

A new job for Prof. Davis

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Teacher helps out with the Junior College cheer squad

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"They like to show off and flirt a bit, don't they?"

It took me a few seconds to even realize that I had heard the question. "Huh?" I responded weakly.

I was busted. Busted hard. The cheerleader sponsor had walked up behind me and had whispered it to the back of my head.

I turned to see her with a cute smile on her face and a knowing twinkle in her eyes.

"Oh, relax. It's no big deal. They like you, you know. So they show off for you."

I breathed a sigh of relief. I still didn't know what to say. I'm not a coach, but I'm a teacher at the junior college and I like to help out at the football games.

I bring the mascot statue to the games in the bed of my truck. At the games, I help the four guys that take care of the mascot. We unload it, attach it to the wheeled platform and they push it down the track after touchdowns.

Anyway, that explains why I'm down on the track at the football games. It also explains why I'm there two hours before the crowd. Which, in turn, explains why I was there not even realizing that I was staring at the cheerleaders while they did their stretches.

Kacey, the cheer coach, continued her little talk. "Now, as long as you don't think that they really want to do something with you. Sure, they're old enough, but you're still a professor and that would get you into trouble."

"I'd never do that." The words stumbled out of my mouth.

"Oh relax," she responded, reaching out to push playfully against my chest with her hand. "I know that you wouldn't do that. The girls know it too. That's why you're safe to flirt with."

As she was saying this, one of the cheerleaders sitting in the turf spread her legs wide and was leaning over to touch her head against the field. From behind, it caused her skirt to rise up and reveal two tight ass cheeks peeking out of her panties, or bloomers, or "spankies" as the girls call them.

"Shameless!" Kacey whispered to me and headed over to where Lisa was stretched out. She squatted down beside her and whispered something to her. Lisa popped up into a sitting position quickly, surprised by the sudden appearance of her coach. Then, as Kacey stood up, Lisa turned toward me and smiled.

Kacey returned to me with a smile on her face. As she walked up, she said, "Honestly, I don't know how you can stand there without your cock poking through your pants."

"Uhhhh," I stammered, not believing what I was hearing. "Why are you doing this?"

She looked up at me. Kacey was about 6 inches shorter than me. She was about 26 and gorgeous. She had light brown hair that fell to her shoulders. She still had the body of the college cheerleader she had been. She was wearing a pair of light blue cheer shorts, the kind the girls wear during practices, and a t-shirt with the school mascot and HCJC Cheerleaders on the front. It was hard to read the words because they ran right across her breasts and the sweet curve carried the letters around with it.

She smiled. "Because you're a nice guy. You're fun...and you like it." As she said the last words, she slid close to me and as she walked by, her hand slid across the front of my pants and brushed against my semi-hard cock.

I stood there in shock. When my eyes came back into focus I saw Kacey walking a few yards in front of me.

"Okay girls, let's get your bags and poms off of the track!" she called out to her squad. Then she looked back at me, gave me a knowing look, and bent over to pick up a set of poms from the track. She purposely kept her legs locked and her cheer shorts rose up tight against her tight little ass. The words "Coach" were spelled on the seat of the shorts and just a bit of her tanned butt poked out.

She stood up and tossed the poms to the girl they belonged to. As the girls gathered around her for

instructions she looked at me again and smiled.

"All right, for the rest of the season, Mr. Davis has volunteered to be our equipment manager. He'll help us haul our stuff around and fix anything that breaks."

As if all connected together as one unit, the entire squad turned to me and smiled.

"Mandy," Kacey said, "in a few minutes take your megaphone to Mr. Davis and see if he can fix the handle. For now, though, I think he needs to be welcomed in our own special way."

A look of panic swept across my face, but it quickly vanished as I had to duck as 22 sets of cheer poms came flying at me, accompanied by the squeals and laughter of the cheerleaders.

The girls all turned and ran to get the rest of their stuff from the track which left Kacey standing there alone for a second. She gave me another little smirk, winked at me, and turned to follow her squad.

After the game, I unloaded the mascot and we pushed it back to "Cougar Corner" in the main entrance of High County Junior College. The guys all headed out to meet their friends in the main parking lot. I walked down the hall until I got to the dance room where the cheerleaders practice and store their gear.

