



**Miss Zoey's
Interracial Lesson
Futa Teaches the Catholic
Coeds 8**

REED JAMES



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by

Reed James

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Miss Zoey's Interracial Lesson

I had my blackmailer now. Malika had rushed to the one computer in the library, the only place the girls who attended St. Catherine's Academy for Proper Girls, a private Catholic college, could get on the internet and check their emails. There was nanny software to keep them off certain websites, but the blackmailer's email host wouldn't be one of those.

But the blackmailer wouldn't want anyone to see her looking at the picture of Hikaru that I had sent her. So she sat at the computer with a wall behind her. No way someone could accidentally see what she was doing.

I brimmed with such triumph as Malika squeaked in guilty fright, jumping out of her chair. The African girl's pink-and-black tartan headscarf fluttered as she scrambled to grab the mouse and close the window.

It wasn't email she was checking, though.

It was porn.

My jaw dropped at the video playing of Classy Clitcock, a futa-porn-star, fucking a woman hard. The futa's big dick thrust into her pussy, plunging deep and hard. Malika finally closed the window, the desktop appearing showing a Renaissance painting of Jesus's resurrection as he appeared before Mary Magdalene. Malika trembled, staring down at her hands, her thighs pressed tight together.

Her embarrassment was so obvious. I couldn't believe it. She wasn't the blackmailer. I thought for certain she was. Someone in my dorm knew I was a futa and was blackmailing me into fucking Hikaru for her own amusement. She had me tie the poor girl up last night and ravish her. I sent a picture of a bound Hikaru dripping in cum to the blackmailer.

And it wasn't Malika?

"Come with me," I said. I had to figure this out. "Now."

"Yes, Miss Zoey," Malika said, my clit throbbing. I hadn't watched one of Classy Clitcock scenes in a month. I used to watch the two futa-porn-stars doing such kinky things, part of me aching to throwaway my chance to be a teacher by going into porn and getting wild.

Malika followed behind me as I strode through the library, passing the other girls using the computer. Nichole Gladwyn, Eunice Bridges, Mary Kate, Sharifa Bousaid, and Candace Hudnall. More girls were hurrying in to check their email or get online before breakfast and classes.

I marched out of the library and headed to my classroom. The library was on the second floor of the school in the west wing while my class was on the eastern half. So

we had mostly empty hallways to walk through to get it. I could feel the fear bleeding off Malika. The second-year girl was almost hyperventilating.

I opened the door to my classroom and motioned her in. She hurried in, her white blouse buttoned up, her tartan tie falling down the front of it. Her coffee-brown skin stood out against the snowy cloth. Her skirt matched her tie and headscarf. It swirled around her legs while knee-high socks completed her schoolgirl look.

“Drop your skirt and panties,” I said as I closed the door. “I have to spank you for watching porn.”

“Y-Yes, Miss Zoey,” she said, her voice squeaking. “I know it's wrong. I'm just weak.”

Weren't we all? My clit wanted to transform into my futa-dick. I ached to fuck this African girl. Black girls were always so wild. They would gasp about how big my dick was. “You're Chinese and hung more than a brotha,” was a common reaction. They assumed the stereotype about Chinese and other Far East Asian men having small dicks applied to a futa.

It did not.

Malika unzipped her skirt and let it flutter down her coffee-brown thighs and her knee-high socks. She stepped out of the skirt and picked it up. She folded it and set it on a desk. She wore a pair of white panties. Plain but they hugged her curvy rump. I bit my lip, wanting to moan my appreciation.

I was so glad that corporal discipline was allowed at this school. I could do it or send her to the headmistress for punishment.

“P-Please, don't tell Sister Elizabeth Ruth,” whimpered Malika as she peeled off her panties. That was the headmistress. Half the staff here were nuns, the rest of us were laypersons like me.

“I won't,” I said. “This is your warning. The next time I catch you watching porn...” I hated being strict with her, but those were the rules. I was supposed to stop the girls from immoral behavior: watching porn, having sex with each other, even masturbating.

Of course, I had fucked six out of the eight girls in the Black Rose Dorm that I monitored. Some ethics teacher I was.

Malika peeled off her panties. I really had to fight against that groan as she revealed her plump rump. As she bent over to take off her panties, I could see her thick bush. Dewdrops of her excitement still beaded on her curls from watching the porn.

I couldn't believe she was watching porn in the library. “Were you planning on sneaking into the bathroom and masturbating to what you saw, Malika?”

“Yes, Miss Zoey,” she whimpered in her French accent as she picked up her panties, folded them, and set them on her skirt. Then she bent over the desk beside it, her rump quivering. “I'm so sorry. I know it is sin. I have disappointed Allah.”

“I know,” I purred. “We've all sinned. We've all done despicable things. I've masturbated to porn before. It happens. But you're here to focus on your studies.”

“You have?” Malika asked in awe. “You? You're so elegant, Miss Zoey. So confident.”

“I get horny, too.” I put my hand on her rump. “Ten spanks, okay? That's your punishment.”

“I deserve it,” she moaned, wiggling her ass.

