



WILL B. GUNN

Pompoms

By **Will B. Gunn**

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All sexual participants in this e-book are aged eighteen or older.

Lydia took a sip of her morning coffee and opened the file on her desk.

“Another one...” She said with a sigh, shaking her head. “They should just figure it out on their own, the bubble headed bimbos.” Her voice dripped with resentment and condemnation.

“And of course she's late for her own appointment.” She complained, looking at the clock.

The door knob turned, and in walked Cynthia, current head cheerleader and gossip girl extraordinaire. She held her phone to her ear and barely gave Lydia a nod of recognition.

“Her phone's casing matches the bright pink of her lipstick. Can she possibly be more vain?” Lydia mumbled to herself.

Cynthia, on her part, didn't seem to let anything interfere with her conversation. She clearly lacked any caring for wasting other people's time.

“No way! She said that? I heard her brother is a furry, and her new boyfriend's into all sorts of kinky stuff, don't ask me how I know.” She snickered at the phone. “I know! Where does she come off telling you that?”

Lydia cleared her throat. “Would you please hang up?”

Cynthia stopped talking and just stared at her, incredulously. She rolled her eyes. “Listen, Penny, I've got to go. I'm with the nurse. Yeah, I'll call you in a bit, okay? Bye!”

She hung up and looked at Lydia. “So...What's the verdict?” She asked impatiently, really starting to get on Lydia's nerves.

“First of all, this is not high school. I'm an educated and licensed medical doctor, not a nurse.” Lydia breathed fire at the ditzy coed.

“Whatever...”

“And second of all, as you probably already figured out, you're pregnant.” She continued, not even curious to see Cynthia's reaction anymore. As expected, Cynthia didn't seem surprised.

“Oh? I guess I'll have to quit the team for a few months, then.” She said, biting her lip in contemplation.

“Or you could terminate the pregnancy. If you want, I can...”

“No thanks. I won't ever reject this honor.” Cynthia cut her short, her eyes twinkling.

“Of course you won't.” It was Lydia's turn to roll her eyes in derision. “You know there are home pregnancy checks you can buy at any pharmacy. Why did you even come to me?”

“I wasn't feeling well and you're a 'doctor'.” The bubble headed coed shrugged, and finished by using air quotes to describe Lydia's profession, making Lydia clench her jaw in anger.

“Maybe you and your sl...teammates should learn by now how to tell when they might be pregnant.”

“Isn't this your job?” Cynthia didn't relent. “Anyway I've got to go talk to the coach and tell him the good news. So bye!” She stood up and walked out the door before Lydia could scoff her way.

“These rude little bitches are all the fucking same.” She gritted through her teeth.

“Hard morning?” A familiar voice asked, prompting Lydia to look back at the door.

She smiled at the gorgeous brunette. “Just frustrating. Aren't you supposed to be at work?”

“I am.” Freya walked over and gave Lydia a loving kiss. “Investigating your cheerleader story. Besides, can't a girl give her big boobed girlfriend a surprise visit?”

“And I thought being in a lesbian relationship will be different.” Lydia commented with a snicker. “And I already told you, there is no story here.” She continued, a tad exasperated.

“Five college cheerleaders getting knocked up during the course of one semester, all of them following the exact same fact pattern. Even if there is no foul play involved it's worth an article in the local paper. No matter how vehemently you disagree, Lydia.” Freya said with a cheeky half smile.

“Six cheerleaders, actually. Had a new one just before you came.” Lydia corrected her. “And a few sluts getting impregnated is hardly what I would call a riveting piece of news. But hey, that's just me.”

“My spidey sense tells me there's something more to this.” Freya said.

“Like what?”

“Going by your description, it almost sounds like a cult thing. Did the new girl from this morning follow the same pattern?”

“Pretty much.” Lydia confirmed.

“She didn't want to get an abortion, either?”

“Nope. She seemed fine with it.”

“Did she also talk about it being an honor?”

“Yup.”

“And was she willing to tell you who the father is?”

“Didn't even ask this time.” Lydia shrugged.

