



**Miss Zoey's Hot
Final Lesson**
Futa Teaches the Catholic
Coeds 18

REED JAMES



Miss Zoey's Hot Final Lesson
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by
Reed James

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Naughty Excerpt from “Miss Zoey's Hot Final Lesson”

I popped my mouth off her nipple and stared into her eyes. “You will want to scream, but we're in the House of the Lord. You have to be quiet. Respectful.”

“As I cum like a slut on your cock, Miss Zoey?” she purred in a soft voice.

I pressed myself against her, pinning her to the back of the solid tabernacle. “Yes. I know you can do it. You're such a good girl, Mary Kate.”

I kissed her. My lips melted on hers. I thrust my tongue into her mouth. I danced it around in her, swirling about her tongue. She moaned, both her hands, one holding her rosary, grabbing my naked ass. The impression of the beads felt amazing on my ass.

I thrust my tongue into her mouth. I danced it around in her, swirling fast. My tongue caressed her with such hunger. I loved the feel of her against me. She was such a delight. She whimpered, digging her fingers into my rump. She gripped me with such might.

I broke the kiss with her and stared into her eyes. She quivered there, swallowing. I loved how she trembled. How she was so nervous and so ready for this all at the same time. She wanted to be fucked in church while scared that she would get caught.

“The fear makes you wetter, doesn't it?” I asked, my cock throbbing between us.

“Yes, Miss Zoey,” she whimpered. “This is so risky. You could get fired if it comes out. The Headmistress won't protect you.”

“The Headmistress is my little futa-slut,” I said. “This is my school now. I can do what I want.” I grabbed her rump. “Warp your arms and legs around me. I'm going to fuck you so hard.”

“Yes, Miss Zoey.” Her green eyes sparkled with such naughty delight. I had so thoroughly corrupted this innocent girl.

I loved it.

To find out what happens next, read on!

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Miss Zoey's Hot Final Lesson

I strolled across the grounds Sunday afternoon towards the St. Catherine of Alexandria Chapel. It was time for me to give my confession. I approached the graceful building. It was made of the same stone as the school with a steeple that rose above it and a crucifix at the pinnacle. Stained glass windows were on the outside showing St. Catherine supporting scholars as she did nearly fifteen hundred years ago when the city of Alexandria was still above the Mediterranean.

I passed through the doors. Dark-polished pews marched up the chapel to the altar draped in white cloth. The tabernacle stood behind it and to the right, ornately carved with St. Catherine on the front. The crucifix dominated the back of the church, Jesus captured with that look of compassion and forgiveness despite the pain he suffered.

I had been in here this morning for mass where the dorms set together, getting their own pew. I had to sit with them. Now I was back to make my confession for the week. Poor Father Anthony was in for quite the sinful tale. I had fucked so many students and several teachers.

I crossed myself and bowed to the crucifix. I might be a futanari-hedonist, but I was still a faithful Catholic girl. I headed for the confessional box. There, Father Anthony was no longer a man but a conduit for God. Anything I said could not be repeated by him. He could not break the confessional seal. I wondered if the Headmistress made her confessions over her seduction of students.

I bet she did.

I opened the curtain and set in the dark on the hardwood bench. The panel slid to the side, exposing a screen that let me vaguely see Father Anthony through it. An old man with a balding head and hair nearly all white.

"Welcome, child," he said perfunctorily.

"Bless me father for I have sinned," I said. "It has been two weeks since my last confession."

"Okay, child."

"I am a futanari, Father," I said. "Born with Clitoral Erectile Hermaphroditism Disorder. I came to this school to escape all the many temptations of the flesh that assaulted me. To be purer to the Lord. But temptation has found me. I have fornicated many times this week with many of my students."

"How many is many?" he asked, startled.

"I honestly don't know," I said. "It all started last Sunday night when I found two of my girls engaged in lesbian sex and I could not help but grow my penis and masturbate to them. But they caught me and I ended up fornicating with one while the other

watched. But another of my students saw me and blackmailed me into fornicating with a third student, a virgin. I deflowered her, father, and..."

My pussy was soaked as I recounted my weeks adventures. From watching Selena dominate Bella in the bathroom and fucking her, to being blackmailed into fucking Hikaru, to discovering that Linda wasn't bullying Alisha but that they were secret lovers. Dealing with Amelia, seducing Sister Esther Ruth, thinking Malika then Mary Kate were my blackmailers, helping Sister Esther Rosa seduce Eglantine, to the domination of Selena. The dorm orgy, the seduction of the Headmistress, then bringing her into my dorm last night to let her have all the barely legal pussy she could handle.

"And then after mass this morning, I sodomized one of my students while she performed oral relations on another girl."

"I..." The priest swallowed. "In a week?"

"I didn't get much sleep," I said. "I am weak, Father. I want to follow God's commands, but He has burdened me with this affliction that makes it quite... hard." I almost giggled at that. I certainly could get hard.

"Have you considered quitting this vocation and finding a more... remote job away from such temptation?"

"But I love being a teacher. I can make a real difference. I just... have to be better at controlling myself." I wasn't, but I wanted to seem contrite. I knew I had sinned a lot, but it was all sin that didn't hurt anyone. I gave pleasure, not pain.

