Nerves clattered under Ashley’s skin. In all her life, she had stayed calm, even in the most dangerous of situations. The locker room came to mind. Dozens of chances for her secret to get out, but not once did anyone suspect anything, that she knew of at least. Looking at the bulge in her new uniform, a Japanese style sailor outfit, she was at a loss as how. Was she always that big?

No, it was just the clothes. Must be. Aside being tight, and the skirt was shorter than she’d like, she liked the free-flowing style. The shirt hovered over her belly, though it pulled taut over her breasts, and the dark colours - black shirt, blue trimmings and a crimson ribbon - blended nicely against her own ebony skin. Sera looked tailor made for it, though.

“I should’ve known,” Sera sighed for seventh or eighth time that morning and tried pulling her shirt down to her hips. It wouldn’t reach, not with her breasts raising it so high.

“Guess it’s not that surprising. I mean, Yoko Toriyama is Japanese, right?” Ashley said.

“That’s not what I mean, it’s… c’mon don’t you think it’s too revealing?” Sera slumped over in defeat, breasts falling to obscure her crotch. They must weigh a ton, Ashley thought, and yet Sera never bemoaned their weight. Their size, yes, and her cocks hidden within, of course, but her back took the heft without issue. Whereas Ashley’s smaller set gave her problems enough. Some people are just born lucky.

“Well, the skirts are pretty small. If I wasn’t wearing my gym shorts…”

“Oh, yeah. Didn’t think about that. Sorry.”

“Don’t apologise,” Ashley shrugged, then leaned over to peer around her roommate, spying her panties peeking from below the skirt, “Besides, they have their perks.”

“God, you’re incorrigible,” Sera said, but didn’t shy away. After the past, which involved plenty of ogling on both sides, and more than a little hands-on work, any shyness between them was gone. The same was true for Piper and the new arrival, Kasey. They’d patched the hole, but maintenance still needed to fill it in.

A lot had happened in just a few months. Ashley’s parents still hadn’t forgiven her for flooding the house and garden, though they didn’t know about her arrest to her relief. Strangely, that wasn’t the most shocking part. Meeting Sera, discovering how many futanari there truly are, and seeing them all ranked higher. But Piper claimed the top. The idea that a person, futa or not, could have not one or two, but *three* permanent erections baffled her mind. Kasey and Sera were close seconds though.

She could handle anything from there. What else could there be? Ashley quashed the thought. Hundreds of futanari occupied the school, any number of them could be more generously endowed than herself. She doubted anyone was exactly like her, but the possibility was there.

“Well, can’t help the dress code. Let’s go,” Sera said, despite the shaking of her voice.

“Hmm,” Ashley nodded, “Actually…” she pulled her skirt down, so the waistband rested on the base of her hips. The top of her ass and shorts peeked above it, but at least her dick wouldn’t come out.

“Smart,” Sera said, looking anywhere but at her.

“Babe, you’ve eaten my ass. I think you can look,” Ashley snickered, then her face warmed as Sera followed her example. Unlike herself, Sera had a body to kill for. ‘Die for’ never made sense. Why die for a body, when you couldn’t use it? The distraction didn’t last. Her eyes drank in Sera’s lower body, specifically the pert ass that rivalled her own head per cheek. The swelling against her leg jerked Ashley into action.

Out in the hall, they met Piper and Kasey. The two looked cosy together, openly admiring each other’s figures in their new clothes, though the redhead made a point not to let her skirt flip too high. Only Piper seemed immune to self-consciousness. Came with the territory, she had claimed.

“Damn, you two look hot!” Piper whistled in appreciation, and a cock spat pre-cum.

“Thanks,” Ashley said and thanked her parents for the dark skin. Sera wasn’t as lucky, her golden cheeks were flushed and she refused to meet any eyes.

“Sorry about that,” Piper said and scowled at the dick that leaked, as if to admonish it, “Looking forward to classes?”

“Kind of?” Ashley wasn’t sure how to respond. On one hand, she couldn’t wait to be somewhere that she didn’t need to stay vigilant, and on the other, she was terrified of… everything.

