**Catholic School Girl Sex Ed**

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**Catholic School Girl Sex Ed - Day 01**

Having just turned 18 I was finally able to sign up for the optional sex education class offered at my school. I sat eagerly waiting for class to begin. There were only 5 other girls in the class, I guess not many people opted for extra school.

Mrs. Cook entered wearing a loose top and long gray skirt. This conservative dress is typical for the teachers here. She closes and locks the door, making sure the blinds are closed.

"Good morning girls, I'm Mrs. Cook and I wanted to thank you for opting for the class. Let me begin by assuring all of you that this is a safe space. As you can see there are no men, and none will be allowed to see what happens here. This is a place free of judgment, feel free to ask any question at any time. Before we begin ... Are there any questions?" Mrs. Cook says with such bubbly enthusiasm, it's hard not to instantly like her.

I raise my hand. "It's Laura right?" She asks smiling at me.

"Yes ma'am, I was just curious do the boys have their own class or is it just not offered to them?" I ask

"They have their own, I teach that one as well, but they don't have as much fun as we will." She says with a wink.

Mrs. Cook pauses for a few seconds, looking around for more questions.

"Ok today we are going to start by ensuring you all feel safe, and maybe braking some misconceptions." As Mrs. Cook says this she starts to unbutton her blouse. Showing her chest covered by a white bra. "Before you can have healthy sexual relationships you need to be comfortable with your own body." She says while unclamping her bra, and laying it on her desk. Her tits are huge at least a D cup which makes me feel insecure about my tiny A cups. "Some of you may have been under the false impression that touching yourself is bad in someway." She says slipping her skirt and panties on to the floor. "I assure you, that whatever you choose to do with your body is only the business of you and your lovers." She says, standing naked and reaching into her desk drawer. She pulls out a small purple dildo maybe 5" long, and points it at me.

My eyes go wide with panic, "holy fuck what is she doing! And what is she going to make me do" I think to myself."

"Sweety come sit on my desk please." Mrs. Cook tells me. My brain bouncing between excitement and panic, I go sit on her desk.

"Now place your hand right here on my neck, I would like you to tell the class when you think I have had an orgasm." With that she starts sliding the dildo inside her pussy, while biting her lower lip.

I feel her pulse quicken, as she continues to move faster. I see a gleam of sweat on her back. With her left hand she starts rubbing her clit. Her pulses speeds up even more and she starts breathing heavy. Her huge tits heaving with her effort, the dildo in and out slick with her sex. Suddenly her muscles tense, and she lets out this grown that is somehow both savage and feminine.

"Now! Now!" I shout caught up in the excitement of her orgasm.

The hole class was completely wrapped up in her, my shouting seems to have woken people out of their trance.

"Very good Laura." She says while licking the dildo clean. "Your homework tonight is to take a nice warm bath, and let your hands wonder, be prepared to talk about your experience tomorrow." With that she got dressed and walked out of the class room.

That night I took a warm bath as per my assignment. I was a virgin, but masturbating was nothing new for me. I picturing Mrs. Cooks body, her tits, the juice on her dildo, while I began to rub my own pussy. I closed my eyes pictured myself nude in front of the class. Mrs. Cook working the her toy in and out of me instead of herself. The class watching for me to cum.

The next day in class I sat in the front row eager to see what would happen today. The other girls and I shared glances, clearly we were all excited. Mrs. Cook walked in, again locking the door and drawing the blinds.

"Before we begin, any questions?" Mrs. Cook asked cheary as ever. The blond girl next to me raised her hand. "Yes Carrie."

"Will we learn about the.. Umm... The different sexual positions?" Carrie asked a slight tremor to her voice.

"Great question!" Mrs. Cook encouraged patting Carrie on the head. "Good sex is like a dance, with the positions of you and your lover constantly changing."

"Oh! That analogy is no good, wait right here I'll be right back." She said quickly left the class room. We all waited with nervous excitement for her to return.

A few minutes latter Mrs. Cook returned leading a blinded folded boy by the hand. "Class this is Tom, he was my best student in the boys class last semester, he is going to help me with a demonstration.

"Strip!" Mrs. Cook barked at Tom suddenly dropping her bubbly tone. Tom stripped down showing a well toned boy and think 7" dick. Mean while Mrs. Cook side her panties and skirt down but left her top on. "Girls this is doggies style." She said bending over her desk and pulling Tom by the balls to her. I started to understand what she meant by dance as I watched her gracefully moving between various sexual positions. After about 20 min she look to us as said. "Ok Tom's ready to cum, who wants do drink it?"

**Catholic School Girl Sex Ed - Day 02**

"Good morning class, any questions before we begin?" Mrs. Cook asked.

This had been her opening line everyday. We had quickly learned that whatever we might ask about was not nearly as exciting as what she was going to say and do. All seven of us in the all-girl class sat in the first two rows, eager to see and learn. This was the second week of class, the first had included Mrs. Cook personally demonstrating both masturbation and several sexual positions.