"Very well," he said. "Ten acts of contrition and twenty Hail Marys. Go with God, child."

I stood up and headed to do just that. As I did, I noticed Mary Kate going into the confessional. She would be confessing her own acts. I wondered if that made Father Anthony hard to hear about a young thing like her losing her virginity to a nun and a futa-teacher. Would he spank it after our confession, falling into his own sexual sin?

My pussy clenched beneath my airy skirt. My breasts aching in my bra. I wanted to do something wicked. To just slam my cock into something young and tight. That would be hot. Just slip my cock into juicy pussy.

Mary Kate sank down beside me as I finished my last Hail Mary, my rosary beads clutched in my hand. I glanced at her doing the same thing, her lips moving as she soundlessly prayed. She looked so earnest with her elfin face and long braid of blonde hair. She seemed an angel, a saint, and not a dirty whore.

Her cheeks grew redder and redder as I watched. My clit throbbed. I wasn't wearing panties. I let my cock grow. There was no helping it. I was horny. I wanted to just slip my cock into her pussy. It would be such a delight to ram into her. I would fuck her hard. She would love it. Just savor every moment of my cock burying into her pussy. She would squeal. I knew she would.

I had heard her do it.

My cock grew out of my black bush and pressed onto the front of my dress. The fabric tented it, swelling it higher and higher. My dick throbbed, the tip rubbing into the material. A shiver ran through me as this happened.

She crossed herself and glanced at me, her eyes falling on my bulge. Breathily, she whispered, "Miss Zoey, do you need my help?"

"Yes, I do," I groaned, my futa-cock throbbing with my pounding heartbeat.

I rose and she did the same. I looked around and noticed the height of the tabernacle. We were alone, a girl having just gone into the confessional. I grabbed Mary Kate's hand. She gasped as I dragged her past the altar to the tabernacle that held the communion material, keeping them blessed and protected. It was solid, made of real wood and not cheap plywood or composite. Tall, wide, and sturdy.

"Miss Zoey," she gasped as I pulled her behind it.

"Strip," I told her. "I want see you naked in church. I want to witness temptation." I glanced at the rosary beads in her hand, an idea forming. "And don't set those down."

"Yes, Miss Zoey," she breathed, her cheeks bright red. "Ooh, this is so naughty. I'll have to confess this next week."

"Yes," I moaned. "It'll be the last time we get to do this, I'm afraid, but... Let's enjoy it."

She nodded and unbuttoned the blue blouse she wore. Her fingers worked it open revealing her small breasts were not covered by a bra. Her pink nipples hard and inviting. I ducked my head down and suckled her nipple into my mouth.

She gasped as I did that. My tongue swept a circle around her nipple, caressing over her puckered areola, feeling all the little alveolar glans that kept a nipple moistened and supple. I suckled on her with hunger, her fingers fumbling to take off her skirt.

I shoved my own skirt off, as I suckled. My cock caught on the waistband. I shoved harder, my dick bending before it sprang out and bobbed before me. I groaned around her nipple, moaning about her in my mouth. My tongue danced around her flesh.

She whimpered in delight, her hands sliding through my hair. She caressed my tresses, humming as I loved her nipple. This was so naughty. I could hear someone else moving through the church, waiting for their turn to give their confession.

I popped my mouth off her nipple and stared into her eyes. "You will want to scream, but we're in the House of the Lord. You have to be quiet. Respectful."

"As I cum like a slut on your cock, Miss Zoey?" she purred in a soft voice.

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“Yes, Miss Zoey.” Her green eyes sparkled with such naughty delight. I had so thoroughly corrupted this innocent girl.

I loved it.

I kissed her again as she threw her arms around my neck and jumped. Her thighs wrapped around my hips. I held her ass and kept her pinned to the tabernacle to support her weight. My cock slid through her blonde bush and nuzzled into her pussy.

I thrust my cock into her cunt. The eighteen-year-old cutie gasped into my lips. She kissed me with such passion as I sank into her juicy flesh. Her hot, tight pussy clenched about me as I bottomed out in her. I quivered, my asshole tingling with my naughty plan.

I broke the kiss and purred, “Put those rosary beads in my asshole.”

Her green eyes trembled. “Oh, yes, Miss Zoey.”

She slid her right hand down my back covered in my flowery blouse to find my rump. She pressed the rosary beads into my crack and felt around for my asshole. She found that naughty hole and pushed the first of the beads in.

I groaned as that small, wooden sphere popped into my asshole. I trembled as she shoved in another and another. She worked them into my bowels, their roundness massaging my flesh. I shuddered, my dick throbbing in her pussy as more and more of those beads entered me.

I whimpered at their stimulation. I bit my lower lip at the bliss of more and more of her rosary beads popping into my asshole until only the crucifix at the end remained nestled in my butt-crack. It was so wicked to feel.

I kissed her again and fucked her.

I drew back my hips, her thighs squeezing about my waist. I slammed back into her. She moaned into my kiss, muffled by my lips. I groaned with her as I savored her hot and juicy cunt. My bowels massaged the make-shift anal beads as I thrust into her.

They shifted around in my asshole, melting delight down to my pussy. More rapture poured down my futa-dick slamming into Mary Kate's barely legal pussy. Her tight flesh clenched about me, massaging the tip of my cock.

