



**Miss Zoey's  
Naughty Pics  
Futa Teaches the Catholic  
Coeds 10**

**REED JAMES**



**Miss Zoey's Naughty Pics**

**Futa Teaches the Catholic Coeds 10**

**by**

**Reed James**

Copyright © 2021 by Reed James

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the expressed written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review. Published in the United States of America, 2021

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are over the age of eighteen (18).

Cover Photo © [zhagunov](#) | [Depositphotos.com](#)

Logo © [Anton Brand](#) | [Dreamstime.com](#)

Naughty Ladies Publications

[www.NaughtyLadiesPublications.com](http://www.NaughtyLadiesPublications.com)

If you liked what you read, you can sign up for Reed James's newsletter. Every subscriber gets two **FREE** erotica ebooks as well as updates on new releases, coupons, sells, and upcoming projects. Your contact information will not be shared with anyone!

Like Reed on [Facebook](#) and follow him on Twitter [@NLPublications!](#)

Check out Reed James's Catalog of steamy erotica on [Amazon](#).

Reviews at the retailer are appreciated. Honest feedback is very important to Reed.

## Miss Zoey's Naughty Pics

After my delicious threesome with the naughty Amelia and Sister Esther Rosa, I went in search of Malika. The African futa would help me prove that sweet and innocent Mary Kate was actually the one blackmailing me into fucking Hikaru and sending her pics.

I couldn't believe that Mary Kate's cute and shy countenance hid something so depraved. You truly couldn't know a person. The first-year student wasn't as innocent as she pretended. It wasn't surprising. I was pretending to be a faithful and devoted Catholic teacher when I was a futanari hedonist just wanting to do such naughty things with my students.

Between my blackmailer and Selena, I had gotten past my guilt. I had embraced what I was. A horny and naughty futa-teacher eager to have sex with all her nubile and barely legal students. I just couldn't lose my job. I had to deal with the blackmailer.

She was the last obstacle between me and having such a wonderful life at the college. If the headmistress ever found out, that stern nun would fire me in a flash. St. Catherine's was a strict, private school that did not tolerate sexual immorality.

The halls were nearly empty. Classes were over and dinner wasn't for another hour. The girls had club activity, sports, studies, or their own free time. But I had an idea where I would find Malika. I headed to the library. It was on the second floor, like my classroom, but on the other side of the main building.

The sweet Malika was sitting at a computer, her eyes focused on the screen. She picked the one that let her have the wall against her back so no one could see she was watching porn. From Senegal, she came from a devout Muslim family, wearing a pink-and-black tartan headscarf that covered her gorgeous mane of black hair. Her coffee-brown skin was quite the fetching shade, her face round and delicious. She wore the same crisp, white blouse with a tartan tie that matched her headscarf and her schoolgirl skirt.

“Watching something interesting?” I asked as I approached her.

Malika jumped, a look of panic flashing on her face until she saw it was me. “Ms. Zoey...” She clicked with the mouse. “I was just...” She bit her lip. “Yes. Just some... ideas. For things.”

I bent over and whispered, “With that big futa-dick of yours?”

The second-year girl nodded, squirming. She was so cute. She had a wonderful, French accent. I took her hand and brought her fingers to my lips. I kissed them. Licked them. Her coffee-brown skin contrasted with my light-olive flesh. My clit pulsed.

“Come,” I purred. “It's time for that help I asked for.”

“Oh, yes,” she said, rising. “I've been thinking about that.”

“Good,” I purred and let go of her hand. I would love to hold it, but that would be suspicious. Teachers didn't hold their students' hands. So I walked in front. She followed.

After leaving the library, we headed down the stairs. I was getting to know my way around the school pretty well. I hadn't visited the chapel yet. I had skipped out on going to confessions. I wasn't sure how I would handle that. I should confess my sins.

I might be a hedonistic futa, but I was still Catholic. I was doing something wrong in God's eyes, even if He made me this way. I just wasn't sure how much I could trust Father Anthony, the old priest who ran the chapel was the only man allowed on campus.

If I confessed, he might break the confessional seal and let the Headmistress know, even if it was in a subtle way. I couldn't afford to lose this job. It was my dream job. So many young and impressionable minds to enjoy.

We crossed the grounds to the school's dormitory. All the girls lived here. It was a large, red-brick structure with ivy growing up the sides. Three stories tall, it had four wings that were the actual dorms. I administered one such dorm on the third floor: the Black Rose Dorm. The others had similar poetic names like Blue Daisy or Orange Orchid.

No one was in the Black Rose dorm when we entered it. The eight girls who lived here slept in the large common room, their beds lining the wall with their own personal dresser. They had their own bathroom complete with showers. My room was at the far end. I had privacy. It had been useful with the blackmail Hikaru and I were under.

Once alone, I said, “We have to figure out a way to catch her on the computer accessing the stuff she's blackmailing me to send her.” I paused. “Does Mary Kate go to the library to use the computers every morning?”

With no smartphones allowed, the computers in the library were the only access to the outside world. They were supposed to have robust nanny software on them to keep the girls from accessing prohibited material, like porn. Malika had figured out a way around it.

