



**Miss Zoey Teaches
the Innocent Cutie
Futa Teaches the Catholic
Coeds 2**

REED JAMES



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by

Reed James

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Miss Zoey Teaches the Innocent Cutie

As I sat at breakfast with the girls of Black Rose Dorm, worry twisted my stomach. It made it hard to do more than pick at my breakfast. Someone knew that I had Clitoral Erectile Hermaphroditism Disorder. That envelope slipped under my door while I slept terrified me. Why would they do that?

I looked at the girls at my table. It wasn't Selena or Bella who had done it. They *knew* I was a futanari. Bella had experienced my girl-cock first hand while Selena, her *mistress*, had watched on in delight, orchestrating the entire encounter. So it had to be someone else in the dorm.

Mary Kate? The virginal girl had this shy quality to her. She was young, eighteen, and in her first year at the prestigious Catholic boarding school. She wore her blonde hair in an elegant French braid that fell down her back. Her heart-shaped face had its own nervous quality as she glanced over at Linda.

Now there was a possibility. Linda the bully. She had been picking on Aisha yesterday. I wasn't sure how, but she had lured the girl off into the woods to do something to her. Linda was twenty, a third-year girl, with brassy-brown hair and looking far too smug even with her visit to the headmistress's office to be dressed down for bully Aisha.

What about Amelia? A fourth-year like Selena. She had red hair and plump lips that had this naughty quality to them. Or how about Aisha. The Arabic girl had that same virginal quality as Mary Kate while being a third year. How hard must it be to be Muslim at a Catholic school? Was that why Linda was picking on Aisha? Her religion?

Malika was another Muslim girl, from Africa and not the Middle East. Her ebony skin made her stand out from the other girls. A second-year girl, she had a hunched look like one afraid of all those around her. She was closed off.

Hikaru glanced at me and smiled. She was another first-year girl, eighteen and cute. Japanese with short, black hair that framed her doll-like face. I smiled back at her for a second then returned to nibbling on my toast.

Who was it? Linda was my best candidate. I glanced at her and saw that she kept shooting smirking glances over at Aisha. The Arab girl shifted in her seat, looking uncomfortable. The pair were both third-year girls. How long had the bullying been going on?

And who else would Linda try to bully?

Linda glanced over at me, and that smirk remained on her lips. This gloating bit of triumph like she was unstoppable. That she was so slick at what she did that no one would catch her. She was getting away with it because Aisha wouldn't confirm it was happening.

I would have to keep an eye on Linda.

But who was it? What would they do with my secret? My heart was beating so fast. I had to force myself to eat. It was my first day teaching. I needed to have my strength about me. I was fresh from my graduate studies, trying to be a new woman.

I had let my futa-cock control me. When it had grown, I had lost my way in hedonism. Escaping that secular world and coming to a private, Catholic boarding school was my chance to change that. To overcome the temptation of my cock.

And what happened?

I came across Selena and Bella having sex. I lost control. I fucked one of my students. Bella might be twenty, but I was still a teacher, in a position of power over her. I was supposed to be in control. I taught ethics. That was how said it was.

As the girls were gathering up their things, I said, "Aisha, can I speak with you a sec?"

"Sure, Miss Zoey," she said. Zoey wasn't my real name. It was Xué. Yú Xué. I was Chinese, but my family had converted to Catholicism and then fled China when I was a baby. I had grown up in America. I took a more American-sounding nickname to fit in.

I waited for the other girls to file away from the table, merging with the rest of the small student body. They were all wearing their uniforms. White blouses and tartan skirts. They were all fresh and young. My heart raced for a few seconds and my clit threatened to sprout into a full dick in that moment.

"Is everything okay between you and Linda?" I asked.

The Muslim girl looked down. She had her black hair covered by a tartan headscarf. It wrapped around her face, framing her dusky features. There was an innocence to her. She bit her lip and just squirmed there.

"Is she threatening you?" I asked.

"I just help her with her studies," Aisha whispered. "She is not as good a student as me."

"Are you sure?" I put a hand on her shoulder. She shot me a look, panic in her eyes. Did *she* know my secret? Was she the blackmailer?

"I'm sure." She pulled away from my touch. "Please, there is nothing to be concerned about. Linda does not bully me." Then she was rushing away, her skirt swirling, her satchel with her books bouncing on her hip.

I watched her go and shook my head. She was definitely scared of Linda. What could I do about it? I was a teacher. The dorm monitor for these eight girls. I had to be better. But what if Linda knew I was a futanari. If she told anyone, I would be fired.

Futanari had a reputation as wanton women. Seducers of every female they could get their hands on. Those who had gone into the porn industry, like Donna Dickgirl and Classy Clitcock, had only made worse this perception of us dickgirls. We were partiers. Fornicators. We didn't take life seriously.