I walked in to hear the last notes of the girls all singing the birthday song to Kyla, a short blonde.

Kyla, still in her cheer uniform, stood in the center of the room, basking in the attention. I walked into the room, expecting to find Kacey and see if there was anything that needed to be done, the girls all began to squeal my name.

"Mr. Davis!" they all yelled as I stood there in the doorway.

"Hey," I said kind of uncomfortable. I was in un-chartered territory here. Girl World. "Is Miss Kacey around?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm here!" I heard her say from the back corner of the room. "and you're just in time!" She walked to the center of the circle of girls with a folding chair in her hands. She set it down on the floor and motioned for me to sit down.

Kacey raised her voice to be heard above the chattering girls, "All right ladies. Since it is Kyla's 20th birthday, and officially no longer a teenager, we need to carry out the birthday tradition. And since Mr. Davis is here, he will provide us with a solid platform."

The girls all laughed and giggled and pushed Kyla to the center of the circle.

Pushed by Kacey into sitting in the chair, I had no idea what was about to happen.

Kyla was pushed towards me and before I could stand up to protest, she was laid belly down across my lap. It was obviously clear that Kyla was about to get her birthday spankings. I, however, was not about to apply my hand to this young woman's firm backside. Kyla's warm body squirmed into place on my thighs. I could feel the heat coming from her belly, and her breasts were pressed down onto my left thigh. I could feel the soft fullness of her breasts even through the sport bra under her uniform. I didn't know what to do with my hands, so I kept them at my side.

"Everyone get into line. Marci, hit the music!" Kacey ordered. As the girls all moved into a line on my right, a cheer contest mix began to blast through the stereo.

Kacey stepped forward and flipped Kyla's cheer skirt up onto her back, exposing her cheer pants. The skirt flipped right back down again. Kacey grabbed my right hand and said, "Hold this!" She flipped the skirt back up and put my hand on the small of Kyla's back to hold the skirt in place.

"Booooo!" the girls began to shout. "No fair!" I had no idea what they meant, but it was soon explained.

Kacey grinned and said, "You're all correct. Kyla, this isn't the way it's done." She motioned to the first girl in line, "Lisa, pull em down!"

I sat there, unable to move while Lisa stepped forward and pulled Kyla's cheer pants down to her ankles, revealing white thong panties. The thong, of course, slid right down the crack of her butt making it seem like she wasn't wearing anything. Kyla's tight and firm ass was smooth and white, and I could feel my cock starting to stir. Kyla started to squirm as she anticipated the first strike of a hand upon her tender ass cheeks. Her squirming around did not help my situation at all.

Lisa stepped forward and placed her hand on Kyla's firm cheeks. She gave them a jiggle causing all of the girls to laugh. Then she softly ran her hand across both cheeks. When she pulled her hand back, I felt Kyla suck in a deep breath of air.

"Whack!" Lisa's palm came crashing down onto Kyla's sweet ass. Kyla jumped forward on my lap. I had to reach out with my other hand to keep her from falling. Her tender white skin immediately began to redden. I could almost make out the imprint of Lisa's fingers on her skin.

Andi was next. She also did the slow, soft caress before reaching back to strike a blow.

There are 22 girls on the cheer squad. Removing Kyla from that number means that 21 girls would get to spank her. As each girl struck her ass, the redness began to grow. As each girl spanked her, Kyla's breathing became more rapid and she squirmed even more in my lap. Her right arm came around and she braced herself on my left leg. Her warm hands on my leg penetrated my jeans.

In between her squeals of pain, a soft, low moan would vibrate through her chest. I could feel it in my thighs where she lay across me. The moan was a sound I've grown to be familiar with. It is the soft moan of a woman becoming really sexually aroused. The more I heard that moan, the more of an impact it was making on me.

She had to know. She had to feel it. My cock was hard and pressing against her soft belly. Only my blue jeans prevented it from poking out straight.

Finally, the girls were done and Kacey stepped forward, but she had a large wooden paddle in her hands.

"Kyla, are you ready for Bruiser?" She asked.

"Bruiser! Bruiser! Bruiser!" the girls all began to cheer.

Kyla whimpered a soft, "Yes, I'm ready."