Lord, my pussy was getting so wet. My clit just wanted to sprout. I wanted to spank her and then ravish her. Just ram my cock to the hilt in her pussy and churn her up. Wouldn't that be hot?

“I am ready for my punishment,” she moaned, her French accent growing thicker.

I drew back my hand, my pussy quivering. I slapped it down on her rump.

SMACK!

The stinging sound echoed through the room. Her asscheek quivered like Amelia's had, but no bright-red hand print appeared. Malika did moan in such an exciting way.

“One,” she groaned. “Thank you, Miss Zoey. May I have another?”

My clit throbbed. Amelia had said the same thing. That must be something they had to do at this school. It was so hot hearing her thank me and then ask for another spank. I nearly grew my dick right then and there, my pussy soaking my panties.

I drew back my hand.

SMACK!

The sound echoed through my classroom. Her head tossed, her *hijab* fluttering about her head. Her butt-cheeks clenched together.

“Two! Thank you, Miss Zoey. May I have another?”

“Yes!” I groaned, my pussy a molten mess. My clit pulsed with my heartbeat.

SMACK!

The way her ass rippled was so sexy to watch. She sucked in a deep breath.

“Three! Thank you, Miss Zoey. May I have another?”

SMACK!

She groaned, her head lowering. The desk she was bent over creaked beneath her. I wanted to sprout my cock and jerk it off with my free hand.

“Four! Thank you, Miss Zoey. May I have another?”

Why was that the sexiest thing I had ever heard in my life? Why was it so hot to hear a girl begging to be spanked again?

SMACK!

I had to keep doing it. I had to keep slapping her dark ass. It was so beautiful to watch her asscheeks rippling.

“Five! Thank you, Miss Zoey. May I have another?”

“Lord, yes,” I whispered, my heart racing a mile a minute.

SMACK!

My hand felt the stinging impact. It shivered through me. My pussy clenched. My body was on fire. This was so wonderful. I wanted to spank her until the end of time.

“Six!” she groaned, her voice throaty with pain now. A bead of pussy cream ran down her thigh. She enjoyed this? “Thank you, Miss Zoey. May I have another?”

She *enjoyed* this. My clit throbbed and grew an inch in my panties. I clenched my jaws and resisted it as I raised my hand.

SMACK!

My hand cracked down on her rump hard. She yelped, her head snapping up. Her headscarf fluttered around her head.

“Seven!” she squealed. “Thank you, Miss Zoey. May I have another?”

SMACK!

“Eight!” she gasped, another bead of pussy cream spilling down her thigh. “Thank you, Miss Zoey. May I please have another?”

My hand squeezed her rump before I pulled back for the next one. My hand snapped down.

SMACK!

The slap echoed through my classroom. Her asscheeks clenched together as she shuddered through the pain.

“Nine!” Her voice was so tight. She shuddered. “Thank you, Miss Zoey. May I please have another?”

Last one. My hand drew back all on its own. A trance fell on me. I was hypnotized by her rippling rump. My clit pulsed. Throbbed. Ached to grow. I snapped my hand down at her coffee-brown rump.

SMACK!

The hardest one yet. My hand burned from the impact.

She shuddered on the desk. Her head tossed. Her butt-cheeks clenched and relaxed. The spicy scent of her pussy cream filled my nose. I breathed it in as she whimpered through her pain. My hand lingered on her rump, feeling the heat my spanks had generated in her.

“Ten!” she gasped out. “Thank you, Miss Zoey.”

I squeezed her rump as she whimpered. She was so wet. I slid my hand down her rump and then into her silky pubic hair. She shuddered as I found the wet folds of her pussy. I stroked up and down her flesh, my clit almost about to erupt.

“Why do you like futa porn?” I asked, my fingers finding her hard clit. She had a fat one. “Do you like futas, Malika?”

She shuddered as I touched her hot flesh. She looked over her shoulder at me. Tears had spilled down her dark cheeks. “I... I was just curious, Miss Zoey.”

“Why?” I purred, caressing her clit.

She groaned and lowered her head. Her hips wiggled from side to side.

“I gave you an order, Malika,” I said. “It's five more spanks if you don't answer me. Refuse after that, and I'll have to inform the headmistress. I can't help you if I don't know why. What makes futas so curious. Do you want to fuck one?”

I was so eager to hear her moan, “Yes!” Fantasies played out in my mind. Revealing I was a futa. Fucking her pussy. A second-year girl, probably a virgin. She was barely legal. It would be so exciting to ram into her.

“I'm curious because... because...” She swallowed. “Because I am a futa, Miss Zoey.”

My stroking finger froze on her bud. Another futa in my dorm. I ripped my fingers away from her clit, my heart racing. Lust melted my cunt. I stared at her black bush, wishing she wasn't so thick so I could see her clit right now. It had felt bigger than most, but I had come across clits on girls who weren't futas that were almost like mini-cocks.

“Show me,” I moaned. “Prove that you have Clitoral Erectile Hermaphroditism Disorder.”

“Yes, Miss Zoey,” she groaned. The African girl rose from her desk and turned, her tie shifting over her round breasts. Was this why she was so shy around the other girls? So guarded? She was afraid of her secret being learned. That she would accidentally grow her cock around them or something.

