



**Miss Zoey Spanks
the Naughty Coed
Futa Teaches the Catholic
Coeds 4**

REED JAMES



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by

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Miss Zoey Spanks the Naughty Coed

Selena pushed past me into my room, my heart facing. The dominating fourth-year girl had that naughty gleam in her eyes. Sweat trickled down my brow. I had poor Hikaru hiding under the bed, dragged into this mess by the girl blackmailing me. Following the blonde was her sex slave, Bella.

Bella looked positively eager for what was to come. She got off on being told what to do by Selena. The brunette's heart-shaped face glowed with anticipation. She licked her lips and glanced down at my robe to where my futa-cock was tenting it. I had just fucked Hikaru up the ass per the blackmailer's orders.

I didn't know which one of the girls was blackmailing me. I was barely into my new job teaching at St. Catherine's, the private Catholic all-girls' college, and my secret of being a futanari was out. How long before Sister Elizabeth Ruth, the headmistress, found out and fired me?

"Smells like pussy in here," purred Selena as she opened the bathrobe she wore. It was pink and with the school's monogram over the heart. The cloth fell off her body, revealing her busty figure. Something in the pocket thudded when the robe hit the hardwood floor. Her blue eyes smoldered as they fell on me. "What have you been up to, Miss Zoey?"

That was what the girls called me. Though my name was Xué, I went by Zoey.

"Well?" Selena asked as Bella opened her robe, too. Like her mistress, Bella was naked beneath, her round breasts quivering. A landing strip of brown hair led to the shaved folds of her pussy. The gold ring of her clit piercing gleamed amid the folds. The second-year girl licked her lips, utterly devoted to her mistress.

"I was masturbating," I said. "Okay. I get horny."

Selena glanced at the closed laptop on my desk. She smiled. "To porn?"

I lied. "Yes." I shifted. "Us teachers can access the internet. We don't have any content filters like on the computers you girls have access to."

"Hot." Selena licked her lips. "Get naked. Let me see that beautiful body, Miss Zoey."

My cheeks burning, I did just that. I opened my robes. My futa-cock popped out. It thrust from the folds of my pussy and the curls of my thick, black bush. Grown from my clit, my dick pulsed and throbbed with my heartbeat. My pussy was equally hot, juices dripping from my bush.

"Very nice," Selena purred. The blonde climbed onto my bed and propped my pillows against the wooden headboard. She then lay against them and spread her legs, her shaved pussy on display. Her lips gleamed with her excitement. "Mmm, come here, Bella."

“Yes, Mistress,” Bella moaned.

I don't know how their relationship started. I just knew that Selena was often in trouble with the headmistress, called to the office of the nun who ran the school regularly. I had seen that personally. Old bitch was what Selena called Sister Elizabeth Ruth. But it didn't seem to have any effect on her actions.

She even felt comfortable giving me orders.

Of course, she understood the power she had over me. She was also blackmailing me, just was more direct than whoever slipped me and now Hikaru letters. Selena was a very direct sort of girl. She didn't play games. She didn't make threats. She just expected to be obeyed.

Bella reclined against her mistress, her head settling between Selena's large breasts. The blonde smiled at that. She looked quite happy to have her sex slave in that position. She cupped Bella's round breasts, squeezing the younger girl's tits.

“Mmm, now you, Miss Zoey, fuck her,” purred Selena.

“But...” I swallowed, all too aware that my cock was dirty from Hikaru's asshole, the poor girl under my bed. “It's late. We shouldn't be doing this.”

“Oh, we should,” Selena said. “That old bitch ruined my fun earlier. Time to make up for it.” She slid her hands down Bella's flat stomach to her landing strip of brown hair. She followed that farther down to her sex slave's pussy lips.

Parted them.

“Now you ram that cock into her pussy right this second, Miss Zoey!” Selena commanded, such power and authority in her voice. “I want your cock in her cunt. I want you fucking my little slut!”

I had no choice but to obey. I could see the gleam in Selena's eyes. She had me by the tits. If I wanted any chance of keeping this job, I had to make her happy. My cock twitched at the rush of being forced to do this.

I crawled onto the bed, so aware of how wet my pussy was. A shiver ran through me. The heat was incredible. I licked my lips as I came closer and closer to Bella, my cock swaying beneath me. The submissive girl grabbed my dick. I shuddered as the barely-legal cutie guided my cock to her pussy.

If I wasn't her teacher, this would be fine. The girls were all eighteen or older, young but legal.

But I *was* their teacher. Technically, I had power over them. Any relationship would never be ethical. Only I felt so weak. So helpless. My girls were controlling me. Selena. The blackmailer. Even Hikaru in her own way. I was helpless. I just had to do what the girls wanted.

I shuddered as Bella pressed my dirty dick into her pussy still be held open by her Mistress. Her pink depths swabbed the tip of my futa-cock. Pleasure shot up my shaft to my pussy, kindling a wet heat. The temperature rose in my ovaries brimming with another load of cum.