And in an institute like St. Catherines, well, that wasn't a good thing. Sister Elizabeth Ruth, the headmistress who ran the college, made it clear that one of my jobs was to keep the girls from having lesbian sex with each other. This was still a religious institute. Over half the teachers were nuns. Old-school nuns.

But I couldn't be afraid of Linda. And if she was the one who wrote the letter, I had to find out.

I hurried into the crowd of girls. I spotted Linda's brassy-brown hair in the hallway. She was talking with another girl who I didn't know. I marched up. Linda turned and smirked. She said something to her friend and then folded her arms.

"Sup, teach," Linda said, her eyes flicking me up and down.

"You need to stop bullying Aisha," I told her, grabbing her arm and pulling her close to me. I had to be assertive.

"Bullying?" Linda asked. "What do you think I'm doing to her exactly?"

"I..." I glared at her. "I just know you are making her uncomfortable. Stop it."

"Am I?" Linda's smirk didn't slip. "Did she say that?"

I glared at her. "It stops."

"That's what I thought," Linda said. "You got Sister Ester Rosa blowing smoke up your butt, teach. I'm not a bully. She just doesn't like me. Got it in for me."

"It ends," I hissed and marched off.

Well, if Linda was the blackmailer, wouldn't she have used that leverage to get me to back off? I didn't know if it was a good thing that it wasn't Linda or not. Good because she was the last girl I wanted to know about me. Bad because I didn't have a clue who it could be. Unless it was Selena or Bella, but why would they have to be so coy about it?

I had no answers as I headed up to the second floor where my classroom lay in the east wing. I marched to it and entered the rather austere room. I would have to start personalizing it, buying little touches to make it more welcoming. None of the girls had arrived yet. I smiled.

I could do this. I could teach these girls. I headed to my desk. An envelope lay on it. Crisp. White. The exact same style as the one that had been thrust beneath my bedroom door during the middle of the night. My heart lurched. Ice water poured down my back.

Trembling, I picked it up.

A girl walked into the classroom, her skin a rich ebony. She smiled at me. "Good morning, teacher," she said politely. This was my first year World History class. "I am Penelope. It is good to meet you."

"Yeah," I said, swallowing as the Black girl took a seat. "It's good to meet you, Penelope."

I tore the envelope open and pulled out the letter. The words were written in the same handwriting. I swallowed as I read, "*Seduce Hikaru with your big futa-dick at*

lunch, make her cum, and then write about it and leave your journal on your desk for me to read. If not...

My world reeled as two more students walked in. Young girls that were whispering together. They glanced at me as I struggled to breathe. My clit throbbed. Cute, innocent Hikaru? I couldn't do that. She was eighteen.

“Good morning, teacher,” the two girls said as they went to their seats.

“Morning,” I croaked, the blood pumping so hot through my veins. A Japanese girl... A cute, nubile, adorable Japanese girl. So young. Definitely a virgin. I would have to seduce her and fuck her and make her cum...

My clit pulsed. I gasped, sitting down on my chair as I almost lost control of it. I stared down past the blue blouse I wore to my gray pencil skirt. If it had grown, I would have such a noticeable bulge. I had to take control of this. I concentrated. I scrunched up my face, forcing my clit not to grow.

I am in control of my condition. It does not control me. I am in control of my condition. It—

“Is something wrong, Miss Zoey?”

Those sweet words drew my eyes. I looked up to see Hikaru standing before my desk, this look of concern on her face. She bit her lower lip as she stared at me. Her hands rubbed together. Her doll-like face was so adorable, her nose so dainty and cute. She wore that schoolgirl uniform and my clit lurched and started to sprout.

“Just nervous,” I gasped, pushing my hands down into my lap as if to shove my clit back into being a bud. I forced it down, not letting it grow any bigger than an inch.

“You're going to be just fine,” Hikaru said, smiling at me. “I believe in you, Miss Zoey.”

“Thanks,” I panted, memories of last night and how amazing Bella had felt wrapped around my cock flared in my mind. I swallowed, staring at this girl. I had to seduce her or my secret would get out. Fear rippled through me, meeting the lust I had for this girl.

She was cute. Innocent. That sexy virgin that dicks hungered to fuck. Even girl-dicks.

Hikaru headed to her desk while I squirmed there, my face flushed. My heart thundered beneath my chest. A few more girls entered, including blonde Mary Kate from my dorm. She sat beside Hikaru, the pair both so cute and virginal.

I wiped my sweaty hands on my skirt as the last girl came in. I had only ten students. They kept the classes small and intimate at St. Catherines. Why did I have to think intimate? There were so many cute girls here. Another Arabic girl with a headscarf, a Korean cutie who made me throb as much as Hikaru. I licked my lips and rose to the chalkboard.