The ache swelled there. This mighty need to explode. I groaned, wanting to just dump everything I had into her cunt. I thrust hard and fast. I plunged to the hilt in her twat. I loved how she gripped me. Held me. It was incredible to enjoy her squeezing about me.

I kissed her with such passion as I fucked her.

My bowels loved the anal beads shifting around. They made every thrust heaven.

Mary Kate whimpered, her thighs squeezing about my waist as I plowed into her cunt.

I heard people moving through the church as I plowed her against the solid tabernacle. I buried into her twat again and again, her flesh squeezing about me. She held me tight, massaging me with the sweetness of her cunt.

I broke the kiss and moaned, "That's so good. You have such a delicious cunt, Mary Kate. I love being in your pussy. Just adore slamming to the hilt in your cunt."

She smiled at me. "I adore your futa-dick, too, Miss Zoey." She shuddered, her twat clenching down hard. "I'm going to cum so hard on it."

"Good," I panted, burying deep and hard into her. I plowed to the hilt in her snatch, loving the feel of her. She squeezed her snatch down on me, her pussy gripping my dick. "Oh, damn, that's a cunt. That's a pussy that is heavenly."

She kissed me again, her lips so warm on my mouth. I drilled into her with hard strokes. I plowed into her twat with everything that I had. Her pussy squeezed about me in such delicious ways. She held me in that wonderful embrace as the pressure built in my ovaries.

At the tip of my cock throbbing in her cunt.

I plowed hard and fast, the rosaries shifting in my bowels. I groaned, hurtling towards that moment I would dump all my cum into her snatch. I would baste her twat with so much spunk. Just hose her down. It was quite the delight.

Her cunt held me tight as someone talked. Two girls were whispering when they were supposed to be praying. They had no idea my futa-cock drilled into Mary Kate's cunt. I plowed deep and hard into her snatch, her flesh clamping down on my cock.

I was hurtling towards my orgasm. Her pussy grew hotter. Wetter. I knew she was close.

I broke the kiss and hissed, "When you cum, rip your rosary beads out of my asshole."

"I'm almost there," she gasped as she slid my hand back down my body. She thrust fingers into my butt-crack to grab the crucifix sticking out of my asshole. "Just a few more strokes."

I kissed her again to muffle our moans, my dick about to erupt as I drilled into her pussy. She squeezed her pussy hard on me. She bucked against me, her twat going wild around my futa-cock. I buried to the hilt in her as she climaxed.

She ripped the rosary beads out of my asshole.

I gasped as the beads popped out of my bowels. My anal ring contracted and clenched over and over again, pleasure bursting from my sphincter and slamming into my ovaries. As her pussy went wild around my cock, a surge of pleasure shot to the pinnacle of my futa-dick.

I erupted.

I squealed into her mouth as my cum fired into her pussy. Her cunt writhed around me as I basted her cunt with spurt after spurt of my cum. Her rosary beads clattered. They slapped me in the ass as she trembled in my embrace, her cunt going wild around my cock.

She kissed me with such passion as her pussy milked my cock. She worked out every drop of cum that was brimming in my ovaries. I groaned as I unloaded my futa-jizz into her. My pussy rippled, sending waves of delight through me. My dual pleasures drowned my mind in bliss.

I hit the peak of my orgasm.

I spurted the last of my cum into her pussy.

She groaned, her thighs slipping off my hips, her pussy shifting around my cock. I pulled out of her, panting. I could still hear talking. It sounded like we were stuck behind the tabernacle until we had our opening to escape.

“Do you think it'll be long?” Mary Kate asked, her face flushed.

“I don't know,” I said. “It could be.”

“So we have time,” she said, fell to her knees, and swallowed my cock. She suckled on my juicy dick with hunger. I groaned and smiled down at her. I had molded her into this hedonistic slut.

It was so rewarding to be a teacher

* * *

The next day, I was back at teaching. Mary Kate and I had a few orgasms behind the tabernacle before we could escape. She sucked me off, I licked out my cum from her pussy, then I ended up buggering her. It had been a hot way to spend time at church.

Now it was Monday and I was back to teaching. I had my first-years, well, first. I taught them World History. They were all such cuties. Penelope was a Black girl that would be so much fun to fuck, and I had already shared Eglatine with Sister Esther Rosa. Maddie, Eustacia, Christal, sultry Nadira, and Seo-Hyeon were all so delicious, but I had my eyes set on Madeline. She sat in the back today.

“Hikaru,” I said after handing out the tests. “I need you to speak with the Headmistress about something. It's on the note.”

Hikaru rose, the Japanese girl trembling. She took the note and glanced at it. She smiled as she read, “*Please fuck this slut hard. She needs futa-dick.*” Slipping the note into her tartan skirt's pocket, she said, “I won't let you down, Miss Zoey.”

“I know you won't,” I said, winking at her. I swotted her on the ass on the way out as the other girls were working on their test. If they noticed, no one said a word.

I moved among them, nodding at the results. It was an in-depth test that Hikaru would have to make up. I know I told her she would have to earn her A, but maybe it was fun to make her do that by seeing how many loads of cum she could work out of my cock in an hour with her asshole alone.

