

The Nerd And The Cheerleader

Jerrod carefully placed his Introduction to Gas Dynamics text book on top of the stack of books in his locker. He was about to swing the locker shut, when he noticed Jennifer Hopewell walking down the hall in his direction. He prolonged the process of putting the combination lock back onto his locker, hoping he could catch a nice close-up glimpse of the school's beautiful head cheerleader as she passed him. He set his thick reading glasses on his nose and fumbled with the lock, spying her approach from the corner of his eye.

She was almost there. Time to gracefully turn and...

She stopped right next to him. "Trying to catch a good shot of these?" Jennifer squeezed her perfect full breasts together, amplifying the cleavage visible through her low cut shirt. "Pfffffft." She shook her head in disgust.

Jerrod turned to make sure Jennifer wasn't speaking to someone standing behind him. There was no one.

"Yeah, I'm here to talk to you, science-boy."

A visibly startled Jerrod turned to face his social superior.

"Here's the deal brainiac. That asshole Clint has fucked with me for the last time." Jerrod recognized Clint as the football team's captain and quarterback - well known to be Jennifer's steady boyfriend. "I know he's been screwing around behind my back, and I'm fucking tired of it. That asshole has to show me the respect I deserve." Jennifer raised her arm above her head and leaned up against Jerrod's locker. The move accentuated her extraordinary curves. "So I'm going to piss him off. Big time! Got me, four eyes?"

Jerrod adjusted his glasses. "Yes. I understand."

"Look. We both know that normally I wouldn't give a schlep like you the time of day. But I want to make Clint jealous. So I'm making you my new boyfriend for about a week. By then he should be so jealous he'll be crawling on his hands and knees to get me back."

"That sounds logical" Jerrod offered quietly.

"I'm not going to mince words here, Mr. Spock. I know you're a friggin genius so I'm sure I don't have to explain things twice." Jerrod was impressed at how well Jennifer wielded the esoteric reference to Mr. Spock of Star Trek. But he remained quiet as Jennifer continued. "The only reason I picked you is because you're the geekiest, nerdiest dweeb in the school - hell, maybe even the country. That, and the fact that Peephole Patty says you have a big dick. Frosting on the cake."

"Peephole Patty?" Jerrod wasn't too surprised to learn that Patty Wilson had once again managed to hide a spy camera in the men's locker room. Her tell-all web site, PeepHolePatty.com, was the school's most popular.

"So we have a deal here, right Mr. Milquetoast? You're going to help me make this fuckhead angry - angrier than he's ever been in his whole life!" Jennifer looked up to the sky in disgust before Jerrod could answer. "What the fuck? Why am I even asking?" she said in her most demeaning and belittling voice. "As if a dweeb like you would pass up an opportunity like this." She frowned and stared at Jerrod.

"You have my word that we'll make him very angry," came his reply.

Jennifer reached into her pocket and pulled out a thin slip of paper. "Here's my address, egghead. Pick me up at eight."

Jennifer answered the door seconds after Jerrod knocked on it. "What are you driving," she said, looking over his shoulder, before Jerrod could get to "Hello."

"My father's Chrysler," Jerrod replied.

Jennifer groaned. "I guess it'll have to do." She closed the front door and walked past him to the car. Jerrod managed to get his finger on the remote's unlock button a split second before his date yanked open the passenger side door.

Jerrod opened his door and got behind the wheel. "You look very nice tonight."

He turned on the headlights and put the car in gear.

"That little prick." Jennifer seemed very preoccupied as she looked out the passenger side window. "This is really going to piss him off."

"I planned some really fun stuff tonight."

Jennifer looked over. "That's nice. We can do whatever you want, nerdboy." She pulled down the visor to check on her makeup. "But can we drive past Nacho's first for a bite? Clint's going to be there."

"Sure." Nacho's was a drive-up restaurant. One that Jerrod rarely, if ever, patronized.

"Shit. He's not here." Jennifer slowly scoped the area. "Go around again." Jerrod made another loop around the restaurant, but Clint remained absent.

"So. Can I kiss you tonight?" Jerrod asked cautiously.

Jennifer looked over at her date and laughed. "Sure. If it will make your wet dreams come true," she said in a patronizing tone. "Let's try Burger World." She pointed to the restaurant across the street.

"Can I even maybe tie you up or something?" Jerrod asked as they pulled in to the Burger World parking lot. "Doing something kinky might be fun."

Jennifer turned and laughed again. "Then what are you going to do? Read me some action comics? You really don't get out much do you?" She looked carefully into the restaurant's windows. "Shit! His car isn't here. He's not here either."