“Good morning,” I said. “I am Yú Xué but you can call me Miss Zoey. Xué is my first name, if you didn't know. Asian family names come first. Now, I am here to teach you World History. I have your last teacher's notes, so I know how far you have gotten

before the break.” I was coming in during the middle of the school year. “But first, let's do some introductions.”

The girls all stood up and gave a brief spiel about them. When Hikaru stood up, I shuddered, my clit pulsing. She was just so cute with her short bob of black hair. If I didn't seduce her, I would be revealed.

But what if Hikaru told.

“I'm Kamiya Hikaru,” she said, giving me a slight bow. “I'm from Osaka. My father sent me here to be a refined woman and to have the education to help with the family business. I put myself in your care, Miss Zoey.”

I swallowed at those words. In my care. Oh, I would care for her. I would do such naughty things to her. Lick her small titties and eat her pussy and fuck her cute ass. I would make her my little fucktoy like I did to that one Japanese girl for a weekend back in college. How she had—

I shook those depraved thoughts out of my mind. I was here to escape that past. Not to make the same mistakes over and over again. I turned around, my clit on fire. My pussy was a molten mess soaking my panties. I licked my lips, my heart hammering in my chest. I had a lesson to teach. I started marking on the board. They were up the Visigoth invasion of Rome.

I had minored in History, but my main study was moral philosophy. So it was ironic that I had turned into a hedonistic futanari.

It was so hard to teach with Hikaru in the front row so wonderfully oblivious to how I lusted for her. I was a dirty, old futanari (okay, I was in my late twenties, but I felt so much older than these girls) who kept leering at them. My clit wanted to grow into a dick the entire time. It was there, this aching throb in my panties that I couldn't ignore.

I felt sweaty. Flushed. Undignified. I was messing up my first day of my new job. My new beginning.

My stomach roiled. The fear of getting caught mixed with my lust for Hikaru. They both wanted the same thing. To give in to the blackmail and save my job. I battled against it. I had to be stronger. I had to turn this around. I had to find a way to expose the blackmailer and get out of this.

But all I could think about was Hikaru gasping on my dick. That would solve all my problems.

It's wrong to use my position of authority over Hikaru to seduce her, I told myself. It goes against Aristotelian Virtues. It would be dishonest. Kant would not approve.

What about Utilitarianism. This is for the greater good.

How? How is seducing Hikaru for the greater good? In Utilitarianism, the outcome of an action was what made it moral or not. It stood at odds with Aristotelian Virtues which were more black and white

We can keep our job. Keep educating these students. And Hikaru may benefit from having a sexual relationship. She's eighteen with no chance of meeting a boy while

attending St. Catherines. This is her chance to have that experience.

It's still wrong for me to abuse our position as her teacher. We could hurt her.

We would never hurt her. We would love her. Make her cum.

The struggle was real. My panties soaked. I stammered through my lesson, my cheeks on fire. I felt hopelessly out of my depths, but I kept faking it. The girls were taking their notes and asking the occasional question.

“Okay, okay,” I said, glancing at the clock. “That's it for today. I want you to read the next chapter and be ready to discuss it tomorrow. Okay?”

“Yes, Miss Zoey,” the first-year girls chorused, their youthful faces all staring at me.

They stood up and gathered their books into their satchels. Penelope was out the door first, flashing me a smile and a goodbye. Seo-Hyeon, the Korean girl, and Eglatine left next, both waving goodbye to me. Hikaru was getting her stuff together.

Then she was heading for the door. My stomach lurched. The contest reached its final battle. It was now or never. I let her walk away and take the consequences of defying my blackmailer, or I...

My clit throbbed. “Hikaru, I need to see you during the lunch period. Come here, okay?”

Hikaru turned, looking bemused. “Oh, sure, Miss Zoey? What's it about.”

“A, uh, special project,” I said, feeling like such a shitty person. I had given into fear and lust, the two most potent motivators on human behavior.

“Sure thing, Mrs. Zoey.” Hikaru smiled, so innocent about what was to come. Then she flitted out the door and was gone.

I sank into my chair, my clit throbbing in celebration, almost becoming a futa-dick. I sat there in a daze over what I had done. I was on my second day and already fucking up. I leaned back into my chair and stared up at the ceiling.

I was ruining my second chance. This was supposed to be different. I had come to this religious school to escape this licentiousness. And then it waited for me here. Selena the dominatrix lesbian. Bella the submissive dyke. Now a blackmailer who wanted me to fuck Hikaru Grace and then write about it. Why? So they could get off on it?

The girls started pouring in. They were the second years that I was teaching European History to. A more in-depth and focused class than the more generalized World History. Bella and Malika were in the class along with eight other girls.

Bella had a smirk on her lips. She clearly remembered last night well. I swallowed, my heart thundering in my chest. I felt too guilty and anxious as I taught them about Charlemagne. I kept glancing at the clock, an analog one, watching it tick closer and closer to the start of lunch.