I moved towards Madeline sitting all alone in the back row. She often did. She had glossy, black hair, her breasts looking modest in her crisp, white blouse, her tartan tie falling down the front. It was such a delicious look they had here.

I knelt beside her. and whispered, “How is it going?”

“Just fine, Miss Zoey,” she said as I placed my hand on her knee. I loved the warmth of her skin. The texture of it. I stroked up and down her leg, savoring the feel of her skin. She glanced at me, her eyes wide. “What are you—”

“Shh, the other girls are working on their essay, too,” I said, my hand sliding up beneath her skirt. “Mmm, and it looks like you're doing good.”

She stiffened as my hand slid higher and higher up her thigh, pushing up her tartan skirt. She breathed heavily and licked her lips. These eighteen-year-old first-years were just so delectable. I nuzzled into her ear, and licked it.

“I'm a futa, did you know that, Madeline?” I cooed. “I can grow a great, big futa-dick. How does that sound?” I found her panties and cupped her pussy. I felt her bush as I rubbed up and down her. “Mmm, does that make you wet? Curious about us futanari?”

She swallowed and stared at the girls busy writing their essay portion of the test. “Miss Zoey.”

“Shhh,” I cooed, rubbing up and down her thigh. I licked her ear again. “If you want me to stop, just set your pencil down on the desk, otherwise...” I stroked harder at her pussy through her panties.

She gasped, her pencil shaking in her hand. She swallowed, her cheeks growing so red. Her breathing quickened as I pressed my middle finger into the groove of her pussy. Her juices bled through, nice and hot. I smiled and nibbled on her ear.

“Mmm, thank you for your permission to do this,” I cooed and slid my finger to the side. I found the leg hole and shoved inside. She shuddered as I slid into her wet, silky bush and found the hot folds of her pussy. She gripped her pencil tight in her hand. “Ooh, now isn't that nice?”

I stroked up and down her folds directly. Her curls spilled around my fingers, her juicy pussy lips coating my digits in her cream. Her panties restricted my movement, trapping my digits against her cunt. I glanced at the other girls writing away.

I loved that I ruled this school. By the end of the year, I would enjoy every one of them. My finger pressed into her folds. To my pure delight, my clit throbbing beneath my skirt, I found that she had a hymen. A precious cherry for me to pop.

My finger danced around her clit a moment later before I pulled out of her, leaving her breathing heavily. "Come here during the lunch break, and I'll take care of that hot pussy, Madeline."

"Yes, Miss Zoey," she whimpered.

I sucked her sweet juices off as I checked on the other girls. Mary Kate glanced at me and grinned. I knelt beside her and whispered, "Madeline has a sweet pussy. One day, you're going to eat her out."

She nodded and kept writing as I headed to my desk.

Hikaru returned near the end of class floating from her romp with the Headmistress. Then my girls were dismissed and it was time for my second-years to learn European History. Bella and Malika were sitting side by side, both smiling at me. Tomorrow, I would seduce one of these girls. I thought about Vidya, a gorgeous Muslim girl from India. She would be a delight.

Selena strode in with some of the other fourth-year girls. A lot of great choices in this class for seduction this week. Selena sat down casually by Cymone, a gorgeous Black girl, and said, "Miss Zoey, I had an idea that Cymone and I could work on a special Ethics project for some extra credit. Could we meet after class?"

"Oh, yeah, sure," Cymone said, oblivious to what was happening.

"That sounds perfect," I said. Oh, having Selena on my side was a wondrous thing.

I finished talking ethics. I was hungry, but skipping lunch was helping to keep the weight off. This school had such good food, I had already gained five pounds my first week. I needed to watch out. Better to just fuck a first-year virgin. Burn some calories instead of gaining some.

A trembling Madeline showed up after all my fourth-year girls had left. She found me sitting on my desk, legs crossed, my skirt riding up. My clit throbbed, eager for the fun to begin. To teach the virgin all about the delights her body had to offer.

And then something wicked popped into my head. My clit throbbed.

"Strip," I told her. "I want to see how gorgeous you are, Madeline."

"G-gorgeous?" she asked, squirming. "I'm not... very gorgeous."

"Why? Because you have small tits." I smiled at her. "I love them of all sizes. Don't be shy. In fact, another teacher loves those small tits. But that's for another lesson." I did enjoy sharing girls with Sister Esther Rosa. She was so... intoxicating to be around.

Madeline blushed as she squirmed, looking nervous. Not stripping.

"I'll go first," I said, slipping off my desk. I untucked my purple blouse from my gray skirt and undid the buttons. She swallowed, staring at me with such... intensity.

"You're really a futanari?" she asked. "You have the syndrome?"

"I do have it," I said as I opened my blouse. This White girl was so delectable. I slid my blouse off, my black hair rustling. I set it on my desk and reached behind me to unhook my bra. "Ever looked at pictures of futas on the internet? Watched PorNstar or RpoRnststar?"

“Who are they?” she asked as I undid my bra clasp.

I smiled. “Well, then you are in for a treat.” I slid the bra off, my round breasts coming into view, my nipples a dark olive-brown and poking hard at her. “Lord, you are so adorable, Madeline. You first-years really make my clit want to grow.”

