

Working the high wire!

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WORKING THE HIGH WIRE! Part 1

As a young man that wonders about the unknown mistakes I'll make that lie ahead, I accepted this High School teaching position with the interview proviso that I was also willing to take the position of Head Girls volleyball coach. Yes I had three years of teaching experience prior to this small high school in northern Minnesota and yes I played volleyball for USC and two years on the European professional circuit, I also knew the biggest coaching challenge was earning the respect of 17 & 18 year old hormone enhanced girls.

Can't get the girls to perform and become a team if you don't have their respect. The knowledge, experience and skill I have isn't the issue, the problem lies in these cursed good looks! Playing volleyball at USC was not solely due to the scholarship offer they gave me. At 6'4" 205 lbs. with quick as a cat reflexes and jumping ability that gave the "brothers" on the basketball team notice to fist bump each other and squeal "that white boy has ups" I had more than a few school choices. But USC is also in my back yard and I dreamed about playing there since I was a kid.

I figured earning their respect was mostly a challenge due to the youthful face God gave me, thick auburn hair that has a mind of its own, hazel eyes and that coveted peaches and cream perfect skin that lines my frame. It's odd that even up north it always holds that golden bronze tan longer than is considered normal. Once a week for twenty minutes in my tanning bed and you'd think I played beach volleyball at Long Beach...oh yeh, I did.

I felt I was qualified to take the Head Coaching position but was reluctant because of the time commitment. Thanks goodness I was blessed to have inherited a good coaching staff. Mark Appleton was the freshman coach and long time science teacher. Julia Madison was a tenured math teacher and experienced JV coach. But Sahara Stoughton was my new Varsity Assistant and happened to be the other new art teacher along with me. She is ten years my senior and just getting back into teaching after an ugly divorce. Amanda her daughter was in grade school next to ours so the stars

lined up well for Sahara but our relationship was going to be interesting from the get-go.

Not only do Sahara and I work in the same department all day, but she had also interviewed for the Head Coaching position but agreed to be my Varsity Assistant when I got the job. The administration let me join the interview process when they were going to feel her out if she was interested in helping the volleyball program even though she was passed up for me. She said all the right things about being a team player and no hard feelings and acknowledged that the things I must have picked up playing at such a high level will be interesting to learn about. Again, she said all the right things but in an interview situation who doesn't? We would be seeing a lot from each other in the next few months!

So the tears of tryouts were finally done and our Freshmen, JV and Varsity teams were set. We start practicing about two weeks before the fall semester started and our first game comes on the actual first day of school. I see on my student roster two of the three tri-captains I selected end up in my second hour Conceptual Art class and I feel comfortable in that class immediately. Samantha and Terri are both seniors were focused athletes when in the gym and I expected that in the classroom from them too. But today they were all giggles before class not only because the season's first game was tonight but because they get to wear their new volleyball uniforms.

It was the day after Labor Day and still plenty warm so Samantha and Terri entered my classroom office and closed the door. They were wearing these Cheshire cat grins and nice pastel one piece sun dresses. Just as I began to look up from my desk they pulled each others zippers down and their dresses fell to the floor! There they stood laughing when my jaw had dropped with a gasp and my eyes nearly bugged out.

"So Coach Tucker, how do they look"? Samantha queried.

"I hope you don't think they're too big" Terri chimed in as they both smoothed there hands over their tight bodies in their new uniforms.

My heart beat in my throat for a good second or two before I took a breath as the girls began to laugh out loud.

"Coach just how naughty did you think we were?" giggled Samantha.

I then realized I could hear what they were saying but my mind was focused at the same place my eyes were transfixed. These two 5'11" brunette rock hard bodies amazons had their new skin tight cobalt blue volleyball uniforms on and no sports bra! Their breasts were incredible. I can only guess a C cup but I go by handful size. They look as though they could both give me a nice titty wash. But their nipples, their freaking nipples had a life of their own! The stood straight out like someone had

just iced them up like Vegas showgirl nipples. I could have easily hung the proverbial coat hanger on all four of them!

I didn't answer Sam's question and snapped out of it just as they too realize what I got hung up on.

Mission accomplished thought the girls.