I swallowed and then finished with my European History class. Next was an Ethics class I was teaching to the fourth year girls. Selena was in this one. The dominating girl sat in the front row and winked at me.

NO, no, she wouldn't use letters. She would just command me to do stuff. I swallowed as I lectured the girls on Aristotle and how he thought virtues could be learned and how men could become more and more ethical creatures through practice.

I was certainly failing in that.

My anxiety grew as the lesson wore on. The churning in my stomach grew and grew. Lunch was next. As soon as I dismissed this class, I would have to seduce Hikaru. I trembled as I went through the material, the girls taking notes. I kept glancing at the clock and despairing.

Time was passing too fast.

And then it was over. My fourth-year girls were filing out. Selena glanced at me, this delight in her eyes. I could feel she was plotting something. She glanced down at her crotch and hummed. She made it clear she didn't want to touch my cock, but she did enjoy ordering her sex slave to fuck me.

And Bella had loved it. Hikaru would love it, too.

That thought caused my clit to almost sprout. I swallowed as I glanced around my classroom. It was empty. The girls were moving through the hallway to enjoy their lunch break. My heart pounded in my chest. My fingers flexed and relaxed. Was I really doing this? Was I—

KNOCK! KNOCK!

I stiffened, my back to the door. “Come in.”

The door opened, and I could *feel* Hikaru entering the room. This innocent girl that had no idea the lecherous plans I had for her. A wave of heat washed out of my pussy. my cunt clenched, my pussy on fire. This molten heat spread through me.

“You wanted to see me, Miss Zoey?” Hikaru asked, the door closing behind her with an audible boom.

I turned and saw her. The moment I did, witnessing her in that crisp, white blouse and her schoolgirl skirt, my clit exploded. I shuddered, losing all control over my bud. The innocence and vulnerability of Hikaru just begged to be feasted upon. My growing futa-cock was a wolf that hungered for the little lamb before me.

My growing clit-dick stretched out my panties. The sensitive tip of my expanding cock pressed against the satin material on the way up to the waistband. It pulsed as it grew thicker and longer, surpassing a man's cock. It thrust out the top of my panties, throbbing against my belly.

“I... I...” My heart thundered. I stared down my blue blouse to the tent in my skirt.

Hikaru gasped, “Are you... a futanari, Miss Zoey?”

“Yes.” I glanced at the girl and saw the expression on her face. She stared at me with this blossoming desire. The virgin had her fantasies. She squirmed her hips, a rosy blush blossoming across her pale-olive cheeks. “Yea, I am a futanari.”

This confidence swelled in me. I could feel the dynamics shifting around us. I was in complete control here. She was enthralled by it. She was shy but curious. She was

afraid but yearned to do naughty things. Now we were alone. I could... guide her.

I was taking advantage of her, but I couldn't help it. Aristotle and Kant be damned. I don't care that this was unethical. I wanted to awaken this girl to her body. To the joys of futanari.

I cupped her face with my hand and lifted her eyes. My skin and hers were nearly the same hue. She had the epicanthic folds in her eyes that made both of ours appear slanted. Though almond-shaped was a better description. They were pretty eyes.

“Do you want to see my girl-cock, Hikaru?” I asked her, my thumb stroking her delicate cheekbone. Her skin was so silky smooth and warm to the touch.

She nodded, her eyes trembling.

I released her face and then stepped back. I unbuttoned my blouse. I worked it off bit by bit, undoing each button while she watched on. Her eyes were so wide. She licked her lips, trembling as I went lower and lower. My breasts round breasts were constrained in a black bra. Her eyes were hot even as she trembled, afraid like I was.

But lusting, too. She stared at me with such longing. She wanted this even though she was afraid of her feelings. She was Catholic, a minority in Japan, and had come to this school where they taught lesbianism was a sin. And though I had a cock, we were both still women.

I slipped my blouse off and tossed it on my desk. Then I reached behind me and unfastened my bra. I slipped the straps off my shoulders. She swallowed as she watched my round breasts come into view, my nipples dark-brown and hard.

“They're... They're...” She licked her lips. “Beautiful, Miss Zoey.”

“Thank you,” I said.

Then I unzipped the side of my pencil skirt. I slid it down and revealed my futa-cock thrusting out of the top of my panties. I twitched and throbbed. She gasped, her hands clapping over her mouth. Her eyes widened.

That made me shiver. She was lusting after my clit-dick. I was awakening desires in her virgin pussy. My futa-cock throbbed and ached. This was such an exciting rush to show this girl the delights of making love.

I peeled off my panties. My futa-cock popped out, thrusting from the thick curls of my black bush. My dick bobbed up and down. I bent over, working my panties down my thighs and past my legs. She kept staring at me. She swallowed.