Clitoral Erectile Hermaphroditism Disorder gave my body an insatiable production of sperm and semen. With all the fucking I was doing, I would be starving come morning.

“That's it,” Selena purred, staring at me. She grabbed my round breasts now. “Fuck my little whore. Pound her cunt with that big futa-dick. She's such a slut for your girl-cock. She's been whining about getting fucked again. My dildo's not good enough for her.”

“Of course it is, Mistress,” moaned Bella. “But isn't it hot that she's a woman with a cock? Don't you want to watch her fuck my whore-cunt?”

“I do,” purred Selena, squeezing my tits. “Now fuck her whore-cunt!”

“Yes, Selena!” I gasped and thrust my dirty dick into Bella's juicy cunt.

I shuddered as her wet and juicy pussy engulfed my cock. The heat of it swept over me. I groaned at how fantastic it felt to slide into her pussy. I groaned at this heat. It was amazing. Wonderful. I groaned, the pleasure sweeping over me. I shuddered, sliding deeper and deeper into her cunt. Her pussy lips engulfed me. It was utterly delicious. I loved every moment of it. Every last second of sliding into her pussy.

Her twat held me tight. She squeezed her cunt around my dirty cock. Her wonderful cunt polished my futa-pole. She moaned, her face contorting in delight. Selena smiled, her fingers digging into my tits. I was all the way in the White girl, her pussy squeezing down on me.

“Mmm, I always found Asian girls so hot, Miss Zoey,” Selena said. “Chinese, Korean, Japanese, Vietnamese, Thai, Indonesian. Mmm, just all so yummy.” She slid her hands up to my face, cupping me. Her fingers stroked my cheekbones. “How's my slut's pussy?”

“Tight and juicy,” I whimpered, drawing back my hips. Bella's cunt clung to my dick, buffing my futa-cock clean of Hikaru's asshole. “Wonderful. Silky. Heavenly.”

Something like envy flashed in Selena's eyes. Then she pulled my face to her, pressing my breasts into Bella's face, and kissed me. I groaned as our lips met. Her tongue thrust past my lips. I had rimmed Hikaru out. Could she taste the girl's asshole?”

Our tongues danced together. She moaned as I thrust back into Bella. I plunged to the hilt in her cunt. I slammed deep. Hard. I savored the feel of the girl's juicy pussy about my cock. She felt so wonderful. She held me tight. Molded me. It was incredible.

I loved it. Her cunt clenched about me. I shuddered and thrust into her pussy. I fucked into her with hard strokes. I slammed to the hilt in her cunt. She held me tight. Her pussy massaged me with that wonderful passion.

I groaned into Selena's lips, my tongue playing with hers. I loved every second of fucking Bella with my dirty dick. It was so hot to feel her buffing my cock clean. I was such a wicked futa-teacher. Such a cunt for not telling the girl.

It made it so hot.

“Oh, yes, yes, Miss Zoey,” moaned Bella. She rubbed her face into my breasts. She rubbed back and forth. It was so hot. “Mmm, fuck me!”

Her lips found my nipple. She latched on and suckled.

Pleasure shot down to my pussy, meeting the heat melting out of my cock pumping in and out of her cunt. I loved this. I moaned into the kiss with Selena while I plunged my dirty cock over and over into Bella's cunt.

Her pussy massaged me. Buffed me clean. The tip of my cock ached, the pressure to erupt growing with every thrust into her twat. I plunged to the hilt in her cunt. My tongue danced and played with Selena's while Bella moaned around my nipple.

She suckled hard.

She nibbled on my nub.

Sparks burst.

This was such a passionate moment. I groaned, pumping away at her cunt. I plunged hard into her twat. Her mouth felt amazing on my nipple. My orgasms built faster and faster. My ovaries brimmed with all my cum. I would fire so much into her snatch.

Her pussy clenched down around me. She moaned harder around my nipple, suckling with such passion. I groaned and broke the kiss with Selena, my head throwing back. I whimpered, burying my dick into her cunt again and again.

“Oh, my fucking god,” I moaned. “Oh, Bella.”

“Are you going to cum in my slut?” demanded Selena.

“Yes!” I thrust into her depths, her pussy squeezing about my cock.

Bella moaned around my nipple. She suckled with such passion on me.

“Good!” Selena licked her lips, her blue eyes blazing. “Slut, cum on her dick. Milk her cock. I want you filled with her cum.”

Bella popped her mouth off my nipple to moan, “Yes, Mistress! I'll cum so hard for you!”

I plunged into her cunt, her whimpers echoing through my bedroom. Her pussy squeezed so tight about me, the ache swelling to the bursting point as I buried into her snatch. I plunged to the hilt in her. Her eyes widened.

“Miss Zoey!” she squealed.

Her pussy convulsed around my cock. I gasped as I plunged into her spasming flesh. It was incredible to feel her rippling and writhing around me. She suckled at me. She brought me closer and closer to that moment of eruption.

