

Game Over with Prof. Davis

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The cheer squad deals with a game loss.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/game-over-with-prof-davis.aspx>

It would help to read my prior Prof Davis stories.

Game over. Game lost.

Not much happens in the cheer room after a defeat. The girls didn't run cheering from the bus to go make a spirit line for the team tonight. Instead, they just exited the bus; their shoulders drooped and walked to the cheer room.

I backed my truck and trailer to the back door of the school and waited while the guys unloaded the Cougar mascot. Losing sucks. It just takes everything out of you.

The guys returned from moving the mascot back to the main hall and with a few mumbled goodbyes went out to their cars. I backed the trailer into its slot between the gym and the main building. It took a few minutes to unhitch the trailer, put blocks at the tires and then chain it to the ring sunk into the concrete. I crawled back into my truck and just sat there for a minute, numb and depressed.

Sure, we didn't actually play in the game, but when you're a big part of adding to the spirit of the game, you feel the loss just as much as the players.

I slowly pulled forward toward the cheer room door, planning to check in with Kacey to see if she needed anything before I left for home. Several of the girls were outside, waiting for their rides home. Usually, after a victory, the sidewalk is quickly emptied as the girls head off to parties or restaurants, eager to celebrate. Not tonight though.

I put the truck into park and went up to the door, planning to check in quickly with Kacey and then head out.

“The girls all dressed?” I asked as I walked up. Kyla was there.

“Yeah,” she mumbled. “They’re all gone. Go ahead.” So I stepped into the room. I met Kacey on her way out.

“Hey, I was just heading home,” She said as we stopped just inside the room. “I’m heading to my parents for the weekend. I promised Mom I’d go to church with her.”

“Oh?” I said with a smirk, my slight grin hinting at what had happened before the game.

Kacey lightly punched me in the chest and whispered, “Yes. I’m going home to Momma and then go to church. I need to make amends for my wicked ways.”

I backed up, a hurt look on my face. She just laughed and said, “See you Monday,” as she stepped outside. Then I heard her say, “Oh crap!”

I had turned to follow her out, and now I looked out the door to see what was wrong.

Kyla and three of the Jr. College cheerleaders were still outside waiting to be picked up. Kacey looked at me with pleading eyes.

I knew exactly what she needed of me. “Go on. I’ll wait here with the girls.”

Kacey walked up and kissed me on the cheek. “Thanks!” She whispered in my ear, “I’ll make it up to you.”

I watched her walk away to her car. Watching Kacey walk away is a great pleasure not to be ignored.

“Kyla,” I said, not really knowing the other girls, “I’m going inside for a Dr. Pepper. I’ll be right back.”

“Sure, Mr. Davis,” she responded without looking up. They were really down over the loss of the game.

When I came back from my quick trip to the soda machine in the hallway, only Kyla was left. She had her phone out and was fuming mad. “Damn him!” she said as she put the phone on the sidewalk.

“What’s up? Limo got a flat tire?” I teased her.

She gave me one of “those looks” that only a pissed-off woman can give. I, of course, couldn’t resist and added, “Well, it’s not midnight yet, so it shouldn’t be a pumpkin yet.”

She had to think about that for a second, and then she stood up quickly and said, “Well, fuck him! I’ll get Lisa to come back and get me. You can go if you want. I don’t want to interfere with your weekend.”

“Well, Kyla,” I began. “You’re looking at the last few minutes of my fun weekend. I don’t have any plans. I’ll wait here with you, but I am not sitting on the sidewalk.” I walked over to my truck and dropped the tailgate. I motioned her over.

She was wearing Red Soffee cheer shorts and a white tank. After being outside for 4 hours, she obviously didn’t want to put on her best outfit. It was still hot and humid outside even though it was after 11 p.m.

“I probably smell,” she said as she walked over. “I had planned to be getting out of the shower by now and putting on my party clothes. Mr. Man, however, screwed that up when he decided to get drunk with his buds after the game. They didn’t wait for the end of the game. Since we were losing, they decided to start early. I knew I should have dated a guy on the team.”

“Men are like that,” I said, taking a sip of Dr. Pepper while she squirmed up onto the tailgate. She gave me another one of those looks so I said, “Hey, I admit it. We screw up everything we get our hands on.”

“I don’t know about screwing up,” she said, “but I know ya’ll are always trying to screw everything you get your hands on.”

