

Professor Davis makes it official

By TXtabber

Published on Lush Stories on 06 Sep 2012

All stories have been written by me under the name Tabber or TXtabber. Please do not copy my stories for posting in other places.

college cheerleader flirts with professor

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/professor-davis-makes-it-official.aspx>

Professor Davis Makes it Official

“Hey, Professor Davis!” Kyla said cheerfully as she bounced into my room. She was followed by another girl that I recognized as being on the same cheer squad as Kyla.

“You know Stephanie, don’t ya?” She asked, pushing the girl towards my desk.

I stood up. “Hi Stephanie. I recognize you as one of the cheerleaders, we’ve just never met.”

“Hi.” She said softly as she shook my hand.

Hot. Well, yes, she was incredibly gorgeous. But I’m talking about the heat that was coming from her hand. This girl just radiated warmth.

Stephanie had light brown hair that normally flowed across her shoulders. Today though, they were both wearing their game day uniforms so she had her hair in the required ponytail.

“So what’s up? Aren’t ya’ll getting ready to leave for the game?” I asked. The game was away in a town a few hours drive from home. It would be an overnight trip.

“Two things,” Kyla said with a grin. “First, Coach Kacey asked if you wouldn’t mind coming along on the trip. She said she knows its last minute, but that she’d make it up to you.”

Heavy sigh. I didn’t want to go. My weekends are busy enough and this would just about wipe it out completely. But who was I kidding? Make it up to me? HmMMM.

“Yeah, sure.” I replied. “Tell her I’ll go but I am not rooming with anyone.”

“Now Mr. Davis, don’t be that way,” Kyla said. “You don’t even know who your roomie might be!”

Stephanie giggled at that comment. What did these girls have in mind?

“Okay,” I told them. “If I’m going on the bus, I need to get home and change. Was there something else?”

“Well,” she started off but then stopped and moved over to the door and closed it quietly. “I told Stephanie how I like to wear my uniform at school and she agreed with me. I told her that if she was going to do it too, she had to make it official.”

If you recall, Kyla’s method of wearing her uniform at school is to do it without panties or spankies on under her skirt.

“Official?” I asked.

“Well, of course!” She replied. “It isn’t official unless Professor Davis approves!”

Holy shit, I’m going to get fired. I’m going to get fired. I’m going to get fired.

Grab your briefcase and get the hell out right now!

I leaned back on my desk and said, “Well, I guess it does need to be official.”

Stephanie gave me a nervous smile and then gave Kyla a pleading look.

Kyla scolded her, “You have to prove it. Do you want me to help?”

Stephanie nodded yes while continuing to look at me shyly.

Kyla moved her over a few feet in front of me and turned Stephanie until her backside was toward me. Then she dropped down to her knees next to Stephanie’s legs.

Kyla started at Stephanie’s ankles. Using both of her hands, she began slowly sliding upwards.

“Her skin is soooo soft and silky!” She exclaimed. “Stephanie, you did a great job shaving. Did you shave it all?”

“Yesssss,” Stephanie moaned softly as Kyla’s hands slowly worked upwards toward her thighs.

Kyla gave me a wink and said, “You really should reach over here and feel how smooth her legs are.” She continued sliding upwards.

My cock was a throbbing rod of steel, pushing my khaki slacks to their bursting point.

“Ready, Steph?” She asked her friend. “Here we go!”

Kyla moved her hands upward along Stephanie’s soft thighs until she reached underneath her cheer uniform skirt. I could hear Stephanie suck in a breath of air as Kyla raised the skirt.

“Wait! I said quickly. I straightened up and walked over to look Stephanie in the face.

“Are you okay with this?”

Stephanie looked at me shyly, but said, “I really do want to. It’s exciting.”

“Okay,” I replied and went back to my position. “Kyla....her ass please.”

Kyla stood up and pulled the skirt up as far as it would go.

Bare. College cheerleader ass. Right in front of me. For my approval.

I love my job.

“Stephanie, your body is incredible.” I said softly as Kyla ran her hands across Stephanie’s fine naked butt cheeks.

Kyla kissed Stephanie on the cheek and softly whispered, “Now, you need to turn around.”

Stephanie slowly turned until I was staring at a perfectly smooth pussy.

I did say I love my job, right?

“Thank you Stephanie,” I told her with a big smile. “Thanks for making it official. You’re absolutely gorgeous.”