“Oh, yes!” I groaned and then I erupted.

I spurted blast after blast of cum into her snatch. I flooded her with everything that I had. My head threw back, my boobs rubbing into her face. My cunt convulsed, waves of rapture mixing with the jolts of ecstasy rushing through my body and into my mind.

Stars exploded across my vision. “Oh, god, yes, yes!”

“She's flooding me, Mistress!” Bella moaned, her cunt writhing and convulsing around my cunt.

I groaned, savoring her hot flesh milking me. Her pussy spasmed around my cock. She worked out the cum that spurting into her. I loved how she did that. It was amazing to feel her working out my jizz. I splashed her cervix. I basted her cunt with my spunk.

I fired the last of my cum into her. I shuddered on her, loving how her pussy rippled around my cock. She milked me dry. I panted, my mind buzzing from the rapture. Bliss hummed through my veins, leaving me feeling dizzy.

“Oh, my god, that was good,” Bella moaned. “I'm so full of her cum now, Mistress.”

“Good.” Selena worked her way out from beneath Bella. The blonde's big tits heaved as she slid off my bed. “Now, Miss Zoey, you have made a mess in Bella's cunt. Lick her clean.”

“Okay, Selena,” I groaned. I loved licking cum out of girls. I couldn't believe I was back to my old habits. I had tried to break it. To escape the life of wild and kinky sex, but I was trapped. Coming to St. Catherine's wasn't my escape.

It was my prison.

Lord forgive me for being so weak, I prayed as I pulled out of Bella's cunt with a wet plop.

I glanced down at her pussy. Her cuntlips gaped open and my cum already leaked out and ran down to her taint. I licked my lips and ducked my head down, my round breasts and hard girl-dick swaying beneath me. The scent of salty spunk and tangy pussy filled my nose.

I kissed against her pussy lips as Selena watched us. The floorboards creaked as she moved to the foot of the bed. She must be looking at my ass and hairy cunt, my futacock framed by my thighs. Would she want to play with my cock? The lesbian didn't seem to want to touch my dick but got off on me fucking her slave.

I licked at Bella's cunt, gathering my salty jizz coating her taint and flicking up through her folds. She moaned, her round tits jiggling. Then she gasped when I brushed her pierced clit. I flicked her gold ring, making the barely legal girl shudder.

“Oh, Miss Zoey,” she moaned. “Mmm, lick up all that cum.”

“Yes, yes, lick it up,” purred Selena. Cloth rustled. “You are going to love this.”

I did.

I flicked my tongue up Bella's slit, gathering the next flood of my salty futajizz that leaked out of her cunt. Her tangy cream seasoned it so wonderfully, I brushed her clit again. I licked and lapped at her, devouring her.

The bed dimpled and springs creaked. Selena had mounted it right behind me. She crawled closer and then her hands grabbed my butt-cheeks. She squeezed them as I licked her sex slave clean of my salty jizz.

Was the blonde about to lick me?

“Mmm, that's it,” Selena purred. “Clean my slut. You got her cunt all dirty.”

She had no idea.

Selena released my rump moments before she pressed something into my bush. My curls rustled and then a round tip nuzzled into my cuntlips. I gasped as I felt her sliding it up and down. She had a dildo. That heavy item in her robe's pocket.

Before I could say anything, she thrust it into my cunt. I groaned as I felt the rubbery shaft stretching out my pussy lips a heartbeat before her crotch smacked into my rump. I groaned, squeezing my twat down around her strap-on dildo. That was hot.

“Mmm, yes, yes, time to get fucked by my girl-dick,” Selena moaned, her hands grabbing my hips.

“Yes, Selena!” I moaned and then thrust my tongue deep into her sex slave's cunt.

Bella gasped while I groaned. My futa-cock throbbed as my pussy clung to the withdrawing dildo. The fake-dick stimulated my flesh. I shuddered as Selena thrust it back into my cunt. She buried it hard and deep, her big boobs smacking together, the slap echoing through my room.

My tongue danced around in Bella's cunt, scooping out my salty jizz and her tangy cream. I loved the feel of her wet pussy lips against my mouth. I devoured her as Selena fucked my cunt. She drove her fake dick to my pussy over and over again.

My body rocked. My futa-cock swayed. She pounded me with passion. The blonde rammed her dildo into my cunt, churning me up. Pussy cream spilled down my shaft. It ran hot towards the tip which built with another explosive orgasm.

“That's it!” Selena moaned as she drew back her dildo.

SMACK!

Her hand spanked my rump. Heat blazed over my ass as she drove her fake dick back into my cunt.

“Yes, yes! Take it! Take it, futa-slut!”

“Yes, Selena,” I moaned as she rammed her dildo hard into my cunt. She fucked me with such passion.