After a short pause waiting for questions Mrs. Cook continued. "This week we will be learning how to perform oral sex on men, casually referred to as a blow job. Everyone come up and grab a dildo to practice with, she said, while opening a box containing at least 20 dildos of all shapes and sizes. We all walked up to the box to look through them. Some of the girls quickly grabbed one and went back to their seats. Others, like me, hesitated looking through all of them. Some were very realistic, veiny with balls at the base. Some were just smooth shafts with a rounded end. Thinking it would make me feel less embarrassed I opted for one that did not look lifelike. It was bright pink about 5" long and about the same as a quarter in circumference. Taking my new friend I sat back down at my desk.

"There are four main points to keep in mind when giving a blow job. You will be tested on all four on Friday so pay attention.

1. The wetter the better. It can be your spit, his pre-cum, your juices, or all the above. Just keep his dick slick the whole time.

2. The deeper the better. Make sure you are supplying stimulation to the head and the entire shaft. You can use your hands to help with the base of the shaft.

3. Proper pacing. Please note I didn't say the faster the better. You want to start slow to turn him on. Speed up to get him close to cumming, then slow down to keep him just on the verge of cumming.

4. Use your hands. Not just on the base of his shaft but everywhere. Massage his butt, his balls, his nipples. This will vary from guy to guy but find what extra stimulation he likes, and supply it with your free hand or hands."

She grabbed a purple dildo out of the box. It was a little skinnier and a little longer than the one I had. She spit on her hand then rubbed it on the shaft. She put the tip to her lips and licked round the shaft. She slowly moved it inside her mouth until she only held the tip of the base with her finger tips. She began slowly bringing it in and out. Each time she would push it in just as deep. Each time it was mostly out she would pause just a half second on the tip and stroke the shaft with her hand. "Ok girls you try," she said to us in an encouraging tone.

Copying her actions I spit into my hand. After rubbing the spit on the shaft I put its tip to my lips. I brought it an inch inside my mouth. I closed my eyes and pictured it was a real penis. I imagined a man's eyes rolling back with pleasure as I tried to get the shaft as wet as possible. After about 4" I had to pull it out after my gag reflex triggered. Starting again I went slowly, pretending I was teasing a dick. Then I increased my speed and imagined I was bringing someone close to cumming. I was interrupted when someone asked a question.

"When the guy cums is it important to swallow it..or does it matter?" one of the other students asked.

"Great question, it's really just personal choice. I always swallow as that is usually a turn on for me. But if you want to spit it out no big deal," Mrs. Cook replied in her cheery tone.

"Ok girls take these home with you to practice," Mrs. Cook told us.

Being frustrated at not being able to deepthroat very well I went home and locked myself in my room. I looked at myself in the mirror. "Maybe I'm going about this the wrong way," I thought to myself. I had on a white button up shirt, jeans and sneakers. I unbuttoned my shirt and tossed it on my bed. I am 5'6" and a skinny 115lb. My A cups did not look impressive hidden behind my bra. I unclasped my bra and put it with my shirt. My small tits looked cute but not particularly sexy I thought. With one hand I grabbed the dildo, the other I started gently rubbing my left nipple. It quickly became hard and stuck out. I turned in the mirror to look at my ass. My ass and legs really were my best feature. I unbuttoned my jeans and kicked them off. I slid my black thong to the ground then kicked it over to my jeans. My ass and legs were small, toned, and tight with years of running track. Looking at myself in the mirror I imagined a man getting hard at the sight of my naked body.

I put the dildo to my lips. I pictured a man eager for a blow job. I rubbed my pussy lips for the moisture and made the dildo slick. I began sucking on the dido, at the same time I put my middle finger inside myself. Synchronizing my movements I moved my middle finger in and out with the dildo. The pleasure helping me overcome my gag reflex. As I pictured a man getting closer to cumming I felt myself get close. I was able to get the whole dildo in without issue. I pictured a cock cumming in the back of my throat, and I shook with an orgasm.

The next day in class I sat in front again. Mrs. Cook must have noticed the confident look on my face. After telling the class to begin practicing, she sat on my desk and said "why don't you show me what you have learned."

After making the dildo slick with spit, I began slowly. But I quickly realized that without the pleasure to distract me I could not suppress my gag reflex. Mrs. Cook patted me kindly on the shoulder and told me not to worry that I would get it. I spent the rest of the class practicing, but I remained unsuccessful.

The nights and days repeated like this. Then it was Friday, test day, and I simply could not do it unless I was fingering myself. One by one Mrs. Cook called us to the front of the class, and each girl demonstrated what they had learned. Most seemed to be doing well. When she called me up I did my best. I kept the dildo nice and wet, I started slow and speeded up, I worked the shaft with my hand, but I was only able to take about 4" in. "That's enough dear," Mrs. Cook told me handing me a note that read C-.