"Lady's" I began to say, "I take it you like the new uniforms but you two zip those dresses back on and open the door immediately before I get fired on my first day." More giggling of course but the girls listened and just as quick as they got out of them they were together and the door was opened.

"Now" I continued "let's join the rest of the students coming in and not act so special...even though you know how special I feel about this team" I said. They liked that part.

The wonderful thing about having a female assistant coach is I can delegate tasks to her like ordering the new uniforms, handing them out, making sure lockers were assigned in the team locker room and so on. I knew we had the new uniforms coming but damn, I forgot just how tight female volleyball uniforms were. A mans imagination doesn't even have to be good to figure out what lies underneath the micro fiber covering those naughty spots.

We had been practicing and scrimmaging for two weeks in a hot gym. I got use to seeing the girls in their t-shirts, sports bras, boxers, hair pulled back and no makeup and then there were Samantha and Terri in all their glory standing in front of me that first day.

I knew I'd have a hard time trying to fall to sleep tonight...trying hard not thinking about those nipples...keeping my hands off my package and throwing a rope all over myself...man, I knew I was in trouble but I didn't have a clue that I had already lost control of the situation...and on numerous fronts!

Coach Stoughton's athletic office is in the woman's team locker room looking over the girls' public showers, the transition area to the lockers and the three private showers. The private showers each had curtains guarding them but you could still make out feet under the curtain and knew if it was occupied. My athletic office was across the hall in the men's locker room with the same configuration minus the private showers.

"Coach in the locker" was the standard shout I gave as I whenever I enter the women's locker room. I always had a pretty good feel if there were any occupants and there probable state of garb.

"Hi Sahara" I said. "The Varsity bus just arrived and the girls are getting on it now. We all set for our

first road match”?

“All set” she said. “I had the managers pack us last night”.

“Med kit” I asked? “Slip Knot...towels...how about...”?

“Relax Jason” she said with a smirk. “You made me responsible for organizing for this and it isn’t my first road trip I’ve had to plan for.”

“Got it, thanks Sahara” I said.

“How do you like the new uniforms I picked out? I heard Samantha & Terri were going to surprise you today in class by wearing them for you” Sahara continue.

“Yes” I said. “Did you know that they didn’t have their sports bra’s on and they looked great”.

“Do you mean the uniforms or their boobs” asked Sahara?

“Both” I said. “They caught me in my office before second hour started and closed my door and dropped their dresses before I could even say a word. There they stood with their hands behind their backs...in there new uniforms...selling pencils! Holy crap Sahara do you have any idea what they look like without their sports bra’s on?” I stammered.

“Are you kidding” Sahara said? First of all, this office looks over the shower so I see them everyday after practice...and two...I have two of my own so I get it” she said as she looked down at her fully supported 38 C gorgeous chest.

Even through her bra and coaches polo I could see her nipples doing some heavy lifting of their own. Again I was caught just staring at her chest...and Sahara new it and didn’t mind a bit.

“I bet you made those little boys in your art class happy today” I said sarcastically still staring at her chest.

“First lesson coach” Sahara began as my eyes finally lifted to meet hers. “Women’s nipples have a mind of their own. They react when we are excited...they don’t know the difference between the excitement of the first day of your class, the new uniforms, or the excitement of just being excited...or you rolling them around with your tongue.” Now I knew she was telling a half truth. “Excitement is as excitement does and nipples just do the same thing” she declared.

“Second lesson coach, little pubescent boys don’t get me excited so the soldiers weren’t marching for them today” she finished.

So why are the soldiers marching now I thought to myself.

“So let’s load the bus and kick some ass and put the first W in the record book” she said as she pulled the office door closed walking out. So that’s why they’re marching I surmised ...its game time excitement, excellent! I was just glad she was walking ahead of me so I had time to clear my tightening briefs before we got on the bus.

THE FIRST BUS RIDE

I was the last one on the bus and it looked like everyone was paired up in seats so I gave my first road game of the year speech before we departed. Here are some rules I expect to be kept and remember who we represent when we are in public.