I licked and lapped my futa-cum out of Bella's cunt as that wonderful dildo plunged over and over into me. Selena drove it hard and deep. She buried it into my cunt. I shuddered, squeezing my snatch down on her shaft. It was wonderful to feel. I loved every moment of it.

She churned me up with her hard strokes. My pussy melted around her girl-cock. I groaned, savoring her driving it into me over and over again. She fucked me with such passion. My tongue plundered Bella.

“Oh, Miss Zoey,” Bella moaned, her face contorting. “Oh, yes, yes, eat my pussy. Ooh, lick at it. Just keep licking at me.”

I fluttered my tongue around in her snatch. I caressed her, savoring how she tasted. Her tangy cream grew stronger and stronger as there was less and less of my futa-jizz to lick up. Less and less of my cum for me to enjoy.

Tasting no more spunk, I flicked my tongue to her pierced clit. I licked at her ring and her bud. She moaned. I batted her cunt jewelry. She gasped and moaned, her boobs

shaking. Then I sucked on her. She squealed.

“Miss Zoey!”

“Yes, yes, make my slut cum!” hissed Selena.

SMACK!

She spanked my ass again, my butt-cheeks warm from it. I groaned, my cunt clenching down on her dildo burying into me over and over. My futa-cock swayed like a pendulum, the tip burning with the need to explode.

“Make her explode!”

I suckled hard on Bella's clit. I nursed on the girl's bud. She moaned, her face contorting in delight. She whimpered and shuddered, her thighs squeezed about my head. She moaned, her hands grabbing her boobs and squeezing them.

My tongue danced over her clit as I flicked her bud. I caressed her and teased her. It was amazing to do. I caressed her with my naughty tongue. I loved what I was doing to her. It was such a rush. I suckled hard on her clit as Selena fucked my cunt with her dildo.

“Miss Zoey!” Bella whimpered. “Yes!”

She shuddered. Her face contorted with delight. She bucked and moaned then she gushed juices. She flooded my mouth with pussy cream while squealing out her delight. Her pussy gushed juices. They poured out of her and into my mouth. I drank them down, reveling in them.

“That's it!” hissed Selena.

CRACK!

She drove her dildo hard into my cunt while my butt-cheek burned from her spank. The heat swept through my cunt. I gasped at the pleasure before exploding in rapture.

My futa-cock spurted cum that splashed my bed.

Pussy cream gushed out of my cunt and poured down my thighs. It was amazing to enjoy. Just a wondrous delight. I shuddered, the juices spilling out of me. I groaned, my cunt writhing around the dildo thrusting away at me.

“Oh, god, yes!” I moaned into Bella's cunt, my cock spurting over and over while Selena fucked my snatch hard.

“Ooh, you naughty futa-whore!” hissed Selena. “Are you cumming? God, you are!”

“I am!” I moaned as she buried her dildo deep into my cunt.

She gasped. Her hands gripped my hips, fingernails biting into my flush. She held me tight while shuddered. I could feel her dildo shifting around in me. It felt so naughty. I groaned, my snatch rippling and writhing around her shaft while I emptied my ovaries.

Bella trembled, her round breast jiggling. I licked at her cunt, gathering up her tangy juices. My orgasm hit that wonderful peak. I groaned while Selena continued moaning behind me. My pussy rippled around the dildo and my heart raced.

“My, oh, my, you are one naughty futa-teacher,” purred Selena.

“She is, Mistress,” panted Bella. “She is.”

Selena ripped her dildo out of my cunt. I gaped at that. Heat rippled through me. Bella crawled off the bed. I rolled over onto my back, panting, my cock dripping with cum and pussy cream. I shuddered, feeling satiated, and my cock dwindled into a clit as Bella assisted her mistress in removing the strap-on.

“Mmm, see you in the morning, Miss Zoey,” Selena purred as she pulled on the robe. Then, with her sex slave behind her, they slipped out into the Black Rose Dorm where the other girls slept.

“Finally,” Hikaru said.

I gasped, forgetting she was down there. My cheeks burned as she popped her head up to stare at me from where she had crawled out from beneath the bed. The eighteen-year-old girl had been a virgin until I was blackmailed into popping her cherry. After that, she was sent her own letter telling her to come to my room in the middle of the night and get fucked in the ass.

Something she was more than willing to do.

“That was hot,” she said. “They had no idea I was here.”

“Yeah.” I swallowed. “You should wait a few minutes before leaving. Let them get settled into bed and fall asleep.”

“Yeah,” Hikaru said, fetching her own robe that I had thrown into the closet before answering the door. She donned it, hiding her petite body. She glanced at me, her short bob of black hair framing her cute face.

I smiled at her.

We chatted until she left after about ten minutes. I rolled over on my side and fell deep into sleep.

* * *

The next morning, as I was eating a ravenous breakfast at the teacher's table much to Sister Esther Rosa's surprise, the headmistress stood up and tapped her fork into the side of her glass. The crystal rang out and silence fell on the dining hall. The girls, all sitting by their dorm at circular tables, turned to listen.

