroking the sensitive pinnacle. My pussy grew hotter and hotter, my ovaries tightening.

“Oh, my god, I love fucking you, Aisha!” moaned Linda, her hips pumping away. Her ass clenched as she drilled the girl.

“Yes, yes, yes!” gasped Aisha. “That's so good. Your cock is stirring up my sinful pussy.”

“My big girl-dick, right?” moaned Linda.

“Yes, yes, your big girl-dick is amazing!”

Linda thrust even harder, her head tossing and brassy-brown hair dancing. She pumped away while I watched that ass and that big, fake dick plunging into Aisha's cunt. It was so hot. I was in a trance as I watched it. My hand flew up and down my cock. I built and built towards my orgasm. My cunt clenched as I shuddered.

I was so close to exploding. I would burst with such rapture. I shuddered, my brow furrowing. I watched Aisha rocking to Linda's thrusts, taking that fake dick with such enthusiasm. Linda pounded her hard, her cute ass clenching.

“Yes, yes, yes,” gasped Linda. “Take my big girl-dick. God, I'm going to cum. My naughty clit loves this.”

“So does my whore-pussy!” whimpered Aisha. “Yes, yes, yes, I'm going to burst!”

Linda thrust forward and Aisha gasped, “I'm cumming!”

“Yes!” I whimpered and erupted.

My cock spurted cum that splashed on the flowering bush before me. I shuddered, my cock pumping blast after blast of jizz onto the plant as Aisha moaned out her rapture. Linda's asscheeks clenched as she drove her fake-cock deep into the Arab girl's cunt.

“Oh, fuck, yes!” Linda moaned, her brassy brown hair flying. “That's fucking it. Oh, Aisha, I love pounding your cunt!”

“So good!” moaned Aisha, her body trembling. Pussy juices spilled out around the thick dildo buried in her cunt. They ran down her legs.

I groaned, my cock spurting over and over again. I fisted my dick, trembling as the pleasure shot through me. This was so wonderful. I shifted on my heels on the uneven ground. My pussy convulsed and writhed.

“Goddamn, you're such a hot fuck!” Linda moaned. “Ooh, my naughty clit loved that.”

I bet it did.

I shuddered, the pleasure hitting that wild peak in me. My cock fired a final blast of cum while a last wave of delight washed out of my spasming cunt. I shifted on my feet when something snapped. The heel of my left shoe broke.

I gasped as I fell back and crashed to the path. I groaned, my cock popping. Aisha shrieked, clearly hearing that. I had to get up before they found me. I struggled to sit up, my head pounding. I must have smacked it on the ground.

Then Linda darted around the bush, her dildo thrust out before her. She froze at the sight of me. She gasped at the sight of me, “Holy shit, Miss Zoey's a futa!”

Wait, what? She had to know I was a futa. She was my blackmailer.

To be continued...