**The Cheerleader and The Coaches**

by[TheTallDarkTruth](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1461536&page=submissions)©

Jane Roquefort hoped to be a great cheerleader, in the athletic sense. Determined, focused, and a quiet loner, she kept out of the school gossip channels, practiced harder than the other girls, and put her best into learning the routines. Her scholarship to the prestigious Redlands High School for performance sports, relied on her talent and performance in the cheer squad.

Her talent though, was often the source for jealousy from the other girls in the squad. Especially when her great performance often stole the attention and praise of their attractive Head Coach, Adam Sanders. Adam Sanders loved teaching Gym and coaching cheer at the esteemed high school.

Although he had only planned it to be a temporary job before he made it to the big league and became a professional supporting coach for a college team, he knew he would miss the nubile bodies of the teenage girls dressed in skimpy outfits. They flirted shamelessly, gave him an eyeful (often on purpose) and he had no obligations to call them back the next day. It was almost a win–win. Except for the fact that he often went home too horny and frustrated that he'd end up coming to school the next day even grumpier than the last. This earned him the reputation of being a harsh teacher. He new his colleague 2nd Coach Ben Thomas felt the same most days.

Regardless of the perks or non–perks of the job. Teaching and coaching high school just didn't pay very well. He just needed to get the girls through to nationals his resume and CV would be complete and finally just maybe the colleges would look at him.

He knew the girls were divided over their new recruit on scholarship, he had seen the nasty looks pass between them. But he also knew that Jane was quiet and reserved, she couldn't have done anything to incite those looks or nasty words. It was only her talent.

Squad Captain Brittany Tanner was especially jealous of this fact. With her particular brand of bullying, Brittany was great at pranks, especially with the help of her loyal drones who followed her everywhere; Amy and Susan. The three girls harboured a loathing for innocently 'talented' Jane and they had planned a rather ingenious prank to get her kicked off the squad and return the spotlight and praise to them.

When Jane was dutifully doing her extra practice in the Gym one afternoon, they had sneaked into her bag and swapped the routine choreography instructions for a different routine.

To ensure the success of her prank Brittany approached Jane before training the next week.

"You've learned the new routine right?"

"Yes, of course." Jane said.

Brittany smiled. "Great, it'll be our main focus this afternoon in training."

Jane nodded. Everything was in place.

When it came to training and 2nd Coach Thomas kicked off the warm ups, Jane was fine. The same as any day. But when Coach Sanders began the routine rehearsal, Jane was lost. The moves and turns she was doing was not in any way synchronised to the rest of the girls. She did a cartwheel and almost mowed the lot of them down.

"Stop! Stop!" Coach Sanders shouted, blew his whistle. He was irritated, the finals were coming up the next week.

"Jane, what are you doing? Don't you know the routine? The finals are next week."

Jane looked a little confused but, eager to keep the coach happy she said "Yes Sir, I'll try again."

What was happening? thought Jane. Why didn't she know the routine? Brittany had made sure she was up to scratch with the other girls so why was she messing up? Jane couldn't figure it out.

Brittany smirked as the girls took their positions and started again. Jane bumbled through the routine, trying to copy the other girls as best she could, it was so confusing, and the opposite to what she had practiced all week. It came to one point where she ended up collapsing the pyramid the team was working on. Squeals and protests met the air as bodies rolled everywhere.

"Jane!" This time the coach's anger was shown on his face. But he managed to keep his frustration out of his voice. "Please see me after training. You may sit out of this next run through."

Jane picked herself up off the floor defeated, and went to sit on the bleaches to watch the remainder of the session. For the next half an hour she stewed. What was Coach going to do? She had practiced the new routine so hard. Had she misinterpreted the choreography instructions? Would Coach kick her off the squad? No! that couldn't happen, thought Jane. Her scholarship would be lost and her poor single mother would have to foot the bill of the expensive private school. Her dreams of becoming a professional cheerleader would be lost! No, she would do anything to prevent that from happening.

After everyone had left and the session was over, Jane sat outside Coach Sanders office and fidgeted with nerves. The gym was almost empty, except for a few stragglers, and she knew 2nd Coach Thomas, was still in his office across the corridor, most likely grading physical education theory papers.

She had almost chewed her thumb nail down to the quick when finally Coach Sanders voice called out.

"You may come in, Jane."