I knelt, staring at her bush, waiting for her girl-dick to sprout. I had met a few girls who pretended to be a futa, or who even thought they were because of big clits, but they couldn't grow them. Maybe Malika was one of those. She just thought...

Oh, no, she was a futa.

I groaned at the sight of her pink bud pushing out of her black bush. As it took on the shape of her cock, the tip flaring into a spongy crown, her hue darkened to that of her skin. The pink swallowed by coffee-brown delight. She shuddered, her dick growing thicker and longer. A slit formed at the tip.

I grabbed her cock, wrapping her up in my pale-olive fingers. I felt her swelling in my hand. Her girth expanding in my grip. She grew right towards my lip, reaching over a foot in length. She was incredible. She had such a beautiful dick.

“Oh, Malika, that's such a wonderful cock,” I moaned. Then I opened my mouth and swallowed her dick.

She gasped as I did that. I engulfed her cock and nursed on her with hunger. My cheeks hollowed as I loved her dick. She tasted too good. My tongue danced around her crown, loving the taste of her. She shuddered as I nursed on her. I suckled with such passion.

I bobbed my head. I worked my mouth up and down her clit-dick. I suckled with such force. It was wonderful to do. I groaned, savoring the delight of her precum spilling over my tongue. My cheeks hollowed.

“M-Miss Zoey,” she managed to squeak out. “That is wrong. You are not my spouse. You cannot do this. It is sin. Miss Zoey. You are debasing yourself.”

I winked at her as I bobbed my head. I loved to debase myself. I was a hedonist futa. I would no longer pass up opportunities. I had a college full of schoolgirls to molest.

I suckled with passion on her. I worked my lips up and down her big, Black futa-cock. I grabbed her ass, squeezing her rump as I worshiped her and her beautiful clit-dick. The spicy scent of her cunt filled my nose. The heady aroma only added to the thrill of this moment.

Her shocked moans echoed through my classroom. Her headscarf rustled. My cheeks hollowed with the force of my passion. I suckled on her with hunger. I nursed with everything that I had on her. I would gulp down all her cum. I would swallow every drop of it. That would be such a fantastic delight.

“Miss Zoey!” she whimpered. “That's so wrong. No, no.” She shuddered. “*C'est faux!*”

I didn't know what she said, but it was so beautiful.

I bobbed my head with hunger. I nursed on her clit-dick with everything that I had. I wanted her cum to flood my mouth. I bet this was the first time someone had touched her dick. She had masturbated it in stalls, but she hadn't let a girl blow her. Hadn't experienced the delight of a hot pussy engulfing her dick.

I would have to give her such pleasure. I would have to show her just how beautiful her cock was. My pussy clenched. The ache grew and grew. I nursed on her with hunger. I suckled on her with passion, my hair swaying about my face.

She moaned her passion. It was so hot to hear her gasping and moaning. It was a treat. A real rush to have her moaning and groaning. My cheeks hollowed as I worked my mouth up and down her futa-cock.

“Miss Zoey,” she whimpered. “This is wrong. You are going to make me spurt. We are both going to hell. Oh, please, please, stop.”

I slid my lips off her cock and purred. “You don't want me to stop.”

“But I do, Miss Zoey.”

“You're not even trying to stop me. Deeds show the truth of a person, not words. You keep saying, 'Stop! Stop!' But do you push my head away? Do you try to flee? No, you are letting me suck your dick because you want me to. You want to cum in my mouth. I want that, too. I want you to spurt all that yummy seed into my mouth so I can drink it all down.”

“Miss Zoey!” she gasped in shock, her eyes so wide.

I swallowed her girl-cock again, my fingers digging into her rump. She moaned, her dick throbbing in my mouth. I watched the dawning realization in her eyes. She *did* want me to blow her. She wanted me to swallow all her cum and make her explode.

I groaned, savoring that I was showing her the truth of her passions as I bobbed my head. I worked my lips up and down her thick shaft. It was so wonderful to suckle her. The taste of her precum was amazing. I couldn't wait to guzzle down her cum.

I love blowing my futa-students. I loved drinking Linda's cum. I would enjoy drinking Malika's. It would be amazing. I bobbed my head, my black hair swaying down my back. My African cutie whimpered, her face contorting.

“I'm going to cum, Miss Zoey,” she moaned. “I am going to erupt. You will have to drink my cum. Please, please, do not debase yourself.”

I moaned and suckled harder. I wanted to debase myself.

“Oh, Miss Zoey,” she whimpered. “I can't stop. It's too much. It feels too good. *Je vais à l'orgasme! Oui! Oui!*”

Her futa-cum fired from her clit-dick and bathed my mouth. I shuddered, drinking in the delight of her jizz splashing against my taste buds. Her salty and thick futa-cream spilled over my lips and tongue. It was incredible.

I swallowed down her jizz. I gulped it down with such hunger. I swallowed every drop of it. I nursed on her with such passion. It was incredible. I drank down her jizz. I loved every moment of nursing on her. I shuddered, my heart thundering in my chest. She tasted so good.