“Hey, don’t worry about it,” Kasey said. Her uniform was different, to mark her as a college student it seemed, with a series of stripes on her ribbon and buttons for her shirt. She stood confident, though her hands fussed with her skirt, which looked short as all the others. Why did anyone think clothes needed to be that small?

“Everyone gets nervous at a new place,” Piper added, not that she let any show.

“Well, most people,” Kasey said.

“What?! I am nervous. What if people don’t want to fuck? Or maybe they’ll expect me to be, like, a super student or something because of my cocks. Or… well… I guess that’s it.”

“So you’re worried people won’t want to fuck you?” Sera asked.

“Pretty much, yeah,” Piper winked at her, “Not that it’s a problem with you guys.”

Ashley couldn’t resist a chuckle. Not once in her life had she expected to meet people like this, or to have sex with them, more than once at that - Piper’s sex drive proved as insane as her erections. And the others hadn’t fallen short either. Sera became another person when she got going, often taking the lead when she otherwise hung in the background, and Kasey was slow to start, but she never turned down a chance. Her orgasms were a treat to watch, if terrifying.

More than once, Ashley thought she was clear of the splash zone, only to get covered in pussy juice. The redhead was an explosion just waiting to happen. Ashley, herself, couldn’t resist joining them. Futanari were always horny it seemed, even if the consequence of that arousal led to messes and some minor flooding if she didn’t get hooked up in time. Her production continued its ridiculous gambit.

But that was life, and the reason she even came to this school. Kasey and Sera had similar stories, that their unique bodies led them here, but Piper just wanted sex. If there ever was an award for being a quintessential futa, then it’d go to her.

Half an hour later, they filed into the monumental auditorium. What did they need all the space for? It soon became apparent, as the students were lined up with at least an arms length between them. Some persisted in touching each other. The only ones that seemed controlled, were those dressed in white uniforms.

“Piper! Over here!” Someone called and waved at them.

Piper waved back, “Meet me after!”

“Friends of yours?” Ashley asked.

“Yep. Known them most of my life. Lost my virginities to them,” Piper said, smiling at the memory, “I was such a dumbass back then. I thought they’d hate me when they found out about my ‘problems’. Also Jen has the tightest pussy ever, hands down.”

“Must’ve been nice,” Sera said and Kasey nodded.

“I’ll introduce you guys later.”

“I don’t think that’ll be a problem,” Ashley said, taking a pamphlet from a passing teacher, she assumed. They both were and weren’t dressed for the job. Their skirt was leather, cut more maximum flexibility and their shirt was unbuttoned to reveal a fount of cleavage. She wasn’t even sure they needed the glasses they wore.

“Looks like students in white are part of a ‘volunteer course’. Basically, while learning the usual, they’re being taught how to relieve futanari as well,” Ashley said and once again praised her skin for not showing her blush.

“Ah, now the white makes sense,” Kasey said to a knowing snicker throughout their group.

All talk died at the clicking of heels on hard wood. Ashley turned her eyes to the stage, on which a row of teachers sat, all dressed as provocatively as the one passing out leaflets. Joining them, was a young woman clad in a professional dress, yet her body disgraced such a notion.

“Jesus, she’s almost as big as you, Sera,” Ashley whispered, then reassessed her statement when her eyes fell on the newcomer’s ass. It was somehow bigger than the Latina, yet was overshadowed by the tube bulging out in an arc down her dress. She licked her lips at the sight. Everyone else pulled on their skirts, trying to curb erections.

“Hello everyone!” The woman said once she reached the podium. Her voice was layered in a thick Japanese accent, bringing attention back to her raven-black hair and pallid skin, “I am Yoko Toriyama, your principal and founder of KFI. I’m sorry about the arousal you’re all dealing with now, I did not have a chance to shower earlier.”

That didn’t explain a damn thing. Ashley couldn’t smell anything over the perfume of dozens of other students, not a hint of sex in the air, and yet her cock tested her willpower for every second she stood there.

“On with the orientation! Today, you will be taken to your home rooms and given an overview of your curriculum, along with a teaser lesson,” Yoko unsuccessfully stifled a giggle, “I trust you’ll enjoy it. Following that, there will be a break for lunch, then you’ll return here where I’ll tell you more about our goals as a school for all you lovely futanari and ladies.”