She stood up and entered the office. The room smelled like men's sweat and faintly of mildew. When she looked up, behind Sanders desk she could see that the office backed on to the boys locker room and she could see through the window that the space was empty at this time of day. The office itself was relatively tidy, with a small bookcase to one side on the left, filled with some trophies and sporting biographies, a average sized desk with two chairs in front of it, and a small filing cabinet to the wall on the right.

"Please sit." Coach Sander's motioned to one of the chairs in front of him.

Jane tentatively made her way around the chairs and sat opposite him, eye downcast.

"I was not impressed by your performance today Jane. You seem to have completely ignored the choreography I had given you."

Jane sat dead still, clenching her palms together in her lap. She said nothing.

"Well?" he asked. "Would you like to explain?"

Jane didn't look up. She was terrified. Coach Sanders had a reputation of dealing terrible punishments. She worried if she opened her mouth and made excuses he would cut her from the squad. She silently shook her head.

He cleared his throat. "The finals are next week, if you don't have the routine down by now. You won't be on the squad much longer. I'll have no other choice than to report this to the scholarship committee–"

Jane's head shot up. "Oh no! Please sir! I can learn it, I'm sure I can!"

Coach Sanders tilted his head and studied her. Under his close scrutiny she felt heat tint her cheeks. In truth he had always unnerved her. He was so tall and obviously strong looking, she could see that he was attractive, he wasn't old either, probably in his early thirties, but the way he looked at some of the girls made her feel a little defenceless and incredibly young, although she herself was only 18.

"Why haven't you already learned it?" he asked.

Jane finally found her voice and started to defend herself. "I have sir! I swear, I just was a little confused–"

"You have not!" He interrupted her, slamming his palm on the surface of the desk. The loud noise made her jump, and she fell back into silence. He inwardly smirked. He liked watching her squirm. She was such a 'good' girl. Always wearing correct uniform, always polite. Always with the 'sir'. Unlike some of the other girls, who were so brazen as to call him Adam.

Jane excited him. It was as if she didn't even know she was attractive. It was as if she didn't even know the way her short cheerleaders skirt had ridden up her thigh and as she twisted the hem she was giving him a display of creamy white skin.

"You haven't even bothered to learn it. You deliberately ruined the training session, and confused all the girls. And I find it a great waste of resources to just send you on your way with a slap on the wrist and a detention for your utter insolence."

She looked so shocked she opened her mouth to protest. A sudden unusual surge of defiance welling up inside of her. He wondered if he could corrupt her. Suddenly he got an idea. He knew Coach Ben Thomas had gotten away with it twice or more times, how hard could it be?

Before she opened her mouth to speak he pressed a button on his desk phone and put it on speaker, so Jane could hear. She looked scared and quietly curious as she heard it ring. Ben picked up after two rings. "Yes?"

"Ben, could you kindly make your way across the corridor. I am currently speaking with Jane and I'm finding it difficult to think of a suitable punishment for her disrespect displayed this afternoon in training."

"Of course." He hung up.

Adam wondered if Ben would understand why he was involving him, and what he hoped was a deliberate message to him. "Ah Coach Thomas," Adam said as the door opened.

When he entered the room, Jane felt like the tension grew so thick that she found it hard to breathe. What was Coach planning? Was he consulting Coach Thomas, to see if he thought they should cut her from the squad too? A vote? Was that what it came down to? She squirmed in her seat, and pressed her lips together from shouting out excuses. It was no use. She was cut, for sure.

Coach Thomas didn't move into the room. He stood at the door with his back to it. Adam nodded at him, and shared a look. Hoping Ben would get the idea. He seemed to: reaching behind him to lock the door quietly. He stepped deeper in the room and came up beside the desk so he could see Jane's expression front on.

"What is your opinion. Does Jane deserve another chance?"

Jane looked up at Coach Thomas with wide pleading eyes. "Please sir! I did try to learn it, I – I couldn't keep up. That was all."

"Don't bother with excuses Jane, and don't lie. You know you have done wrong. You must accept the consequences." Coach Thomas said with un–yeilding firmness.

Adam nodded and turned towards the girl. "I think it is only fair for the other girls that you are pulled from the squad and are unable to perform next week in the finals."

She started. "No please! I have to cheer in the finals, I need to! For my future, for college! I will do anything. Anything but be cut from squad. Please Coach!"

Finally hearing the words he needed, Adam made a show of thinking. He knew he couldn't cut the girl. She was too good a cheerleader. He was hoping to have her his start jumper in the finals routine. It wouldn't be that hard for her to learn it. But now he had her. He had her at his mercy.