“Yes, yes, yes!” she gasped. “*Ceci est incroyable!*” Her head tossed from side to side. “That is so good. That is amazing. You are sucking on me with such passion. I love it, Miss Zoey!”

I winked at her as I gulped down her cum. I swallowed all that she pumped into my mouth. The spicy scent of her pussy filled my nose. She trembled, her boobs jiggling beneath her blouse. My pussy clenched, my clit on fire. My cunt, too.

“Miss Zoey!” she whimpered. She stared down at me, panting. Her eyes were glazed as I suckled out the last of her cum.

I held it in my mouth and slid my lips off her dick with a wet plop. I rose, drool spilling down my chin. I cupped her face, fingertips brushing her modest headscarf. I leaned in and kissed the Muslim girl on the lips.

I thrust my tongue, coated in her seed, into her mouth. She shuddered. Her lips worked against my mouth. I kissed her. I savored her passion as I danced my tongue around in her mouth. It was so exciting to kiss her like this.

She groaned as she tasted her own cum. Had she ever enjoyed that delight? I loved the flavor of my own cum. It was magnificent. She whimpered, her lips so soft on mine. My pussy ached. I had to enjoy that cock nuzzling into my skirt.

I broke the kiss. She panted, her breasts rising up and down. She licked her lips. “Was that...?”

“Your cum?” I winked at her. “Good, right? Futa-cum.”

She nodded. “You've had sex with a futa before, Miss Zoey?”

“I have,” I purred and drew up my skirt. “And I'm going to have sex with a futa today. You.”

Her eyes widened. She watched me draw up my pencil skirt. The tight material stretched over my rump. I revealed the pair of purple, satin panties I wore today trimmed with black lace. She bit her lower lip again, her futa-dick throbbing.

“Maybe we shouldn't have sex,” she whimpered. “We've already gone so far.”

“Sit on my desk and lean back,” I purred. “I'm going to ride you.”

“Yes, Miss Zoey,” she moaned and hurried around me.

I watched her dark rump swaying beneath the tails of her white blouse. I smiled at how plump and delicious that ass was. She turned around and sat down with care. She winced then groaned. She leaned back, her big, Black futa-dick thrusting up into the air before her.

I winked at her and then peeled off my panties. I rolled them down my thighs, the smooth fabric caressing my skin. I stepped out of them and left them on the floor. I advanced on her, my fingers pulling off the stretchy blouse I wore. I tossed it to the floor, a matching bra constraining my round breasts. I reached behind me.

She stared at me, her futa-dick throbbing. Twitching. “M-Miss Zoey.”

I winked at her and undid my bra. My round breasts spilled out. I smiled at her and dropped it to the floor, my tits jiggling and shaking. They quivered. She groaned, her eyes locked on them. They moved to the bounce of my boobs as I sauntered to her.

I straddled her, my clit begging to grow. I grabbed her futa-dick in my pale-olive hand. She licked her lips as I lowered my cunt to her throbbing dick. The tip of her cock nuzzled into my thick, black bush. I gasped when my pussy lips kissed her.

“You ready for your first taste of pussy, Malika?” I asked.

She nodded, her eyes so wide.

I impaled myself down her futa-dick.

We both gasped as my cunt swallowed her girl-cock. Her thick shaft stretched me out like Linda's had. Such delight rushed through my body. I groaned, squeezing my twat around her amazing shaft. I bottomed out on her.

She threw her head back, her body trembling. I loved how she squirmed, how her face twisted in delight. I licked my lips, squeezing and relaxing my cunt on her. My clit begged to grow into my dick as my pussy worshiped her futa-cock.

“*C'est incroyable!*” she moaned in French. “Miss Zoey!”

“Mmm, it's going to get better,” I purred and began unbuttoning her blouse. I worked from the bottom, undoing each one and exposing her dark stomach. I worked higher and higher. “Trust me, you're going to explode.”

“In your pussy.” She bit her lip. “With no protection.”

“I know.” I shuddered. “I'm Catholic. We're not allowed to use birth control. It's the hottest.”

I worked higher and higher up her blouse. I opened her up and stared at her breasts in her white bra. Such a cute delight cupping her dark boobs. I shoved up her bra, her tits spilling out. They were round and plump, her nipples a darker shade of brown than her tits.

I cupped them. Squeezed them. She shuddered as I let my clit sprout. My bud blossomed into my futa-dick as I groped those lush boobs. They were so much fun to play with. My growing cock brushed her stomach, pressing into her smooth flesh.

She frowned. “What is that on my stomach.”

“My futa-cock,” I purred.

She gasped and shot her gaze down to look. My futa-dick grew against her belly, swelling thicker and larger. My cunt clenched down on her girl-cock. I savored the feel of her in me as my shaft blossomed to its full girth.

“You're a futanari, too?” she asked, her eyes so wide. “But... but...”

“When I caught you watching futa-porn, well, I was thinking how easy it would be to seduce you. To fuck you over the desk after I spanked you.” I shuddered. “I didn't expect you to be a futa. Ooh, this is so much better. You see, Malika, I understand everything you're going through.”