"So can I?" Jerrod asked again.

"Oh sure. Go to town, you kinky dweeb. Do whatever the fuck you want to do. Ropes and cuffs. Whips and chains. That's like, every girl's dream date," she said, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "You know, maybe I should teach you a few things about how to treat a woman." Jennifer got back to business. "Where is that asshole?"

Jerrod pulled his car back on to the road. "I heard there were a few guys heading over to the football stadium to have some beers."

Jennifer's ears perked up. "Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?" She shook her head in disgust. "You know, I've got the girls spreading the word that I'm going out with you now. They're telling Clint that I'm telling everyone what a step up it is." She laughed. "That prick is gonna be sorry he fucked with me."

"So I can do anything I want to you. That's so cool," Jerrod said quietly.

Jennifer rolled her eyes and shrugged.

Jerrod pulled his car up to the front gate of the football stadium. The gate was closed but unlocked; a padlock and chain lay on the ground nearby. "Just a sec," he said. Jerrod got out of his car and rolled open the gate. Then he got back into his car, pulled it forward through the gate, and got out once more to pull the gate closed behind them. Before he got back into his car, he used the padlock and chain to lock the gate shut.

"I never knew anybody partied here." Jennifer looked around, trying to find Clint's car.

"They don't. The groundskeeper is a good friend of mine and he owes me a favor." Jerrod pulled out a ring of keys. "He's letting me borrow the stadium tonight."

"Huh?" Jennifer was confused. "So where's the party?" she asked as Jerrod pulled up to the stadium's team entrance. "There's nobody here."

It was the last thing Jennifer said before a high frequency jolt of voltage entered her arm, forcing all the muscles in her body to contract at full tilt in unison for a split second. Jerrod set down his stun gun. Then he carried Jennifer's temporarily stunned and motionless body out to the fifty-yard line.

It was a cool night, but not too chilly since there was no wind. A quick late night flash downpour left the air smelling fresh and clean. The departure of the clouds

responsible for that downpour revealed the nearly-full moon that lit up the clear night sky.

A silly thought entered Jennifer's mind. "This is definitely a new perspective for me." Although she'd spent more hours than she could count cheering her heart out on this football field, she'd never quite experienced it like this.

Then reality set back in.

Jennifer took a deep breath in anticipation of the next onslaught. She screamed mightily into the red ball gag as Jerrod's cock once again pounded her throbbing ass. The pain just barely eclipsed in intensity the pain coming from her nipples - to which Jerrod had deviously affixed two small but very effective adjustable clamps, before covering them with duct tape.

Since Jennifer was lying nude on her belly - tightly tied spread eagle between four hefty tent stakes at the fifty-yard line of her school's football field - the duct tape made it impossible for her to remove the clamps by rubbing her breasts against the ground. In protest, she pulled as hard as she could against her restraints, but they did not budge.

Jerrod pulled his large cock out of his distressed date, and once again slapped her beet-red, perfect ass with his palm. "Cheer for me bitch," he added to Jennifer's muffled expressions of pain. Every muscle in Jennifer's bound nude body tensed, as a rock hard Jerrod entered her again. It seemed like there would be no end.

Just before she thought she might pass out, he ended his anal assault. A panting Jerrod untied her hands. At last. But before she could catch her breath, Jennifer felt her wrists being pulled together and tightly retied behind her back. Another cord soon followed, binding her elbows together.

Jennifer, her legs still bound and spread, arched her back and shook her hips in vain, attempting to get free. Jerrod laughed at the futile attempt. He straddled her and put a collar around her neck from behind. After releasing Jennifer's ankles from the stake ropes, he retied them with a ten inch hobble rope.

Flipping her over on her back, he quickly pulled the duct tape off of her breasts

with a loud "ZZZIP!" Jennifer again screamed in agony, then sighed with relief when Jerrod removed the adjustable clamps from her nipples.

"Let's go kick a field goal," Jerrod said as he led his date toward the goal post, a leash in one hand, a gym bag full of goodies in the other. Jennifer followed haltingly as Jerrod pulled the nude girl along roughly.

Once there, he forced her down on her knees with her back to the post, and tied her bound arms to the post. He removed the ball gag from her mouth. Before Jennifer could adjust her jaw, Jerrod replaced the ball gag with a ring gag and tightened it behind her head. He held his erect cock still before her eyes - which were wide with disbelief. "Suck it bitch." She turned her head away.