“It truly grows?” she gasped. “It's not an urban legend that futas have...” She trailed off, cheeks burning scarlet now.

“That we're bigger than guys?” I asked as I unzipped the side of my skirt. “Oh, no, that's no legend. We're hung.” I let my skirt drop, exposing my black bush. Panties were just so pointless. I needed the bra to support my tits and so I didn't look *too* whorish.

I had appearances to maintain at the Catholic college. But no one could tell I was going commando. So why bother.

“Now watch,” I said, her eyes staring at my thick, black bush. “Watch and see the miracle that the Lord gave me.”

“Miracle?” she whispered as I let my clit grow.

“What else to call this?” I moaned as my bud sprouted out of my black curls, the pink already fading to the pale-olive hue of my flesh.

Her eyes widened at the sight of the pulsing girl-cock. My crown formed, the slit opening and precum bubbling out. I grew thicker. Longer. My pussy lips stretched around the base, my clitoral hood expanding to hold my girth. I shuddered as I reached my full size, over a foot of hard cock.

“Miss Zoey,” she breathed in shock as she stared at my dick. “You... That's... I thought Chinese men were supposed to be small, but you're huge.”

“I'm a Chinese futa,” I said. “I'm as big as an African futa or a White futa.” I smiled. “So, ready to get naked, too? I am going to fuck you so hard with this cock. I'm going to break in your cherry hole.”

Just not the one she thought I would. I think I would save that for when Sister Esther Rosa could be around to appreciate it.

“Yes, Miss Zoey,” she moaned and started undoing her tie. She loosened the knot enough to slide it over her head and draped it on a desk behind her.

I licked my lips as she attacked the buttons of her white, crisp blouse. I smiled as the sight of her equally white bra came into view cupping her little mounds. She shrugged out of her top then reached behind her and eagerly undid her bra.

Her dark eyes stared at my cock the entire time. I twitched. Throbbled. Dripped precum.

She flicked her tongue over her lips as she revealed those small breasts. She had conical mounds topped by hard and cute nipples. I smacked my lips in delight. Her hands slid down her slender waist to the skirt. She unzipped it and let it drop to the floor.

I groaned at those white, virginal panties with a dark, wet spot. I smacked my lips as she peeled those off. Her black bush wasn't as thick as mine, her hairs curly and barely

hiding her tight slit. Dew beaded on the strands. I groaned and my cock twitched.

As she stepped out of her virginal panties, I was on my knees before her. I had to eat her out.

“Miss Zoey?” she gasped as I grabbed her thighs and pushed her back to the desk. She sat on it. “Are you going to...?”

“Eat your pussy until you squeal in rapture?” I asked. Instead of answering, I just buried my face into her bush. Her curls spilled over my face. I found her virginal pussy lips and licked her.

She gasped as my tongue slid over her slit. I licked and lapped at her. My tongue dragged across her vulva, gathering up the sweet juices leaking out her virgin pussy. She squirmed as I did that. She squeaked in delight as my tongue fluttered against her. Her head tossed.

“M-Miss Zoey,” she whimpered. “Oh, Miss Zoey, that's so nice. That's just so good!”

I winked at her, licking and lapping at her. My tongue stroked through her folds and brushed her hymen. Then I stroked across her little clit. She gasped, her conical titties quivering. Her black hair danced as her head tossed.

“You're... Oh, my, this is so naughty!” She squeezed her thighs around my head. “Miss Zoey!”

I loved the sounds she made. There was nothing like hearing the moans and gasps of a cute girl as I licked and lapped at her cunt. My tongue caressed over her. I loved her with everything that I had. My tongue danced through her folds. I caressed her with all the hunger that I had in me.

She groaned, shuddering as the pleasure rippled through her body. I fluttered my tongue against her clit, loving the feel of her bud against my lips. She trembled, her thighs squeezing about my face. She held me to her cunt, her head tossing.

“Miss Zoey,” she groaned. “Oh, Miss Zoey, that's so wonderful. I... I... Yes, yes, Miss Zoey!”

I licked at her clit. I nibbled on her bud. I suckled on her with hunger as she squirmed. Her head tossed. Her small breasts jiggled. She was so cute as I loved her. I would make her cum. Give her an orgasm she would never forget.

Her sweet cream ran down my chin. Her bush rubbed on my face. I loved the feel of her curls on my skin. The taste of her filled my mouth. Everything about her was delicious. Scrumptious. I could feast on Madeline's virgin pussy all day long.

“Oh, Miss Zoey, I think...”

“You're going to cum?” I asked before licking her clit.

She jumped and squealed, “Yes!”

I suckled on her bud, my hands stroking her silky thighs. I caressed her, loving the feel of her flesh as my lips nursed on her clit. I massaged her little pearl with my mouth, nibbling on it. She whimpered, her legs squeezing about my head.

Her moans grew louder and louder. She whimpered, tossing her head from side to side. Her small breasts rose, those conical mounds quivering in such a delectable way. I suckled hard on her clit. She bucked.

Came.

“Miss Zoey!” echoed through my room as her pussy juices gushed out of her virgin cunt.

I licked and lapped up her juices. I caressed her with my hungry tongue. The pleasure shot through me. It was such a delight to drink her passion as she shuddered on the desk. She humped against me, her gasps and moans filling my classroom.