"For those of you who are unhappy with your grade, I'll bump you up one letter grade if you attend a demonstration for extra credit. The boys class has a test today at 4:30, they have been working all week on overcoming premature ejaculation; that's a big issue for boys their age. During their test I'll perform some of the techniques we discussed this week."

I came back to the classroom later that day to find 7 bare-assed naked boys standing against the front wall. Each boy had a blindfold on and was waiting patiently with their hands behind their backs. Mrs. Cook's desk had been moved aside to allow for better viewing. Two of the boys were fully erect, one with a drop of pre cum showing. The other 5 all looked at least semi hard. I took my usual seat in the front row. All of the other girls sat in for the extra credit as well.

"Ok boys, the test today is simple. If you can resist ejaculating for 5 minutes you get B, 10 minutes you get an A. If you can't make it 5 minutes you get an F. Starting a timer Mrs. Cook got on her knees in front of the boy with the drop of pre cum showing. She was just starting to get his dick nice and slobbery when the boy's muscles clinched and thrust his hips forward. After allowing the boy to finish cumming, Mrs. Cook stood up and gave him a very deep looking French kiss. It was that this point I realized she had not swallowed. The boy's mouth now full, Mrs. Cook told him "that's an F for you." Mrs. Cook continued her way down the line of cocks, now all standing at attention. Starting her timer she went to work on the second boy, who lasted just past 6 minutes.

Checking her timer she swallowed and gave him a B. The next several all made it between 5 and 10 minutes. Mrs. Cook seemed to intensify her efforts so that the 10 minute mark was hard to hit. Now, on the last boy, Mrs. Cook began massaging his balls at the 8 minute mark, and flicking his nipples at 9. Once he made it past 10 minutes, she went and sat on her desk pulling him by his dick. She slipped off her skirt and panties. Sitting facing the class we all had a clear view of her pussy and the closely trimmed triangle patch above. She guided the boy inside her and wrapped her legs around him. He began strongly thrusting into her, lifting her slightly off the desk at times. He made it almost another 10 minutes before cumming so much that it dripped out around his dick.

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"Good morning class, any questions before we begin." Mrs. Cook said starting class the next Monday. Seeing no questions she continued.

"This week we are going to be talking about the power of female sexuality. Take as an example this class. Out of 340 girls above 18, only 7 signed up for this class. Out of 326 boys above 18, 321 signed up, and I allowed only 7 picking only the outstanding students and athletes. This disparity in interest parallels the male and female promiscuity levels. This disparity means that women control the means to sex and therefore can extract a huge price for it in terms of social norms." Mrs. Cook lectured.

"For example:

\* On a date who pays for everything?

\* How many trophy wives are there?

\* How many fewer trophy husbands?

\* How many more sugar daddies then moms?

\* How many mistress are kept in luxury?"

Mrs. Cook asked us rhetorically.

"Unfortunately most women are just passive beneficiaries of this. This week we are learning how to actively take advantage of the situation." Mrs. Cook said, while pulling down a projector screen and turning on the overhead projector. "As an example here is a conversation with the principle that took place this morning."

A video began playing showing Mrs. Cook talking to principal Skinner.

"The P.T.A. is demanding a more detailed explanation of what happens in your sex Ed classes," Principle Skinner complained.

"Oh, is that right?" Mrs. Cook said while unbuttoning her top. "Should we tell them everything that happens in this room?" Mrs. Cook asked, taking off her bra and revealing her huge tits? which principle Skinner began to grab. "What they don't know won't hurt them, and I know you love the ... work I do." Mrs. Cook said, starting to run her hand over principle Skinner's crotch. "Just tell those prudes we are teaching abstinence only?" Mrs. Cook said while taking out his cock and running her tongue over it.

"No, what you're doing in your class is too risky. I need to shut it down," Principle Skinner stated, a little steel creeping into his voice.

Mrs. Cook pulled her mouth off his dick and looked up into his eyes. "No problem, I'll stop everything ... Just say the word." Mrs. Cook said.

Principle Skinner hesitated for a second his hard dick hanging wet in the air just in front of Mrs. Cook's lips, then said "No.. Its fine you can continue." Mrs. Cook went back to sucking his dick.

Mrs. Cook paused the video right as principle Skinner came on to her face. "So what did we learn from that?" Mrs. Cook asked.

"That men are stupid?" I asked hesitantly.

"Great answer. True; but also note a few things." Mrs. Cook replied.

"Don't let them cum till you get what you want. Don't negotiate until their dick is hard. Let them think they are in control," Mrs. Cook said smugly.

"Ok on Friday I want an essay on how you can use your sexual power to better your life. This will count as your second exam," Mrs. Cook said ending the class for the day.