I laughed appreciatively. “Yep. I don’t know what you ladies see in us.”

“I think it’s the screwing,” she said with a laugh. “Lawn mowing, too. We can’t forget about that.”

“Don’t forget the killing of deadly bugs,” I added.

She giggled and leaned over and punched me in the arm. “You’re not that way. You’re not the typical man are you?” She asked.

“Oh I have some of that in me,” I told her. “But I’m the nice guy. You know what I’m talking about? The guy that’s your really good friend? The one that listens so well? Girls can’t help but take advantage of guys like me.”

She squirmed around on the tailgate until she was sitting cross legged from me. Cheerleaders easily forget sometimes the way that they sit. They're so used to performing and stretching in front of crowds that they forget sometimes what they're doing out in the real world.

I'm sitting next to a gorgeous college girl and trying not to stare at the tightly stretched crotch of her cheer shorts. What made it worse was what she said next.

"Ohhhh, that's not you at all," she said sympathetically. She leaned forward and rubbed my shoulder.

"Kyla," I said looking her in the eyes. "Don't get me wrong. I could sit here and talk to you all night, but ask yourself this: Why is he here?"

"Because Coach Kacey asked you to..." She paused as she understood. "Well, okay then, maybe you are a nice guy. There's nothing wrong with being a nice guy."

"I guess if I wasn't a nice guy, I'd have left your hot little ass sitting on the sidewalk waiting for a ride." I told her with a smile. "But then I'd have missed sitting here talking with you."

"Why Professor Davis!" she exclaimed in an exaggerated southern drawl, "Are you flirting with little ole me? And a student at that! Shame on you!"

"Well," I replied slowly, "we do have a special kind of relationship, you and I. Hell, I even have your panties in my pocket, remember?"

She smirked, "How can I forget? I had to change a little while ago ya know!"

There was a silent pause in the conversation. Finally she asked, "Well? Are you going to keep them or something?"

"I'll think about it and get back to you," I teased.

Still using her southern drawl, she said, "Well, suh. I guess I'll have to stop sitting here like this with you. The way I'm sitting, and me not wearing any panties, you'll be able to see my sweet little pussy."

Of course my eyes went straight to her crotch. Kyla quickly reached down and pulled her right leg of her shorts over to the side so that indeed, I could see her pussy.

Pink. It was so pink. Kyla slid a finger along her outer lips until it spread them open enough to slide

her finger in just a bit. Brighter pink. Pink and wet.

“It is a sweet little pussy, isn’t it?” she asked in whisper.

I gave the parking lot a quick glance. No one. I returned my gaze to Kyla as I felt my cock begin to thicken. I looked her in the eyes and said in a deeper, huskier voice, “Kyla, that is one of the hottest little pussies I’ve ever seen”

She suddenly pulled the leg of her shorts back in place and wiped her finger on them. She scooted to the edge of the tailgate and said, “Well, it isn’t looking like my ride is coming.” Looking over at me, she said, “Take me home?”

No. Absolutely not. It’s not allowed. It’s forbidden. This is one thing a teacher should not be doing.

“Sure,” I said and slid off the tailgate.

As I slammed the tailgate closed, Kyla grabbed her bag and phone from the sidewalk and climbed into the cab of the truck.

I slid into the driver’s seat and put the Dr. Pepper into the cup holder. I reached over and turned the a/c on max power. In seconds the sweet coolness began to fill the truck.

“That feels so good!” Kyla said. She had pulled her tank top up to the bottom of her bra, letting the cool air rush against her bare belly.

“It was so freaking hot tonight!” she exclaimed. “I was sweating tons! I’m probably stinking up your truck.”

“Nope,” I replied while putting the truck into park. “You smell really good.”

“You’re too nice.” She said and then remembering what we talked about earlier, “Sorry.”

I laughed as I pulled out of the parking lot, “Not a problem. I never argue with a pretty lady in my truck. Okay, where am I taking you.”

Silence for a minute. I glanced over at her. She was staring at me.

“Just drive, nice guy.” She said in a soft husky whisper.

As I turned my attention to the road, she did that feminine “lift up the hips” move again and the next thing I knew, those red cheer shorts were thrown on the dashboard in front of me.

I glanced over again. Kyla scooted forward in the seat, both bare legs going in the air. Feet on the dashboard. Neon lights flashed across her body as we drove.