“Oh, my gosh, Miss Zoey!” she squealed. “Yes, yes, yes!”

I feasted on her virgin juices. I reveled in her cream gushing out of her as she trembled through her orgasm. The desk she sat on creaked. She whimpered as my tongue stroked up and down her slit. She tossed back her head and quivered.

“Oh, Miss Zoey, that was wondrous,” she panted.

I licked her pussy one final time and rose. My cock thrust out before me as I cupped her face. My round tits swaying, planted my cream-coated lips on hers. She moaned into the kiss, tasting her sweet, virginal juices.

Our tongues danced as I pressed my cock into her bush. I felt the wet folds of her virgin pussy. I ached to deflower her, but it was as a different hole I wanted to deflower. I ached to ram my cock into her and make her squeal.

I broke the kiss and purred, “Ready for me to break in your hole?”

“Yes, Miss Zoey!” she gasped, her body trembling.

I slid my cock down her pussy lips, to her taint, then nuzzled into her backdoor. Her eyes widened as it drilled into her sphincter. Her anal ring started to widen as she gasped. Her lower lip quivered as her velvety flesh stretched to engulf me.

“But Miss Zoey!” she gasped as anal ring widened even more. “That's not my... my...”

“Pussy?” I winked at her. “That's tomorrow's lesson. I told you I would break in your hole, though.”

I thrust harder.

She gasped as her anal ring stretched over the lubed end of my cock, all the precum I leaked out slicking the way. I popped into her bowels. I loved the feel of the virgin's asshole sliding around my clit-dick. Pleasure shot down to my pussy as I sank deeper and deeper into her.

She threw her arms around my neck, pulling me tighter to her. My breasts pressed into her conical mounds. Our nipples kissed as she whimpered. Her dark eyes trembled as I slid deeper and deeper into her bowels. It was a pure delight to feel her naughty sheath swallowing my dick.

I bottomed out in her cherry ass. She shuddered, squeezing her bowels around me. I let her get used to my cock buggering her asshole while I kissed her. My lips melted on

her. My tongue thrust into her mouth.

She clutched to me. Her asshole squeezed about me.

I drew back my cock. Her bowels massaged my futa-dick, my tip drinking in that velvety sweetness.

I thrust back into her. She groaned as I plowed into her bowels. I buried deep and hard. I fucked to the hilt in her tight sheath. She whimpered, her tongue dancing with mine. It was quite the treat to feel her clenching about me. She trembled, her fingers clawing my back.

It was amazing. I loved being in her. I fucked into her with such force. I plunged to the hilt in her over and over again. She squealed into my mouth as her asshole embraced my futa-dick. She massaged me with that velvety flesh.

She broke the kiss and moaned, "Miss Zoey!"

"You like that, don't you?" I purred, staring into her eyes.

"Yes!" she gasped. "I do! It feels... nice in my butt."

I rubbed my nose into hers. "Yeah, you love it. You're going to be a naughty anal slut for me."

I slammed my cock into her velvety asshole, loving how her flesh squeezed about me. She held me in that wondrous embrace. I savored every moment of burying into her. I fucked her with such force. I plunged to the hilt in her.

Her bowels squeezed about me in such an exciting way. I loved the way her cunt clamped down on me. Her flesh massaged me. Pleasure shot through me as I buried into her. I thrust over and over again into her cunt. I buried deep and hard.

"Oh, Miss Zoey, yes, yes, yes," she gasped as I plunged to the hilt in her again and again. "That's so good. That's amazing!"

"Are you my anal slut?" I hissed, plunging into her again and again.

"Yes, Miss Zoey!" she moaned, clenching her velvety flesh down on me.

"Then say it!" I hissed, staring into her eyes as my futa-dick buried to the hilt in her again and again. I fucked her with such force. I buried to the hilt in her again and again. She groaned, her flesh gripping my cock with just such a force. "Say what you are!"

"I'm your anal slut, Miss Zoey!" the girl squealed, her bowels clenching about my dick.

I plunged into her over and over. I buried to the hilt in her cunt. it was fantastic. I loved every moment of plunging into her snatch. I thrust into her over and over again. I thrust hard. Fast. My cock buried to the hilt in her.

I fucked my anal slut hard. My futa-dick rammed into her flesh, the heat melting to my cunt. My juicy pussy clenched, the cream dribbling out of my bush and running down my thighs. My ovaries quivered, heating up with every thrust into her.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she gasped, her flesh squeezing down on me. I savored the thrill of it shooting through me.

“Oh, that's incredible. I'm going to cum so hard in your asshole, Madeline!” I groaned. “But you have to cum first. Cum on my big futa-dick!”

“Yes, Miss Zoey!” she whimpered, her flesh squeezing about me.

I slammed into her anal depths. She squealed in delight. Her back arched. Then her asshole convulsed around me. I groaned, loving the feel of her flesh rippling around me. Her pussy juices gushed out of her virgin twat and splashed my crotch. Her sweet musk filled my nose. My head tossed as I buried my cock to the hilt in her bowels.

My ovaries quivered. They ached. Exploded.

I erupted.