Jerrod pulled a small leather cat tail whip out of his bag of goodies. He methodically whipped Jennifer's raw, sensitive breasts. Once again she screamed out in agony. "Ready for some cock, bitch?" A defiant Jennifer again shook her head from side to side.

Once again the whip hit its marks - over and over and over again, until Jennifer's breasts were a fiery red. Finally a bawling Jennifer relented, nodding her head up and down in defeat. Jerrod stepped forward and started fucking her mouth. Jennifer's eyes bulged and she gagged as Jerrod forced his massive cock deep down her throat. She took it helplessly as Jerrod pumped and pumped and pumped. Finally, with a huge sigh of pleasure, Jerrod exploded, depositing a huge shot of cum down his powerless date's throat.

Jerrod raised his arms in a victory pose, mimicking a referee. "Touchdown!" he yelled. Jennifer did her best to swallow his load, coughing and sputtering as she did.

After replacing the ring gag with the ball gag, he untied Jennifer from the goalpost. The school's head cheerleader struggled half-heartedly in the end zone as Jerrod tied her legs together and wrapped the leash around her bound ankles. Jennifer ineffectively shifted from side to side as Jerrod dragged her defenseless body across the slick wet grass and muddy patches.

"This is an awesome workout. Let's do some blocking."

Jennifer tried finding a comfortable position in which to navigate the sixty-yard trip through the wet grass and mud to the blocking sled. She tried to sit up a little, the wet ground actually felt soothing as it moved steadily under her bare ass. Suddenly Jerrod turned quickly to the right. Jennifer, unable to balance herself with her arms tied tightly behind her back, flipped over onto her belly. By the time he got her to the workout area, Jennifer's body was covered in grass and mud.

The football team's blocking sled consisted of two thick vertical pads, about a two feet wide and four feet tall. The two pads were mounted three feet apart on the sled's frame. The frame connected the pads to a flat metal platform that slid over the ground when two players pushed it in unison. Jerrod bent Jennifer's waist over the bar that connected the two pads together. He spread her legs and tied her ankles to each side of the sled's frame directly behind each pad. Walking in front of her, he took the leash and reconnected it to Jennifer's collar. He pulled her down forward until her torso was parallel to the ground and tied the leash off on a lower support bar. With another length of rope, he pulled up her bound arms and tied the rope off to the top of the frame.

Jerrod toyed with Jennifer's dangling breasts as she shifted helplessly. She howled into her gag when Jerrod pinched one of her tender nipples. "Still kind of sensitive, huh?" He looked at his hands. "Kind of dirty, too." He wiped his hands on his pants. Bending down he removed a water bottle and a towel from his bag of goodies. He poured the bottle's contents over Jennifer's grass and mud covered ass, and wiped everything clean with the towel.

"If cheer leading stops working for you," he said while fondling Jennifer's freshly cleansed bottom, "I think you'd make a terrific tight end." Jerrod inserted his middle finger into her pussy. "Looks like we're good to go." Jennifer's eyes bulged out as Jerrod's massive cock filled her pussy from behind. She gasped as Jerrod violently thrust himself into her, over and over and over and over again. A reflexive, uncontrollable response built up within her. As hard as she tried to fight it, she soon found herself enveloped in a crushing orgasm. She arched her back and screamed into the gag, shuddering as wave upon wave of pleasure rocked her disloyal body.

A whistling Jerrod, somewhat surprised by Jennifer's intense response, came shortly afterwards, emptying the contents of his cock into her pulsating pussy.

"Not bad. On that note, I think it's time we hit the showers." Jerrod removed the ropes binding Jennifer to the sled, leaving only the ropes about her wrists and elbows. An embarrassed and exhausted Jennifer meekly followed behind her date as he led her by the leash to the locker rooms adjacent to the stadium.

Once inside the locker room, Jerrod removed the ropes binding Jennifer's arms behind her back and replaced them with a simple plastic zip tie about her wrists. Jerrod left the ball gag in place.

He helped a shivering, sobbing Jennifer into one of the whirlpool baths and carefully turned on the taps. Jennifer looked up at Jerrod gratefully as the metal tub filled with soothing warm water. He started the whirlpool jets.

"You're a mess." He ran his hand through her hair. "We need to wash this."

Jennifer sat meekly in the tub as Jerrod lathered up and submerged her hair, gently rinsing out the grass and mud caked within it. He guided Jennifer to a standing position. Jerrod lovingly rinsed and cleaned off her bruised, dirty body with a soft sponge. Jennifer inhaled and pushed out her chest aiding Jerrod as he washed her perfect breasts, which were still somewhat red from the attention they had received. She offered no resistance when Jerrod motioned for her to spread her legs so he could properly wash her ass, pussy, thighs, and calves.