Coach Thomas folded his arms in front of him, appearing even more formidable than Coach Sanders. "We all agree detention is not good enough, and you do not want to be cut. We can't very well spank you for your disrespectfulness, can we? What do you suggest for a punishment Jane?"

Adam was impressed. Somehow the way he phrased it put the idea into her head, made her think about it. He could see it. Her turning it over in her mind.

"Could you? Spank me?" She said in a very small voice, eyes lowered.

Adam leaned forward over the desk, and steepled is hands. "You are above the age of consent for corporal punishment, so your parents need not be involved. What do you say Coach Thomas? Would 20 strikes be sufficient?"

Ben nodded, his eyes on the girl sitting in front of them. He widened his stance a little, and Adam knew how he was feeling. His crotch had also started to become very tight.

"I think so, Coach Sanders. Are you in agreement Jane? Are you willing to take on this punishments for your actions?"

Jane's mind raced. Would she really submit to a spanking? How could she not? She would be kicked off the squad, and her scholarship and future would go down the drain. She nodded silently.

Coach Sanders flattened his hands on his desk as if he'd push off it any moment. "Answer aloud, Jane."

She continued nodding, "Yes sir."

Coach Thomas moved away from the desk, and fell out of sight behind her. She thought he was leaving the room, and took a deep breath. At least only one of them had to witness her humiliation.

Coach Sanders stood behind his desk. "Please stand beside the desk Jane."

She stood and did as she was told. Never once taking her eyes off her shoes. Her cheeks were flushed. She was mortified.

"Hands on the desk," he instructed.

She complied, leaning over to put her palms on the clean surface.

"Lower." Coach Sanders demanded, pushing down on her shoulders until her elbows met the desk, and her bottom stuck in the air. She stared ahead and squeezed her eyes shut to stop tears forming. How could she let herself be in this position? She berated herself.

She felt someone lift her skirt, and jerked forward finding she had nowhere to go. She looked around and saw Coach Sanders laying her skirt up on the small of her back.

"I cannot very well deliver the punishment through a skirt and underwear, can I?" He responded to her silent question. His warm fingers slipped into the waistband of her white cotton panties and slowly peeled them over her ass. He pushed them to her knees.

She felt him nudging her feet away from each other but she clenched her muscles and held fast.

"Miss Roquefort, you would feel more comfortable if you had a wider stance." He told her in that voice of his that was somewhat menacing, somewhat teacher like.

She sighed and widened her stance to shoulder width. Hoping it didn't reveal any more of herself to him than she had to.

Adam sighed when she widened her stance, and her muscles relaxed. Doing so made her little pink lips suddenly become visible. He wondered if she were finding this as arousing as he was. He wondered if she were a virgin.

He knew what he was doing was wrong but with Bens constant gaze from the corner of the room, he couldn't stop. He placed a hand on the small of her back to steady her, and gentle caressed her ass with the other.

She jumped when she felt the contact of his hand on her skin. He caressed her, sliding his palm over the apples of her bottom. Gentle, and ever so lightly, her body relaxed, and a tingle developed in her stomach. It was oddly pleasant. Unconsciously she released her clenched muscles and sagged more comfortably on the desk. When his palm left her backside she almost wished it hadn't, until– until it came straight back down in a terrible smack.

"Ow!" She jerked forward, and moved her arms so she could rub her bottom. She didn't think it would smart so much.

He increased the pressure on the small of her back and pushed her back down into the desk. "No relief Jane. This is a punishment remember?"

She settled back in to position and bit her lip in expectation of more pain.

"Yes sir."

"Count them." Adam couldn't resist instructing. Her ass was glorious and he wanted her to be in anticipation for every strike.

"One." He voice wavered, now scared.

The second strike came down on the opposite cheek, and smarted just as much as the first. Jane resisted the temptation to stand up again, But it was difficult. At least Coach Sanders was holding her in place. "Two."

Again. "Three, four." Spank. "Five. Spank. "Six."

"You know who gets a spanking, don't you Jane?" His cock strained against the zipper of his pants. Hard beyond belief.

Spank. "Seven. Who sir?" Her voice warbled.

"Naughty girls." Spank. "Eight." Spank. "Disrespectful girls."

Spank. "Ten."

"What are you Jane?"

There were tears in her voice now. "A naughty girl."

Spank. "Yes, you are."

Adam couldn't help himself. He rained down the remaining ten strikes, hard and fast. Alternating each globe. As random as possible so she couldn't anticipate them. Finally at 20, he paused and rubbed her bottom with his hand. So soft to touch.

