



# Miss Zoey Catches the Lesbians

Futa Teaches the Catholic  
Coeds 1

**REED JAMES**



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**by**

**Reed James**

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## Miss Zoey Catches the Lesbians

*I will not lose control, I vowed. I will master my clit and not do anything inappropriate with my students.*

It was my vow, my code of ethics, I had decided to adopt when I applied for this job three months ago. I was ready. I had conditioned myself. I had done everything I could to master my body. I would not let my condition rule me.

Still, I swallowed as I walked through the grounds of St. Catherine's Academy for Proper Girls (St. Catherine's for short). I had a lot to be nervous about. I was starting my first day as a teacher at this private college. Some of the richest girls in the world were sequestered here to learn to be proper women. My heart pounded in my chest, terrified that people would find out my secret.

I had Clitoral Erectile Hermaphroditism Syndrome, commonly called Dickgirl Syndrome or Futanari Disease. If anyone here learned I had it, I would lose my chance to teach. I just had to keep it under control. I was the master of my own clitoris. I wouldn't let it grow into a big, throbbing dick. It was my dream to teach here. To help shape the elite girls of the world into proper, young women. To teach a curriculum where I taught my girls to think about history and ethics, and not just to indoctrinate them with whatever I believed.

I would give all sides. Challenge them. Force them to think. I would mold their minds. My disability shouldn't hold me back, but Clitoral Erectile Hermaphroditism Syndrome wasn't a recognized disability. Yet. It should be. It absolutely should be, but the world saw it as a joke or a fetish. Some porn actresses with it had become household names. Donna Dickgirl and Classy Clitcock were a few of them.

They made us all seem like sex-obsessed freaks who couldn't be trusted around other women. That we could just lose control and molest them or something. It was ridiculous. We didn't do things like that. We just wanted to live normal lives.

The three-story-tall school building lay before me. It looked old, made of red bricks a century or two ago. Situated in the Swiss Alps, the snow-capped mountains were around us. The air was fresh and crisp. The students moved about in the sunny Sunday afternoon in their school uniforms. Tartan skirts, a mix of pink, purple and black lines, swished about youthful thighs. Crisp, white blouses with ties that matched the pattern of the skirt fell down their chests. Eighteen, nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one-year-old girls strode around. Barely legal beauties just blossoming into womanhood. Some wore purple vests and one girl had on a purple jacket. Blouse, vest, and jacket all seemed to have the school's monogram over the heart—a golden C adorned with angel wings.

I climbed the few steps to the porch and then through the heavy, wooden doors that were open. The floors were polished marble. Expensive. A door to my life had a sign

thrusting out over it that read, “Administration Office.” My destination.

I passed the secretary's desk, which was empty, and headed down a hallway, passing doors for various school staff, until I reached a small waiting room before the headmistress's office. A girl with a mature face and an air of confidence sat with legs crossed like a proper woman. She had platinum-blond hair held back by a pink headband. Her blue eyes flicked to me, studying me. There was something playful in them.

I reached the door and knocked, my stomach in turmoil. “It's Xué Yú,” I said, my English perfect. I was Chinese but raised in the United States. “May I enter, Headmistress.”

“Yes,” a commanding voice stated.

I opened the door with sweaty palms, glancing at the student again. Her smirk had grown even larger. More defiant. Who was this girl? I slipped into the Headmistress's office. A spartan affair. Shelves with books, a desk, and a window behind it looking out on the school grounds. A nun sat at the table, her face wrapped up by a wimple, a black veil draped over it.

Sister Elizabeth Ruth stood up, a slight smile on her stern lips. She had green eyes, the most striking feature of hers. They flicked up and down me. I wore a blouse and skirt, not anything too flashy. Skirt to my knees, blouse with just a little bit of cleavage. I fought the urge to brush back my black hair.

“Blessed day,” she said, motioning to the chair. “So, Xue—”

She didn't quite say my name right, but the tonal qualities of Mandarin were hard for foreigners to master. So I said, “Zoey. I go by Zoey.”

“Okay, Zoey,” she said. “I am glad that you are here. Your resume has little teaching experience, but your answers to the questioner were quite enlightening. You want to teach your students to think? You do not believe this is possible in the public university system.”

I sat down and shrugged. “It is and it isn't. I had many professors who would rather spend the hour ranting about their politics and only give you their view on topics, not any contradicting ones. I had one professor who gave a list of approved sources and would not let us write papers with any outside sources that might disagree with them. The departments encouraged it. Perhaps I went to a bad university.”

The nun studied me. “This is a place of study and education. We produce refined girls. Their parents trust us to mold them into conscientious socialites. Some will go into business, others into charity work. We want them to make an impact on the world.”

“As do I,” I said, eager for it.

“And though they are adults, we have a strict control over their lives,” she continued. “Students are not allowed off campus save on approved days to visit the village. They must live in the dorms and will be punished if they sneak out.”

“Okay,” I said. I heard the school was strict.