She stared at me in awe. Tears beaded the corners of her eyes. I smiled and cupped her face. I stroked her before I slid my pussy up her girl-cock. She gasped as my hot cunt massaged her thick shaft. My dick twitched against her belly.

I impaled my cunt back down her futa-cock. It was so awesome feeling her in me. The pleasure rushed through my body and shot up to the tip of my futa-dick throbbing against her stomach. My ovaries drank in the heat the silky friction generated.

“Miss Zoey!” she moaned as I worked my pussy up and down her futa-dick.

“Mmm, Malika,” I groaned. “Yes, yes, you are a beautiful futa. I love that. Ooh, do you love my pussy working up and down your cock?”

“Yes!” Delight shone on her face and in her liquid, brown eyes. “I do. I do so much!”

I smiled at her, squeezing my cunt down around her futa-dick. The silky friction swelled the pressure in my ovaries. That wonderful ache grew at the tip of my dick as I rode her. I slid up her, squeezing my cunt around her pussy. Then I slammed back down her.

She gasped at that. Her face contorted with the delight of what I was doing to her. I wiggled my hips from side to side, my boobs bouncing and heaving. It was an incredible delight. It was just such a magical ride.

“Oh, yes, yes,” she gasped as I plunged my pussy down that big dick. “*C'est incroyable!* Oh, that's so good. Yes, yes, yes, I love it. I love it so much. Miss Zoey!”

“It is,” I purred, my pussy getting hotter and hotter. “Ooh, we're going to have such a huge climax together, aren't we? We're going to just explode with passion.”

She nodded, her eyes so wide as I worked my cunt up and down her clit-dick. I rode her with such zest, my pussy drinking in her girth. My clit-dick throbbed and ached. I swelled towards that moment of eruption. I would explode all over her chocolate tits.

My boobs bounced and hers jiggled as I rode her. My cunt melted around her clit-cock. I worked up and down her shaft, loving her girth. She stretched me out in so many wonderful ways. I would be gasping and moaning and cumming so hard.

It would be incredible. I loved every second of it. Every last moment of it. I built and built towards my orgasm. My ovaries brimmed with all that wonderful cum I would fire onto her tits. My pussy clenched about her girl-dick, drinking in her girth.

“Oh, yes, yes, I'm going to cum on your big dick, Malika!” I moaned.

“Really, Miss Zoey?” she asked, her eyes brimming with delight.

“Your futa-dick is amazing!” I smiled at her. “You're huge. You're stretching me out. You're making me feel so good. Oh, yes, yes, you're making me feel awesome. I love it. I'm going to explode! Oh, my god, that's so awesome!”

I shuddered, working my cunt up and down her girl-dick. The pleasure was intense. My ovaries drank it in. I would explode with so much rapture. I couldn't wait to just burst and shower her in my cum.

“Your pussy is amazing, too!” she moaned. “*Oui, oui!* I am going to cum. I am going to explode in your pussy. I... I... Miss Zoey!”

I impaled down her cock and she erupted. Her hot cum jetted into my pussy. Feeling her jizz flooding me, her first time ever coming in a woman, set me off. Her virgin spunk sent such heat through me. My clit-dick erupted.

My pussy spasmed around her gushing futa-cock as my dick fired cum that splashed her brown breasts. Spurt after spurt of jizz erupted from me. It was incredible. I groaned, stars dancing before my eyes. I shuddered, my pussy rippling and writhing as I drenched her tits.

“Oh, my god,” I moaned, my head tossing from side to side. “That's so good. That's amazing. Yes, yes, I love it.”

“Miss Zoey!” she whimpered as I pumped my cum and hosed down her tits. “Oh, that's awesome. Yes, yes, that's so awesome.”

I shuddered, my body trembling as the rapture blazed through my mind. It was fantastic to enjoy. I spurted again and again. I loved it. I drenched her tits. It was awesome. I bucked and squirmed, my pussy rippling around her girl-cock as I milked her futa-cum out of her ovaries.

I fired a final blast of cum, spraying her tits while my pussy worked out the last of her jizz. I hit the peak of that wonderful bliss. The two delights died to euphoria. I quivered as I stared at the panting Malika. My pearly jizz ran down her chocolate-brown breasts.

“That was incredible,” the African girl moaned in her French accent. “It was so much more intense than...” She trailed off, squirming.

“Masturbating,” I purred and rose off her cock.

She nodded then shuddered as I slipped off her dick. I slid off the table, my cock nuzzling into hers. I groped her breasts, loving the way my cum spilled over her tits. I bent down and licked at her breast, gathering up the wonderful jizz. It tasted so salty. The flavor melted across my taste buds.

I licked at her tit again, gathering up the cum that was coating them. I flicked to her nipple and danced around it. She whimpered, her face twisting in her headscarf. Our dicks throbbed together as I suckled on her nub.

“Oh, Miss Zoey,” she moaned. “Ooh, that feels so nice.”

I winked at her then darted my head over to her other nipple. I licked up the cum on her there, too. I loved the taste of my jizz adorning her dark flesh. I lapped up the spunk, gathering it on my journey to her dark nub.