Kacey didn't even give a warning. She slapped the wooden paddle hard against Kyla's ass. We both nearly fell out of the chair. As I held tight to her to keep her from falling, I felt a tremor run through her body. Could it be? Could she have?

"One to grow on?" Kacey asked the girls and they all screamed, "Yes! And one for the Cougars!"

"Okay, Kyla," Kacey warned, "here come the two biggest ones yet!"

I could actually smell her arousal. Now all of the girls were smelling of good clean sweat from the game. On top of her lovely smell of just being a woman, and the sweat, I could surely smell a different odor. Musky. This young woman was enjoying this for sure.

Swoosh! Whack! Swoosh! Whack!" It was over.

"Good job, Kyla. Happy birthday!" Kacey said to her. The rest of the girls all said the same thing and

began to move around the room, gathering their bags.

Kyla didn't move.

"Hey, are you okay?" I whispered to her. "Aren't you going to get up?"

She turned her head toward me and said, "No. Not yet. I have to wait for the first-aid cream."

So I had to sit there. A college cheerleader stretched across my lap with her red and bruised butt sitting there exposed to me. Her cheer skirt was pulled up across her back and her cheer panties were pulled down to her ankles. My stiff cock, held back a little by the jeans was pressing against her lower abdomen.

She squirmed against me again. I took a chance.

"I'm sorry Kyla." I said in a whisper.

"It's okay," she said back to me with a soft giggle. "I guess this just means we're good friends now."

"Ahhhh, here we go." Kacey said as she walked back from her office with a tube of ointment. She knelt down on the floor and squirted some of the ointment onto her hand.

Just as she reached forward to smooth it onto Kyla's tender ass, we heard a loud thump followed shortly by a scream.

"Miss Kacey! Hurry!" the girls began to yell.

One of the ladies had twirled around, megaphone in her hand, and hit Jasmine in the face. Her nose was gushing blood and she had a shocked look on her face.

"Here! Do this!" she said quickly and she slapped the cold ointment onto Kyla's ass cheeks. She ran to help the injured girl.

I froze. Kyla helped by wiggling her butt. "C'mon Mr. Davis," she urged me. "I need to get up."

So I brought my hand up to her ass. I tenderly began to smooth the ointment across her tender skin. Kyla moaned softly as I worked the ointment in. Her skin yielded softly to the pressure of my fingers as I slid them across her butt. Everyone else was gathering around the injured girl.

Now that the girls weren't in the way, I was surprised that I could see where the thong covered Kyla's pussy. It was like a little pouch there, gently holding back the lips of her pussy. As I slid my hand up and down across her tight butt cheeks, I swear I could see moisture soaking through the crotch of the panties.

Soon, I was done. "That's it, Kyla," I said softly.

Kyla got slowly up. She slid backwards so that her knees went to the floor. Her hands went to my left thigh and then she slid them across my lap to my right thigh. As she did this, her left hand slid across my crotch and she gave me a quick squeeze. She looked me in the eye, gave me a knowing little smile, and said, "Thanks, that felt really good."

She stood up and laughed, not able to walk. She had to step out of her cheer pants that were stuck around her ankles.

She looked back at me as she bent over to step out of them. "I hate wearing panties," she said with a wicked smile. "When I wear my uniform to class on game day, I usually don't wear them." Then she stood up and moved toward the other girls.

I sat there for a minute, hoping that my cock would go down. No such luck. I finally stood up and, using the folding chair as cover, was able to adjust my cock in my jeans.

The bloody nose wasn't serious and soon all of the girls had exited the building. Kacey found me in her office sitting in a straight backed chair.

"Well," she said with a smile, "did you enjoy that?"

"No." I said firmly. "That was not a nice thing to do, putting a bare-assed cheerleader across my lap. Not to mention volunteering me for equipment manager. You could have asked me first. You're going to have to pay for that."

She crossed her arms across her chest and challenged me, "Oh? Just how do you plan to do that?"

"Get over here and lay across my lap. You're going to get YOUR punishment now." I said in a strict voice.

"Hmph!" she said as she walked towards me. "It's not even my birthday."

Then, she pulled her shorts down, taking her panties with them, and stepped out of them.