“You will be in charge of the Black Rose Dorm in addition to teaching history and ethics. Your job as the dorm mistress is to make sure the girls spend their night in their beds.” She leaned forward. “And to ensure the girls do not behave inappropriately with each other.”

I blinked and then blushed. “You mean... not have sex with each other.”

“Yes,” the headmistress said. She leaned back. “With no boys to distract them, some girls turn to the deviancy of homosexuality. We do not allow that. This is a Catholic school first and foremost. Girls are sent here to learn, not to party like whores.”

My cheeks burned. I hadn't partied like a whore, but I had some wild times before I came down with my condition when I was doing my post-grad studies. “I understand, but don't you think that calling it a deviancy is a little...”

“Old fashioned?” She shrugged. “Because of our moral standards, many Muslim girls are sent to us. We pride ourselves on our commitment to ethics and morality. You *will* uphold that, or you will be terminated.”

I swallowed. “Of course. I'll make sure the girls don't do anything... inappropriate.”  
“Good.”

After that, we talked about the school. I was given a map, my schedule, and told where the teacher's lounge was. She answered any questions I had. She was brusque but efficient. Our meeting lasted maybe fifteen minutes.

“When you leave, tell Selena to enter,” said the headmistress as I rose.

I glanced at Sister Elizabeth Ruth. “The blonde waiting to speak with you?”

“She's a troublemaker. Senior. Watch out for her. She's in your dorm.”

“Okay,” I said and slipped out of the office. Another nun was standing there. She had golden-brown skin that contrasted with the purity of her white wimple. Then I glanced at the waiting girl. “She'll see you now, Selena.”

“What did you do now, Selena?” the nun asked.

The girl just smirked, stood up, and headed into the nun's office.

The nun just shook her head. “She's become quite rebellious since she's entered her last year. Like she thinks we can't do anything about her. The headmistress has had several meetings with her, but it's had little effect.”

I nodded. “Hi. I'm Zoey. The new teacher.”

“Sister Ester Rosa,” she said, her accent Hispanic.

She extended her hand. We shook. A tingle ran through my body to my clit. I used to be straight, but coming down with Dickgirl Syndrome had changed my wiring. I hated that. I used to love guys so much. Facial hair. Muscles. Balls. Now...

“I'm here to give you the tour,” the Hispanic nun said. “Show you around and make sure you're settled.”

“Oh, sure,” I said, my clit tingling more. Now that it was aching, I couldn't help but think of all those nubile girls I would be teaching.

I was supposed to keep them from being inappropriate? What about me?

I closed my eyes. I had a Master's in moral philosophy. I had studied it all. I preferred Kant. I tried to never lie. To never do wrong. To always think of others. I wasn't here to have sex. I was here to educate. I had to focus on that.

Sister Ester Rosa strode ahead of me as we entered the halls. She gave a history of the school, how it was named for St. Catherine of Alexandria, who had been a patron to scholars. The student body was low. Classes were small.

“Don't be surprised if you have as few as ten girls in a class,” she said. “This lets us be more effective as teachers. We can spend more time with those who are struggling. Give each girl the education they need.”

“That sounds perfect,” I said as we marched down the halls. “What do you teach?”

She answered in clipped tones. “Mathematics. Statistics. Precalculus. And Calculus.”

“So way beyond me,” I said, trying to laugh. The nun just gave me a flat look.

“Your classroom is on the second floor,” said Sister Ester Rosa. The first floor has the teacher's lounge, the auditorium in the west wing, and the dining hall in the east wing. The science classes are found in between along with their labs. Library is on the second floor along with the Language Arts and History classes. Third floor is the math department and the various arts. Music. Painting. Sculpting. Photography.”

I nodded as we moved through the school. She showed me the teacher's lounge, the dining hall, and my classroom on the east side of the second floor. I looked around at the three rows of four desks. I had a blackboard, windows on the right side overlooking the grounds, the entrance on the left. Walls bare. It felt so empty. I'd have to brighten it up.

We strode out onto the grounds. The sun was shining. She showed me the chapel where I would be required to go to Sunday Mass. “Only girls who come from a different religion are exempt,” she explained. “You *are* Catholic, yes, Zoey?”

“Yes,” I said. My parents had converted in China. It was one of the reasons they had immigrated to America.

“Good. The priest comes for confessions on Tuesdays and Thursdays and leads us in mass on Sundays.” The nun guided me around the grounds, pointing out the gymnasium and the dorms. That rose three-story-tall and sat near a grove of oak trees that had a path leading into them. A student was coming out of the trees. “The Sunny Oak Grove. Students are, of course, allowed to go in there during their free time to enjoy nature and contemplate their studies and...” She frowned. “Oh, dear.”

A pair of girls were heading inside. One had brassy-brown hair and marched at the lead. She looked older. She threw a look behind her shoulder and snapped her fingers. The trailing girl gasped and hurried after. She had black hair that flowed down her shoulders and dusky skin that contrasted with her blouse. They vanished into the grove.

“Come on,” Sister Ester Rosa said. “Let's see if we can catch Linda in the act.”