“As a reminder, you are free to go to the chapel during your free period to make your confessions. Father Anthony will be waiting to hear them. I greatly encourage you to do so.” The headmistress looked around. “Faculty, too.”

I swallowed, wondering if I should. I had so much to confess to the priest. Too much. I had sex with three different students multiple times since arriving. My cheeks burned as I dug into my breakfast sausage and bread.

God, this was fattening, but I had to replenish calories.

Then it was off to teach my classes. First up with my World History Class I taught the first years. Hikaru was in it. When she walked in, she had a shy smile on her face

and reached my desk. She leaned over it.

“Yes, Hikaru?” I asked, trying to keep things normal while my insides roiled. I had fucked her on this very desk yesterday.

“I didn't have time to get the work done,” whispered Hikaru. “The, uh, blackmailer distracted me. Is that okay?”

I smiled at her. “It's okay. I'll give you a pass.”

She sighed in relief. “Thanks, Miss Zoey.”

She rushed to her desk, her tartan skirt swirling over her rump. My clit throbbed to grow into a cock. She sat down by Mary Kate, another one of the girls from my dorm. An innocent blonde who didn't say much.

I nodded to her.

She squeaked and looked down at her books.

I filed that away. I had to make sure that all my girls were exceeding. I might have messed up with some of my girls, but I wouldn't fail the others. So long as I was still employed at St. Catherine's, I would do my job as best as I could.

I stood up to teach. I lectured them for the hour and accepted their work. Then I sent them off to their next class while the second-year girls were filing in for their European History lesson. Bella was in this class, the submissive girl flashing me a wicked smile. Malika, the African girl from my dorm, also was here.

Was Malika the blackmailer? I still suspected it was Linda, the bully, but I couldn't be sure. Malika shifted in her chair. She looked uncomfortable. She glanced around and then kept adjusting. She crossed and re-crossed her legs.

A guilty conscience?

After my European History class, I taught the subject I was most passionate about: ethics. It was a fourth-year class and I had Selena in it. She sat front row with this smug look on her face, mocking me as I talked about virtues and ethics and morality.

She knew I was a dirty futa-teacher and not a moral and upstanding woman.

Lunch arrived, and the blackmailer had not slipped me any notes. I had a salad for lunch, wanting to eat light after that big breakfast. Europeans had a lot of bread at breakfast. I wasn't used to that. But it was good.

“You have Amelia this afternoon?” asked Sister Esther Rosa as we finished up our lunches.

“My last class,” I said.

“Remember my advice. Don't let that brat get away with doing her makeup or her nails. Be strong. You are the teacher. You are in charge. They are just students. They have no power.”

She should try telling Selena that.

“Thanks,” I said. “I'll keep that in mind.”

My first class after lunch was Ancient History with my third-year students. I had both Linda, the bully and suspected blackmailer, in this class along with Aisha, the

Muslim girl that Linda liked to bully. They sat side-by-side, Aisha's shoulders hunched together. Linda had this naughty smirk on her lips, her cheeks pink.

What had she done to Aisha during lunch? Linda was good at getting away with being caught, and Aisha would lie to protect her. I had to work harder on helping Aisha, too. I just didn't know how. I couldn't punish Linda just on suspicion.

And what if she was my blackmailer?

My stomach roiled at the idea.

Linda didn't take any notes as I lectured while Aisha was scribbling fast. Most of the other girls did, too, but not Linda. She watched me, her brassy-brown hair falling about her face. She had this wicked gleam in her eyes like she was plotting the next thing to do to me.

"Linda," I said when class was over. "Can we have a word?"

"Sure, Miss Zoey," she said and rose nonchalantly.

She stretched as the other girls filed out. Aisha shot the bully a nervous look and then hurried from the room, her books cradled to her chest. She wore a headscarf that hid her hair. There were several Muslim girls, like Malika, who attended the Catholic college.

"What's up, teach?" Linda asked, her words verging on insolence.

"You weren't taking notes in my class," I said.

"I got it all up here?" she said, tapping her head.

"Really?" I arched an eyebrow at her. "Then when did Martin Luther mail his 95 theses."

"Thirty-first of October, 1517," she said, a topic we had discussed yesterday. "I don't need notes."

"Because Aisha shares hers with yours?" I asked.

"What, do you think I'm threatening her to help me study or something?" Linda chuckled. "That's rich. She does it because she's a nice friend."

"Then why is she always nervous around you?"

Linda shrugged. "I'm no mind reader." Her eyes flicked me up and down. "Why do you stare at the girls like you want to eat us? You a dyke, Miss Zoey?"

My cheeks burned. There was a threat in her words. She must be the blackmailer.

"Has Aisha claimed I do anything to her, or is it just that nun lying about me again?" Linda asked.

"Why would she lie about you?"

Linda shrugged. "You can ask her yourself."

"I want you to stop harassing Aisha. I'm keeping an eye on you two. If I find out you're hurting her, I'll see that you're expelled."