“Too bad. It's like you don't care about helping my career as an investigative journalist.” Freya joked. “Did she say anything about the new coach?”

“Just that she'd have to tell him she needs to take a break from the cheer team.”

“Seriously? She actually mentioned him, unprovoked?”

“Yeah. Said she'd have to give him the good news or something.”

“And you didn't find that weird or suspicious at all?” Freya raised an eyebrow. “That she would talk about telling her coach before, say, her friends, parents, councilors?”

“I told you, I'm no longer surprised by these dumb bimbos and their befuddling priorities.”

“But didn't the others talk about their coach, too?” Freya pressed.

Lydia furrowed her brow. “Now that I think about it, yeah. But the new coach is really popular. First male cheerleader coach the college ever had. Everyone seems to like him.”

“Do you like him?”

“Not particularly. Why are you asking?” Lydia was still failing to see why Freya was so fixated on this.

“I did some digging about him, and talked to a couple of cheerleaders. Whatever is going on, I figure he is in the center of it.” Freya asserted.

Lydia replied with a sarcastic low whisper. “And what would *that* be?” She asked.

“We're about to find out. I need to use your computer. Get up.”

“Okay...Why?” Lydia vacated her seat.

“I installed a hidden cam in Coach Nichols' office. It's streaming on a secure website only I have access to.” Freya said with a proud smile and started typing.

“You what? You're going to spy on him?”

“It's called investigating, Lydia.”

“I'm pretty sure it's called invasion of privacy, and is probably illegal.” Lydia cautioned, putting her hand on Freya's shoulder.

“Aw, are you going to turn me in?”

“This isn't a joke, Freya.”

“Relax, Lily-pie, everything will be all right.”

“What did we say about using that nickname outside of bed?” Lydia reprimanded with a bemused half-smile.

“Who knows? My face was between your legs, remember?” Freya answered with a cheeky grin, and leaned her head on Lydia's hips.

“Do you break the law often in your line of work?” Lydia tenderly patted Freya's cheek.

“Hey, not everyone can be goody-two-shoes nurses like you. Ah here we go.” Freya lifted her head as the page with her special video stream loaded

“For crying out loud, I'm a doctor! I really shouldn't have taken this job...” Lydia pouted.

“Don't worry, you'll change your mind soon.” Freya promised.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, I'm about to break the story of my life.” Freya said and stood up. “Check it out.” She let Lydia sit back down in her chair as the hidden cam feed started playing.

Coach Nichols was sitting in his chair, behind the desk. Before him stood a woman in a full body fishnet suit that tightly weaved around her naked body, leaving her nipples, pussy, and most of her fair skin exposed.

“Hey that's Mary-Ann!” Lydia gasped. “She was the cheerleader coach before Nichols. I heard she quit due to personal issues and I never saw her since.”

“I suppose she never left her old office for too long, then.” Freya focused on the screen with a frown. “Are you seeing what I'm

seeing?”

The coach shifted his position a bit, and from that angle Lydia and Freya could see the perky coed kneeling between his legs.

“That’s Cynthia.” Lydia said. “The cheerleader I saw this morning. A few minutes ago, really.”

The coach feasted his eyes with Mary-Ann’s alluring curves while casually fucking Cynthia’s face.

“Shh, quiet. The camera has a microphone.” Freya shushed her. “Let me focus.” She put her hands on Lydia’s shoulders, standing behind her, and looked at the screen.

“Okay.” Lydia nodded, already convinced her girlfriend was on to something. She focused her attention on the screen. The scene unraveling before her was so astounding, bizarre, and kinky, she could barely look away even if she wanted to.

Coach Nichols ran his fingers in Cynthia’s hair as she bobbed her head up and down with gusto. He smiled at the former coach, Mary-Ann, who was modeling her nearly nude fishnet outfit with a proud smile and twinkling eyes.

“So, this little cunt got knocked up.” He said, gesturing his head toward the coed expertly moving her tongue around his shaft as she gave him her best, sloppiest head.