“Linda?” I asked as we hurried towards the entrance of the oak grove, the dorms rising behind us.

“She's a bully,” said Sister Ester Rosa, “but a good one. We can never quite catch her doing anything. And the girls she picks on, mostly the first-year girls, don't ever accuse her of anything. But you can *tell* she's harassing them. Forcing them to do *things*.”

“Things?” I asked. “Oh, you don't mean sex?”

Sister Ester Rosa nodded, a disgusted look on her face. “The girls are full of sin and hormones. Be on guard against them.”

We entered the grove, marching down the well-worn, dirt path. The trees were spaced far apart, green grass growing beneath them. Some benches dotted the area, and flowering bushes. The spring term was about to begin. I was a replacement hire for a teacher who had a family emergency.

Other girls were sitting on the benches or walking around with their friends. When they noticed us, they all straightened and curtsied, murmuring, “Good afternoon, Sister,” in such polite tones.

We headed deeper into the grove, my clit throbbing. The idea of catching these two nubile girls doing something naughty had my rebellious clit throbbing and aching to transform into my cock. My hands clenched as I focused on the deep-breathing techniques to control it.

That was hard to do when walking at a brisk pace. We were practically jogging.

We came around a small outcropping of rock that thrust up in the middle to find the edge of the grove, the school walls beyond. There was Linda, her brassy-brown hair spilling down her face. She had her arms folded as she seemed to be hissing at the dusky-skinned girl who had glasses.

The girl looked frightened.

“What is going on here?” Sister Ester Rosa demanded. She marched up, furious.

“Just chatting, Sister,” said Linda and then turned and curtsied. “Right, Aisha.”

Aisha turned to face us. She swallowed, her black hair and dusky skin giving her a Middle Eastern look. “J-just talking, Sister. That's all.”

“She wasn't harassing you?” demanded the nun while I stood by, not sure what to do.”

“O-of course not,” said Aisha. “We were, uh, talking about...”

“Schoolwork,” said Linda. “Giving her some pointers. She's having trouble in English. That's all.”

“Riiiiight,” the nun said. “Aisha, it's almost supper. Head to your dorm to get ready.”

“Yes, Sister,” the slender thing said. She must be eighteen years old, just blossoming into adulthood. My clit throbbed worse at how sensual she was. How virginal and ripe. She just needed a teacher to—

*Stop that, Zoey, I hissed at myself. You're not here to be a lecherous futanari. You're here to teach and control yourself.*

“Linda, you will march to the headmistress's office and tell her what you were doing,” Sister Ester Rosa hissed.

“Talking?” Linda said with a big, fake smile on her lips. “Sure, sure, Sister. I'll go right away.”

She strode by with confidence like she wouldn't be in any trouble. Sister Ester Rosa hissed in disappointment. “We got here too fast to find her molesting Aisha. I've seen her trying to lure off the girl. She's just Linda's type. Young and nubile.”

My clit throbbed. “Yeah.”

“Disgusting.” Sister Ester Rosa shook her head. “I'll get her. She's in your dorm. They both are.”

“My dorm?” I asked.

“You have eight girls you're responsible for,” she said. “The dorms are all mixed years to let the older girls mentor the younger. Of course, some of them are bullying dykes!” The hatred in her voice had my stomach crawling.

Nothing wrong with being a dyke. Girls were just so...

*Zoey!* I hissed at myself, my clit on the verge of transformation.

“You will meet your girls at dinner. The dorms eat together. Normally, you would eat at the faculty table, but you should get to know your girls.”

I nodded. This was all so overwhelming. My clit begged to be a dick. Part of me so wanted to masturbate, but I swallowed it down and followed Sister Rosa back to the school, skirting the dorm and making our way to the dining hall.

Dinner turned out to be a stir fry that was well made, not like how my parents would, but it was still delicious. I tried to get to know my girls, but the conversation was stilted. We all sat down around the table. That awkwardness of meeting new girls as we sat around the circular table.

Selena was there, a big grin on her face. She sat next to a girl named Bella who had a heart-shaped face and hazel hair. She was adorable and quiet. Mary Kate sat next to her, a timid first-year girl that didn't say much at all. She wore her blonde hair in a French braid. Aisha was next to her, and me. The girl was as quiet as Mary Kate, but wouldn't glance across the table to where Linda sat. She was on Selena's other side, a big smirk on her lips.

It seemed like the headmistress had done nothing to her. Not even Selena seemed to act like she had been in trouble. She just ate her food and chatted. She was an outgoing girl, friendly but there was something about her.

Next to Linda was Amelia, a redhead who wore her blouse tight, her tie draped over some seriously large breasts. She stared at me with this wicked look in her eyes like she was thinking about something... mischievous. Then came Malika, an African girl with dark skin and a French accent. She sat with her shoulders hunched like she was nervous

about something. Uncomfortable. I'd have to keep an eye on her. Then there was Hikaru, a Japanese girl. Another first year. She wore her black hair in a pixie bob. Cute and friendly.