"Sure, sure, Miss Dyke," she said. "Is that all?"

"Call me that one more time, and I'll send you to the headmistress's office."

Linda shrugged. "Can I go? I have a math class with your favorite nun. I'll be late."

“Fine,” I said, giving her a hard look. “I mean it. Stop picking on Aisha.”

“Sure, teach.” She grabbed her bag and sauntered out, her hips swaying. “I don't mind if you look at my ass. It's a cute one.”

She closed the door and I groaned. I had the next hour free. No classes to teach. My clit throbbed. She did have a cute ass. Lord, I was getting worse. Turning into a real lecher. I should go to the chapel and confess to Father Anthony. I had told my last priest what I was. Father Li had helped me to understand my role and how to fight against my sexual desires.

He would be so disappointed now.

I swallowed. Father Anthony could help me, but if I told him I was having sex with the students... Confessions were supposed to be private, but what if he slipped a warning to the headmistress. Let her know she had a futa-teacher preying on her students.

My stomach roiled. I didn't want to lose this job. I leaned back in my chair, my clit throbbing and aching to grow into a dick. I gritted my teeth. I controlled my clit. It did not control me. I controlled my clit. It did not control me.

The blackmailer and Selena control your dick, a naughty voice whispered through my mind. And you love it.

I hid in my classroom during my break, not going to the teacher's lounge or to confession. I just had to find a way out of this mess. To turn things around on the blackmailer and Selena. She was going to be gone in a few months, anyways, but Linda was a third-year.

It was all such a mess.

Sadly, my time hiding came to an end as my last class of the day started arriving. Another Ethics class for the fourth years. The one that had Amelia in it. She wasn't the first to arrive. That was Tanzi Pierce, a Black girl who looked sexy in her crisp, white blouse.

“Afternoon, Miss Zoey,” the schoolgirl said. She had a French accent.

“Afternoon, Tanzi,” I said.

More girls arrived. Blair Gill, Winifred Evanson, Georgiana Best, Anna Howland, Yéssica Molina, Mai Saito, Suzi Hobbs, and Nichole Gladwyn. They all took their seats as the clock clicked closer and closer to the start of the hour.

At the last second, Amelia sauntered in. “Hey, Miss Zoey.”

“Amelia,” I said to the redhead. She had vibrant, green eyes and a large set of breasts that bounced and jiggled. Her legs flashed, her tartan skirt swirled about them. She was a gorgeous girl. She could be a supermodel. As she turned to take her seat, I stared at her heart-shaped rump.

Linda had noticed that I stared at girls. Had anyone else?

Amelia sat down at her seat, a big smile on her face. There was something in her eyes. A look like she was eager to do something. To test me. This was some weird game

to her. A power trip. She was a fourth-year student, and I was a new teacher.

“So as we talked about yesterday, Aristotle thought Virtues could be taught,” I said. “That anyone could be a good person if they committed themselves to it. But what does it mean to be a good person? This is a topic that philosophers have debated for years. There are entire libraries written on the subject of morality and ethics. Of how we should act. Is it obedience to God, to the State, to our parents? Is it self-sacrifice? Is it the ultimate outcome of our deeds that should be judged, or is it the very actions themselves?”

“I have always thought it was a simple one. The Golden Rule. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. It's simple, right? You don't like it when people are rude or mean or unpleasant to you, so don't be rude or mean or unpleasant to others. Treat them like you'd want to be treated. Like Amelia, if you were giving a lecture, would you want one of the girls to be filing her nails.”

Amelia looked up as she ran the emery board on her nail. “I wouldn't care.”

“Lying, are we?” I asked her. “Put that away. You're here to learn, not to do your nails. You can do that after class.”

“I'm listening,” she said. “Golden Rule. Yadda, yadda.” She smiled at me and kept filing.

“But you're making noise and being a distraction to the others. Put it away, or I'll confiscate it.”

Amelia arched an eyebrow. A smirk flitted across her lips. “Sure thing. Sorry to make a disturbance.” She put it away. “Let's continue.”

I nodded. Maybe I didn't have to spank her. Just be firm with her.

I launched back into my lecture. Some of the girls had questions. I answered them as I continued talking about Virtue ethics and Aristotelian principles when I heard the whisk, whisk of an emery board on a nail.

Amelia had started doing it again.

I sighed and marched between the two desks before her and plucked it from her hand. The redhead shot her gaze up, this innocent smile on her lips. “Do you need to borrow it? I noticed your nails are looking a little ragged.”

“You can have this back after class,” I said, my tone hard.

“Of course, Miss Zoey,” she said brightly like it wasn't a big deal to her at all.

I headed back to the front and resumed my lesson again. Amelia leaned back in her chair, her green eyes drifting around the room. It was about ten more later while I was quoting from some of Aristotle's works that had survived when I heard a snap.