She began touching herself between the legs. Gently. Softly probing. Finding moisture, and then slipping fingers in.

“Kyla...” I began.

She interrupted me saying, “Just drive!”

I came to a stop sign. I looked over at her again and said, “Look Kyla...”

“Shush!” she said and turned sideways in the seat. She adjusted the seatbelt a bit and then spread her legs wide. She was totally exposed to me, naked from the waist down.

“Drive.” She ordered.

I drove.

I drove that truck down the road with a hard-on trying to rip through my shorts. Luckily the town was pretty deserted at this hour.

She began slowly rubbing her clit in a circular motion. Her left hand rose up until she was cupping her right breast. I could tell it wouldn't take long until she had that top off.

I wasn't wrong. “Time to get naked.” She said with a giggle and the top and bra were added to the shorts on my dashboard.

Just another typical weekend night for me. Driving around with a naked college girl in my truck. Right.

Her left foot pressed up against my hip. The more her fingers worked her clit, the harder her foot pressed against me. My right hand dropped to my thigh. Should I?

No. No way. This had gone too far already.

I started with her toes.

I squeezed her foot, massaging it hard, working my fingers into the soft bottom of her foot. She moaned appreciatively. 4 hours of jumping and cheering at the game left her sore.

She giggled when I tickled her, but continued to work her clit and nipples. I worked my hand upward until I was gently rubbing her leg.

I had driven to the edge of town. I did a u-turn and pulled over in the small parking lot of a local hardware store. We were in plain view of anyone driving down the road, but who cared at this point.

“Kyla, you need to cum, baby.” I whispered to her. “We can’t sit here forever. You’re totally naked in a professor’s truck. Your clothes are on the dashboard and your panties are in my pocket. Now you’ve got me touching you. You need to cum, baby so we can get back before we’re caught.”

“Mmmmmm,” she moaned. “Mr. Davis is a naughty man.”

I had to adjust my thick cock pressing against my shorts. “Kyla, you’d better come now or I’m going to pull out my cock and fuck that sweet little pussy.”

That did it. She looked at me with a twinkle in her eyes. “You’d do that? You’d fuck me? Here in your truck?”

“Hell, yes!” I told her.

“Show me your cock. Hurry!” she urged me.

No. No way. This has gone too far.

I had to arch up just to unzip my shorts. I pulled my cock free from my underwear. It stood out, proudly on display.

Her fingers worked faster and faster. They made a slurping sound as she worked her clit, her fingers drenched in her juices.

I started pumping my cock. I wouldn’t last long. The smells of her arousal filled the cab of the truck.

Kyla came hard. She let a deep, guttural, “Unhhh!” and pushed her foot hard against my hip.

I watched as she rode it out. Finally she slumped in exhausted pleasure. She looked over at me and

smiled. "I really needed that." She whispered.

She sat up and leaned over near me. Her breasts hanging free and swaying as she leaned toward me.

"Are you ready to cum for me?" She asked sweetly. "I came for you. Now it's your turn."

I stroked harder and harder. I felt her hand on my leg. Then she put both hands on my leg.

Oh. My. I'm going to cum. She was right next to me. Staring at my cock.

"I'm...about...to....cum." I said urgently.

Her hands fumbled along my thigh. She opened the thigh pocket and pulled her panties out. Just as I came, she leaned over and put the panties on my cock. I could feel the heat from her hand. I shot load after load into the cloth. She squeezed the last drop out.

I collapsed in the seat. Exhausted. Wow.

"Why Professor Davis! I do believe you've ejaculated your seed into my panties!" She said in that southern accent again. "Whatever shall I do with them?"

She smiled at me, balled the panties up, and slid them back into my pocket. "I want these back next weekend."

A few minutes later, we were back to normal. She was dressed and my cock was put away.

"Alright, let's get you home," I told her.

"Oh, that's okay. I don't need a ride." She said. I turned to her with a questioning look on my face. She opened the door, the dome light blinding me, and got out of the truck.

Headlights came on about a hundred yards down the road. The car drove up to us and Kyla got in. The driver, a cute brunette, waved at me as she turned the car around.

Lisa.

She rolled down the window. I rolled mine down.

"Hey Professor Davis!" She said with a cheerful smile. "I'll take her home now. I didn't think ya'll would come all the way out here. Maybe next time I can come with you."

Cute.

I'll assume the pun was intended.