A cap of white cum coated it.

The salty flavor melted over my taste buds as I reached her nipple. I suckled the dark peak into my mouth. She moaned and shuddered on my desk. Her futa-dick twitched against my clit-cock. I savored that delight.

The ache to fuck her grew and grew in me as I nursed on her nipple. I wanted to be in her. slamming to the hilt in her cunt. My fantasy of fucking her bent over after spanking her rump burned in my mind. I could live it out.

“Oh, yes, yes, Miss Zoey,” she moaned. “You are such a naughty futa-teacher.”

My lips popped off her nub. “There's no other kind.”

I licked up more of the jizz coating her tit. I dragged up the running lines of spunk, gathering up all the salty delight that I could. I reveled in this. I was so glad to taste my passion on her tits. My futa-dick throbbed and ached, my pussy on fire.

I lapped up one more delight of my futa-cum, letting it melt across my tongue as I savored the building anticipation of ravishing this sexy girl.

“Mmm, turn around and bend over,” I purred, lifting my face from her breasts. The salty flavor of my cum lingering on my tongue. “I want to fuck you from behind. You've just been spanked. You've been so naughty, and now Miss Zoey has to finish punishing you with her big futa-dick.”

“Yes, Miss Zoey,” Malika purred.

The sexy, Black girl slid off the desk and turned around. She bent over, thrusting her rump at me. Her dark cock swayed between her thighs. Pussy juices ran down them. The spicy scent of her pussy filled my nose.

Licking my lips, I ducked my head down and licked up the bead of pussy cream that had dribbled down her futa-dick, mixing with my own tangy musk. I dragged my tongue up, savoring a mix of our flavors, and reached her pussy folds. Her thick curls spilled around my face as I licked at her spicy cunt.

“Mmm,” I purred, lifting my face from her snatch. “What a yummy cunt you have. Just delicious.”

“Thank you, Miss Zoey,” she moaned.

“And it's a naughty cunt,” I purred. “I spanked your ass, but your pussy needs to be punished, too. You've been a bad, bad girl.”

“I have, Miss Zoey,” she whimpered, rubbing her hot bush into my face. “Please, please, punish me for watching futa-porn.”

“You pictured yourself doing the fucking,” I purred, bringing my clit-dick to her bush. “Did you ever imagine Donna Dickgirl or Classy Clitcock fucking your cunt with their big futa-dicks?”

“Yes!” she moaned. “But I want you to do it, Miss Zoey. I want you to fuck me with your big futa-cock. Pound me.”

I grinned at her. A wave of delight washed through me as I pressed my futa-dick against her bush. Her curls spilled over it, tickling me. I groaned at that wonderful delight. A moment later, I nuzzled into her virgin folds. I loved how hot she was.

I pressed my girl-cock into her folds and found her labia. I loved the feel of her hot flesh. I pushed on her, ready to ram into her and make her explode. It would be such a wondrous treat. A big grin spread on my lips.

This would be awesome.

I rubbed my girl-cock up and down her pussy lips. She moaned, her headscarf fluttering. Then I found her hymen. I felt that barrier of purity. I licked my lips, so eager to pop the Muslim beauty's cherry. I would make her gasp out in rapture.

I pushed on her hymen.

“Miss Zoey!” she moaned as her virginity stretched and stretched. “Oh, Miss Zoey!” Her cherry popped.

My futa-cock plunged into her hot flesh. Her juicy cunt squeezed about me. It was incredible to feel. Just a big wonder to enjoy. It was amazing. I shuddered, savoring every second of her hot cunt engulfing my clit-dick. I loved it. I savored every second of it. She was so tight. So wonderfully delicious. I groaned, sinking further and further into her cunt.

I loved the way her snatch gripped my futa-dick. She was a wild thing. I groaned as I buried to the hilt in her cunt. My cock throbbed in her deflowered depths. Her pussy squeezed about me and relaxed as she moaned.

“Oh, Miss Zoey!” she moaned. “Oh, educate me! Teach me to be a good girl so I won't ever watch porn again.”

“Mmm, I'll teach you to come to me for your horny aches,” I purred, drawing back my hips. “Yes, yes, you don't need porn when you have me!”

I slammed back into her cunt. I shuddered at the feel of her snatch squeezing about me. It was incredible to pump away at her snatch. She moaned and gasped, her head shaking. Her tartan headscarf fluttering as my crotch smacked her plump rump.

It was so hot that she wore her modesty garment as I thrust into her snatch. I buried deep and hard into her juicy quim. I reveled in plunging away at her. I shuddered, savoring how her twat gripped me on the pull back, hungry for my cum.

“Yes, yes, yes,” I moaned as I pumped away at her.

“*Incroyable!*” she gasped as I fucked into her. “*J'aime ta bite, Miss Zoey!*”

“I don't know what you said, but it's so sexy. You're such a sexy futa, Malika!”

I shoved my hand around her thigh and grabbed her futa-dick. I stroked her as I slammed my girl-cock into her snatch. Her shaft throbbed in my hand. I loved fisting her as I drilled my cock in and out of her snatch.