“I’m so jealous. Are you the father, master?” Mary-Ann asked.

“Probably. Haven’t been whoring this one out a lot.” Coach Nichols figured. “I hope you have a list of proper candidates to replace her as head cheerleader.” He stared at Mary-Ann with steely eyes that nearly made her orgasm on the spot.

“Absolutely, master. My sole focus in life is to be useful to you. I can get them to you right away.”

“Go then.” He dismissed her with a wave to his hand.

“Yes master! It will take me ten minutes, tops!” Mary-Ann hurried to put her clothes on, along with a wig and dark sunglasses so people wouldn’t recognize her.

“Good girl.” He smiled. “Suck me slower, Cynthia. And use more tongue.”

Cynthia plopped her full lips off his cock. "Yes master." She slurped at his tip, licked around the shaft, and carefully took him back in her wet mouth.

"Keep my cock warm till Mary-Ann returns. If you make me cum before that, you'll be punished." He patted under her cheek with a condescending smile and a wicked glint in his eyes.

"*Phua!* Understood master." She said with a cute smile and went back to work.

True to her promise, less than ten minutes later Mary-Ann showed up with three hot young coeds in cheerleader uniforms. She ushered them in, and locked the door.

"Get yourselves prepped for master, cunts." She clapped her hands and began undressing herself, shedding her dress and her wig and her dark sunglasses, leaving her bereft of clothing but for her full body fishnet costume.

The coeds lifted their skirts' waistbands higher up their lithe bodies, so the lower part of their pert asses became exposed. They turned around, leaned forward to give their butts a nice bend and show their master their fresh pink pussies, and started wiggling their hips from side to side in perfect unison.

Mary-Ann knelt next to the rightmost candidate and gave her pussy a kiss.

"*Mmh!* She's so wet already!"

"Don't I know the middle one?" Coach Nichols asked.

"Yes master. She's one of the other cheerleaders. You fucked her before."

"And the other two?"

"This is Emily." Mary-Ann spanked the girl on the right. "She just started studying here. I took one look at her and knew I had to add her to your fuck-soon list, master."

"Good girl. You certainly know my type." Coach Nichols said, looking straight into Emily's bright blue eyes. She looked back at him with a radiant smile and wiggled her ass in silent invitation. Her fair skin was flawless and her body trim and perfect.

"And that one?" Coach Nichols stood up and pushed Cynthia aside, looking at the third bent over coed in line.

“Her name is Josephine. An exchange student from France. I was really happy your subliminal messages worked on her, even though English isn't her native language, master.” Mary-Ann sprung to her feet perkily and gave the French hottie a playful spank.

“I'll start with the veteran cheer cunt, then.” Coach Nichols rubbed his cock and walked forward. “What was her name again?”

“Melody, master.”

“Ah yes, Melody. Ready to practice your special cheer again, Melody?”

“Yes coach! I love master's special cheer!” Melody bent over deeper, holding her ankles with her hands and smiling from between her legs.

“Of course you do.” He smirked, tickling her wet pussy lips with the tip of his hard-on. “Pay attention, you two.” He told the other two and stretched his arms aside to grab both their asses. “Melody had plenty of special cheer experience with the other cheer cunts in my harem. Make sure you learn from her.”

“*Mm, Yes master.*” Josephine purred with a sexy French accent, shifting her weight so her bubble-butt was closer to her master, thus easier for him to reach.

“Yes master.” Emily droned and assumed the same position as Melody – Bent all the way forward as flexibly as she could.

“F-U-C-K! I am happy to obey!” Melody wasted no time when she felt Coach Nichols push into her from behind. He reached down, wrapped her hair around his hand, pulled her head back, and with a deep moan began pumping in and out of her.

“One-Two-Three-Four! Suck and fuck is all I'm for!” She timed the rhythm of her cheering to match his movements.

“C-U-N-T-S! Fuck our pussies smack our ass!” Her voice rose as Coach Nichols increased the force of his thrusts, ramming into her so hard the constant smacking of skin hitting skin was almost as loud as her happy squeals of delight.