Stephanie gave me a smile and said, "Thank you, Professor Davis."

She thanked me for looking at her partially naked body. Damn.

"Stephanie, I hate to run you off," I said carefully. "But this was a surprise to me and I need to discuss it with Kyla."

Kyla said with a giggle, "Uh oh. Am I in trouble?"

"Not if you stop doing this," I replied. "And if Stephanie can keep it a secret."

"No worries, Mr. Davis." Stephanie said. "What happens on game day stays behind with game day. See ya on the bus!"

I walked her toward the door and closed it after she left. I bolted the door and turned back toward Kyla.

"You." I said with menace in my voice. "You are going to get me fired! What were you thinking?"

Kyla was not concerned. "I was thinking about this," she said as she crossed her arms and reached down to pull her uniform top over her head. Seconds later, the cheer team sports bra joined it on the floor.

Kyla bent over a desk and flipped her skirt up above her waist, baring her naked ass to me. I was not surprised she was bare. Kyla had made it official last week.

"Are you going to fuck me now?" she asked, wiggling her hips invitingly.

"Do. Not. Move." I said slowly, emphasizing each word.

I went over to my desk and pulled up some music on the computer, turning it up louder than normal. It needed to cover the sound of what was going to happen.

I stepped over to Kyla who was bent over a student's desk. I put my hands on both cheeks of her ass. Warm, soft and smooth. She arched her butt upwards.

I reached down between her legs, feeling the moist heat emanating from her core. I touched her pussy. She took in a deep breath.

I rubbed her pussy lips. They parted easily. She was so wet.

“Ohhhh, yes!” she murmured, again raising her naked ass upward, allowing me easy access to her pussy. “Fuck me now.”

“Oh, consider yourself royally fucked.” I told her as I took a step back from her.

Whack! Her ass jiggled, quickly turning red as I slapped my full hand as hard as I could against her butt.

“Hey!” she exclaimed. “I wanted you to...”

Whack! She arched up on her tiptoes on that one. I was really driving it home. I could even see the print of my fingers displayed in red on her bare ass cheeks.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Three quick ones in a row.

“Ow!” She exclaimed. “That’s really starting to sting!”

“Oh really?” I asked. “Did that sting worse than these?” After asking that question, I quickly spanked her with five big ones.

“Mmmmmph!” She exclaimed as the breath rushed out of her.

I quickly dropped to my knees and reached down between her legs again. She was wetter than before and I quickly pushed two fingers inside of her pussy. She was so juicy that I quickly added three fingers total. She moaned in appreciation.

I began a steady pumping of my hand, pushing my fingers into her pussy.

“Ohhhh, my!” she moaned. “Keep that up!”

My free hand, which I had been using to brace myself on her thigh, now crept up to her pussy. As my fingers plunged in and out, I used my other hand to rub her clit.

She didn’t last long after that. The plunging of my stiff fingers into her pussy and my other fingers strumming her clit drove her to the edge. Kyla came hard.

I stood up quickly. She moaned loudly at my fast withdrawal. She was still in the first throes of her

orgasm when I gave her another hard whack across the ass.

Whack! She moaned loudly this time as the pain rode the waves of her orgasm.

I had already carried this much further than I ever planned on. This was crazy. She had her punishment. Time to end this and go home.

Yes. That's exactly what I will do. Right now.

In seconds I had my cock out of my pants and buried to the hilt in Kyla's hot, tight, wet pussy.

Now it's official.

I'm so officially screwed up. Doing it with a college cheerleader in my classroom.

"Fuck me, Professor Davis. Fuck me hard!" Kyla moaned deeply in her throat.

She was so damn tight. It felt so damned good.

So I fucked her hard. Slamming into her ass cheeks, pushing the student desk up against the other one in the row. Pumping so hard that I had to reach forward and grab her hips for leverage.

"You, " I began, "are going... to get me fired." I said that in a rhythm as I plunged my hard throbbing cock in and out of her amazing pussy. "I am so fucked."

Kyla moaned and laughed deep in her throat again. "No," she said in an equal rhythm as I plunged into her. "My parents...are big alumni...ummph.... and they donate...oh, yeah....to the school. You're not... fucked."

"Well then," I said as I started really slamming into her, "you can afford another one of these."

After I said that, I pulled out of her, slammed my cock up against her, burying it in between her ass cheeks and shot load after load of my cum all over her cheer skirt.

...