My pussy juices and her cream running out of her snatch I churned up lubed her dick. I stroked her fast, matching my pace. She moaned, clenching her twat around me. She whimpered, her head tossing as I buried into her over and over again.

“Miss Zoey!” she gasped. “Oh, Miss Zoey! Missy Zoey!”

I loved hearing my name being called over and over again as I plowed into her. I shuddered, thrusting to the hilt in her hard and fast. Her pussy squeezed about my cock. Her juicy flesh massaged the tip. Pleasure shot down to my pussy.

My cunt grew hotter and hotter with every thrust into her snatch. I shuddered, my boobs bouncing as I fucked her hard. I smacked into her crotch, her butt-cheeks rippling from the impact. Her dick throbbed in my hand stroking up and down her.

I loved it. I reveled in the heat about my dick. The juices trickling down my cunt. Her jizz leaked out of me as I plowed into her. My ovaries brimmed with the cum I would pump into her twat. I shuddered, loving every moment of it.

“This is so much better than porn!” she moaned, squeezing her twat around my dick. “This is real. This is wonderfully real!”

“It is!” I gasped, slamming into her. That explosive ache swelled at the tip of my cock. “I’m going spurt all my cum into your pussy.”

“Yes, yes, I want that!” She clamped down on me, her dick twitching in my hand. I pumped up and down her as I buried into her cunt. Her silky flesh gripped me. It was incredible. “Oh, Miss Zoey, I want that so much! Yes!”

Her hot flesh convulsed around me, and her futa-dick pulsed in my hand.

I savored her orgasming cunt massaging my aching dick as I buried into her. I plunged to the hilt, her twat rippling and writhing around me. Cum splashed on the floor as I threw back my head and erupted into her snatch.

“Miss Zoey!” she moaned, her pussy sucking at me. Her hot flesh rippled and writhe around my futa-dick. “*Incroyable!*”

“Yes, yes, yes!” I moaned, my boobs bouncing as I pumped her full of my cum.

Blast after blast of my jizz fired into her young pussy. Her barely legal snatch milked me. I gave the deflowered girl her first taste of futa-seed. I shuddered as the pleasure slammed through my body. My pussy convulsed, juices and her cum spilling down my thighs.

Rapture and ecstasy swirled over my thoughts as her cunt suckled at me. She drew out everything that I had in me. She nursed it all out of my cunt. I groaned, my boobs bouncing and heaving as I rode this euphoric high.

“Malika!” I whimpered, her pussy sucking out the last of my cum.

“Oh, Miss Zoey!” she moaned as I fisted her girl-cock. It pulsed a final time. “Oh, Miss Zoey, what a wonderful lesson. Thank you! Thank you for teaching me.”

“You’re welcome,” I panted, my breasts rising and falling. I glanced at the clock and groaned at the time. “We have to wrap it up. I’m sorry.”

“I understand,” she moaned. “Oh, that was wonderful.”

The pair of us cleaned up and dressed. Breakfast was well underway by now, but we would be able to get something to eat. I smoothed my pencil skirt, my cock safely shrunk back into a little dick. I smiled at Malika and headed for the door. I wanted to ravish her more, but we were running out of time.

I did pull her to me and kiss her. She melted against my lips. She was such a delight. My own African futa to love. My tongue danced with hers while my mind burned with questions. I was so curious about how she got past the nanny software.

Well, we had the walk to the cafeteria to find out those sorts of questions.

I broke the kiss. Malika panted, this big smile on her lips. She was such a sexy girl. I so wanted to throw her down and ravish her once more. A shudder ran through me as I saw the desire in her eyes. She would be so much fun.

“No, no, we have to end this now,” I said. “Just because we *can* have sex, doesn't mean we can ignore our responsibilities.”

“Yes, Miss Zoey,” she purred as I headed to the classroom door.

I loved how she said my name with that sexy, French accent of hers.

Pussy aching, I opened my classroom door to find Sister Esther Rosa standing there. The Hispanic nun's expression was bleak. My stomach sank at the sight of her. Malika froze as I stepped to the side to let Sister Esther Rosa enter, my mind whirling.

“Run along, child,” the nun said. “I have words for your teacher in private.”

“Yes, Sister,” Malika said and scurried out the door.

Sister Esther Rosa closed the door and breathed in deeply. My cheeks burned. The room reeked of hot pussy once more. I needed to open a window and air it out. I hadn't been thinking. I certainly hadn't meant to fuck Malika when I brought her here.

No, no, that was a lie. I was aching for her to confess to loving futas. I had to stop that. Lying to myself. Pretending that I wasn't here plotting to fuck every girl in school. All those barely legal cuties deserved to cum on my dick. And I ached to spurt my jizz into them.

“I told you not to be alone with your students, Miss Zoey,” she said, her eyes hard on me.

“I was disciplining Malika for catching her visiting unauthorized websites,” I said. I didn't even ask Malika how she got past the nanny software. Was she good with computers?

