# Gameday for Prof. Davis

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*Prof Davis gets ready for the game*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/gameday-for-prof-davis.aspx

*You might want to read my previous Prof. Davis story.*

Gameday for Prof. Davis.

“That’s it for today guys. Ya’ll have a good weekend,” I told the class. I was through for the day with my classes at High County Junior College . I teach Sophomore level U.S. History. I also help with the equipment for the cheerleaders.

While a Junior College, we still have a long history of football. In our small town, it's all that matters every weekend for home games. I did my part for the games by hauling the mascot statue to the stadium. Last week, I had agreed to help with the cheerleader's equipment as well.

Last week’s game and the aftermath in the cheer room were never far from my mind this week. I had been forced to help with a cheerleader’s birthday spanking. No, I didn’t do any of the spanking. The cheer sponsor had me sit in a chair with the cheerleader bent over my lap while the girls did the spanking.

Her name was Kyla and she had really enjoyed the spanking. She had squirmed around a lot and I could feel the heat from her abdomen against my cock. My cock which had stiffened to steel. My cock that she could feel pushing against her soft belly.

I knew she knew what it was, and I had apologized.

“That’s okay,” she had whispered to me. “I guess this just means we’re good friends now.”

I reckon so. I ended up having sex with her cheer coach that night, and Kyla had watched us. That

however, is another story.

Several of the students said goodbye as they left the room. One of them said, “See you at the game tonight.” That only served to remind me once again of what had happened last weekend. I wondered what would happen tonight.

As if on cue, the door opened and a cheerleader came into the room. It was Kyla, the birthday girl from last weekend.

“Hey, Mr. Davis!” Kyla said with a cute smile and giggle as she walked into the room. She tossed her backpack on the floor and headed toward my desk where I had just sat down. She leaned backward against the first row of student desks.

I smiled at her and said, “What brings you here?” As I said this, I got up and went over to my classroom door and propped it open. I don’t know if she realized what I was doing or not. Sure, this is college, and she’s a twenty year old woman, but I was still a teacher and didn’t want any rumors going around campus.

“Coach Kacey sent me to tell you to be there thirty minutes early tonight.” She said as I returned back to my desk.

“Oh?” I replied. “What does she have planned that needs me to be there early?”

Kyla looked at me with a sly grin. “Well, I’m not sure,” she said huskily. “Maybe she needs help loading up. She might need something big slid in.”

My face flushed red and I said, “Kyla….about last week…”

She cut me off quickly. “I don’t know anything you’re talking about Mr. Davis. What happen in the cheer room stays in the cheer room.”

I sighed deeply. “Okay, thanks. I could get into a lot of trouble.”

“I know,” she replied. “Besides, you can trust me.”

She leaned over my desk, far enough for me to see her cleavage as her cheer uniform top gapped open at the neck. She whispered, “After all, like I told you when I felt your hard, thick cock pressing into my tummy while my almost naked ass was being spanked…we’re good friends now.”

Before I could reply, she jumped back quickly and sat on top of the student desk in front of my desk. “Do you remember what else I told you that night?” She said as she pulled her right leg up until her foot rested on top of the desk she was sitting on.

“There was so much going on, Kyla.” I replied. “I don’t know. Why don’t you tell me.”

“Well, it had to do with my game day uniform.” She said in a soft voice.

Then, with a subtle move, she adjusted her cheer skirt.

If anyone had walked in at that moment they wouldn’t have noticed a thing. However, the view from where I sat told a totally different story.

Kyla had pulled her leg up so her foot was resting on the desk. When she moved the skirt just a little, it had totally exposed her pussy.

Her pink-lipped, slightly puffy pussy lips were on display for me. Smooth white inner thighs. Not a patch of hair showing anywhere.

“If you recall,” she whispered in a husky voice. “I don’t like to wear panties on game day at school.”

“Uh huh,” I mumbled. Or I think I did. Hell, I don’t know what I said at that moment. It could have been the Gettysburg Address for all I know.

“I’ve wanted to show that to you all day long,” she said softly. “I could barely concentrate in my classes today.”

I was still sitting there dumbstruck.

“Do you like it?” she said in a soft whisper. “I’m really wet. Watch this.”