Once he was finished, he helped Jennifer out of the tub and towed her off. "It's almost 3AM. We better head home."

A defeated Jennifer nodded meekly. Jerrod covered Jennifer, her arms still bound behind her with the zip tie, with an over-sized hooded sweat jacket that sported a picture of their school's mascot. He zipped up the jacket's front zipper until it was even with her breasts. The bottom of the jacket just covered Jennifer's bare bottom.

Jennifer sobbed quietly into her gag as Jerrod drove her home.

Like a perfect gentlemen, Jerrod walked over to the passenger side of the car to open the door for his date. He helped Jennifer out of the car and walked her down the cobblestone path toward the front door of her house. Once they were at the door Jerrod dropped Jennifer's keys into the pocket of the sweat jacket. He reached behind her and cut the zip tie binding her wrists with a small wire cutter. As Jennifer rubbed her wrists, Jerrod undid the strap holding the ball gag in her mouth. He placed it in his pocket. Jennifer, covered only by her jacket, stood there meekly with her eyes to the ground.

Jerrod held his watch beneath her eyes and softly tapped it twice. "I'll be here again tomorrow at eight o'clock."

Jennifer just stood there silently.

"I'd love it if you wore something red to school tomorrow. Good night, Jennifer."

Jerrod walked away. Jennifer turned and watched him walk down the path to the car parked in front of her house. He started the car and drove off down the street.

The next morning, Jerrod retrieved a book from the stack in his locker. After closing the locker door, he turned to walk toward his next class. At the far end of the hallway, he noticed Jennifer Hopewell walking in his direction with her head down. She was wearing tight jeans, a yellow blouse, and a bright red sweater.

When she momentarily looked up to see where she was going, their eyes met. She stopped dead in her tracks, like a frightened deer in the headlights. Jennifer's cheeks flushed to match her sweater.

Jerrod tapped on his watch twice.

Jennifer nodded subtly, before turning and rushing off in the opposite direction.

As Jerrod strolled down the cobblestone walkway toward Jennifer's house, punctually at eight o'clock, he heard a rustling sound from the side of the house.

"I'm over here," Jennifer said. "I didn't want my parents to see me leave so I snuck

out the side door." As she walked toward him, Jerrod could see that she was wearing the sweat jacket in which he'd left her the night before. The jacket's arms hung limply at her sides.

Jerrod motioned for her to turn around. Jennifer obeyed. Jerrod pulled up the back of the jacket, revealing Jennifer's clasped hands over her bare bottom.

"Please be gentle with me tonight," she said, as Jerrod bound her wrists together with a plastic zip tie.

Jerrod turned her to face him. He reached forward, then slowly lowered the zipper of her jacket until the front of it separated, revealing Jennifer's perfect nude form.

"You still owe me a kiss from last night," he said as he pulled her close.

Jennifer smiled.

They kissed passionately.

When they finished, Jerrod closed the jacket. He retrieved a red ball gag from his pocket. Jennifer opened wide to receive it. Once its belt was properly fastened behind her neck, Jerrod pulled the sweat jacket's hood over Jennifer's head. She followed him quietly to his car.

Two weeks later Clint approached Jerrod and Jennifer as they were walking hand in hand down the hallway. He stopped in front of them.

"Okay, you can end this sham now," he told Jennifer. "This has gone far enough. I'm sorry, alright Jen. You win!" He motioned toward Jerrod. "You can dump geek-boy now." Clint continued as if Jerrod didn't exist. "Look baby, that other skank meant nothing to me. It's always been you. Only you, baby." Clint was pleading. "What do you say we go to Nacho's tonight, you k now, to talk this thing out. Like old times. You know I still love you."

Jennifer took hold of Jerrod's arm and looked up into his eyes. "Master?" she whispered.

Jerrold looked at Jennifer, raised his eyebrows and shrugged. She nodded in understanding and turned back to Clint, regarding him with a look of pity.

"I'm sorry Clint. I think I'm going to be tied up this evening. Maybe another time."

Realizing that he had just been brushed off like a speck of dust on her sleeve, Clint's jaw dropped to the floor. He looked on in disbelief as the couple walked away.

Jennifer took note of Clint's final expression. She smiled to herself, thinking back to the deal she'd made with Jerrold only two weeks ago.

The fuckhead looked angrier than he'd ever been in his whole life.