“I think she does,” Malika said after a moment's thought. “And it's really not that hard. If she orders you to send her another email, we can put a tracking tag on it. That will let us know when she opens it and reads it.”

“You can do that?” I asked in shock. “How?”

“You have a laptop, right?” she asked.

I nodded. As a teacher, I was allowed unfettered access to the outside world. I had my personal laptop I'd owned for a few years. I grabbed it from my desk and handed it to Malika. She opened it and started playing around.

“What's your email address and password?” she asked after a moment.

I hesitated. Then I gave it.

“Okay,” she said, turning the laptop to show me she was on some strange email account. “Use this web client here to send it. It'll send a notification to my account. I

can know the moment she opens it since I'll be in the library on a computer with her. Then you just have to wait nearby. I signal you, and you can spring into action.”

“Perfect,” I said and took the laptop from her. It was so simple. I liked it. I thought we would have to do some crazy hacking stuff. “Mmm, and now for your reward.” I began unbuttoning my blouse. “What would you like to do first?”

The Senegalese futa squirmed. She looked so cute and embarrassed; her hands clenched on her lap. Was she hiding her growing futa-dick? Like me, her clitoris could transform into a big dick. Clitoral Erectile Hermaphroditism Disorder. A rare but naughty disease.

“Well?” I purred. “Don't be shy. Trust me, I've done a lot of naughty things.” But I had never done things with a futanari until I came here. *Two* girls in my dorm were futanari. That was so exciting.

“Can we... sixty-nine,” asked Malika. She looked up, her eyes so bright despite their dark-brown hue. She was eager for it. “Suck on each other's cocks.”

“Yes, we can,” I purred and finished unbuttoning my blouse. I opened it, my round tits jiggling. I was so eager for it. “Get naked.”

Malika stood up. She was taller than me. It wasn't that I was short because I was Chinese, Malika was the tallest girl in the dorm. She had an elegant grace about her, too. She was such an invigorating girl. Intoxicating.

I grabbed her tie and loosened it as her fingers worked the buttons of her crisp, white blouse open. I loved the sight of her. She was such a sensual sight. A wave of heat shot through me. I bit my lower lip, this heat throbbing through me. I pulled the tie through her collar and then tossed it onto the floor.

She opened her blouse a moment later, her dark breasts held in her virginal, white bra. I smiled at her and reached behind me. I unhooked my own bra, freeing my round tits, my nipples hard. Her eyes flicked to them. She moaned, her tongue dancing over her plump lips.

“I know,” I purred, cupping my breasts. “I have cute tits, don't I?”

She nodded, her eyes locked on them. I smiled. This poor Muslim girl had thought her cock was a curse, that her attraction to other women was wrong, but now she was beginning to enjoy those delights. I was so happy for her. So glad she could indulge her desires with me.

She ducked her head down and suckled on my nipple. I gasped at that wonderful delight. My clit throbbed. Pulsed. I wanted to let her grow, but I hated swelling it in my panties. It could be uncomfortable. Tight and constricting.

I slid my hands from my boobs. She replaced them, her dark fingers cupping my tits. I groaned at her touch. I loved how she felt as she kneaded them while sucking on my fingers. Her cheeks hollowed. She nursed on me with hunger. I groaned, my pussy clenching. Delight shot to my juicy snatch, making my clit throb even harder.

My hands reached my hips. I unzipped my skirt and shoved it off my hips. The cloth fluttered down my legs. I brushed the waistband of my panties. My thumbs hooked the lacy delights. I worked them off my hips, the cloth bunching up as I did. The fabric rolled over my rump and exposed my thick bush. I shuddered and let my girl-dick grow.

“Malika,” I moaned, leaving my panties bunched around mid-thigh. I didn't want the girl to stop sucking on my nubs. “Ooh, you're so wicked.”

The nineteen-year-old futanari moaned around my nipple. Her tongue danced around my nub, massaging it. Then she nursed hard again. I gasped, my pussy clenching at the wonderful pressure. She suckled with such delight. I shuddered, loving it. This wonderful and exciting heat shot through me. I groaned and whimpered.

“Oh, yes, yes, Malika,” I purred, my hands sliding around her sides to her back. I stared at the band of white across her back. Her bra and its fastener. “Mmm, you love my nipples.”

“I do,” she purred as my hands slid towards her bra band. She licked my nipple. “They're just so... so... wonderful to suckle on. They make me feel so good.”

She engulfed my other nipple and suckled hard on my nub. I gasped, my futa-dick twitching and pussy clenching. She nursed on my left teat with hunger. I shuddered, my back arching. My mane of black hair swept down my back.

“Oh, wow,” I groaned. “Oh, that's incredible. Yes, yes, that's just wonderful. Ooh, you naughty girl. Mmm, you're going to make me explode, you know that?”

She moaned and suckled on my nipple.

“Yeah, you know that,” I purred and unhooked her bra clasp. I loved how the band fell away, her straps shifting on her shoulder. Her headscarf rustled as she suckled on me. “Mmm, you're such a delicious girl.”