“I have... heard of futanari,” she whispered. “Once, a nun caught me looking at a *doujin* that had them. She had me spanked and threatened to tell my father. I was so scared. I had just found it. I didn't know what it was, then I saw girls with cocks and... and...”

“And it awakened something in you,” I purred and reached out to the pink-and-black tartan tie she wore around her neck, a match to her skirt. I used it to pull her close. “You want me to make love to you, don't you?”

“M-Miss Zoey?” she whispered.

“Don't be afraid,” I purred, reeling her in until she was right before me. She wasn't much shorter than me. I stared into her brown eyes. “I won't hurt you. I'll only give you pleasure. Do you want me to give you pleasure?”

“It's wrong,” she whispered. “A sin. We are both women.”

“And?” I leaned in and pressed my forehead against hers. “Who cares if it is a sin. Do you want me to give you pleasure? To make love to your body?”

“Y-yes,” she groaned.

I leaned in and kissed her.

My lips met hers. They were trembling but soft. I kissed her as she stood there whimpering. A deer who had been caught by the wolf. My futa-cock pressed into her belly through her blouse, nuzzling at her as I kissed her. I worked my lips on hers, cupping her face.

She shuddered and then she kissed me back. Her lips moved stiffly. She had never done this before. Her inexperience only made my futa-cock throb harder. I would make such love to her. She would gasp and moan and experience the bliss her body was created to enjoy.

Why did God allow Clitoral Erectile Hermaphroditism Disorder to exist if He didn't want me to make love to this girl? I knew the arguments for why God allowed evil to exist. Free will needed there to be a choice. Something bad so that we could choose the good.

Why did this have to be bad, though?

I kissed her with hunger. She moaned as I slipped my tongue against her lips. She trembled as I penetrated her while I undid her tie. I pulled it through the collar of her blouse as my tongue explored the inside of her mouth. Her tongue met it. We danced them together as my fingers untucked her blouse. I attacked the buttons, next, slipping them through eyelets.

She whimpered as we kissed. My fingers worked up and up, her blouse opening. My futa-cock pressed into her naval, finding that little divot. I worked higher and higher, savoring the taste of her. She felt so wonderful against me.

Then I opened her blouse and broke the kiss. She gasped and licked her lips, her eyes glossy. She shook her head, black hair dancing around her blushing cheeks. Her blouse slid off her shoulders. She wore a virginal white bra with lace that cupped her small breasts. They were little, budding mounds.

“You are gorgeous,” I told her.

The eighteen-year-old girl whispered, “Am I? I'm so flat. You...”

“Touch them,” I purred as I felt her eyes on my tits. I reached behind her and unfastened her bra. As I pulled it off and unveiled her small breasts, I added, “It's okay to touch me.”

Her trembling hands grabbed my breasts. She squeezed them. Kneaded them. The look of awe on her face was delicious. Her touch felt so good. I loved what she was

doing to me. My futa-dick throbbed as smeared precum against her belly.

I slid my hands down her waist to her pink-and-black tartan skirt. I found the little zipper on the side. It fell loose down her thighs. I groaned at the sight of her panties. They were just so cute to lay my eyes on.

I ducked my head down and sucked one of her nipples into my mouth. My hands stroked down her sides as I did that. She gasped, her hands kneading into my breasts. Her moans echoed through the classroom.

“Miss Zoey!”

I swirled my tongue around her nub. She trembled as I did that while my hands found the waistband of her schoolgirl panties. I dipped my thumbs into them, feeling the elastic material. I just had to shove them off.

“Oh, Miss Zoey,” she groaned. “You're making me feel so naughty. I can't believe I'm doing this.”

I popped my mouth off her nipple and asked, “Do you want to stop?”

Her cheeks blazing, she shook her head. Black hair danced around her burning face.

“Good,” I moaned and sucked her other nipple into my mouth.

She gasped as I did that. I nursed hard on her, loving the way her nub felt in my mouth. At the same time, my thumbs played around in the waistband of her panties. I loved the feel of the elastic around them.

I suckled on her nub. I nibbled on it, loving the feel of her in my mouth. She felt so wonderful. So amazing. I suckled on her with passion. She groaned, her head tossing from side to side. She smiled down at me.

“Miss Zoey,” she moaned. “You're making me... me...”

I popped my mouth off her nub. “Wet? Hot? Itchy?”

She nodded.

“Let me take care of that,” I purred and sank to my knees before her.

I stared at her white panties. Trembling, I tugged them down and swallowed. The black curls of her pubic hair spilled out. I loved how thick her bush was. Us Far East Asian girls had the best bushes. I licked my lips as her spicy musk filled my nose. Dewdrops beaded on her curls. She was so thick, I couldn't even see her pussy lips.

I slid her panties down her slender legs and over her Maryjane shoes and ankle socks. She stood naked before me. My futa-dick throbbed as I stared at her bush. Her spicy musk drew me in. I breathed in deeply, a heady rush shooting over me.