A compact mirror had been open. Every girl in the class turned to see Amelia checking her reflection in it. She preened, her lips pursed together. Sister Esther Rosa's words echoed in my mind. I should spank her before the entire class. I was being too soft on her.

I had played this game of admonishment and confiscation. She thought I wouldn't go any farther. That she could wear me down. I had the blackmailer making my life miserable. I couldn't stop those notes. The letters.

But I could stop *her*.

“Amelia Rains, get up here!” I said in the sternest tone I could. I was in my late twenties. I had never disciplined anyone in my life. “Now!”

Amelia arched a thinly plucked eyebrow then snapped her compact shut. She rose, a smirk on her lips. She sauntered between Tanzi's and Yéssica's desks. Amelia's skirt swirled about those lush thighs. My clit fought hard to become a dick.

“Yes, Miss Zoey?” she asked. She held out her compact. “Did you want to borrow this, too? You look like you could use a few touch-ups.”

I snagged it from her and tossed it on my desk. “I am tired of your insolence. When you're sitting in my class, you will pay attention and not be a distraction to the other girls.”

“*I'm* the distraction?” She looked around the room. “I mean, I'm not the one who's stopped the lesson. All those girls are ready to learn, and you're stopping them, Miss Zoey.”

I gave her such a hard look while she just grinned at me.

“Drop your panties, bend over my desk, and hike your skirt,” I said. “You are being spanked.”

“Am I?” She arched an eyebrow.

“Either I do it, or I'll march you down to the headmistress and let her spank your rump black and blue. What do you want me to do, Amelia?”

“Mmm, my, my, Miss Zoey, I had no idea you were a budding dominatrix. Does Selena know she has competition?”

“Now, Amelia, or we go to the headmistress.”

“Yes, Miss Zoey,” she cooed. “That's what you want to hear, right? My submission. You want to redden my pert, little bottom.” She lowered her voice. “How wet are you?”

My pussy was so wet. “You're just increasing how many spanks you'll receive. Bend over. Now.”

“Yes, Miss Zoey.” She grabbed her skirt and unzipped it at the side. The tartan fluttered down her legs to reveal a pair of snowy panties that were little more than lace. The cloth clung to her rump with holes in the pattern that let her pale flesh peek out.

My clit lurched, aching to become a futa-dick. I swallowed, my cheeks on fire. My heart hammered in my chest. My pussy clenched, soaking my panties. Amelia winked a green eye at me and then shoved her panties down.

She rolled the cloth off her heart-shaped rump. I swallowed as her crack was revealed. She worked them down her thighs and let them drop to her ankles. She spread her legs apart, stretching the lacy delight, and bent over, her rump thrust out at the class.

I moved behind her and swallowed. Her shaved pussy gleamed with juices. She was dripping wet. Was she some sort of masochist? The tart scent of pussy filled my nose. I breathed it in. A heady rush shot through me. My clit begged to be turned into a dick and plunge into her tight, young pussy.

The fourth-year girl wiggled her rump and purred. She looked over her shoulder and smirked at me. Then she winked an eye. God, what if she was my blackmailer? What if she knew how much this was turning me on.

Had she set me up? Seeing if I would lose control in the middle of the class?

Anger swelled in me that pulsed with my lusts. I drew back my hand, staring at her heart-shaped ass. I was so aware of all the girls watching. My breasts rose and fell. This ache throbbed in my clit. It pulsed, on the verge of sprouting.

Amelia arched an eyebrow at me as she kept watching me over her shoulder.

I hissed and swung my hand.

CRACK!

Stinging warmth spread over my palm while her butt-cheek rippled. Red blossomed across her perky rump, the impression of my hand burned into her pale butt. The White girl moaned, her ass-cheeks clenching together.

“One, Miss Zoey,” she purred with utter delight. “May I please have another?”

I blinked at that. What was she saying? Was this something the girls were supposed to say when being spanked? It was... arousing. Having her beg for me to spank her again. My pussy clenched, the heat rippling through me from my clit.

“Yes,” I groaned and drew back my hand. I swung down.

CRACK!

The sound reverberated through the classroom. It echoed around us, the girls watching while Amelia gasped. Her face twisted in pain. The second handprint burned bright than the first.

She felt that one.

“Two, Miss Zoey,” she moaned, almost a throaty purr. “May I please have another?”

“Why are you being spanked?” I asked her.

“For being disruptive,” she purred.

“Are you going to do it again?”

“What do you think, Miss Zoey?”

My hand snapped down.

CRACK!

She gasped, her head tossing. She whimpered as her ass glowed brighter red. A bead of her pussy cream spilled down her thigh. The tart aroma grew stronger in my nose.

“Three, Miss Zoey,” she purred. “Ooh, may I have another?”

“Are you enjoying this?” I asked, my clit pulsing. Throbbing. I fought against it.

“Of course not.” She gave me a wicked smile. “Who would enjoy being disciplined, Miss Zoey?”