I tried to chat with them, but I'm not the most sociable. Still, I was putting names to faces. I had to watch out for Linda and Selena. Amelia's glint in her eyes had me worrying. Poor Malika looked like she wanted to be anywhere but here. I would pay special attention to her.

All in all, I was excited and intimidated by my new job and responsibilities. But I would meet them. And I would keep that futa-dick under control.

\* \* \*

I woke up to a hardon.

I groaned at the throbbing shaft of futa-dick thrusting from the folds of my pussy and tenting the front of my nightgown. I was in my small room. It was off the dorms of the girls I watched. I shuddered at the way my cock twitched. I glanced at the red, digital display of my alarm clock.

3:37.

Way too early.

I groaned, feeling a full bladder on top of a hard clit-dick. I swallowed and rolled over. I didn't want to masturbate it. I wanted to master it. I wanted to finally be in control of my condition. I wouldn't be a slave to my futa-cock any longer. That was why I took the role at St. Catherines. To get away from the wild partying that I was around. The hedonism. The way all the slutty girls wanted to find out if I was as hung as the rumors said.

I had come here to shape young minds, not to be that pervert any longer. To be a good, Catholic woman once more. I kicked off my covers, my round breasts jiggling beneath the thin, pink nightgown I wore. I slipped out of bed, the throw rug beneath my bed coarse on my bare feet. I slipped on my slippers—the stone floors looked cold—and padded to the door. I held my futa-cock pinned to my stomach.

I peeked out on the girls. There were four beds on each side of the rectangular dorm. Each girl had her own bed, nightstand, and dresser. They could add their own little knickknacks to personalize their area. Some had vases with flowers, others pictures. Amelia had a unicorn on her nightstand. The windows were on the left side, facing west at the Sunny Oak Grove. They were tall windows with pink, lacy curtains that could be pulled shut. I strode down the hall, checking that the girls were asleep on my way to the bathroom.

It was strange passing these girls as they slept, oblivious to my presence. They all seemed like cherubs, even Linda as she slept on the right side, second bed from the entrance. Amelia and Mary Kate were on either side of her with Aisha closest to my

door. The other four girls—Selena, Bella, Hikaru, and Malika—slept on the left side. I passed them all by and reached the bathroom. It lay right before the exit. It had toilets and showers.

And no privacy.

That worried me. If I lost control at the wrong time... The stall doors were all missing and there were no stalls for the open showers. It was surprisingly spartan. It was clear the stalls *once had* doors. They had been removed. Why?

To keep girls from sneaking in here and doing naughty things?

I left the lights off, trusting the two glowing, orange nightlights plugged in the walls to guide me. I hiked my nightgown and sat down on the toilet. My futa-dick thrust out accusing before me. It twitched, begging to be touched. I ignored it and peed. Though my clit-cock had a slit that ejaculated, I still peed from my urethra. It would be so embarrassing having to urinate standing up.

I finished, wiped myself, and shuddered. My pussy lips were wet, too. I was horny. Aroused. It had been nine days since I had cum. I closed my eyes, finding my deep-breathing techniques. I just had to will my futa-cock away.

I was master of my dick. I controlled it. My cock didn't control me. My hands balled up into fists. I clenched and relaxed them, my shaft throbbing and aching as I stood in the last stall. My heart beat so fast as my clit-dick twitched with my heartbeat. I itched at the tip.

It begged me to touch it. To stroke it.

I refused. I would be stronger than it. I would control it. My heart beat faster and faster as I stood there, my eyes closed. The ache swelled. Those nubile girls in the next room intruded on my mind. Some of them, like Hikaru and Mary Kate, had to be virgins. They were first years. Even Aisha, a third-year, must be one. And what about shy Malika? That nineteen-year-old African cutie with that delicious accent would be so amazing to slide into. She would gasp on my Chinese cock, just moaning out—

“Xué Yú!” I hissed at myself. “Stop that. You're better than that. You're their teacher. In a position of power over them.” Ethically, there was plenty of reasons why a teacher and a student having a relationship was wrong. The power dynamic was too in favor of the teacher. I had to be better than this.

I studied moral philosophy and almost became a hedonist. Oh, that was a philosophy, of course. Moral Hedonism. There was even a Christian strain of it that wasn't focused on sexual pleasure. I squeezed my eye shut, imagining the cock shrinking. Growing smaller and smaller.

My clit-dick throbbed. Responded.

That ache dwindled at the tip as the blood engorging my clitoris finally drained out. I wasn't going limp like a guy, but shrinking. I sighed in relief and opened my eyes. I had adjusted to the dim light. My cock was growing smaller and smaller, vanishing beneath my bunched-up nightgown. I sighed in relief.

The door opened. The lights flicked on. I winced at the brightness.

“Mmm, I just have to eat that snatch, Bella,” Selena moaned. “God, I am dying for it. You know how much I love it.”

“I do, Mistress,” Bella answered, her voice soft.

My eyes bulged. Mistress?