“This is how I like to see my obedient slaves.” He looked down at her ass bouncing on his pelvis. “Happy to take it at any fucking time! Fully focusing on my fucking pleasure!” He grabbed her hips

and plastered himself to her with a forceful thrust, arching his head up with a pleased groan.

Melody moaned. "Master master, he's my god! He fully owns my sexy bod!" She called out with tears in the corners of her eyes and a dreamy smile on her face, feeling her master's cock throb deep inside her.

Coach Nichols spanked her with a feral grunt and pulled out with one quick motion. Melody didn't complain. She didn't even whimper in disappointment. It wasn't her place to make requests or think of her own impending orgasm. Her pussy was there for him to fuck for as long as he wanted, and he could pull out anytime he wished. He had plenty of cunts to enjoy, after all.

He was plowing into the hot French exchange student before she could utter a single pleading syllable.

"Oh fuck me master! Fuck me, master! Fuck me! *Ahh!*"

"Hah! I love the accent but you'll need to be a little more creative to score the head cheerleader position." Coach Nichols said as he pumped into her.

"Uhm..." She panted and bit her lips, tightening her pussy around his shaft in silent apology for her speechlessness.

"Help her out, Melody." He spanked Melody's ass and ordered.

"Yes master!" Still bent over, she came closer to Josephine, to whisper in her ear.

"Got it?"

"I think so..." Josephine sounded hesitant.

"Tell her again." Coach Nichols gave Melody another spank, harsher than before.

"Ow! Of course, master. Silly me."

He slowed down his movements, giving the French treat a chance to focus on something other than the rough pounding she received from behind.

He continued fucking her hard the moment he heard her rosy voice chanting, in that sexy, arousing accent.

"Master, master, I'm your slut! Bend me over, use my cunt!"

“Excellent! Give me more passion!” He hastened his movements with a low growl.

“Oh yes master!” Her voice dripped lust, as her wet horny cunt quivered around his cock. “Use me pussy master! I'm your fuck-toy, master!”

“Yeah you are!” He pulled out with a grunt. “Play with yourself” He squeezed her ass and moved over to Emily.

“Yes master.” Josephine relished his final touch and plunged two fingers in her pussy, frantically rubbing her pink lips in perfect circles.

He jerked his cock a few times and gave a sigh. “Actually, I'm tired. Ride my cock, Emily.” He said and turned around with a grunt, heading back to his chair.

“Of course, master. My pussy is always wet and horny for you.” The sexy coed shook her trim hips over, and spread her legs above his towering manhood. She blushed and gave him the most adorable smile as she brushed his tip along her velvety smooth pussy.

“My pussy is yours, master.” She whispered and slowly moved herself down, biting her lips as her master's hard-on filled more and more of her.

“Damn, you're so tight!” Coach Nichols put his hands on her hips and guided her to gyrate back and forth.

“Thank you, master.” She said with a cute giggle, whimpering with every flexible, flowing movement.

“You're not a virgin, are you?” He had to wonder. She was so tight and pristine looking.

“No master. Sorry.” She replied.

“How many sexual partners have you had?”

“One, master. We only had sex a few times.” She replied.

“I appreciate your candor.” He reached and grabbed her pert ass. “Now ride me and give me your special cheer, honey.” He ordered and brought her to him, so he could suck on her perky tits and lick her pink nipples.

The stimuli made her arch her head up and moan in ecstasy. “As you wish, master. I am your slave.”

“And remember, no cumming until I tell you to.”

“Yes master. I remember, master.” Her pussy clenched him tight. The hypnotic programming made it so she felt pleasure like she never has before, making stifling her orgasm all the more challenging.

She paused for a moment and entered a measured riding tempo, ready to match her cheers to her movements.

“I'll serve master till I die, he can always cream my pie!” She moaned loudly, her face reddening.

“Lovely! You like being my cum-dump, don't you?” Coach Nichols asked as he played with her small, perfect tits.

“Yes master!” She smiled at him with open lips, panting as she writhed her bendy body like a wave back and forth.