As she stepped toward me, nude from the waist down, Kacey looked me in the eye and did that magical "girl crosses her arms in front of her and pulls her shirt up over her head" move. I've always wondered why they cross their arms like that.

Her breasts rose with the shirt, and the left cup of her bra came halfway to sliding up her breast. She tossed the shirt playfully onto my face. I took in a deep breath of her aroma and when I pulled the shirt down, she was twirling her bra around her fingertips.

She tossed the bra to the floor and positioned herself across my lap. Her body was exquisite, tanned in all of the right places and I just sat there staring in awe.

"I've been a bad girl," she whined. "I need to be punished."

That jarred me back to where I was. I put my right hand firmly on the soft smooth flesh of her ass. It was warm, almost to the point of being hot, and I could feel the heat rising up from between her legs.

I pulled my hand back and came down hard on her ass. I slapped her ass cheeks with as much force as I could muster. The whack echoed in the little office and out into the room.

"Mmmph!" She exhaled. "I guess you know what you're doing."

I immediately gave her another one. Her ass began to turn red.

She had giggled a bit at first, but as my spanking her ass continued, she began to softly moan.

When her thighs parted, I knew I had her where I wanted her.

With one last huge thwack, I quickly reached down and found her engorged clit with my fingertips. I rapidly thrummed my fingers across it. In seconds she was moaning loudly.

I took her to the edge and shoved her over the side. She came hard, thrashing against my legs until finally, panting for breath; she squeezed her powerful thighs shut. I pulled my hand away, sliding it through the slickness that now coated her inner thighs.

"Damn....that...was....so....good," she panted. "You...had...better fuck...me now."

She rose upward, and slipped from my lap to my knees. Her fingers went straight to my zipper and she freed my stiffened cock. She leaned forward and I felt my cock slide into her warm, wet mouth.

"Mmmmm," she moaned around my cock, sending vibrations through it. "There will be time for this later," she said as she sat up. "I need you inside of me."

She stood up on shaking legs and positioned herself in a leaning position over her desk. She wiggled her ass in the air, as if I needed further encouragement.

I stepped up behind her and awkwardly knelt down in order to gain access to her pussy. Sensing my predicament, Kacey arched upward onto her tiptoes offering herself to me.

I slid my cock inside of her and pushed it all the way home. Now, I'm a proud man, and no man wants to admit to coming too soon, but please remember what I'd been through all evening. On top of that, I'd just had a half naked college cheerleader on my lap.

I gave Kacey a few thrusts and she felt so damn good that before I knew it, I was quickly pulling out of her. I slammed my cock against her ass cheeks and shot my cum out onto her back. It took my breath away as I slammed myself repeatedly against her.

Kacey had her head down on the desk and didn't see what I saw next. I had just stepped backward and grabbed my cock, milking the rest of my cum out. I looked up and through the office window I could see into the cheer/dance room. There was Kyla, the cheerleader that had been given the birthday spanking on my lap.

She must have come back for something, I guess. She was standing just inside of the exit door, her cheer skirt pulled up and her fingers were working her pussy. Her left hand was inside her shirt, pinching on a nipple. Her mouth was open, forming a soft "O" as she watched us. Her eyes met mine and she started to tremble.

I silently mouthed, "Do it," and gave her a knowing smile.

She came. Her knees buckled a little and her eyes screwed shut.

Kacey began to move beneath me, so I reached down and stroked her hair for a bit to distract her. My cock, still hard, left a wet trail as it bumped into her ass.

I watched Kyla as she recovered. She smiled shyly at me, and put her fingers to her mouth. She sucked them one at a time, and then held her index finger to her lips in the sign of, "Shhhhh."

Then she blew me a kiss and slipped out the door.

"Kleenex, please," Kacey said. "I'd like to move."

I laughed at her and stepped over to grab the Kleenex box. I wiped up the cum from her back and to where it had begun to slide into the crack of her ass.

She stood up and turned to me, wrapping her hands around the back of my neck, pulling me down for a kiss.

"Thanks for setting me straight. I promise to be good from now on," she said in a little girl pout. "I'm going to take a shower now, okay?"

"Sure," I said. "I'll put everything away and lock up."

"Oh, don't bother," she said to me as she walked boldly naked across the room to the shower. "None of the girls ever come back after they leave for the night."