I swallowed and then heard a gasp of delight. My futa-cock which had almost shrunk back into a clit exploded forward. I clapped a hand over my mouth at the wild growth. It swelled and pulsed and grew to its full girth in a few heartbeats.

The sounds of Bella moaning echoed out through the bathroom. I had to put a stop to this, but how could I do that with my futa-dick out. They would notice it. I shuddered, the sounds of lesbian passion intense.

“Oooh, Bella, you have such a yummy pussy,” moaned Selena. “I could just munch on it all day.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” moaned Bella. “Your slave is honored to have such a yummy cunt.”

*Damn*, I thought about hearing the sound. A BDSM relationship? I couldn't believe it. Was her lesbianism what was getting Selena in trouble all the time. Did the teachers know that she liked to eat pussy? She had a sex slave, and yet was the one going down on her submissive.

The sounds Bella made had me shuddering. My heart raced. I swallowed, my futa-dick pulsing. Throbbing. Begging to be touched. My pussy clenched. Fire pumped through my veins. I burned with such sinful desires. I swallowed, fighting against them, but...

“Yes, yes, yes, Mistress,” moaned Bella. “Your slave likes that. Your slave likes that a lot. Your fingers feel so good in this slave's cunt.”

Calling herself slave, hearing the passion in her voice, had me aching. I whimpered. My hand grasped my futa-dick. I held that thick, long girth. I had never measured, but I was bigger than a guy. I stroked up and down my shaft. I couldn't stop myself.

Nine days without an orgasm.

I leaned against the stall and listened to Bella's moans. I pumped my hand up and down my girl-cock. Every time I brushed the spongy crown, the pleasure shot down to my pussy. My round breasts jiggled, nipples pressing hard against the fabric. I clenched my teeth tight to fight my moans.

It felt so good to stroke my girl-cock. Just amazing to work my hands up and down that naughty futa-dick. The tip was so sensitive. Way more than my clit had been. I loved the pleasure that swept down my shaft. My pussy drank it in. My ovaries—that was where my sperm was produced—brimmed with my cum. I ached to unload.

“Yes, yes, this slave loves what you are doing, Mistress!” Bella moaned. I pictured her heart-shaped face twisting in pleasure. Her round breasts jiggling. “This slave loves it when you tug on her clit piercing.”

She had a pierced clit? “Shit,” I whispered. “That's...”

I stroked my girl-dick faster. I had to peek. I licked my lips and edged to the opening of my stall. I pumped my hand up and down my shaft and peered out slowly. Bella was against the wall by the sinks, naked. Two nightgowns lay on the ground. Her round breasts jiggled, her brown hair danced around her face. A landing strip of brown hair led to Selena's mouth.

Kneeling before Bella was Selena, her platinum-blonde locks spilling about her head. She shook it like a dog playing with a bone. She must have Bella's clit piercing in her teeth and pulled on it. She also had the fingers of her hand thrusting in and out of the girl's cunt. Her large breasts, which I hadn't noticed, were swaying free. They had a lovely bounce to them.

I fisted my dick hard and fast, the ache building and building at the tip of my girl-dick. I groaned as I watched two of my students, a fourth-year dominating a third-year. I swallowed, my cheeks on fire. The heat built and built in my pussy.

“Lord, deliver me from this temptation,” I moaned, my pussy clenching. Masturbating was bad enough, but spying on my students while they were being intimate...

I was violating their privacy.

Bella moaned, her round breasts jiggling. She arched her head back as she shuddered, clearly rising towards her orgasm. So was I. The ache swelled at the pinnacle of my futa-dick. My cunt clenched, the heat rising and rising.

I bit my lower lip to muffle my moans. My hand pumped up and down my clit-dick as fast as I could manage. I groaned, loving this pleasure so much. It was so good. Nine days of celibacy. It had been too long. I needed this.

Just one jerk-off session. Then I would be good. I wouldn't slip up again.

“Oh, my god,” Bella moaned. “This slave wants to cum! May this slave climax, Mistress Selena?”

“Mmm, shower me in your cunt cream, slave!” the blonde moaned, ripping her fingers out of Bella's cunt. Selena grabbed her hips and pressed her lips against that pussy. “Cum!”

“Yes, Mistress!”

Bella bucked. Her round tits heaved. I groaned as I watched the young woman cumming. My hand pumped up and down my clit-dick. I shuddered, the pressure rising and rising in my ovaries. Her moans resounded through the bathroom.

“Yes!” I groaned and erupted.

I spurted futa-cum that splashed the stall divider. I groaned, painting the wooden barrier with my cum. Stars burst across my vision. I gasped out my delight, my head swaying. It felt so good to cum again. So wonderful to erupt with my futa-dick.

At that moment, I loved being a futanari. All the shame and loathing melted away. There was just the rapture of cumming. The joy of the dual euphoria racing through my

body. The ecstasy fired from my clit-dick and the rapture gushed out of my cunt. The two mixed and swirled in my mind. It was stunning to enjoy.

“Oh, god, yes!” I moaned.