I worked off the straps from her shoulders, forcing her hands to stop kneading my tits. But she didn't stop suckling. My hands cupped her swaying breasts. She had a nice, firm, round pair. Her nipples poked against my palms. I dug my fingers into them.

She moaned as she suckled. My nipple throbbed and tingled. The delight shot straight to my cunt. My cock twitched and throbbed with such aching delight. She had such a hot and warm mouth. It was wonderful. I loved every moment of her suckling.

My nipple throbbed in her mouth. Her tongue danced around my nub before her lips nibbled on it. My pussy drank in the sensations, building the ache at the tip of my cock. I squeezed her boobs, massaging them.

“Oh, yes, yes, that's nice,” I purred. “Mmm, but we're going to sixty-nine? Or did you just want to suckle on my nipples for the next hour?”

She popped her mouth off my nub and gasped, “Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Zoey. I got carried away.”

“Don't apologize,” I said, squeezing her boobs. “I like having my nipples played with.” My fingers slid up her breasts until they grabbed her nipples. I twerked them. “Don't you?”

She shuddered and nodded, her eyes so dark and bright at the same time. “Yes. It makes my... my clit-dick want to grow.”

“Clit-dick? Learn that from the futa porn you watch?”

“Yes!” She quivered, her tartan headscarf rustling around her. “I want to grow mine so much. I have to get out of this skirt and panties.” Her hands went to her left hip and the zipper for her skirt. She undid it and let the tartan delight fall down her dark thighs. The virginal white of her schoolgirl panties stood out against her coffee-brown skin.

She peeled off her panties next, my futa-dick throbbing as the African cutie exposed her thick bush of midnight-black hair. Her curls had a tight curl to them. Woolly. She bent over, her face pressing between my boobs as she did. She licked the side of my tits.

When she straightened, her panties off, her futa-dick had grown nearly to its full girth. Her dark-brown shaft thrust out and nuzzled into the throbbing tip of my cock. I gasped as our crowns docked together for a moment, pleasure shooting down me.

I groaned and cupped her face. I kissed the Muslim girl. My lips locked on hers, our cocks sliding past the other to nuzzle into our bushes. I shuddered, my mouth working on hers and our tongues dancing. She groaned and didn't resist as I pushed her back to my bed.

We sank down on it, kissing. Our breasts brushed, nipples almost grazing. I shuddered, my hands stroking her as we ended up on our sides. Her lips were so sweet. So soft and loving. It was a blast to enjoy.

I broke the kiss. “Mmm, I am so looking forward to this. You're only the second futa I've met. I want to do all the naughty things futas can do with each other.”

“Like sucking each other's big dicks?” she asked.

I nodded and sat up. I stretched out on my side, this time my right side. Her futa-dick was right before my lips. Twitching and throbbing. Her girl-dick was beautiful. Precum beaded the slit in the dark crown. I grabbed her shaft in my pale fingers and licked my lips.

“Such a gorgeous dick,” I moaned.

Malika just moaned, seized my futa-cock, and swallowed my tip before I was even ready for her. I gasped as her soft, wet lips slid over the crown of my dick. Pleasure shot down to my pussy. My cunt clenched. I whimpered from the pressure. This wave of delight shot through me. I shuddered and groaned as she nursed on me.

I returned the favor, nursing on her with just as much hunger. My tongue danced around her mouth. I caressed her. Teased her. She moaned around my clit-dick. Her salty precum melted through my taste buds.

What a wonderful delight.

I breathed through my nose, inhaling her spicy aroma. I loved the heady scent of her cunt. Her dewdrops beaded on her curls. Little diamonds amid her black strands. I stared at those as I nursed on her, my cheeks hollowing.

Malika suckled on my girl-cock with enthusiasm. She nursed hard, the passion reaching down my shaft to my cunt. My pussy clenched, drinking in the delight. I groaned, nursing on her back. Returning the favor, my tongue swirling.

Sloppy sounds of passion filled the room. The wet sounds of blowjobs.

My bed creaked beneath me as we both nursed on the other. It was so much fun to do this. To suckle with such passion. My tongue caressed over her dick. I danced and swirled and buffed her with passion. With hunger. I was so ready to make her cum.

My cheeks hollowed with rapture. I bobbed my head, nursing on her with all I had.

And stared at her pussy. At those curls dripping with her juices. There was something futas could do when sucking each other's dicks. Something naughty.

I slid my fingers up her dark thighs until I was cupping her thick bush. Her curls rubbed against the palm of my hand. I loved the sensation. I slid my fingers through her curls and found the lips to her pussy. I stroked her cunt. I ran my digits up and down her hot flesh.

I thrust a pair of them into her cunt. She squealed around my cock as my digits slid into the juicy delight of her pussy. She quivered, her dick throbbing in my mouth. She suckled with such passion on me. I nursed on her with all the passion I could muster as I fingered her twat.

Malika returned the favor.

I trembled as her hand stroked up my thigh, her fingers so gentle. They sent burning tingles racing ahead to my juicy cunt. She nursed with her hungry passion, her digits creeping closer and closer until they slid into my bush. I trembled in anticipation.