“It smells like *pussy* in here,” the nun said, her words harsh. “Just like after Amelia left yesterday. And last night, when you emerged disheveled with Linda and Aisha. This is your *last* warning, Zoey. Do not touch the girls again. No matter how much you want to. How sweet and delicious they are. It is a sin. SIN!”

I swallowed, shivering. There was such intensity in her eyes. They burned with such loathing. “Okay. I understand.”

“I catch you again, and I am going to the headmistress. You are still on probation.” She turned and strode out, her black habit rustling. “You are here to guide them, not

pervert them.”

“Yes, Sister,” I said, my cheeks burning, fear beating through my heart.

She slammed the door behind her. I sagged, my entire body shaking. I was risking getting fired, but I had my blackmailer and these nubile girls. Why shouldn't I enjoy them? They were all adults. Barely legal cuties that wanted my futa-dick.

I leaned against the wall, my eyes closed. What could I do about Sister Esther Rosa and her suspicions? She was watching me. She was so intense about it. Those words of hers resounded in my mind. *No matter how much you want to. How sweet and delicious they are.* That was weird. Why would she phrase it like that unless...?

Something in my mind clicked. There had been something that Amelia had intimated to me yesterday after I spanked her. She had come on to me, accusing me of being a lesbian wanting to enjoy her body. That it had all been a ruse to spank her. She *expected* to lick my pussy like it had happened to her before.

And who had suggested I give Amelia a bare-ass spanking? Sister Esther Rosa.

I had to speak with Amelia. I glanced at the clock and groaned. Breakfast was wrapping up. The girls would be heading to their classes. I wouldn't have a chance to speak with Amelia until lunch. I sighed and opened the windows to air out the classroom.

Soon the girls of my first class entered. It was my first-year World History class. Though I was a teacher on moral philosophy and ethics, I actually taught more history here. Madeline and Maddie came in together followed by Eustacia and Hikaru. The naughty, Japanese girl smiled at me and made my pussy melt.

Mary Kate sauntered in, a shy smile on her lips. I shuddered. She had to be my blackmailer. She was the only one left. And I saw her on the computers this morning. It looked like she was working on research, but how hard would it have been to quickly check an email and not be noticed by anyone. I was so fixated on where a person would want to sit to hide what they were doing.

The innocent girl sank to her seat, her French braid of blonde hair swinging behind her. She was a petite thing, her face delicate and heart-shaped. I stared at her. She squirmed, looking down at her hands. I couldn't believe it was her. Why would she blackmail me into fucking Hikaru?

They were sitting side by side.

Maybe Malika could use her computer skills to help me figure out who owned that email address.

I swallowed my suspicion, for now. I had a nun to deal with. I handed out the tests. Hikaru winked at me. I told her she would get an A. It was the least I could do after she was forced to be in this mess. She was spending extra time worrying about me getting fired that I was affecting her schoolwork. I knew she was smart.

First period passed in a haze of anxiety. My girls finished their tests and then were told to study. I started grading them. Hikaru's was filled in, but she had many answers

wrong. Still, she got her A. Mary Kate did well, too. So she wasn't blackmailing me for grades. What was she after? Was her innocent face a lie? Was she some closet pervert?

My second-year European History class was next. Bella and Malika were both in it. They both smiled at me with knowing gleams in their eyes. I doubted either knew I had fucked them both. Bella was Selena's sex slave, a fourth-year girl who wanted to dominate me.

Then came my third class. Selena sauntered in with the other fourth-year girls, all eager to learn about Ethics. The smirk on Selena's lips as I talked about morality and doing the right thing made my cheeks burn. She knew it wasn't ethical for me to fuck my students. I had power over them.

After the class ended, Selena lingered, the other girls filing out. She stood up and sauntered to my desk, her blonde hair falling about her lush face. "Close the door. I bet you want pussy for lunch."

"I can't," I hissed. "I can't be alone with any students. Sister Esther Rosa is suspicious of me. She'll get me fired if she catches me again."

"How many students have you been alone with?" the fourth-year girl asked with such a wicked smile on her lips.

"I'm sorry. I would love to play with you..." I shuddered. I would. I would devour her cunt.

"Fine, fine," said Selena. "Sister Esther Rosa's almost as bad as the headmistress."

I followed Selena out and closed my classroom door. Sister Esther Rosa watched from down the hallway. I ground my teeth and hurried off to the cafeteria. I had to find Amelia. Talk to her with as much privacy as I could.

I strode past Selena and headed down the stairs, my stomach rumbling. I was starving. All I had was coffee. But first, Amelia. I reached the cafeteria. I looked around and spotted her chatting with a few fourth-year girls. Tanzi, Blair, and Winifred all looked up at me as I walked up.

"Amelia, I need to talk with you," I said. "Alone."

The three girls smiled and nodded then sauntered off. Amelia turned to face me, her red hair sweeping about her face. She flicked me up and down then purred, "You want to sneak off and have some fun, Miss Zoey?"

"Did you ever have sex with Sister Esther Ruth?" I asked her bluntly.

A naughty twinkle appeared in Amelia's green eyes. "Yes. Yes, I have."

Hope surged in me. "Tell me what happened and if it's still going on."

To be continued...