**Cheerleader Coach**

by Stepdad

**Chapter 1: Introductions**

My name is Gregory Thomas. I am 29 years old and am self-employed as an electronics design engineer working out of my home in an upscale neighborhood on the outskirts of Houston, Texas. I do design consultation work for both oilfield and defense contractors. Business is quite good and I am able to enjoy a rather well-to-do lifestyle.

I married the girl of my dreams, my soul mate, when I was about 24. Her name was Christine and I think she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. It was literally love at first sight the day I met her at an instrumentation symposium in Dallas. She had been married before and her husband was in the Navy. He was killed in action in the Middle East after they had been married only a short time. They had only one child, a girl named Kimberly. Everybody called her Kim and she was a definite cutie even as a small child. So when Christine and I married after a whirlwind courtship I not only got a wife but I also inherited a daughter. Let me tell you, I was totally unprepared to be involved in bringing up a girl. Fortunately Christine seemed to fit well in the role of a mother.

As Kim grew up I was fascinated with watching her and she seemed to be interested in what I did for a living. Being exposed to my work in the house gave her an up close and personal view of the field of science and electronics. I almost constantly had her right at my elbow watching me like a hawk as I did my design work. Whenever I got the chance I would explain what I was doing and why I did it. She paid rapt attention to my every word and seemed to understand every concept. When she got a little older I would take her with me to visit the job sites where the equipment I designed was being installed and tested. She was quite popular with the other workers at the site since her interest in what they were doing was genuine. Kim had a knack of asking the most relevant questions and would get into some very technical discussions that amazed these technicians and even stumped some of them. Kim's brain was a virtual sponge absorbing knowledge at an alarming rate. Needless to say, the kid was smart. It was hard to believe that she was only 12 years old at that time. A couple of my customers even offered to hire her on the spot at darned near what I was making.

My wife was employed by the local school district as a science teacher and cheerleading coach. This involved quite a bit of after school cheer practice sessions so she would often arrive home just before supper time. When she got old enough, our daughter got on the JV cheerleading squad which thrilled Christine to no end. Many nights it became my responsibility to cook something for supper. I became pretty good at making a variety of healthy meals that my two girls liked a lot. When they arrived home they could easily tell that I was cooking something since the smoke alarm was going off. I became the brunt of jokes by both of them about my using the smoke alarm to announce that supper was just about ready.

**Chapter 2: Tragedy strikes**

We had a good life filled with love for each other until one day, as my wife and daughter were headed home on Loop 610, a tractor trailer plowed into my wifes car flipping it over instantly killing my wife and putting my daughter in the hospital for several weeks. The trucking company paid all the hospital bills but my precious angel was in for a long recovery period. I put all of my work on hold so I could look after my daughter in the hospital and then at home. We both missed her mother very much and we spent many tearful evenings comforting each other. Kim was not able to go right back to school so I arranged with the school to home school her in her subjects. I could afford to do this since the trucking company came through with a sizeable settlement to not have to go to court in a wrongful death lawsuit and suffer the bad publicity. As a result of all the time we spent together Kim and I grew much closer and developed a bond paralleled by none. We would do everything she was able to do together even including bodily hygiene.

It started out that I would give her sponge baths while she was bed ridden. As she got more mobile I would lift her into the tub for a bath. A nice hot soak did wonders for healing her injuries. Once she was able to stand for short times I would take her into the shower and wash her from top to bottom. This process involved my undressing her and redressing her each time. Of course being a shower it was necessary that I also be naked. It was a little awkward at first since neither of us were used to nudity in the presence of the other but there are times when some things just need to be done. Seeing her naked and developing body has its predictable effect on me so I would occasionally develop an erection in her presence. I explained to her that it was only natural and that I had no control over when it happened. I lied to her telling her that I was her father and was not sexually attracted to her. I think at first she bought that premise but over time she started to have her doubts. I guess part of the problem was that she was also getting stimulated which I could detect by her stiffened nipples and heavy breathing. I did what I could to ignore these signs but discipline only goes so far.

After spending the summer with therapy and exercise Kim was getting back to her old self physically to the point that she would be able to go back to school in the fall. She was getting excited to see all her friends in school and get back into cheerleading. When I called the school to update them on Kim's progress in her schoolwork I was informed that there would not be a cheerleading program this fall since none of the teachers would be able to coach the squad and they could not budget hiring a coach for the squad. When I told Kim the bad news she was devastated. She had so enjoyed the program and wasn't interested in joining some Pop Warner team.