She left with a wave and a even larger bulge down her dress, which pulled tighter around her ass. Even the staff were infatuated with her until she left their view. Ashley snapped back to attention as names were called. Smaller columns formed, individual classes she assumed. Then her time came and she walked to join her class. Smiles greeted her, quick introductions and many struggling erections. They were just as affected by Yoko.

“So, hey…” One of the girls, Sam said, sidling up to her, “Is it true?”

“Is what true?” Ashley frowned at the futa, who looked her up and down.

“You know, the whole big black cock thing?”

“What?” Ashley sputtered.

“It’s cool if it’s not. Just wanna know.”

“I… I guess?” Ashley didn’t know how else to answer. Based on her knowledge of guys, she certainly lived up to the stereotype, but Piper had her beat three times, and Yoko destroyed them both. Kasey was only an inch or two beneath her as well. Maybe futanari were all her size.

“Well, she’s not lacking, but the real jewels in the cream,” Piper’s voice said from behind, “Looks like we’re all in the same home room.” Behind her, Sera and Kasey walked up, relieved grins on their face.

“Jesus,” Sam said as she eyed Piper, then looked to Sera and ogled her tits. Kasey was passed over, which Piper was quick to make up for. Ashley thinned her eyes at them. She’d seen enough fledgling romances at school to recognise the signs. Though Piper didn’t seem the type to stick with one partner.

“Aren’t you in college?” Ashley asked Kasey.

“Yeah, we’re gonna have different classes, but same home room. So that’s something at least,” Kasey said, “Kind of glad, really. I don’t think I could handle Piper 24/7.”

“What’s so bad about me?” Piper piped in, breaking off from another conversation.

“Your sex drive,” Kasey chuckled.

“I haven’t found a problem with it. Looks perfectly fine to me,” Piper said, petting her three cock-heads poking through the neck of her uniform. They hadn’t gone soft since Ashley met her. The swell of them pulled her skirt higher, which gave an easy view of her distended panties. Everyone received specialised underwear, even so hers struggled not to tear open. It was an accident just waiting to happen.

One Ashley suspected she looked forward to.

The impact of her new school had dwindled, yet Ashley felt no less displaced. Even the classrooms were ornate creations, crafted for refined functionality. Desks had slots for items, with more to pull out a screen and keyboard whenever notes were necessary. Plenty of space separated them, enough for multiple people to gather around a single desk. Ashley could only guess why.

“Good morning, everyone.” The teacher said upon entering. She waved at them, promiscuous smile on her face. No one returned the greeting, instead they stared at her chest. As least Ashley wasn’t alone in awe.

“Hmm? What is it? Oh! This is the recommended attire for teachers,” she explained, tugging on the button up shirt that was only half-done, letting her ample cleavage pop out and hints of a lacy bra peek over. She wore a pair of hot pants, which bulged at the front. A futa? No. Ashley frowned and focused on the moving shape. It sounded like something was whirring.

The teacher bit her lip and her legs shook.

“Oh god, she’s using a vibrator right now,” Piper whispered, speaking Ashley’s thoughts, though with far more excitement.

“Sexual liberation is also recommended. I can’t tell you how many times I wanted to teach a class with something inside me. Anyway, my name’s Jacqueline Ankles. Mrs. Ankles to you,” she giggled at the groan that ran throughout, “Oh, don’t worry. My wife is more than happy for me to… spread my ‘wings’.”

“But that’s for later. I’m here to break the ice and inform you guys just what experience you’ll have here. Firstly, I recommend finding relief before or during home room. You don’t want to miss class, trust me. To that end,” she grabbed a remote and a screen descended over the front wall. Four girls appeared on it, “These are our relief volunteers. All are happy to get sexed up by you lovely futanari.”

“Damn,” Piper groaned. Her friends weren’t up there.

“Of course, they won’t be available throughout the day. They have classes too. This is more of a chance to practice and show how they improve everyday. Moving on, your curriculum will be much the same as any other school. Mathematics, Literature, Tech, Home Economics, and so on. However, we place an emphasis on biology and Sex Ed.”

The slide changed again, showing the anatomy of a futa, “Much is still a mystery about futanari. Most of our assumptions about your puberty are guess work, so you’ll be helping us figure some things out and vice versa. Especially those you with more ‘interesting’ developments.” Mrs. Ankles eyes passed across Piper, Ashley, Sera and Kasey.