“Master, master fuck me up! I am just your slutty dump!” She continued her cheers. She had to hold on to his shoulders for balance, her tight cunt quaking around his throbbing shaft.

“Master, master, cum inside! You own my pussy and my mind!”

“Hah! You found yourself a theme, haven't you?” Coach Nichols laughed. “Keep it up and master will definitely fill you up with spunk!”

“Master, master, always winning! His seed inside will give me meaning! *Ahhh!*” She was so horny, she let out a squeal that literally rang in his ears.

“Woah! You could be an opera singer.” He instinctively brought a hand to rub his ear, before lifting it before her eyes.

“Trance, bitch.” He snapped his fingers, a snap that pierced into Emily's very soul.

Her face went slack and mellow and her whimpers quieted.

“Yes master.” She said, staring forward into nothingness, still mindlessly bouncing on his lap.

“You were enjoying yourself too much, I think.” He patted her porcelain smooth cheek with the back of his hand.

“Yes master. Sorry master.” Emily replied with a gentle, calm voice.

“Your pussy is here for my pleasure, not your own.” He stressed, tapping on her nose with his forefinger.

“Yes master. Thank you for fucking me, master.” She gave a small nod, and kept on hopping.

“You like being my obedient little hypno whore, don't you?”

“Yes master. I am your whore.”

“I have plenty of clients who would love a girl as young and innocent looking as you.” He gave a low grunt, grabbed her pert ass with both hands, and brought her closer to him, so her pointy pink nipples tickled his chest.

“I'm cumming!” He announced in her ear with a gravelly growl.

“Thank you, master.” Emily replied, her voice void of emotion. She was an obedient toy, a submissive tool, a receptacle for her master's lustful exertions. He shot into her like a water hose, grunting with joy at every spurt. By the end of his orgasm cum dripped from her pink pussy, and rolled down his depleted shaft.

“You can wake up now.” He snapped his fingers with a warm half-smile.

Emily blinked and got her bearings. She looked down with wide eyes, almost surprised to feel her master's ejaculation swimming within her.

“Did you have fun, master?” She asked, hopeful.

“Very much so.” He confirmed. “Keep it down, next time, and I might allow you to orgasm as well.”

“Absolutely, master. I can't wait.” She smiled at him with love in her brilliant blue eyes.

“M-Master?” The former coach let out a needy whimper. She fidgeted at the edge of the desk, rubbing her exposed pussy on the corner in a sad attempt to keep herself from going crazy with lust.

Coach Nichols looked at his fishnet clad predecessor. “Hmm? What do you want?” He asked with a sneer.

“Shall I clean your cock and Emily's pussy before you make your decision?” She breathed heavily and spoke with a desperate whisper.

Coach Nichols chuckled. “Normally, I'd say yes.” He tilted his head up, and smiled at the supposed “hidden” camera monitoring the room from its conspicuous corner. “But I think this time I want someone else to do the honors.”

At the other end of the video feed, Lydia and Freya salivated at the screen. Their clothes were somewhat disheveled, Lydia's more so than Freya's. Freya stuffed her right hand in Lydia's panties, playing with her girlfriend's pussy.

"He's talking about us." She cupped Lydia's breast and licked the nape of her neck. "Master wants us to lick him clean."

Lydia looked at the screen with wide, glassy eyes, her mind still trying to compute what just happened.

"Master...wants us. But..."

"Shhh. No buts. There's no point. You can't resist it. Trust me, I tried." Freya quelled her lover's doubt.

"Can't. Resist."

"That's right, Lydia. The video hypnotized you, exactly as master wanted. He used a different method on me, but it was just as effective. We are his slaves."

"We are his slaves." Lydia repeated with a distant nod.

"I confronted him, demanding an explanation, and he gave me an exclusive interview. It ended with me kneeling between his legs, his cum adorning my chest like a pearl necklace after I gave him a tiffuck, like any devoted slave-toy should." Freya said with a giggle, looking down at the ample valley between her tits.