It was about a 40 minute ride. We came ready to play, nice start to the season. There were plenty of mistakes but we were clearly the better team and I could have sat there the entire game and we would have won. We won the first three games and I cleared the bench for the next two. My tri-captains are true amazons and now that I’ve seen them dressed up...gorgeous amazons!

Now came the interesting part on the ride back home. The girls were happy and pretty much like me and very matter of fact about how the match went as they settled into their same paired seating.

“Nice start to the year ladies” I said while standing before the bus pulled away. “But it is just a W and I expect at practices tomorrow we’ll start making some corrections to our game” I continued sternly. They needed to know I’m not impressed just coming home with a W.

It was now dark as we pulled away from our opponents’ turf. Sahara and I sat next to each other in the front of the bus and talked quietly about the match and what needs to happen in tomorrow’s practice plan.

After about 20 minutes into the ride I notice how quiet it was on the bus and looked behind us at all the filled seats. Two by two by two...everybody was kind of curled up facing each other eyes closed and resting so I thought. Everyone had their team blankets out covering each set of teammates. What I didn’t know was what was going on with their free hand under that blanket that would have given me severe bonage had I noticed.

Sahara and I finished most of the planning for tomorrow’s practice by the time the bus arrived back at

school. We unloaded, said Hi to Jerry the janitor and told him we won and we put away the equipment. The girls left in the cars that they had parked in the parking lot and Sahara went to hers.

“See you tomorrow coach, nice job tonight” I said to her with a nod and went to my office for a quick unload of med kit supplies.

As I returned to get in my car I noticed Sahara was still in her car and it wasn't running. As I walked past she rolled down her window and was pissed, “fucking car” she said.

No need trying to figure out what was wrong with the car because I'm no mechanic. “No problem” I said “hop in my car and I'll give you a ride home.”

She begrudgingly knew that was the call and she got in and said thanks. On the way home she said why don't I just come in and we can do some game stats and watch a little of the video of the game. I thought that made sense because I am usually wired after a match and was not going to be sleeping anytime soon.

When we pulled up to her house and I followed her in and said hi to Amy the babysitter who was also a student at school and Sahara's neighbor girl. Sahara paid Amy and told her Amanda had been in bed for about an hour now and went down very easily and off she ran through the back yard.

Sahara got us a couple of beers and I loaded the DVD of the game as she reentered the den. Her tits had major nipple action going on again but this time I didn't have a clue as to what was causing the excitement.

Before I could get the play button pressed on the remote in one hand she handed me a beer for the other. She put her beer on the table next to us and sat down next to me. Without stopping her inertia she leaned forward a bit to unbuckle my belt and open my fly.

“What the...” was all I could get out of my mouth and she hushed me up.

“No noise...Amanda” she said firmly as she unloaded my cock.

As she slid down to the kneeling position in front of me my meaty cock sprung to life at like warp three speed. There I sat...remote in one hand...beer in the other and this fully breasted nipple erected beautiful blonde was giving me an awesome hummer. Life don't get better than this quickly flashed through my mind.

I could tell Sahara was experienced around a cock as she was working my shaft and cupping my

balls and I knew this wasn't going to take too long. Within 90 seconds she had me cumming hard and strong...arching my back a bit...all my muscles that matter convulsing to get my white hot creamy load in her mouth. Her tongue knew what to do, her lips knew what to do, just the right amount of suction...hell, she knew what to do!

As experienced as Sahara was around a man size cock she wasn't ready for this kind of load as she had to freeze for a moment and just let my cum slide down her throat as it was a bunch. She thoughtfully stayed with it for a while to nicely clean up the pusher cum shot at the end of my orgasm.

She zipped me back up and buckled my belt as she wiped her lips with the back of her hand. "Thanks for the ride home Jason" she said unflinchingly. "Remember you have to pick me up tomorrow at 6:30 to get to school."

There I still sat...beer in one hand...remote in the other. She took the remote and hit play, looked down at her rocket nipples poking through her coaches' shirt and offered a naughty little grin. "Next time these bad boys get to come out and play" she said convincingly.

This was going to be a hell of a season I thought to myself as the whistle on the game video sounded. "First point" Sahara said leaning forward on the couch totally focused on the match starting on the monitor.