My cum fired into her asshole. I pumped her writhing anal sheath full of hot cum. It shot out of me. Stars burst across my vision. I groaned, my head tossing from side to side. I fired blast after blast of cum into her writhing asshole.

“Miss Zoey, that's so hot!” she squealed as my cum pumped into her bowels.

“Yes, it is!” I moaned as I flooded her with everything that I had in my ovaries.

“Lord, yes!”

Her bowels milked my cock. She worked out every bit of cum that I had in my body. The pleasure surged through my mind. It spilled over all my thoughts. My cunt writhed, juices spilling hot down my thighs. I rode the dual thrills of cumming with a futa-dick and my pussy.

“Oh, there's so much cum, Miss Zoey!” my cutie groaned. The delectable first-year quivered on my dick. “I love it so much.”

I shuddered, firing the last of my cum into her snatch. I bathed her twat with everything that I had. It was incredible to do that. I loved every moment of it. A big smile spread on my lips. A smiled, savoring the delight.

“Oh, Miss Zoey, thank you,” she groaned. “That was incredible.”

“It's not over with yet,” I said. “There's one more lesson for an anal slut to learn.”

I pulled my cock out of her asshole and stepped back. Her pussy juices coated my stomach and soaked my bush. My cream ran down my thighs. She stared at me, my futa-cum bubbling out of her naughty asshole.

“Anal sluts have to suck my futa-dick clean of their asses,” I purred. “On your knees and engulf my cock, Madeline!”

She gasped at the authority in my voice. She squeaked and sank to her knees before she could even think. The once-innocent first-year schoolgirl grabbed my cock, opened her mouth wide, and sucked me in. Her eyes widened at the dirty flavor.

“Now suck,” I moaned. “Suck and use that tongue to buff my cock clean.”

She whimpered and did just that. She swirled her tongue around my cock. She suckled on me with such passion. It was quite the thrill to have her do. I loved it. Her tongue danced around me with such passion, buffing me clean.

It was just such a delight to have her buff my clit-dick clean of her own ass.

I loved being a futa-teacher.

She swirled her tongue about my cock between her suckles, her dark eyes staring up at me. I loved it. My cock twitched in her mouth as I enjoyed every moment of her polishing my futa-pole with that hungry mouth of hers.

“Now work your lips up and down my cock,” I purred. “That's it. Just like that, Madeline.”

My anal slut obeyed me. I shuddered as she bobbed her head, working her mouth up and down my clit-cock. She suckled with suck force. It was a real delight to have her love my cock this way. My cunt clenched, the pressure building and building in my ovaries.

“Yes,” I cooed. “Mmm, that's it. Clean your dirty ass off my futa-cock.”

She moaned around my cock, nodding her cute head.

“That tongue... Yes, yes, you are a wonderful anal slut!”

I shuddered as she polished my futa-pole with her naughty tongue. She suckled, the pressure building and building at the tip of my cock. My cunt clenched and my round tits jiggled. Pussy cream tricked down my thighs.

“Come on, suck harder!” I hissed.

She did, her cheeks hollowing.

“That's it! Hear those nasty sounds your making as you slurp and suck my futa-dick?”

She nodded.

“That's how you love one!” I gasped.

Her tongue, her sucking mouth, and her plump lips were all amazing. She brought me closer and closer to cumming. The pressure swelled in my ovaries while my futa-dick throbbed in her mouth. She swabbed the crown.

Teasing delight shot down my girl-cock and soaked through my snatch. I shuddered, my boobs rising and falling with my quickened breath. I came closer and closer to cumming. To spurting all my jizz into her mouth.

“You naughty slut,” I purred. “Keep doing that.”

I rose towards that orgasm. She moaned and bobbed her head. She worked her mouth up and down my cock, my pussy growing hotter and hotter. The pressure swelled to the bursting point in my ovaries. I had so much cum to fire into her mouth. I would flood her with all the salty passion I had.

And she would drink it all down.

“Anal slut!” I gasped and erupted.

My cock spurted. I fired blast after blast of cum into her mouth. My heart pounded as the pleasure shot through me. I groaned, my cunt convulsing and spasming with delight. Pleasure shot through me. Stars exploded across my vision.

“Yes, yes, yes!” I moaned, my round tits jiggling as the cutie gulped down my cum. “Madeline!”

She swallowed it all. She gulped down all that wonderful spunk that flooded out of my futa-dick while my pussy spasmed. The twin delights rushed through my body. I groaned, my mind bathed in ecstasy and rapture.

“That's it!” I whimpered as the virgin suckled out the last of my cum. “Oh, such a good anal slut, Madeline. Yes, yes, you are amazing.”

She slid her lips off my cock and whimpered, “Thank you, Miss Zoey, for teaching me this.”

“You're welcome,” I said. “Now get dressed, get some lunch, and be here tomorrow the same time to lose that cherry.”

Sister Esther Rosa would love joining us. I would speak to her about it now. I felt amazing as I dressed, eager for that meeting after class with Selena and Cymone. I loved being a futa-teacher at St. Catherine's.

What a wonderful life I had.

* * *

I worked my way through all my students before the end of the year, deflowering five more virgins. Sister Esther Rosa would sometimes join me for the seduction or we would share the girls after. Many I sent to the Headmistress's office to be “disciplined.”