Virgin pussy... I had never eaten cherry hair pie before.

I nuzzled into her bush. Her curls spilled over my face. They tickled my features. I loved their silky brush. My lips explored deeper and deeper until I found her hot vulva. Juicy and delicious. I licked out and stroked a tight slit.

“Miss Zoey!” she gasped, her small breasts quivering. She stared down at me with this feverish heat growing in her eyes. “You just... I mean...”

“I licked your virgin quim?” I asked and licked again.

“Yes!”

I loved her spicy taste. My hands gripped her hips as I licked again, this time digging into her furrow. I stroked her silky inner labia and slid over her hymen. I felt the little holes in the membrane. My cock ached and cunt clenched. Then I brushed her little clit peeking out of its hood.

I loved that. I licked it again and again. I flicked her clit with my tongue. I caressed her bud. She gasped and moaned, her face widening in shocked awe. She had never felt the like. That made me smile as I lapped at her slit.

I savored the feel of her. The texture. My tongue danced up and down her slit. I stroked over her hymen. I brushed her clit. Her juices trickled out, soaking my lips. I loved the feel of her silky hairs. She squirmed more and more.

She had a hot, little virgin cunt.

“Miss Zoey, yes!” she moaned. “This is... I... Oh, I'm going to... to...”

“Cum?” I asked and flicked her clit.

She nodded, her small tits quivering.

I loved that. I licked at her pussy with hunger, stroking over her bud. I loved the way her virgin cream dribbled over my chin. Her silky bush rubbed on my face. The curls felt so delicious against me. I licked and lapped at her. I brushed that naughty clit again and again. I knew what she needed.

I sucked her bud into my mouth.

I nursed on her clit as she squirmed. Her silken hairs rubbed on my face as I suckled. My lips sealed about her pearl as I loved her. My cheeks hollowed. She bucked and quivered, moaning louder and louder. I could feel her rising towards that wonderful moment when she would just burst.

It would be fantastic.

“Miss Zoey!” she gasped, her head arching back as my lips suckled on her clit.

“Yes!”

Her spicy cream gushed out of her virgin pussy. She bathed my lips with her passion. I groaned and lapped up her juices. I licked it up, reveling in the taste of her. In the joy of eating out her untouched flesh.

She moaned and shuddered as I licked up and down her tight slit. Her silky curls rubbed on my face. I loved how thick her black bush was as I licked up her spicy cream. I feasted on her. My tongue licked up and down her pure pussy.

My clit-dick throbbed. I was about to violate her. To take her virginity. She would gasp and moan and cry out in delight on my cock. Like she was crying out now. Her small breasts jiggled as she shuddered through her orgasm.

“Miss Zoey, yes!” she moaned. “I... I... I'm ready.”

“For my cock to take your virginity?” I asked, standing up. Her pussy cream ran down my chin while my futa-dick thrust out before me. It twitched with my heart's wild

beat. My cunt clenched, my juices soaking my bush. “Do you want my cock to ram through your cherry and fuck your tight, little quim, Hikaru?”

“Y-yes, Miss Zoey,” she moaned. She swallowed as she stared at my cock. “I’m so ready for you to do that. I... I want you to take me. Oh, please, please, this is embarrassing to say.”

“Because it means you’re a little slut for my futa-dick?” I asked.

“Oh, Miss Zoey,” she moaned, her cheeks so red. “I... I... Yes!”

“Guide me in,” I purred. “Bring me to your virginity.” I was such a bad teacher. I was taking advantage of her lusts, but she snagged my dick. She brought me to her cherry pussy.

I shuddered at the feel of her silky curls sliding over my dick. Then I nuzzled into her pussy lips. I felt their hot kiss against the crown of my girl-cock. The pleasure shot down my shaft to my cunt. The delight rose to my ovaries brimming with my futa-spunk.

She gasped as she pushed me right against her hymen, her pussy lips spreading around my crown. She bit her lower lip and released my cock. She groaned, her small titties quivering. She was so ready for this.

I was so going to Hell, but...

I thrust.

“Miss Zoey!” she gasped as her hymen stretched before my cock.

“Oh, Hikaru, yes!” I moaned as I pushed harder. Her membrane had this exciting elasticity to it, slowly giving way before my cock before it tore.

I popped my student’s cherry and plunged a few inches into her untouched depths. I gasped while her eyes bulged. She threw her head back and moaned as I sank deeper and deeper into her. I penetrated her virgin flesh, defiling her. Soiling her.

Loving her.

“Oh, my gosh, Miss Zoey,” she moaned. “That’s so good. You’re sliding into me with your big futa-dick. Yes, yes, that’s making me feel so naughty. Ooh, that’s wonderful.”