Groaned when she brushed my pussy lips.

Her fingers slid up and down my slit. She caressed my folds. She teased them. Delight shot through me. Wonderful and naughty delight. I loved the way she caressed me and teased me. It was fantastic. I loved her fingers sliding through my bush to stroke my juicy labia.

I suckled hard on her, my digits plundering her pussy. Her girl-dick throbbed in my mouth while her fingers teased my pussy. She found the entrance. Thrust three of her digits into my cunt. I gasped, my twat clamping down on her.

It was heaven to have her fingers sliding into my pussy while her tongue danced around the crown of my cock.

I groaned around her girl-cock. I suckled on her, fingering her. We pleased each other.

The pressure rose in my ovaries. They ached with the need to cum. I had a load of futa-jizz just waiting to spurt into her mouth. The itch built and built at the tip of my cock. Her tongue stroked it, building it while her fingers caressed my pussy. She thrust deep and hard into my twat.

It was glorious. Passionate. I whimpered around her girl-cock, drool leaking out of the right side of my mouth.

I came closer and closer to that wondrous moment of detonation. That wicked explosion of bliss that would shower through me. I shuddered, my dick twitching and throbbing in her mouth. Her precum spilling into mine. Our pussies clung to the other's thrusting digits.

Her three fingers reamed my cunt. Plundered it. The silky friction fed the heat in my balls. The ache at the tip of my futa-dick. Her tongue caressed that spongy crown between her wonderful sucks. I couldn't hold out much longer.

She squealed, her pussy clamping down on my girl-cock. Then she erupted.

Hot cum fired into my mouth.

Hot pussy writhed around my digits.

I gulped down her passion. I drank her thick and salty load. I swallowed it down, reveling in that wonderful flavor. I squealed in delight and then erupted. I came into her mouth. I exploded, firing my jizz into her maw as I suckled down her futa-seed.

Our pussies both spasmed. Mine rippled around her digits while hers convulsed around my fingers. The dual pleasures rushed through me. That wondrous burst of ecstasy firing from my futa-dick while the rapture washed out of my cunt and drowned my mind.

It was incredible. I hovered there, loving every moment of it. I trembled, my boobs jiggling together. I quivered through the rapture, savoring every last second. It was magnificent. I enjoyed it so much. This was passion.

I fired the last of my cum into her mouth. Her dick pulsed a final time into mine. I savored her salty jizz melting through my mouth. I didn't want to swallow it. I wanted to share it with her. I moaned and ripped my mouth off her girl cock, my fingers sliding out of her cunt. Sitting up, my dick popped out of her lips and her digits slipped from my cunt.

I rolled over and kissed her with hunger. I planted my salty lips on hers and thrust my tongue coated in her seed into her mouth. The sexy, African futa moaned. She kissed me back with passion, her tongue playing with mine.

We passed her jizz back and forth as we shuddered through our passion. I trembled, loving the delight. It was so wonderful to share this kiss with her. The flavor of her salty spunk slowly melted away, diluted by our saliva.

I broke the kiss. We panted, our eyes staring into the other's. She swallowed and then said, "Can I... Can I do..." She shook her head. "No, no, it's too much."

"What?" I asked. I nuzzled the tip of my nose into hers. "Now you have me curious. Tell me."

She shuddered. "I was just wondering if I could... fuck you in the ass!"

My sphincter clenched. I glanced at the alarm clock on my nightstand. "We have time." I rolled over onto my hands and knees, boobs swaying. "Come on, fuck me in the ass. Pound me, Malika. I love anal!"

“Miss Zoey,” she breathed in awe. “I’ve seen it so many times in porn. Donna Dickgirl or Classy Clitcock fucking a girl in the ass. The girl squealing in delight. I imagined I was the futa pounding her. Ooh, that’s amazing. Thank you.”

I smiled and winked at her.

She moved behind me, my bedsprings squeaking. I wiggled my rump, my pussy dripping juices that ran down my girl-cock. They spilled down towards the tip and beaded there. I shuddered at how naughty that felt.

Malika pressed her girl-cock into my butt-crack, her tip sliding in between my asscheeks. She went lower and lower until she nuzzled against my sphincter. Her crown, wet with saliva and her precum, drilled against my naughty backdoor.

“I don’t need... lube?” she asked. “I see girls in porno use lube when they... when they do anal.”

“Watching lesbian porn, too?” I asked.

“Yes,” she moaned, her cock rubbing against me.

“Do those futa-porn-stars ever use lube?” I asked, loving the feel of her girl-dick against my asshole. I just wanted her to ram in me.

“I...” She groaned. “I don’t remember.”

“They don’t. You know why? Futa-cocks produce more than enough precum to lube the way. We’re not like guys’ dicks. We’re superior to them.”

“Oh, my,” she said and then thrust her girl-cock against my asshole.

I shuddered, my fingers grabbing the sheets as her thick girth spread and spread and spread wide my anal ring, yawning to devour her. Then she popped past my sphincter and slid into my bowels. I gasped at the velvety massage.