Something so mocking entered her eyes. Anger flared in me.

CRACK!

Her head snapped up. She cried out, "Fuck!"

Her rump rippled from the impact. Her butt-cheeks clenched hard. She felt that one. My hand stung from the impact.

"Four, Miss Zoey," she groaned, her voice throaty. "May I please have another?"

CRACK!

My hand fell on her a fifth time, my pussy soaking my panties. Another bead of her cream ran down her thigh. A clear bead I wanted to lick up. She shuddered, her asscheeks jiggling. She whimpered and panted, tears springing to the corners of her eyes.

Yes, she felt that one.

"Five, Miss Zoey." She lowered her head. "May I please have another?"

CRACK!

I savored that sound echoing through the classroom. There was something so exciting about spanking her pert rump. To make her gasp and moan cry out for disrupting my class.

"Six, Miss Zoey! May I please have another?"

CRACK!

It was erotic to spank her before the class. I was getting off on it, but no one knew. No one but Amelia. She threw a look over her shoulder, her mascara running with her tears. Black streaks trickled down her porcelain face.

Her green eyes smoldered. They burned.

"Seven, Miss Zoey!" She licked her lips. "May I please have another?"

She wanted to be spanked. She got off on it.

CRACK!

Her head threw back. She moaned and closed her eyes, fresh tears of black spilling down her cheeks. She whimpered, her ass squeezing tight and then relaxing, her rump so red.

"Eight, Miss Zoey," she moaned. "May I please have another?"

My clit twitched and pulsed. I ached to rub it. To hold my bud while she grew.

CRACK!

To masturbate while I spanked her ass. Amelia's butt-cheeks rippled from the impact. Both of them quivered as they glowed so red. The tart aroma of her cunt filled my nose I yearned to eat her pussy.

"Nine!" she gasped. "Miss Zoey! May I please, please have another?"

Last one. I drew back, my clit throbbing so hard. She wiggled her rump even as her mascara ran. This White girl begged for it.

My hand snapped down.

The air rushed over my hot palm.

CRACK!

I struck hard. My hand smacked across both her cheeks. The stinging sound reverberated in my ears. Her head snapped back and she moaned. Her body trembled. Pussy cream gushed from her cunt and splashed the front of my skirt. A flood of cream ran down her thighs.

“Oh, my god, I was so bad, Miss Zoey!” she moaned, her body quivering.

Did I make her orgasm just from spanking her? Did the other girls notice? I was standing in front of Amelia, blocking their view. The heat of her cream soaked through my skirt to my panties. To my aching clit.

“I won't do it again,” she moaned. “I'll be a good girl, Miss Zoey.”

“G-good,” I panted, watching her quiver, her legs trembling. More of her juices spilled down her thighs. “Pull your panties and skirt up when you've regained your composure. Then take your seat.”

It shook me up that she had cum. She panted there for a minute, her ass glowing. Then she rose and bent down, drawing up her panties. She turned and smiled at me, her face a mess of black streaks. Mascara tears that stood out against her pale cheeks.

She pulled on her skirt next and then took her seat. The other girls were all watching on in silence. They stared at me with something like respect. Maybe they weren't as rebellious as Amelia, but they knew I wasn't one to trifle with now.

My poor clit burned. I took a moment to gather my breath, struggling to think. To remember where we were in the lesson. We still had fifteen minutes left in class. Panting, I managed to launch into the lesson.

Amelia paid attention.

She didn't even fix her makeup. Not even wiping up her tears. I would have let the girl do that. Even go to the bathroom to clean herself up. But she just sat there watching me with those green eyes. Some girls looked awful when they cried, getting all puffy and blotchy.

Not Amelia. She somehow looked hotter with the mascara streaks.

I stumbled through my lesson, assigned the girls their reading and a short essay, and dismissed them. They stood up and filed out. Tanzi smiled at me, wishing me a good evening. So did a few of the other girls. Some bolted, like Yéssica and Blair.

Amelia lingered. She was fiddling around with her stuff. I grabbed her compact and emery board. I walked to her desk and put them down. “Tomorrow, you won't cause a disruption, will you?”

“No, Miss Zoey,” she purred. She glanced to the door. It closed behind the last girl. “How wet are you, Miss Zoey.”

“W-what?” I asked, straightening up.

“I can tell the dyke teachers. You enjoyed that. Mmm, I could tell. You really spanked me hard. You made me cum. Let me return the favor.”

I backed away from her, my heart thudding. “That's not necessary, Amelia.”

She rose, and suddenly I felt so helpless. The one who didn't have the power. She sauntered to me as I kept retreating. I bumped into my desk, my heart thudding. Amelia licked her lips and sank to her knees before me. She slid her hands up my legs to my skirt.

“Mmm, let me make you cum,” she moaned. “As an apology for being such a bad, bad girl.”

Her hands kept sliding up and up my legs. A shiver ran through me. I had to stop this, but...

I was so weak.

To be continued...