She glanced over at the open door, then using her right hand which had been resting against her upraised leg, she reached over and slowly slid her index finger into her pussy. She slid it up and down, until it finally pushed forward, sliding past the outer lips and exposing the dripping pinkness within.

“I’m so wet.” She said. “I keep thinking about your cock pushing against me while I was spanked. How good it felt when your strong hands were rubbing the ointment on my bare ass.”

She paused for a moment and looked me in the eyes and said, “I think about what I saw you doing with Coach Kacey.”

“Kyla…” I began to say but she shushed me.

“It’s okay,” she whispered. “I’m not going to get you in trouble. I just need you to watch me like you did last time.”

She was referring to last weekend after the game. After the cheer squad had left, I had spanked and fucked her cheer coach. Kyla had walked in and quietly watched us. I watcher her in turn as she masturbated.

“Okay.” I said. I sat back in my chair and I had to adjust my thickening cock through my khakis.

“Ohhhh,” Kyla whispered. “Just like last time. I guess we’re really good friends now, huh?

I smiled back at her. I sat there watching her while she fingered herself. She ran her finger up and down her slit, soaking it in her juices. She put her slick finger into her mouth, wrapping her lips around her finger, licking it, tasting herself.

She saw me lick my own lips and swallow hard. “Want some?” she asked in girly voice.

“I think you know the answer to that, “I replied.

She smiled at me and dipped her finger deep into her pussy, moaning as she did it. Then she jumped up and leaned over my desk offering her slick finger to my mouth. I grabbed her hand tightly and ran her finger across my upper lip, smelling her juices before I slid her finger inside my mouth, tasting her.

“Oh wow!” She said. She pulled away from me and walked over to my door. She looked around in the hall, then stepped quickly back inside and closed the door. She leaned against the wall, and slid down to the floor.

In seconds, she had pulled her skirt up, totally exposing herself from the waist down. She spread her legs wide, and pulled her cheer top up, exposing her breasts to me. Her pink nipples were stiff. She used her left hand on her pussy, and her right hand on her nipples.

I watched as Kyla pressed her right forearm against her right breast, holding the top up so she could pinch and roll her left nipple between her thumb and index finger.

Her left hand was moving rapidly across her pussy, fingering her hard clit. She looked at me with wide open eyes.

She began a low moan, while her she rolled her bottom lip underneath her teeth, biting down.

“Tell me!” she whispered urgently. “Tell me to cum!”

“No,” I told her. “Wait just a minute.”

She looked at me in wonder, her hand working hard against her pussy.

I stood up from my chair. I reached down and unzipped my pants and pulled my thick, stiff cock out. I pushed my hips forward so that my hard cock was as far out of my pants as I could get it.

She was staring right at my throbbing cock. She could see the drop of precum glistening at the tip as I squeezed it hard. Her mouth now formed a perfect “O.” How I wanted to walk over and push my cock into that hot wet mouth.

“Now you can cum.” I told her.

“Mmmnnhhh!” she grunted low as her orgasm took over. Her legs that had been spread wide open, now slammed shut as she pressed hard against her clit. She released her nipple and openly grabbed her full breast, squeezing it hard.

I watched, slowly stroking my cock as her orgasm rippled through her body. She was tense and then relaxed, only to tense again as she came. It was as if tremors were pulsing through her from head to toe.

I carefully pushed my cock back into my pants and sat down, albeit uncomfortably.

Kyla slowly rose to her feet. She stumbled a bit as she stood up. She quickly adjusted her cheer uniform and opened the door again. She teased me as she bent over from the waist, knees locked, to put the doorstop back in place. I could see just the bottom of her bare ass when she did this.

She turned and smiled at me. “See you at the game tonight!” She grabbed her backpack and left the room.

I slid back into the chair and let out a deep sigh, not believing what had just happened. I had just adjusted my cock again when Kyla bounced back into the room.

I looked over at her and asked, “Did you forget something?”

“Just this,” she said. She reached underneath her skirt, and I could see her moving her hand around between her legs. She walked over to my old blackboard and with her finger slick once again, she drew a small heart on the blackboard.

She turned back to me, giving me a mischievous grin, and just before leaving the room she said, “Don’t forget, Coach Kacey needs you there early!”