**Fingered at the Game**

by**[Exporoni](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=50124&page=submissions)**©

In school I was a cheerleader and what better way for people to look at you than to be cart wheeling, leaping and jumping in front of hundreds of people. Though I hated Home EC I made use of the Susie Homemaker sewing skills. One of the first things I did was make my cheerleading uniforms tighter.

Then there were those tights. We had to wear tights under our little short skirts and over our panties. I guess so the little boys (and old men) wouldn't get turned on. I didn't understand the need for them so I used my Home EC skills to re-cut the crotch of all my tights making them fit so that they would ride up between my pussy lips, exposing my fat lips outside the material. I guess I made the first reverse thong. Oh yeah, I didn't wear panties either, just the tights. I loved the thought of everyone leering, staring at my crotch.

Once after a basketball game there was the usual crush of people heading towards the exits. Though having just turned eighteen, I was small, less than five feet and I was stuck in the middle of the crowd. Not being able to see, all I could do was hope I was headed towards the door when I felt a hand groping my crotch. The old guy in front of me was trying to feel me up! Being only a few inches in front of me all I could only see was his back, not his face, as he brazenly reached under my skirt and tried to touch my pussy. Imagine his surprise when I thrust my hips towards his hand and then when he found my naked lips. The whole time we are being jostled down the stairs, into the lobby.

The crowd stopped momentarily and I was standing a step above him as he furtively tried to work his thick finger under the thin strip of material covering my pussy. His large, broad hand was roughly trying to force my legs apart. To accommodate him, I raised one leg off the step, then with my fingers spread my lips, opening up my pussy; still he clumsily missed his target. Finally I took hold of his hand and guided his thick finger up inside me, allowing him a chance to slide, maybe I should say ram, his middle finger into me. Plunging it deeply into my gut, he began grinding his hand against my pelvis. I barely weighed 85 pounds yet he was manhandling me like I was some heifer in a feedlot! As I humped on his hand, he continued to plow and twist his finger inside me, ripping away the crotch of my tights.

It felt really good and I knew I would cum in just a few more strokes except that I really needed to pee. I couldn't hold it! Slowly I started to trickle into his hand, my urine running over and out of his hand onto the stairs. Not wanting to 'ruin' my uniform I pulled my skirt and now crotch-less tights up to my waist. Bunching it all away from pussy,then looking down I could see my swollen, crimson lips as his big calloused hand ground into me, my yellow liquid running through his fingers.

Then I realized I was standing in the middle of this mass of people, friends, classmates, even teachers. I looked to either side to see if anyone noticed my very odd scene. There to my right was Mr. Rice, my Biology instructor, standing on the same step as me and I swear his eyes were about to pop out of their sockets as he stared at my little sexual spectacle!

My attention was called back to my pussy as 'The Hand' began to move more rapidly, forcefully slapping against my cunt. I could hear the 'slap, slap, slap' as my liquid made it even louder as he spanked my naughty pussy. My pee, now splashing everywhere, on my tights, my thighs, is no longer a trickle but streaming out of me. I can feel its warmness as it runs down both of my legs. I can see it start to spot the back of his dark slacks, wetting him with my scent. I can almost smell the acrid odor as I excitedly pee in front of all these people!

Suddenly the crowd lurches forward causing me to loose my balance. Stumbling, I fall against my 'friend's' back, my face on his shoulder, my mouth inches from his ear. I moan. Gripping my crotch even tighter, he burrows a second finger into my now very wet asshole as he carries me down three more steps, impaled on his fingers, his huge digit digging deep into my pussy while the other works deeper into my ass, it was like nothing I had ever felt. My full weight bearing down on his hand, he is carrying me, holding me with his fingers buried within me, my urine running down his arm, dripping onto us.

Finally we reach the bottom of the stairs; the crowd is dispersing into the gym's lobby. I am so embarrassed; I don't want to see his face. As he sets me down, he painfully pinches my clit as removes his hand. Then I watch as he brings his hand up to his face, to smell it, taste it? I don't know, as I quickly move away, my swollen and bruised privates aching from the abuse I have just undergone. As I'm trying to disappear into the crowd, someone grabs my arm, I jump. It's Mr. Rice, my Biology teacher. He slowly looks down at my piss stained skirt and then to my urine streaked legs and asks if tomorrow I would like to stop by after class and talk about some extra work.