**Chapter 3: Greg's Surprise**

Hearing the bad news Kim decided to do something about it. Unbeknownst to me she got busy on the phone calling the principal of the school and asking if the squad coach had to be female and would a male volunteer work. She was informed that there was no rule in that area and that if she or the other girls could come up with someone the school would work with them so that the squad would live again. She also called the other members of the squad to talk it over with them and their parents. She was one busy little beaver and I had no idea this all was going on.

Later that day she asked me if she could invite her cheer squad over for some bar-b-cue. Knowing how she was depressed with the loss of the team I told her it would be fine. She told me that she had already called all the girls and they would be here about six o'clock so we better get busy. That meant we had to hustle off to the store and grab some meat and fixings for her get together. At quarter to six Kim came out to the patio to see how I was doing. I turned around to answer her and was shocked to see her all dressed up in her cheerleader uniform. My heart jumped up into my throat at the beautiful sight before me. This little? Girl of mine has matured into a downright gorgeous sight to behold. Everything about her was absolutely perfect beyond compare. Once I got my jaw off the floor and my breathing back under control I asked her why the getup.

Before she could answer me the doorbell rang and she dashed off to let her squad mates in the door. If I thought the view of Kim was spectacular try to visualize seven more uniformed girl cheerlraders bouncing into my house and surrounding me on the patio. I was about to wear out my neck joints swinging my head back and forth looking at a veritable sea of beauty. Kim told the girls that it is time so they all trudged out to the lawn and lined up in front of me. They called off their names one by one ending with them all shouting in unison "Hi Mister Thomas. This is for you." They then launched into one of the sexiest routines I had ever seen. And let me tell you I have seen the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders perform and these girls were just as good if not better. At the end of their routine one by one they came up and placed a kiss on my cheek. All except Kim who put her kiss squarely on my lips complete with some tongue action. Gosh I wondered; where did she learn that. I gave the girls a round of applause complete with cheers and whistles. They simply thanked me and did a simultaneous curtsey. The only thing I was able to think to say was "Let's eat."

These girls must have worked up quite an appetite because the bar-b-cue and salads were gone in a flash. Once they were finished eating they ganged up and cleaned up our mess and had the place spotless before I could even catch my breath. Then Kim approached me with a very serious expression on her face and said "Dad would you please come into the living room with us? We have something to ask you." As I was passing through the kitchen I noticed that one of the girls had made coffee and handed me a cup fixed just the way I like it. I was then starting to get worried. What were these girls up to. They evidently wanted something and with all this effort it had to be something big. We all filed into the living room where Kim directed me into my favorite recliner.

The girls formed a big semi-circle around me and Kim started out. "Dad, as you know, the cheerleading program has been canceled because they could not find a coach. We all love the program and are willing to do whatever it takes to get it going again so here's our idea. We want you to coach the squad for us. What do you say?" I was dumbfounded. It has never been done before to have a man as coach for girl cheerleaders. I was sure there must be a rule against a man coaching these girls. I then said "Girls I am honored that you would want me but I'm sure the school would never go along with it." Kim spoke up saying "I already talked with the principal and he said it can be done." I then asked "Kim, evidently you have checked into this beforehand but girls, what do your parents, especially your moms, think about a man coaching your squad?" Kim just pointed to each girl in turn and they responded "Yes; splendid; great; ok; awesome; magnificent; go for it." I then asked "Doesn't your coach have to be a teacher or other school employee?" Kim calmly replied "That's true and our principal said he would hire you for a dollar a year to coach the squad. Any other questions?" I said "Just one" pause "when do I start?" Kim reached in her pocket ahd handed me a check from the school for one dollar and cutely said "You've already started so we want you to see another routine I think you'll like."

They then lined up in a straight line and all recited together:

"Roses are red,

Violets are blue.

This special cheer Greg,

Is just for you."

With bumps slaps and shouts they went through a routine even better than the one they did outside. The biggest difference was when they got to the end they all spun around so their skirts lifted to where I expected to see eight pairs of short-shorts what was showing were eight bare butts and bald pussies in all their glory. They then faced away from me and bending over they flipped their skirts up flashing me with their prettiest side. Finally, one-by-one they came up to me and threw their arms around my neck and planting a very passionate kiss on my lips. Yeah, you guessed it; each kiss was accompanied with a little moan and a probing of their tongue. Sheeze, these girls are going to drive me into an early grave but what a lovely way to die.