“It’s not just me, right? She stared at us?” Sera asked. They were sat in a cube to their fortune.

“Yeah,” Ashley said.

Piper raised her hand.

“Yes?”

Piper stood and said “I’m just wondering if there’s any rules about sex here. And the uniform; is it optional? Because, I don’t know about everyone else, but my clothes get dirty pretty fast.” Murmurs blossomed, all targeting her three cocks. Other eyes found their way to Ashley and the others, many noting Sera’s voluptuous figure.

“So long as it’s consensual, and your teacher allows it, sex is fine anywhere. It’s advised that you use the relief rooms or bathrooms to make it easier on the janitors. As for clothes, we will have the occasional visitor at this school to make sure we’re upholding decency, so they are mandatory. But it’s fine if they get dirty. Or even torn. Whatever you like,” Mrs. Ankles said and licked her lips.

Not even one day into classes and Piper had a teacher lusting after her. Ashley shook her head at the notion, then glanced around and noticed plenty of stares aimed at her. She soon saw why. Her cock had taken her distraction as an opportunity to harden slightly, now threatening to escape her underwear and skirt. The burn in her cheeks was quickly becoming a permanent resident.

Mrs. Ankles ignored the arousal spiking around her, and the constant thrum in her own clothes, and moved onto their curriculum. Each student had their own time table, best suited to their prior grades and where they needed improving. Only two things were shared amongst the class; home room and Sex Ed.

“I will be your Sexual Education teacher. Most of you know the usual. STDs and pregnancy and so on, that won’t be the focus. Far from it. In the coming weeks, you will all be vaccinated against most STDs, and given the option of a potent anti-pregnancy pill. And no, getting knocked up won’t reflect badly on you here. In fact, we encourage it. Futanari don’t often meet people that can keep up or get over their prejudice, so if you find someone you like, have at it.”

“Now, as for the details of Sexual Education,” Mrs. Ankles shivered in anticipation. A viscous rope of her juices fell between her legs, “I think a demonstration is in order. Piper Fontaine, if you wouldn’t mind?”

Piper was on her feet before she finished. ‘Class’, if it could be called such, was reduced to a live audience of pure sex. Most didn’t touch themselves, uncomfortable with so many around them, but those that did weren’t quiet about it. Ashley, Sera and Kasey kept their hands still, though their bodies refused such a thing.

A puddle of fem-cum pooled around Kasey, while pre-cum splattered her desk and the one in front of her. Sera’s shirt creaked from the strain of her cocks, which soaked it in their milky pre. Both looked ready to lose control any second. Ashley wasn’t any better. Her cock escaped from the second Piper took centre stage, and drooled its own fluid like so many others.

The locker rooms at her old school had prepared her for handling such a display. Day after day, she was surrounded by attractive girls, some blatantly gay, and not a peep. It was the smell that challenged her. If Ashley breathed through her mouth, she could taste the stench of sex that permeated the air, yet her nose was no better.

She might be okay if not for Kasey sitting one desk away. The scent of her pussy swirled and stormed, like a tempting caress on every cock around. Sera was between them, providing an even crueller temptation as her ass bulged over her skirt and wriggled in her seat. Its voluptuousness threatened to pour off the chair. Ashley’s cock throbbed and lurched, as if reaching for her.

Piper shared none of their problems. As the one causing them, she enjoyed it and made sure everyone knew. The teacher was riding her, two cocks inside her lower holes, and the third stuffed past her lips. Both moaned in rising pitch, their chorus taken on by the class as brazen masturbators approached climax.

Sera seemed the worst affected. Her ass clenched and wriggled side to side, tipping over the edge at times. A sudden squelch stole Ashley’s focus, now realising how wet her friend had become.

“No… please don’t…” Sera whispered to herself, clutching her hands together. No one was touching her, though Ashley lusted to do that and more. What was she talking about? Trembling moans escaped the Latina, “Oh no…”

“What’s wrong?” Ashley asked, bringing Kasey’s attention to Sera as well.