"Tiffuck...?" Lydia echoed.

"Yep. Shocking, isn't it? I've never even kissed a man before, but using my body to please master felt so natural. You have more experience with cocks. I hope you can teach me how to serve him better."

"Serve master. Better." Lydia parroted, a dreamy smile forming on her face.

"That's right, my love. From now on, master's cock will always come between us, and on us, and inside us. Judging by the amount of knocked up cheerleaders you get, master clearly doesn't believe in birth control. I think he likes knowing his bitches are willing to give every part of their body, and every second of their future, to him. He owns everything."

"Master owns everything." Lydia felt a pleasant tingle coursing between her nipples and her cunt, as she surrendered her last bits of

resistance to the bliss the computer screen promised her. Freya's fingers frantically fucking her pussy only served to help in her utter defeat.

“Let's go and show master our absolute loyalty by licking his cock clean, and eating his cum out of that wonderfully nubile coed. He's waiting for us.” Freya helped Lydia put her clothes in order, just enough so as to not draw much attention on their way. Lydia was still deep under the influence of the mind melting subliminal messages, and it would take her a short while to be the energetic, conscious yet thoroughly hypnotized slave Freya already was.

“Yes. Master waiting for us.” Lydia droned and stood up, pulling her panties back to their place as Freya sorted her top to cover her big tits. They closed the browser window on which the video stream played, turned Lydia's computer off, and exited the doctor's office in perfect, blissful silence.

They arrived to find their master towering over his three cheer captain candidates. They pecked his feet with puckered lips as he gave them his verdict.

“I don't have a final decision just yet, but I can say it's between Melody and Emily.” He said. “Sorry, Josephine, while your accent is irrefutably arousing, I'm afraid your fluency isn't on par with what I expect from the cunt in charge of literally leading the cheer.”

“I fully understand, master.” Josephine closed her eyes and gave his foot a loving, respectful kiss.

It was only then that he acknowledged Freya and Lydia's arrival.

“You know what you're here for, cunts. Freya, lick me clean with your tongue. Lydia, do the same with Emily's tight pink pussy.”

“Yes master.” They responded in unison, dropped to their knees, and crawled over at a steady pace. Their butts smacked against each other as they crawled forward, shoulder to shoulder.

“I wonder if I'll be able to use your position in the local paper for my benefit.” He looked at Freya and rubbed his chin in contemplation, as the former fervent dyke arrived to bathe his cock with her tongue.

“Anything you wish, master.” She gave his balls a broad lick, and gently traced her tongue up his semi-erect shaft.

“I have a team of agents on my tail. Had to escape from my last job as a volleyball coach. Ended up having to let go of most of my previous harem. It is always delightful to build a new harem, though, I admit.” He reached down to grab her tits.

“Do you like how her pussy tastes?” He asked Lydia.

She plopped her lips from Emily's pussy with a wet smack, strands of spit and cum stretching between it and her lips. “Yes master. It's very fresh and yummy.” Lydia smiled and continued serving. She was beginning to feel less dazed, but her reeducation remained firm in her mind.

“Good. I'm glad.” He smiled. “So anyway, about those agents. I'm starting to be tired of their meddling in my affairs. I thought they'd give up at some point, but evidently they are much more stubborn than I originally assessed.”

“What can I do, master?” Freya asked, eager to serve.

“Good question. I'll give it some thought. You and your girlfriend will spend the night in my bed.” He patted her like one would a pet, and said with a casual sigh.

“Thank you, master.” Freya kissed his tip, and continued sloppily licking him with fervor and love.

That night, Freya and Lydia spent the night kissing under their master's covers. Not each other, although they did sneak a peck once in a while. No, they spent the night making out with their master's cock, gently lashing their tongues from opposite sides as he lay comfortably and relaxed.

Lydia fell asleep with his cock in her mouth, putting her in the perfect position for a good morning face fuck as soon as he awoke with a rejuvenated boner.

From that day on, and until her master tires of her, Lydia will happily spend her mornings gulping her master's seed.

She was going to save a ton on coffee.

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