She groaned, her hands grabbing my hips. She squeezed them as she sank her girl-cock deeper and deeper into my bowels. She pressed into my flesh. I groaned, loving every moment of her sliding into me. It was fantastic to have her working her girl-cock into my bowels.

My face rubbed into my sheets. I shuddered as more and more of her clit-dick slid into my bowels. I sucked in breaths, my asshole squeezing about her shaft. She moaned as she went deeper and deeper until that thick and ticklish bush of hers rubbed into my butt-cheeks.

“Miss Zoey,” she moaned in delight. “Oh, Miss Zoey, you have such a wonderful asshole.”

“I’m glad you approve,” I groaned, squeezing my bowels down around her girl-cock. I shuddered, my boobs swaying. “Oh, yes, yes you have such an amazing dick. Mmm, now I want you to fuck me hard. That’s how you fuck another futa and...” I threw a look over her shoulder. “A reach around would be appreciated.”

“Reach around?” she asked, her dark face framed by her headscarf. She wore that modest item while her tits jiggled and her futa-dick filled my asshole.

“Yeah. Where you grab your futa-partner's cock and stroke up and down her.” I squeezed my bowels down around her cock. “Mmm, give me some more pleasure than just that big clit-dick you have.”

“Oh, okay, Miss Zoey,” she said and slid her hand around. “I had no idea it was called that.”

“You're welcome,” I told her as she drew back her hips. Her hand grabbed my cock a moment later. “It's my job to teach you things, after all.”

She slammed back into my bowels and moaned, “I do not think the headmistress hired you to teach me these sorts of things.”

“You're probably right,” I purred. Her cock slammed back into my asshole, her hand pumping up and down my dick.

I groaned, savoring the sodomizing delight. My futa-cock throbbed in her hand. She stroked up and down me, brushing my crown. Delight shot up to my pussy, meeting the heat melting out of my asshole. The two delights mixed and swirled in my cunt. My ovaries loved it.

The bed creaked as she pounded me. She slammed her girl-cock hard into my bowels. She fucked me with hard strokes. She buried into me again and again. I shuddered, loving it. My asshole clenched about her. She matched the rhythm of her thrusts to her hand flying up and down my cock.

“Miss Zoey!” she moaned, burying her futa-dick into my bowels. “Oh, Miss Zoey, your asshole is amazing! I love it!”

“Mmm, Malika, you are an angel!” I moaned. “A futa-angel sent to deliver me to heaven!”

“Yes, yes, yes!” she gasped. “And you were sent by Allah to be my futa-houri. Yes, yes, your bowels are squeezing about my dick. I love it. I love this so much, Miss Zoey!”

I clenched my bowels down on her futa-dick, increasing the friction. She gasped as she drew back her girl-cock then slammed it back into my asshole. The burning delight heated up my cunt more and more. My dick throbbed, the pressure swelling at the tip.

Pussy cream ran down my shaft, lubing her hand flying up and down it. She could really fist me now. It was incredible to enjoy. I loved every moment of it. I shuddered, my asshole squeezing about her bowels. I loved it.

She pumped away at me. She fucked me so hard. I whimpered and moaned, my boobs bouncing. My asshole melted around her girl-cock. The friction was incredible. I loved how hard she fucked me, her ticklish bush smacking into my rump over and over again.

That felt amazing. I loved every second of it. I savored every last moment of her burying into my asshole. She pounded me hard. She fucked me without mercy. It was just what I needed. What I craved. I loved every second of her burying into me.

“Miss Zoey!” she moaned, her dick spearing into my asshole over and over.

“Yes, yes, that's it, Malika!” I squeezed my anal sheath down on her futa-dick. “Are you going to cum in my asshole?”

“I am, Miss Zoey!” she gasped, her hand fisting my dick so hard and fast. My crown burst with pleasure.

“Good!” I moaned.

She fucked me with such powerful strokes. She plunged to the hilt in me. I gasped every time she buried hard into me. I shuddered, rising towards that moment of eruption. She slammed her girl-cock to the hilt in me as her hand stroked my cock. The twin pleasures met in my pussy.

My ovaries drank in the delight and erupted.

I gasped as I came over and over again, my bowels rippling around her futa-cock. Pleasure shot out of my dick. Wondrous delight. It shuddered, savoring that bliss firing out of me. I threw back my head as I unloaded everything that I had in my ovaries onto the bed.

“Miss Zoey!” she howled and then erupted.

Her hot cum jetted into my bowels as I painted the bed with my cum. I groaned, my face twisting with ecstasy. It was incredible. I loved it. My blood pumped hot through my veins. I shuddered with such passion, loving it. This was outstanding.

Her cum fired into me as mine splashed on the bed. It was like her jizz shot through my body. I loved it. My bowels milked her girl-cock of all her wondrous futa-spunk. Her hand fisted my dick. Pussy cream spilled down my shaft, my cunt spasming wildly.

“Oh, yes, yes!” I gasped. “Oh, Lord, that's good.”

“It is, Miss Zoey!” she groaned and fired the last of her cum into my bowels.