“It’s too much,” Sera said, whimpering now. One hand broke free and grabbed her shirt, quivering. Ashley’s mouth opened and closed, silent as warring words tried and failed to get out. She wished her eyes could look at two things at once, it was getting tiring glancing from Sera’s bounty of ass to her tits bulging out the sides. What did it look like from Kasey’s view?

Sera must be erect. No one that Ashley could see wasn’t. Her leg started bouncing, slapping her dick into the bottom of her desk. It was lined with soft rubber, like they’d anticipated this exact problem. She rubbed at steady thigh, half-imagining Sera’s cock in it and half-praying that Piper would stop soon. A quick glance showed that it wouldn’t.

She bit her lip to keep quiet. Others did likewise, not wanting to make a poor impression, but more were losing themselves to desire. The teacher didn’t stop them. She probably couldn’t with Piper taking a more active role. Ashley’s legs kept hopping, rubbing her balls and heating her pussy. Moisture brimmed over the folds, soaking into the panties. A gush from Kasey made it clear her situation could be worse.

The redhead’s cock lurched and splashed pre-cum over everything in reach. Her frontward neighbour didn’t seem to mind the basting on her ass, or stronger jets getting in her hair. Piper and Mrs. Ankles captivated anyone not fixated on Sera, who shuddered and moaned into a hand. She jumped in her seat when she almost slid off, revealing a large puddle on the seat. Was she going to cum?

Sera’s orgasms were a spectacle. Not on par with Kasey, but then a gun might be hard pressed to match her. Her tits were always full, ready to unleash an ocean of cum and milk. Few things smelled as dainty or as virile as her seed. A hint of that smell wafted over. Sera wasn’t touching herself, though she must be close to cumming.

“Just hold a little more,” Kasey said, but she might’ve been talking to herself, “Keep it together.”

“I-I can’t,” Sera trilled, panting now. Ashley imagined her face, its cheeks a fiery bronze as she struggled to keep control, and her shirt buttons popping open one by one, revealing more of her delicious cleavage until those cocks came into view. Memories of burying her face in them almost brought a moan. The remnant of having them inside her succeeded.

Ashley’s leg sped up. It wasn’t anxiety at that point. Her eyes were glued to Sera, ripping away her clothes to envision every inch of that addictive figure. Not all of them. The sight of panties being swallowed by her ass was too good to lose.

“I’m gonna…” Sera pulled at her buttons with one hand. The other hindered it by groping herself, “I can’t help it.”

“No, no, no…” Kasey was moaning too. Up ahead, it looked as though Piper was on the verge too. Ashley’s eyes bulged as she was treated to Mrs. Ankles taking two of three cocks up her pussy, and the third in her ass. She couldn’t imagine stretching herself like that.

“H-hey! Check it out,” someone nearby said. Ashley glanced around, the back rows were gawking at her and Sera and Kasey.

“She’s got fucking dicks for nipples!”

“Look at that one! She soaking the floor on her own!”

“I love big black cock.”

Figures that Ashley would get something so generic. But their opinion would change. Oh no… she couldn’t seriously cum in front of this many people. Sure, she did it at the police station, but no one actually *watched* her do it. Then again, Sera looked on the brink, and Kasey wasn’t far behind. Better to do it as a group, then no one had to feel singled out. It was a flimsy excuse, however it’s all she needed.

“Sera…” Ashley said, reaching out and grazing her roommate’s shoulder, “Just do it.”

“But everyone’s…”

“It’s okay,” Ashley grinned and stroked her cock, “I’ll be right with you.”

“Thanks.” The relief and gratitude in Sera’s voice was enough to make Ashley swoon. She’d mentioned how bad she needed to cum sometimes, that it hurt if she went too long without an orgasm or being milked. It couldn’t be good to hold an orgasm in, not when she’s so close.

Unfettered by solitude, Sera yanked her shirt open and shoved the bra down, releasing tits the size of a soccer and cocks spewing milky pre-cum. She stroked them, half-turned for Ashley’s sake, like the others weren’t gawking at her too. Ashley ignored them as well, locking her gaze to Sera’s as that blissful pressure built and churned within. Their moans fed each others arousal. It tilted them further on the cliff, staring down into an ocean of ecstasy.