“Mistress!” gasped Bella. “Miss Zoey's watching us!”

I ducked my head into the stall, cursing as my cock spurting cum again. How could I have been so foolish?

“Miss Zoey?” Selena purred. “And she was watching us. Not interrupting us. Not telling us off for doing something naughty.”

I groaned, wanting my clit-dick to shrink. I had just cum. Surely that was good enough. I shoved down my nightgown, struggling to hide that big bulge. There was no hiding it. I had a huge futa-cock that was still excited. And I had cum running down the side of the stall.

I grabbed toilet paper. I had to clean that up.

“Miss Zoey,” cooed Selena in her sing-song voice. “Come out. Don't be shy. It's cool if you were watching. I like being watched. Right, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress Selena, you like it a lot.”

Selena appeared naked at the entrance to the stall. She had her hands on her hips and arched an eyebrow at me. I froze there and swallowed as she stared at me. She flicked her eyes up and down me quivering there, an amused smile on her lips. Then she gasped as she saw what I was doing.

“Is that cum, Miss Zoey?” she purred, her blue eyes widening.

“Well...” I stood there frozen, struggling to wipe up the jizz. I had to take charge. Be the teacher. Scold the pair for their inappropriate behavior.

“Are you a dickgirl?” she asked. “Holy shit, you are. That bulge.”

“It's not what you think,” I whimpered. “I... That is...” Panic washed through me. I had been found out my first night. My *first* night. I would be fired in an instant. The headmistress wouldn't want a horny futa around her girls. Not when she was so concerned with them having sex with each other.

“Oh, it's exactly what I think it is,” Selena said and then yanked up my nightgown. My futa-dick popped out and bobbed before her. she grabbed it. “Holy shit, that's a futa-dick. You're one. You have Dickgirl Syndrome.”

“It's so embarrassing to call it that,” I groaned. “Futanari. Futanari sounds better than dickgirl.”

“Still.” She smiled and stroked me. “You have a clit-cock.”

“You can't tell anyone,” I begged. “Please, I'll lose my job.”

She licked her gleaming lips. The smell of tangy pussy filled the air. Was that Selena's or Bella's. “Well, I don't want that,” she said. “I won't tell anyone. You keep my secret, and I'll keep yours. Right, Bella.”

“Yes, this slave will not tell anyone,” Bella said, appearing behind her mistress. I could see her clit piercing gleaming through her bud. “This slave always follows her

Mistress's commands.”

“Yes, she does,” Selena said. “Mmm, suck her girl-dick.”

“Wait, what?” I gasped as Bella slid around her Mistress and fell to her knees before me. “You can't do that, Bella.”

“My Mistress has given me a command,” she said, her brown eyes staring up at me. Then she opened her mouth.

Selena thrust the tip of my cock into her mouth. I shuddered at the feel of the submissive girl's mouth about my shaft. She sealed her lips about my girth and then she suckled. I gasped, my pussy clenching from the pressure of it.

“No, no, we can't do this,” I moaned even as Selena grabbed the back of her sex slave's head. “I'm your teacher! This is against the rules.”

“Mmm, so is masturbating, but that didn't stop you.” Selena winked a blue eye at me. “Rules were meant to be broken. And isn't it fun? How's she doing?”

“I... this is...” I shuddered, my futa-dick throbbing in Bella's sucking mouth. The submissive lesbian was nursing on my dick with hunger. She bobbed her head, working her lips up and down my clit-dick. The pleasure swept through me. “We can't do this. Tell her to stop.”

“Pull out of her mouth,” Selena countered as she grabbed her sex slave's head. “You can back up and slide your dick out.”

Large boobs heaving, Selena fucked her sex slave's mouth up and down my dick. Bella moaned as she did it like this was the hottest thing in the world to her. I groaned, my futa-dick twitching and throbbing in her mouth. She suckled hard, her cheeks hollowing.

I knew I should step back, but this felt too good. Her mouth was so warm on my clit-dick. I shuddered, my black hair dancing about my shoulders. I shuddered, my face scrunching up. My heart raced, blood rushing through my veins as she gave me such pleasure.

“You're not backing up,” purred Selena. “Why not, Miss Zoey? Whatever is the matter?”

“She's... I...” I swallowed. “She's sucking so hard. I just... I can't... I'm going to... to...”

“Cum?” Selena licked her lips. “Ooh, that sounds hot. I've always wanted to pimp out Bella to a futanari. I've been looking for one to fuck her when we go into the village, but now... Now I have you to pound my little slut's cunt. She's such a whore, isn't she?”

Bella moaned, nursing with such hunger on me. My clit-cock ached in her mouth. I swelled towards my orgasm. I came closer and closer to cumming. I hurtled towards that naughty moment. I moaned, the passion echoing through the bathroom.

My heart pounded. The blood flooded hot through my veins. My hands balled into tight fists while my pussy clenched. The ache swelled in my ovaries. They brimmed

with all that cum I wanted to fire into the girl's hungry mouth.