Jane finally took a deep breath. It was over. She could leave now and forget about it. Throughout the spanking. That tingling sensation had spread, from her chest, down to her nether regions. She could feel it now in her private place. Growing warm and tingly. She was embarrassed. She'd only experimented with her boyfriend once, and it had ended in disaster and pain. But before that there was this feeling. Heat rose into her cheeks and she lowered her head. She was a naughty girl.

Coach Sanders hand was still on her bottom gently rubbing. It felt pleasant after the stinging smacks. She relaxed and enjoyed it for a moment.

Adam moved his hand lower, skimming it down her thighs. When she didn't tense he moved his fingers and trailed them up the inside of her legs. To the pink flower now glistening with her arousal. He knew she was turned on.

He slipped to fingers past her lips and felt along her dampness. She was dripping!

She tried to stand, jerking upwards at his intrusion. But his hand on her back stopped her from going anywhere.

"You dirty girl. Getting turned on by your Coach's spanking," he muttered, dipping a finger into her entrance. In and out. Teasing. She squirmed beneath his touch.

"Please sir? Stop. You're finished now. That was twenty." She begged, voice raspy and breathless but with a hint of fear.

He looked over at Ben in the corner. He had unbuckled his belt somewhere in the process of the spanking and had his hand down his pants. He nodded at Adam to continue.

"I don't think so, Jane."

Jane's heart sank at his words. His hand moved and curiously she felt a sense of loss at the absence of his hand down there. Before she knew it she could hear a zipper, and something prodding at her entrance. Was his fingers back? No this was much bigger.

She looked back to see him naked from waist down. His huge cock pushing its way into her entrance. She squeaked expecting to feel pain like the first time. But all she felt was an uncomfortable tightness. "Please Coach Sanders, sir." She didn't know what she was asking for; for him to stop or for him to keep going.

He groaned as he sank into her. He ignored her squirming and struggles. "Ugh you're so tight."

She gripped the sides of the desk, and when she felt his skin finally press against her ass she knew he was buried to the hilt.

He held himself there for a moment. Letting her adjust to his size. He didn't think she was a virgin, but she was certainly inexperienced.

After a moment it was too much, he had to move. He pulled back and the exquisite feeling of her around him, gripping him was almost too much. He slammed back into her, pushing her against the desk.

She made an involuntary whimper and it hinted that she didn't hate this as much as she let on.

He began to move in earnest now. Drawing back and pumping himself back. He reached over and grabbed the length of her pony tail wrapping it around his fist. Pulling back her head painfully as he started to thrust. After a few moments of not moving, Adam watched as she finally got the movement and started to move with him, pushing back to meet every thrust.

He pulled her pony tail until her back was against his chest, she was on her tip toes and he whispered in her ear, "Look at you, you dirty girl! You love your Coach's cock in you, don't you?"

She moaned at his words. Her cheeks flooded with embarrassment.

"Don't you?" He repeated, demanding a spoken answer. He pushed her back down into the desk. She didn't reply and he smacked her ass again.

"Yes," she gasped.

He spanked again. "Yes what?"

She moaned again. "Yes sir. I love your cock in me."

He smacked her again, "Naughty girl."

He pounded into her, slamming her into the desk, and she mewled on each stroke.

Jane's mouth was open, gasping, her fingers gripped the side of the desk hard, her knuckles turning white. She slid across the desk every time he pounded. His balls slapped against her clit and her breathing was coming out in gasps now. He brought her right to the edge, and stopped, pulling himself out of her. He wanted her to beg.

She lay on the desk, panting. She started to stand, started to move her hands. She obviously had no idea what to do to get herself off. But she was going to try.

Adam smacked her ass again. Hard.

"Ow!" She cried and moaned at the same time.

"I said no relief, remember Jane?"

She sagged on the desk. Shame flooding through her at her next words, "Please Coach Sanders..."

"Please what Jane?" He waited. He wanted her to say it. He wanted to beg for it. She stayed silent, and he spanked her bottom again. She whimpered at the pain.

"Stand." He instructed. She did slowly. "Face me." She turned slowly eyes downcast.

Ben had finally sparked to life. Moving from the corner to behind her. He grabbed her elbows quickly, drawing them together behind her back. She started, shocked that Ben was still in the room. Her face turned red, at the realisation the Coach Thomas had been watching the whole time. Suddenly her fear was back, and she struggled. But Ben had too hard a grip on her wrists by now. He curled his belt around her arms and secured her wrists behind her back.

"You're ours now, naughty girl." Ben breathed in her ear.