A little more, Ashley thought and startled at the violent shiver that ran through her balls. They never did that. Her eyes drifted to Sera’s tits and a line of drool broke on her chin; they’d grown. Not by a lot, but enough to notice. Every second that passed and the pleasure seemed better and worse, like her body was struggling to keep up.

Or like Sera was somehow fuelling her production, and vice versa. Kasey was among the moans now, her pussy better described as a waterfall and her cock a fountain. Everyone was on the edge. Some had slowed down to time their orgasm Piper.

“Oh fuck!” On cue, the triply-endowed futa roared and impaled Mrs. Ankles. Three distinct tubes deformed her skin, from her crotch all the way to her sternum, where they stared at her beaming face. Each throbbed and swelled, then Piper moaned. Not like the other times, this was low and husky and primal.

“Cumming,” Sera squeaked, biting a finger as if it would hold it back.

“Me too,” Ashley panted, then realised her mistake. She’d been too caught up in helping Sera, and staring at her body. If she came here, then the room would be flooded. Kasey grunted ahead of her, jerking her cock wildly, aimed at the ceiling. Oh no…

“Too late,” Sera said and flung her head back. The sweetest cum sprayed from her tits with enough force to knock Ashley back. Mouthful after mouthful landed in her maw, then slid to her stomach. It wasn’t thick like anyone else’s, more like a heavy cream, which let Ashley guzzle the jizz-shower. What landed in her mouth at least, the rest coated her head and clothes in seconds.

Kasey’s climax followed a moment later. Anyone not ogling them turned as a hole was blasted in the ceiling, debris falling aside or being caught in the jet stream. Her pussy shot her chair aside, crashing into a wall. Those in a two desk radius were splattered in cunt-juice.

Then it was Ashley’s turn. Sera was still cumming, Kasey had exhausted her supply, though the damage was done, and Piper had already started on trying for a second. Most were in a similar boat. Ashley propped her dick on the desk and rubbed it, using Sera and Kasey’s cum as lube. She moaned and yelled, then her cum erupted.

At first, it didn’t seem like anything special. Her semen wasn’t any thicker than what coated most people, desks and walls, and her flow lacked the same force as Kasey’s. As people recovered and tried cleaning themselves, they noticed the floor had vanished under a sea of white, that was still rising. Ashley looked on through hooded eyes, finding looks of awe as her cock kept spurting. Ten seconds, pause, then another spurt. On and on.

Sera was there with her, stroking the perpetual hose to try and end it sooner. Only a few people knew just how long her orgasms lasted. The last one clocked in somewhere between two and three hours, however she hadn’t cum nearly this much so fast. Ashley moaned at Sera’s touch.

“Thanks for doing this,” Sera said.

“No… problem…”

“Anything I can do? Besides this?”

“I don’t think so,” Ashley said and chuckled, “Thanks anyway.”

“Will she be alright?” Someone asked. Ashley didn’t have the energy to look at them, still caught in her orgasm. The brunt of it had passed, leaving her locked in a slow, warm tide of pleasure. Every shot was like a hand sliding across her entire body, hitting all the good spots along the way. The only silver lining was that she couldn’t cum again. She hadn’t tried to anyway.

“Yeah, it just takes a long time,” Kasey answered, glancing at the hole she’d made. People were staring down into the classroom, trying to guess if a bomb had gone off. Mrs. Ankles got them to leave, though she sounded ready to pass out any second.

“Um, I think she’d better go to a relief room,” the thoroughly fucked teacher said.

“There’s one next door, right?” Piper asked and got a nod.

“There’s always one nearby,” Mrs. Ankles giggled and winked.

“Good to know. Alright, come on, Ashley,” Sera pulled her up, ignoring how cum went everywhere. As they left, Piper was marvelling at the ankle deep pool and her flaccid cocks. She and Kasey were clearing each other off, though Piper seemed intent on tasting every handful of cum. By the time Ashley lost sight of her, the erections were returning.

Later, in the cafeteria, Ashley hunched over a table. Everywhere she went, whispers followed. No one even mentioned Sera, too obsessed with news of Kasey’s room-wrecker orgasm and Ashley’s flood. The Latina hadn’t stopped trying to make it up to her. Oh, she would. For now, Ashley was fine with having helped her friend.