“It is,” I moaned, savoring her hot flesh sliding around me. She held me tight in her silky embrace as I went deeper and deeper into her. “Oh, Lord, it is.”

I cupped her small, budding mounds as I sank to the hilt in her cunt. I had every inch of my futa-dick in her pussy. She squeezed down on me, holding me tight. I groaned, loving the delight. Her face scrunched up. She quivered and moaned, her eyes fluttering.

I massaged her nipples with my thumbs, rubbing her hard nubs as I drew back my cock. She whimpered, her head tossing. Her flesh clung to my dick. The silky friction was incredible. Amazing. I savored every moment of it. I rejoiced at the feel of her untouched flesh massaging my clit-dick.

Then I thrust back into her.

“Miss Zoey!” she gasped, her pussy clamping down on my girl-cock.

“Mmm, just enjoy,” I groaned as I savored drawing back again.

“Yes, Miss Zoey!”

I pumped away at her wonderful pussy. I thrust in and out of her. It was heaven to be in the schoolgirl's cunt. To feel her deflowered flesh around my girl-cock. I reveled in every thrust into her cunt. I plunged over and over into her. I love every moment of it.

Tight, hot, young cunt gripped my futa-dick. My round breasts bounced as I thrust into her. The heat her silky snatch generated flowed down my cock to my pussy. My cunt drank in the delight. I loved the feel of her. I reveled in the delight of her pussy around my cock. It was fantastic to have her twat gripping me.

I pumped away at her. I fucked into her over and over again as she moaned. My thumbs massaged her nipples. Those hard nubs, the same dark-brown hue as my own, were so much fun to play with. She gasped, her twat squeezing about my cock.

“Oh, Miss Zoey,” she moaned, her face twisting in delight. She threw her arms around my neck. “Oh, this is perfect. This is wonderful.”

“Good,” I moaned, pumping away at her cunt. I thrust into her hard and fast. I buried to the hilt in her snatch. I plunged deep and hard into her twat. It was incredible. I loved the feel of her pussy around my dick. It was magnificent. “Oh, that's so good. I want you to enjoy this.

She kissed me.

I loved the feel of her lips on mine as I buried into her pussy. I hoped she could taste her spicy cream on my mouth. Her twat clamped down on my cock as I plunged away at her. I thrust into her depths with hunger. I buried deep and hard into her.

She moaned. Whimpered. Her tongue danced around in my mouth. My hands stroked her back, caressing her while her pussy clamped down on my cock, massaging me with her silky heaven. My round breasts pressed into hers while my pussy drank in the heat flowing down my clit-dick.

Her lips were so sweet.

Her body was so petite and wonderful.

I savored every plunge into her deflowered pussy.

I worshiped her. I fucked her hard and enjoyed every moment of plunging into her. I thrust to the hilt in her twat again and again. It was wonderful. Amazing. I loved it. I savored it. She squeezed about me, holding me in her wonderful embrace.

My tongue danced in her mouth. She suckled at my tongue. It was amazing to enjoy. I thrust away at her. I fucked her hard and fast. Her pussy squeezed about me in such an exciting way. She held me tight.

I broke the kiss and moaned, “Oh, Hikaru!”

“Yes, yes, yes,” she moaned. “Oh, that's so wonderful, Miss Zoey. That's amazing!”

I smiled at her as I thrust away at her pussy. Her twat held me tight. I buried to the hilt in her again and again. I groaned, loving burying into her flesh. Her pussy clamped

about me. She held me tight. It was perfect. Wonderful.

I plunged into her cunt again and again. I loved how her twat squeezed about me. She held me tight. Her pussy gripped me. I groaned, burying hard and fast into her snatch. She held me tight. Her pussy was such a wonderful heaven.

“Oh, Miss Zoey!” she moaned, her flesh squeezing around me. “I think... I think... I think something shameful is happening.”

“Cumming isn't shameful!” I moaned, burying into her. The ache at the top of my dick grew. “I want to cum in you, Hikaru. I want to flood you with my girl-cum.”

“I want that, too.” Her pussy clamped down on my cock. “Miss Zoey. Your cock... I... Yes!”

Her pussy convulsed around my cock. Her cunt writhed and spasmed. The pleasure shot through me. I shuddered, this heat rushing through my body as I buried to the hilt in her pussy. Her silky flesh massaged me, suckled at me.

My clit-dick throbbed and ached. I moaned while she groaned, her body bucking in my embrace. My ovaries brimmed with all that futa-cum. My pussy clenched as I thrust to the hilt in her cunt. Her flesh suckled at my cock.

I erupted.

“Oh, Hikaru!” I moaned.

“Miss Zoey!” she gasped as I flooded her snatch with my spunk.

I fired my cum into her pussy. I pumped load after load of spunk into her twat. I groaned, my face enjoying every second of spurting my spunk into her. It was amazing. I groaned, loving every moment of spurting cum into her. I fired over and over into her twat. I pumped her full of my spunk.