I panted, coming down from the high of my orgasm. I glanced at the clock and sighed. “We have to get to dinner. Don't want to miss it. That'll spark questions.”

“Right,” she said and pulled her girl-cock out of me.

She kept smiling at me with delight in her eyes as we dressed. I loved it. I pulled on my panties and bra, then blouse and skirt. I tucked in my top and spritzed on some perfume. I slipped out of my room, Malika following, and found Linda and Aisha breaking apart.

The lovers were making out on Aisha's bed. The Arab girl, her headscarf wrapped about her face, squeaked in fright until she saw me. Linda, her brassy-brown hair falling down around her face, only grinned boldly.

“Thought we had the dorms alone, Miss Zoey,” Linda said. “Just making out. Thanks for letting us use your classroom earlier.”

“You're welcome girls,” I said as we walked out. “We were doing a little making out of our own.”

“Nice, Malika,” Linda said. “I bet you had fun.”

Malika shuddered and whimpered.

“It's okay,” I told her. “I've fucked them both. They're good girls.” I put my arm around her shoulder as we reached the end of the dorm. Once I was sure we were out of earshot of the lovers, I asked, “I know another girl here who is a futa. Would you like to meet her? She's shy, too.”

Malika bit her lip. “Sure.”

The possibility of a threesome with Malika and Linda sent my clit throbbing.

We made our way to the cafeteria, the girls streaming in. I broke away from Malika and headed to the line to get food. Teachers and students ate the same food. Tonight, it was German sausage with sauerkraut and potato scallions covered in a savory sauce. I hummed as I moved through the line with the others. There was a kosher/halal choice for the Muslim girls. I wasn't sure if any Jewish girls went to the school. Malika took the halal choice, which was lemon-crust chicken.

I sat down beside Sister Esther Ruth. The lesbian nun shot me a smile, something flirty in her eyes. I winked back at her. We chatted about everything but our threesome this afternoon. I knew we would be partnering together to discipline Amelia again.

After dinner, Hikaru came up to me as I was disposing of my trash. She had this nervous look.

“Another blackmail letter?” I asked the Japanese girl.

“Yeah,” she said. “The blackmailer wants *more* pictures.” She bit her lip. “I'm just so worried about what she's doing with the pics. I don't want you to get in trouble. It's making studying so hard. I'm worried my grades are going to slip.”

Pity went out to her. She was caught up in Mary Kate's machination. My eyes found the first year sitting alone, her blonde hair falling down her back in a French braid. She was reading from a book and eating slowly at the same time.

“I can't do much about your other teachers,” I said. “But I can make sure you still do good in my class.”

“Thanks,” she said, relief on her face.

“Are you in one of Sister Esther Rosa's classes?” I asked.

“Yeah, she teaches my math class. Why?”

“No reason.” I bet I could get her to give Hikaru a break. I was certain Hikaru would be willing to go down on her math teacher. The girl, since losing her cherry, had turned into such a wanton slut. She was one of those girls who got a taste of sex and just lost herself in it. “So, what do we need?”

“She wants shots of me riding your cock, sucking your dick, and then cum on my face. She also wants pics of cum leaking out of my pussy and my asshole. We'll have to be up all night, Miss Zoey. That's a lot of sex.”

“Then we'll have to be up all night.” I smiled. “Just come to my room. I've fucked almost all of the other girls. You can spend the night with me. Though I'm surprised they didn't hear us.” I frowned. Linda and Aisha hadn't heard Malika and me fucking.

Maybe the walls were thicker than I thought. We had been loud. The only girl in the dorm I hadn't fucked was my blackmailer, Mary Kate.

Well, and Selena. But the dominating girl just liked to watch me fuck her sex slave, Bella.

“This is going to be so much fun,” she squealed.

I winked at her.

That night, as the other girls were getting ready for bed, I held the door open, wearing my nightgown. Hikaru sauntered to me, her black hair freshly brushed. She had come from the showers, smelling of soap. I smacked her on the ass as she entered.

“Miss Zoey,” she giggled.

I was about to close the door when Selena stopped me. The dominating girl, her platinum-blond hair falling about her lush face, flicked her eyes past me to Hikaru sitting on my bed. “So, you're not even hiding it, huh?”

“I'm not,” I said. “Tonight's Hikaru's night. Maybe tomorrow night, I'll bring you in here and finally fuck you.”

Her expression turned frosty. “I'm not a slut for futa-dick. But I *might* let you enjoy Bella.”

“Oh, if you're not a slut for it, then why do you love to watch me?” I had confidence. I had defeated Sister Esther Ruth and identified my blackmailer. I wouldn't let Selena push me around.

“Mmm, you're growing a spine. This will be interesting.” Selena turned and sauntered off in her nightgown, her rump delicious.

I closed the door and turned to Hikaru. She had a bright smile on her face. “You're so bold, Miss Zoey. You stood up to Selena. No one but the headmistress does that.”

“She's not the boss of these dorms,” I purred. “I am.”

“And whoever is blackmailing us to do naughty things,” Hikaru said, her eyes holding a wicked twinkle. “I was so wet taking a shower. It was so hard not to masturbate. Mmm, but how should we start?”