Sadly, Amelia and Selena graduated at the end of the year. It was a real shame to see them go. Amelia's mischievousness and Selena dominating Bella were always delights for me.

During the summer break, I had a good time fucking across Europe. There were so many beauties out there. Ukraine, though... Ukraine was a step above the rest of Europe. The girls there just drove me wild. And they loved my futa-dick.

I returned to St. Catherine's at the start of the fall semester eager for my first full year of teaching. I had two new girls for the Black Rose dorm. Two precious, innocent eighteen-year-old cuties that had no idea the debauchery they were in for. The other girls were all eager to initiate them.

Sister Esther Rosa, the Headmistress, and I felt out other teachers and nuns, adding some to our growing group of playmates. More girls were seduced. More pussies for us futa and lesbian teachers to enjoy. It was a wild time. It flew by so fast.

Linda and Aisha graduated at the end of that year. It was sad. I was down to half of my original girls, but the newbies were now eager for the next crop of first-years to corrupt, and so was I as my second full year of teaching began.

I was joined by a new teacher that thrilled me. Selena had returned ready to shape young minds. She had become a nun. It fit her. She would be a stern disciplinarian that would have her girls quivering with delight as she fingered their cunts after reddening their asses. Bella was thrilled to have her mistress back and kept sneaking off to the Pink Lily Dorm that Sister Selena Virtue watched over.

It wasn't long into that year before I was invited to Aisha and Linda's wedding.

It was hot fucking both of them in their wedding dresses before and after the ceremony. By the end of the year, Aisha had sent me word she was pregnant with Linda's child. I was so happy for them. Then I had to say goodbye to Bella and Malika and it was just down to two of my original girls for my third full year of teaching.

Only Hikaru and Mary Kate were left. Now fourth-years, they were seasoned pros at seducing girls. They were eager to get their hands on the first-years. One of them turned out to be a futa, the first to join the dorm since I had arrived.

And then I had to say goodbye to Hikaru and Mary Kate. I had taught them the longest of my original girls. I would miss them greatly. They returned to their island nations, Japan and England respectively. I lost touch with Mary Kate, but two years later, Hikaru was married to a Japanese futa and quite happy. Bella came back as a nun, too, still Sister Selena Virtue's sex slave.

Poor Father Anthony quit, probably because he was masturbating himself to death hearing all the confessions from the teachers and students fornicating at the school.

Malika became a doctor in Senegal and would visit once a year. Linda and Aisha had more children. They lived in America. I didn't get to see them much, but they sounded happy. Hikaru had her first child. She named her Zoe. I was so touched.

I never once heard from Amelia. I had no idea whatever happened to her or Mary Kate. I hoped they had happy lives, though. I prayed for them from time to time.

I left my impression on my students every year. I taught them to be good hedonist. To revel in consensual pleasure and to search out new partners. Sister Esther Rosa became the next headmistress and we had such fun together.

If we could marry, we would have, but we knew in our hearts we were together.

I had no regrets about coming to St. Catherine's. I loved being a naughty futa-teacher. A new year was about to begin, and I was eager to see who would be joining the Black Rose Dorm. Maybe one day I would talk about them, but that first half-year was the happiest time of my life.

The END

[If you liked this hot read, check out Reed James's Patreon!](#)

Sneak Preview of “Mrs. Thompson's Futa Birthday”

“Mrs. Thompson,” the girl purred. “Mmm, your clit feels bigger than usual. I can suck on it like a nipple.”

She sealed her lips around it. She nursed on my clit. I gasped at the intensity of her mouth. My body trembled. My pussy clenched as she suckled with such passion. I whimpered against it, my heart pounding in my chest. I groaned at how good this felt. It was amazing. She nibbled with her lips. This sweet delight swept through me.

I groaned, my heart pounding wildly in my chest as she suckled on my clit. It pulsed and throbbed with her beating hard. My pussy clenched, the heat rippling through me. I groaned, my fingers twitching. It was so sensitive. Her lips felt so good about it. Her tongue stroked around the tip and...

And...

She stroked around the tip slowly. Lovingly. Then she slid her lips off and gasped, “Your clit... Holy shit!”

“What?” I whimpered. She licked my clit again, her tongue dragging over the tip of it. It felt so swollen. So engorged.

“It's... Jesus, you've become a futanari.”

“What?” I groaned. “Is that something like a MILF.”

“A hermaphrodite,” she groaned and then she sucked on my clit again. I groaned as she nursed on me. I felt so engorged down there. Swollen like never before. She moaned and her lips...

[If you want to read more, click here for Mrs. Thompson's Futa Birthday_\(Futa MILF Patient Zero 1\)!](#)

About the Author

Reed James is a thirty-year-old guy living in Tacoma, WA. “I love to write, I find it freeing to immerse myself in a world and tell its stories and then share them with others.” He's been writing naughty stories since high school, furiously polishing his craft, and finally feels ready to share his fantasies with the world.

“I love writing about women who want to be a little (or a lot) naughty, people expressing their love for each other as physically and kinkily as possible, and women loving other women. Whether it's a virgin experiencing her/his first time or a long-term couple exploring the bounds of their relationships, it will be a hot, erotic story!”

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