“She's got a pussy,” purred Selena. “Finger it, slave. Finger that futa's cunt.”

Bella moaned and obeyed. Her hand shot up and cupped my pussy through my thick bush. I shuddered, my head tossing from side to side. She nursed with hunger on my clit-dick while her fingers caressed my labia. She found the entrance and thrust inside.

I gasped at those two slender digits sliding into the depths of my pussy while her mouth nursed on my dick. Selena stopped fucking Bella's mouth up and down my dick. The dominating lesbian had such a wicked glint in her eyes.

“That's it,” she cooed. “Mmm, my pretty sex slave, just work out all that futa-cum. You're going to swallow it all down, aren't you?”

Bella nodded around my cock, moaning as she did.

“That's a good slave.” Selena smiled at me. “Isn't she just perfect? I want to tattoo 'Best Slave' across her ass. One word per cheek. But... That would ruin her ass. She has a gorgeous one.”

I didn't know what to say. What to do. My body quivered, the feel of my student's fingers plunging in and out of my cunt while she suckled at me was incredible I groaned, loving that pleasure. My face contorted from the bliss of her nursing at my clit-dick. She bobbed her head, her tongue dancing. She groaned with such passion.

Selena watched on, a wicked smile on her face. She backed up to the counter, leaning against it. Her hands squeezed her large tits, her shaved pussy dripping with juices. A wicked smile swelled on her lips as I hurtled closer and closer to cumming. I shuddered, my face contorting from my student's submissive hunger.

Her fingers thrust in and out of my snatch. She plundered me. My cunt clamped down on them, drinking the friction that fed the ache at the tip of my girl-dick. I couldn't take much more of this. Her tongue danced around the crown of my cock. She suckled.

I erupted.

“Oh, no!” I gasped as the pleasure shot through me. The powerful jolt of my futa-dick firing spunk. It flooded her mouth as I tossed my head. “No, no, no.”

“Yes!” Selena moaned. “Are you dumping your cum into her mouth? You are! You're flooding my slave's mouth with your futa-jizz. Dickgirl-spunk. That's so hot!”

She quivered, her big boobs jiggling in her kneading hand while I groaned. My round boobs jiggled beneath my nightgown. My pussy convulsed around her digits, cunt cream gushing out and spilling down her hand. She gulped down my spunk. She swallowed it.

The dual pleasure shot through me. I groaned, stars dancing before me. I swayed, spurting my cum over and over again. The pleasure melted through my mind. I sucked in deep breaths, my heart hammering in my chest. I groaned, hitting the peak of my pleasure.

“Oh, Lord, no,” I whimpered. “Holy Father, I'm sorry.”

“Oh, don't be like that,” purred Selena. “Not when you have a tight, young, schoolgirl cunt to fuck.” She smacked her lips. “Come and eat me out, Bella. Let's find out if dickgirls can keep fucking and fucking.”

Bella slid her mouth off my cock, drool and cum leaking down her chin. The schoolgirl rose, her round tits jiggling, and turned. She sauntered to her mistress. I swallowed at the sight of that bubbly butt swaying. It was a gorgeous ass.

“This slave is honored to eat your pussy, Mistress Selena,” Bella moaned and bent over. She thrust out her plump rump at me, the shaved folds of her pussy waiting for me.

“Go for it,” purred Selena. “Fuck her. Slide that dick into her pussy and revel in her tight cunt. She's never had a dick in her. She's technically a virgin. Like me. No dicks. Just fingers and whatever other naughty things we can find.”

I swallowed, my clit-dick throbbing as I stared at her pussy. Her juices dripped down her thighs. Her golden clit ring nestled in her pink folds. The air brimmed with the scent of pussies. My tangy cream dripped from my bush. I swallowed and stepped out of the stall. I could leave. Go back to my room.

My futa-dick throbbed so hard.

This was wrong!

My clit-cock ached.

I was her teacher!

My pussy burned.

This went against the Lord's commands.

I wanted to cum in her tight, young cunt.

This was my new beginning. Fresh start. If I did this I would...

Cum so hard.

I groaned and grabbed Bella's hips. I placed the pinnacle of my futa-dick against her wet cunt. The heat melted over my crown and flowed up my shaft. I whimpered, glancing at the door. Bella wiggled her hips, smearing her silky vulva across the spongy tip. I whimpered.

“Fuck her or go back to bed,” purred Selena. She winked at me. “Either way, I won't ever tell. Your secret is safe with us, Miss Zoey.”

“Please, please, fuck this slave's pussy with your big futa-dick!” Bella moaned. “This slave wants to be fucked by your cock.”

I thrust.

I couldn't stop myself. My hips rammed forward before my brain could even comprehend that I had done it. I buried into her tight, young cunt. I gasped at the feel of her squeezing around me. That juicy snatch sliding down my dick, massaging the tip with silky delight. The pleasure rippled through my body. My breasts jiggled in my nightgown.