“Blowjob,” I said and grabbed my smartphone. I was allowed to have it, but not to take it out of my room. “Then the facial. Some cowgirl fun, get a creampie shot, then on to anal.”

“Ooh, I love it,” she purred and stood up. She opened her cream-hued robe and exposed her pale-olive flesh. She had skin a similar hue to mine. Back in Asia, Chinese hated the Japanese, and the Japanese looked down on the Chinese, but here... Here we were coming together in lusty harmony.

The first-year cutie had those small breasts that looked perfect on her petite frame. Her dark eyes shone as she knelt before me. Her bush was nice and thick, not as curly as Malika's, her hairs finer. Little strands of silk. Every woman was different and wonderful in her own way.

The world would be so boring if we were all the same.

She grabbed my robe and opened it up. I aimed my phone at her as she exposed my naked breasts and thick, black bush. She rubbed her face into my curls, my hairs rustling over her cheeks and nose. Then she inhaled in deeply.

“Ooh, your tangy musk is so delicious,” she moaned. “I'm so glad you're a futanari, Miss Zoey. Just so glad that you have this big clit-dick.”

She slid her lips into my bush and found my pussy folds. She sealed about my little bud. I shuddered as she latched on and nursed. This wicked heat shot through me. I gasped, my back arching. My breasts jiggled as she nursed on me. It was fantastic to feel. I groaned, my face twisting with delight.

“Oh, that's good,” I moaned, my heart pounding wildly. “Ooh, ooh, ooh, you're making me feel so good. I just have to... sprout!”

My futa-dick grew into her mouth. I swelled into the naughty girl's hungry maw. She suckled on me, her eyes staring up at my cock. I grew and grew into her warm, wet hole. It was such a wonderful delight to swell into her mouth. Her tongue swirled about it as I grew bigger and bigger.

I aimed my phone down at her as I reached my full girth, my cock nuzzling into the back of her throat. You could see a good six inches of my shaft thrusting between us. I snapped the pic, my open robe swaying about me.

She moaned and started sucking. I shuddered, my face contorting with delight. Her tongue danced around it. I was so excited by the prospect of catching Mary Kate red-handed looking at these pics, I could feel my orgasm building fast. I would pop off soon into Hikaru's mouth.

Her tongue danced around my crown. I shuddered at how great that felt. A big smile spread on my lips. My futa-dick throbbed in her mouth. She nursed on me, sucking with such passion on my girl-cock.

“Damn,” I groaned.

She winked at me.

“You naughty girl,” I cooed. “Ooh, you know just what you're doing to me.”

She suckled harder and harder. She nursed on me with this wicked force. I groaned, savoring the force of her suction. She brought me closer and closer to cumming. Closer and closer to that wonderful burst of pleasure.

My pussy drank in her naughty force. Juices soaked my bush and trickled down my thighs. She bobbed her head, working her mouth up and down my cock. I loved it. This was just the thing I needed. I would have such a huge orgasm.

“Yes, yes, yes,” I moaned. “Ooh, just like that. You're going to make me cum. Yes, you are. Just make me explode. Fuck, I love it.”

She nursed with such passion on me, sucking and slurping. I groaned, my heart racing more and more. Her tongue danced around my crown, my pussy drinking in every nurse. My ovaries brimmed with my load of futa-cum.

Not much longer. I arched my back, my boobs bouncing. My open robe rustled around my body. I clutched my camera, ready to take that next naughty pic. I sucked in deep breaths, my heart racing so fast. She suckled so hard.

“Oh, Lord, yes!” I gasped. “I'm going to cum, Hikaru!”

She ripped her mouth off my cock with a wet plop. Her hand flew up and down my shaft, stroking me. She stared up at me, her cute nose twitching. “Cum on my face, Miss Zoey!”

I exploded.

Blast after blast of my cum showered her face. I covered her in my jizz. I shuddered, spurting over and over again, splattering her features. The pleasure slammed into my mind. Waves of delight raced out of my spasming pussy.

“Miss Zoey!” the Japanese cutie cooed as I coated her face in my spunk. “Oh, Miss Zoey, that's it. I love it. I love it so much!”

I quivered, loving this pleasure shooting through me. It was outstanding to paint her cute face in lines of my rosy spunk. My jizz crisscrossed her temple. Her forehead. Her cheeks. It splashed on her pink lips. Her tongue darted out, gathering it up. I groaned and gasped, my heart racing.

“Fuck!” I moaned as I pumped the last of my cum onto her face. I held up my phone in my hand, my open robe rustling around. “Smile!”

Hikaru beamed up at me. I snapped the picture. Her face appeared frozen on my screen, coated in my pearly spunk. It was such a naughty pic. I shuddered and synced it up to the cloud so I could download it on my laptop and use that special client.

“Cowgirl?” I asked.

“Yes,” she moaned, sitting up, her face covered in spunk.

I shrugged out of my robe and stretched out on my back. My futa-cock bobbed before me, big and throbbing, just aching to unload. I squirmed into place, my heart racing. She had a big grin as she crawled into place, jizz dripping down her features. She grabbed my cock and brought it to her pussy. She impaled her twat down it.