I shuddered, erupting over and over. The pleasure slammed through me. I basted her womb with my spunk. I flooded her twat with all my jizz. It was such a rush. The rapture washed out of my cunt and shot out of my dick.

“Miss Zoey!” she moaned as I pumped her full of my cum, her pussy suckling at me. “This... I... I love this!”

“Me, too!” I moaned and fired the last spurt of my girl-seed into her snatch. “Oh, I love this.”

She beamed at me.

I swallowed. I had just fucked this girl hard. I just had sex with one of my students. I kissed her as the guilt settled down on me. Her pussy rippled around me for a few more seconds while we kissed. Then I broke away.

Shame suffused me. I had given in again. I had been such a hypocrite, saying this wasn't wrong, but... I was trying to be a more moral futa. I slid out of her and stumbled back. I swallowed as she smiled at me, my cum leaking out and matting her bush.

“We should get dressed,” I said. “Lunch hour won't last forever.”

“Oh, right,” she said, smiling. She looked in heaven.

We started gathering our clothes. My clit-dick shrank back. It had been amazing and wrong all at the same time. But I had to do it. For the blackmailer. At least Hikaru took it as a positive experience. She hummed as she pulled on her uniform.

“You can go to lunch,” I told Hikaru when she was dressed. “And don't tell anyone about this.”

“I won't,” she breathed, this look of awe on her face. “Thank you for that, Miss Zoey.”

I smiled at her. She had enjoyed it. What had been the harm? “You're welcome.”

As she slipped out the door, I sat and wrote it all down in the journal. I felt so bemused that I had seduced Hikaru. It had been so easy. She had wanted it. I just had to give her the opportunity, and she had leaped at it. I felt so good.

But if the headmistress found out... I would be fired. Blacklisted. I would have a hard time finding another teaching job. So I couldn't let the blackmailer have any reason to tattle on me. I didn't know how far this would go, but I wrote and wrote and wrote.

* * *

“Okay, I want you to read up on Aristotle,” I told my fourth-year students. It was my second Ethics class of the day and the last one I taught. Amelia was in this one, the redhead not paying attention the entire lesson.

I'd have to deal with her. She kept sneaking looks in her compact mirror.

“Enjoy your evening,” I said, dismissing my girls for the day. They filed out.

The guilt and exhilaration of what I had done with Hikaru had faded. After lunch, I had an Ancient History for the third years (Aisha and Linda were in that class), and then my own break which I took in the teacher's lounge and ate my lunch while chatting with the only person I knew, Sister Ester Rosa. The teachers on break at the same time as me were a mix of nuns and non-nuns. Laywomen? I started to get to know a few of them, but it was always with that new person's awkwardness. Then I had this last class.

Now I was done.

I left my journal with the account of what I had done with Hikaru right where the blackmailer wanted. I swallowed and slipped out. The moment I did, I wondered if there was a place I could hide that would let me catch the blackmailer? It was a risk. How would they react if they caught me?

“Miss Zoey,” Selena said. I blinked and saw the blonde girl marching to me. She was a busty thing, her large breasts distracting in her tight, white blouse. She had a wicked smile on her lips. “Come with me, futa.”

My cheeks warmed. Direct. This was why she wasn't my blackmailer.

I followed after her, my heart thundering. She could destroy my life, too. And there was just something about her that was... powerful. She snapped commands like she

were an empress expecting to obey. No, not expecting to be obeyed but *knowing* she would be. That her every whim would be catered to.

She led me down the hallway and into a small alcove. I swallowed, joining her in here. “What are we doing, Selena?”

“Whip it out,” the dominating lesbian said. “Let me see that futa-cock. I want to watch you stroke it off and cum.”

“What?” I gasped. “Here? Someone could catch us.”

“And?” She gave me a hard look that made my clit throb. “You whip it out right now, Miss Zoey. I don't like to have to command twice. Make me do it a third time...”

I swallowed at her threat. My clit lurched. I just had to relax and—

“What is going on here?” The headmistress, Sister Elizabeth Ruth, faced us in her nun's habit, a white wimple framing her mature face. She flicked her gaze at me. “Did you pull her aside to lecture her, Miss Zoey?”

“I—”

Before I could even say a lie, the headmistress fixed Selena with a hard look. “Come with me.”

“Yes, Headmistress,” Selena squeaked and suddenly looked so meek as she trailed after the nun's brisk strides.

I blinked in shock at how Selena had switched from domination to submission. Was it fear of the headmistress? I swallowed. If Sister Elizabeth Ruth learned my secret, she would not hesitate to fire me. I had to be careful.

That was too close. I had a blackmailer and a dominatrix both wanting to control me. I swallowed and didn't know how I was keeping this job for long.

To be continued...