“That's it, Miss Zoey!” Selena moaned. She leaned back, her big boobs jiggling. “Fuck my little slut. Tear up that pussy of hers. Spurt all that cum you have in your ovaries into her tight snatch. I want her dripping with your cum when she goes to bed.”

“Yes... Selena,” I moaned and she smiled, this wicked, little grin. She thought she owned me now.

I swallowed and drew back my hips. Maybe she did own me because I couldn't resist this sweet pussy. My second chance was blown as I rammed back into Bella's cunt. She moaned into the blonde's cunt, feasting on her as I fucked her hard.

I pumped away at Bella's snatch. I drove my girl-cock to the hilt in her over and over again. I loved every thrust. Every last plunge into that tight, young cunt. It was incredible. I groaned, my nightgown rustling as I savored her twat. It had been nine days since I masturbated, but three months since I had enjoyed pussy.

Tight, hot, young, wet pussy.

It was incredible. Amazing. My futa-dick throbbed and ached as I thrust away into her snatch. I buried over and over into her juicy sheath. Her pussy squeezed about me, massaging me. I loved every second of burying into her. I loved the way she gripped me.

I fucked her harder and harder, unable to control myself. She moaned with such passion into her mistress's cunt. Bella rubbed her head back and forth, smearing her face into Selena's shaved twat. The busty girl moaned, pleasure spilling across her face.

“Yes, yes, fuck my slave like the whore she is, Miss Zoey!” Selena purred. “Just ram that dick into her cunt. You have to cum in her! Ooh, you have to flood the little slutmuffin's cunt.”

“Yes!” I moaned, lost to the pleasure spilling down my shaft.

It was heaven fucking Bella's pussy. I plowed into the brunette's tight cunt. her butt-cheeks rippled from the impact of my strokes. My twat grew hotter and hotter with my every plunge, warming my ovaries. I shuddered, squeezing Bella's hips.

Selena's big boobs jiggled as she enjoyed Bella's pussy licking. Those tits were such a delight to watch. They were hypnotic the way they bounced and heaved. They smacked together, rippling with their pillowy weight.

I groaned, slamming into Bella's cunt. My pussy clenched, my juices soaking my thick bush. My delicate face clenched with delight as I fucked into that tight cunt. I buried into her again and again, the ache growing at the tip of my dick.

“This slave is going to cum,” moaned Bella.

“Not before me!” groaned Selena.

“Yes, Mistress.”

I was going to cum, too. I was so close to that moment of eruption. To climaxing so hard. It would be amazing. I would just burst with rapture. I shuddered, plunging my futa-dick into her snatch. Her cunt squeezed about me. That wonderful snatch brought me closer and close to cumming.

Closer and closer to pumping the nubile and naughty schoolgirl with all the futa-cum brimming in my ovaries. I shuddered, burying hard into her depths, eager to unleash the flood of my futa-spunk into her snatch.

“Oh, my god, yes, yes!” Selena moaned, her head throwing back as I buried into Bella's cunt. “You can cum on that futa-dick, slave! You can explode!”

I shuddered, thrusting in hard and fast. I pumped into Bella's cunt as she moaned. Her pussy convulsed around my futa-dick. I groaned as her hot flesh massaged my pistoning girl-cock. The pleasure flowed down my shaft to my pussy.

To my ovaries brimming with cum.

“Oh, yes!” I gasped and buried to the hilt in her. I erupted. My futa-cum pumped into her snatch.

Pleasure surged through me. My cunt convulsed while my clit-dick spurted over and over into her nubile pussy. I basted her fertile sheath with my jizz. Rapture burst through me. Stars sizzled across my vision. I tossed my head from side to side, savoring the rapture surging through me.

“That's it!” Selena moaned. “Drink my cream, slave! Drink it while she floods your cunt with her futa-cum!”

“This slave is so happy!” Bella moaned, her cunt convulsing around my dick. She worked out all my cum. I pumped it into her. “So happy.”

“Yes!” I moaned, spurting over and over into her. I groaned, my head swaying from the pleasure of this moment. Stars danced across my vision. “Oh, Lord, yes!”

I pumped the last of my cum into her pussy. I gasped and shuddered, euphoria burning through me. And then the clarity fell on me. I had just fucked a student. Broken the rules and my own code of ethics I had vowed to follow.

“No, no, no,” I gasped and ripped out of her pussy. I raced out of the bathroom, ignoring Selena's calls.

I burst into the dorm, the other girls sleeping. I swallowed and rushed through them, my dick shrinking into a clit. I reached my bedroom, closed the door, and flung myself on the bed. I lay on my side feeling so terrible. I couldn't believe I had been so weak. I taught ethics! *Ethics!*

I had to be better, or this job would destroy me.

\* \* \*

I felt so groggy the next morning when my alarm clock went off. I had barely slept the last few hours. I rose from my bed, my clit still a little bud, and padded to my door to grab my toiletry kit and change of clothes.

Then I noticed the folded paper slipped under the door. I frowned, picked it up, and unfolded it. There was a single sentence written on it.

“*I know what you are, Miss Zoey.*”

To be continued...