

Prof. Davis Toes the Line

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fun on the bus

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Prof. Davis Toes the Line

I'm on a bus. A freaking school bus. The fact that it's a college school bus does not change anything. Just because it's not painted yellow doesn't mean that it's still not the same old crappy bench seats from when you and I were in elementary school.

Okay, so it is filled with college cheerleaders, but other than that...I'm on a bus.

I'm on a bus on a two and a half hour ride to our away game tomorrow afternoon. We'll probably stay in some crappy hotel too.

I was a tad bitter if you couldn't tell. Coach Kacey, the cheer coach, had asked me if I'd ride on the bus. I thought I'd get a chance to talk to her. It turns out, however, that the reason she wanted me on the bus is because she was coming up in the morning. She told me she'd make it up to me.

I entertained myself on the trip by coming up with imaginative ways that she'd make it up to me. My latest thought involved rope, hay, a saddle, and a riding crop. Don't judge me. Like I said earlier, I'm in a bad mood.

The girls around me all had earplugs in their ears so at least I didn't have to listen to their music. Not that I didn't enjoy their taste in music, it's the simple fact that for it to be heard over the road noise, you have to crank the volume really loud. I wasn't in the mood for it.

My phone buzzed in the pocket of my athletic shorts. I always dress as comfortable as I can on a road trip, so I was just wearing shorts and a t-shirt. I pulled out my phone to read the text.

“Not having much fun are we?” I read the text from Kyla. She was sitting on the seat across the aisle from me. Kyla was against the window and Stephanie was closer to the aisle. Stephanie, if you recall from my previous entry, was the girl that had shown me her bare ass and pussy earlier in the day.

Texting on a bouncing bus isn't easy, but I managed to text a reply. “No. Does it show?”

I looked over and both girls were smiling.

My phone buzzed again. “Can Stephanie stretch out onto your seat?”

“Sure.” I replied. I moved my small bag to the floor.

The girls were dressed for the bus trip as well. They had on athletic shorts and t-shirts. Stephanie squirmed around until she had her head in Kyla's lap and the calves of her legs on my seat. Her sock covered feet were just an inch or two from my right thigh.

I properly put my right hand into my lap and settled in to look out the window.

Buzzzzzz. Another text. I looked over at the girls and they were smiling at me again.

“Foot rub?” it read. I glanced over at Stephanie and she had her lower lip out and was giving me the puppy dog pleading look.

I gave them a semi-angry shake of my head and mouthed, “NO.” There weren't that many girls on the bus, but there were enough. I wasn't about to start massaging this young woman's feet. Kyla frowned at me. Then she sat up straight a bit and looked around and then rapidly typed out another text.

“Everyone's zoned out. Please?” the text read.

Again, I shook my head no.

Buzz. Another text from the girls. “Look, it's safe. There's no one in the seats near us.”

Toes poked into my thigh. Stephanie was pushing her toes into me, urging me. Again I shook my head no and moved another inch away. She wouldn't stop. I finally reached down and grabbed her left foot and squeezed it hard. I had meant to cause a little pain, but when I looked at Stephanie she was nodding her head up and down. She liked it.

Sigh. I should just get up and find another seat. I don't need this trouble.

Instead, I slipped her little sock from her foot and tossed it at her. She wiggled her toes in delight.

I worked her foot over, rubbing deep into the arch and massaging each toe. Then I took the other sock off and did the same. While I did one foot, she pressed the other foot against my thigh, rubbing it up and down.

“Feels soooo goooood,” the next text read.

I got bold. I started sliding my hand up and down her ankles, and moving up to her calves. Each time I looked over at Stephanie, she smiled lazily and her eyes seemed to lose focus.

I alternated rubbing her feet and moving up her legs.

Yeah, I got hard. My cock was pushing against my athletic shorts like it wanted to rip right through them. That’s right about the time that Stephanie stretched and pushed her toes right into my thickening cock.

I looked over at her and she smiled. She arched her head up and pulled Kyla’s head down closer to her and whispered something that made Kyla smile.

Kyla was sitting straight up with Stephanie’s head in her lap. She was able to see the rest of the bus and I watched as she slyly looked around. Then, with Stephanie’s foot pressing and pushing against my cock, Kyla reached over and pulled Stephanie’s shirt up.

Stephanie never broke eye contact with me. As Kyla pulled the shirt upward, Stephanie arched her back, reached under and undid her bra. A hunching of her shoulders and a few small twists and the bra was pulled out of her sleeve. Stephanie smiled at me as Kyla tucked the bra down behind Stephanie’s shoulders.

I gave them a smirk and raised my eyebrows in a “is there more?” gesture.

Kyla slowly pulled Stephanie’s shirt higher. It was a slow tease. The kind of agonizingly slow pulling of the shirt that eventually revealed the underside of her breasts. The hem of the shirt slowly came across the soft, tender skin until it caught on Stephanie’s erect nipples. Kyla stopped there and looked at me.

I gave them the arched eyebrow look again.

Stephanie whispered to Kyla again. Kyla handed the phone to Steph who then sent a text.

“I want to see what my toes are feeling,” the text read. “Show me that hard, thick, cock.”

I put the phone down and shook my head, giving them an “I’m not impressed” look. I wasn’t about to take my cock out on the cheerleader bus.

Kyla pulled the shirt over Stephanie’s breasts, baring them to the world, or at least to me, their beautifulness. Wow. My cock throbbed against Stephanie’s foot and she pushed back harder. Stephanie reached up with both hands and pulled on her nipples, tugging and stretching them.

Now when did I pull my cock out? I had to have done it because now Stephanie was practically squeezing my bare and stiff cock with her toes.

Buzz. Another text. “Use this on my toes.” What? I looked over to the girls. Stephanie was stretched out across the seats, her breasts exposed. Kyla was now rubbing Stephanie’s left breast, twisting the nipple. Stephanie had a small travel size tube of lotion. She tossed it quickly to me.

What the hell was I doing? I uncapped the lotion and squeezed a few drops of lotion onto the bottom of Steph’s raised foot. When she pressed back down on my cock, it was like I’d slipped inside of her hot pussy.

Now, I’m not a feet man. Not really. I do however like feet in socks. I think one of the most erotic sights is a naked woman in socks. I guess I have a sock fetish? Anyway, I’m just not a feet guy. I don’t like toes. My opinion, was rapidly changing.

Stephanie worked her bare toes up and down my cock like a gripping hand. I was going to cum soon. I looked over at them and they were both smiling at me, knowing what I was feeling. I knew what they were thinking, “Silly men and their hard cocks. We control them.”

In seconds I was cumming. I closed my eyes. I didn’t care if everyone saw.

I grabbed her foot and pressed it hard against my cock as I erupted. I was exceptionally thankful for the time I had with Kyla earlier, for instead of spurting my cum across the bus seats, it just oozed out onto Steph’s toes.

She milked me for a while until it was apparent I was done. Then she pulled her feet back and sat up in the seat. She pulled her leg up across her thigh and Kyla had some tissue to help her clean my cum from her foot.

Stephanie put her socks back on and then whispered to Kyla. Kyla smiled and nodded.

Buzz. "You owe me. Tonight I get what Kyla got today. I even brought a second cheer uniform so you can shoot your cum all over it."

I read the text and then looked over at the two gorgeous college cheerleaders in the seat across from me.

Stephanie pulled her shirt up and to the side exposing one perfect breast to me.

I shrugged and gave them a nod and an exasperated smile.

The bus slowed and turned into a hotel parking lot.

Stephanie smiled at me and said, "Yay! We're here!"