“Yes!” she squealed as her cunt devoured my futa-dick.

“Oh, damn, that's good,” I groaned as her pussy slid down my dick. Her face, coated in spunk, twisted in delight. “Mmm, don't go all the way down my cock.”

She stopped halfway, letting me get a good pick of her clearly impaled on my cock. I snapped it, face still dripping in cum. She shuddered and then impaled herself the rest of the way down my cock. I gasped, my back arching.

I set my phone beside me on the bed and groaned as she rode my futa-dick. She worked her pussy up and down my dick. She felt amazing. Her cunt clenched about me. She massaged me with that hot twat. She felt so good. So amazing. I groaned, savoring every moment of her passion.

Cum dripped onto her small breasts as she worked that tight snatch up and down my dick. I groaned, grabbing her hips. Her pink tongue flicked out, gathering up the jizz

that ran down to her lips. She moaned her delight, her pussy clenching down on my cock.

“I love having your jizz on my face, Miss Zoey!” she moaned. “And your big futadick in me. Ooh, yes, yes. I love that we're being blackmailed just because this is amazing. This is wonderful.”

“Yeah,” I groaned. “But what does the blackmailer get out of it?”

“Pervy pics?” asked Hikaru. “I don't know. Doesn't make any sense. Ooh, yes, yes, that's so good. Ooh, your clit-dick is going to make me explode.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” I groaned, savoring her pussy sliding up and down my cock. It was incredible to have her tight snatch ride me. “Going to flood your pussy and take a pic!”

“Yes!” she squealed, her pussy slamming down my futadick.

More cum dripped from her face as she rode me. Her black hair danced. She looked so wild and passionate as her pussy squeezed around me. She gripped me with her tight, hot flesh. I loved her silky grip. Her pussy felt amazing on my dick. Just what I wanted to feel.

The pressure swelled in my ovaries. They would paint her pussy with jizz. I would pump so much in her. Then I would take pictures. I would keep them, too. Maybe Mary Kate just wanted some sexy pics. Maybe she was too shy or scared to come to me.

But this wasn't the way.

“Oh, yes, yes,” I groaned. “Oh, Hikaru, that sweet pussy. Lord, you're going to make me cum!”

“I want that,” she moaned. Her hands squeezed my breasts. She kneaded them, leaning over me. My cum dripped on my stomach. “I want you to flood me.”

She leaned down further until she was pressing her small tits into my boobs. Her salty lips met mine. I groaned at the taste of my girl-cum. I shuddered, grabbing her ass. I rolled her over and slammed into her pussy hard.

I fucked her with passion, our tongues sharing my futajizz. She whimpered, her pussy clenching about me as I hammered her snatch. Her hands slid around my back. Her fingernails clawed at my flesh. My pussy grew hotter and hotter. My ovaries tighter and tighter.

I loved plowing into her pussy.

I savored that hot cunt squeezing about me. I was so close to cumming.

I buried into her snatch. She squealed and bucked beneath me. Hikaru's pussy went wild around my girl-cock. Her flesh spasmed. The heat rippled around my cock, sucking at me. Nursing at my futadick. The pressure in my ovaries erupted.

I spewed molten cum into her spasming cunt. Spurt after spurt of jizz flooded out of me. I groaned atop her, unloading everything that I had into her. I basted her with my spunk. My girl-seed flooded her young pussy.

Her barely legal cunt writhed around me.

She broke the kiss and gasped, “Miss Zoey!”

I know!” I moaned, savoring the delight of pumping load after load of cum into her snatch. “Oh, I know. This is wonderful, isn't it? Oh, yes, yes, this is just magnificent.”

“It is!” she gasped, her pussy rippling around me. “Oh, wow. Oh, that's so good. I love it. I love it so much. Ooh, yes, yes, just going to milk out all that spunk.”

I shuddered and fired the last blast of cum into her. I filled her pussy to the brim. I shuddered on her, kissing her. She mewled, turning her head and breaking our kiss. My lips smeared through the jizz on her cheek, savoring my salty delight.

“The picture, Miss Zoey,” she moaned, her pussy squeezing around my cock.

“Right,” I panted. I lifted myself from her and looked for my phone. I spotted it on the edge of the bed about to fall off. I snagged it and pulled out of her. She squealed in delight and then shuddered. Her entire body quivered.

I stared at her black bush, my cum leaking out. I waited for enough of it to mat her and then snapped the picture. I shuddered at the next one the wicked blackmailer wanted. I swallowed, my heart racing.

Tomorrow morning, I would nab Mary Kate red-handed. She would not get away with this. Oh, no, I would punish her. I would spank that cute ass of hers.

“Mmm, now it's time for anal,” Hikaru cooed and rolled over.

I smiled. Dealing with Mary Kate was for the morning. Tonight, I had a sexy, nubile, Japanese girl to fuck and fuck. I rose, my cock dripping with her pussy cream, and aimed for that cute ass I would shortly be sodomizing.

I loved being a futa-teacher at St. Catherine's.

To be continued...