

Handfuls of Ass

“Jason get your fat ass over here!” Coach Jefferson shouted to his team of wrestlers mid practice. Many wrestlers continued their routines while two students on the far end of the gymnasium froze mid-movement. One peaked his head up over the other like a meerkat, poking its head out from a hole. One stayed on the mat and began to stretch while the one in the black and red singlet swaggered across the floor with an attitude that would best be labeled as *entitled*. The wrestler coach eyed Jason as his singlet bulged out from his bulky muscles. He pushed his hands into his short gym shorts and rubbed his cock as it throbbed in excitement.

Coach Jefferson’s tiny weightlifting struggled against his muscular form and only grew most strained the longer he stared at Jason. His eyes followed Jason’s body as it moved and shook with each step. His short bulky frame was layered with muscle and the perfect thin layer of fat which filled out all his edges and inflated him in all the right areas. The tight straps of the singlet clung to his upper body and did little to keep his pectorals covered. The team would see his bare chest at least once during practice and if it was on a weekend he would usually just workout in a thin pair of compression shorts, much to his coach’s satisfaction.

Coach Jefferson’s eyes ate every inch of Jason’s body as it grew closer. His slightly hairy chest, his meaty arms, his narrowed waist which exploded out into a pair of overgrown thighs and a perky hefty pouch. Jason’s Coach licked his lips. Hungry for the treasure that was hidden within the shiny piece of spandex. He had seen Jason naked in the locker room multiple times over the semester and memorized it a photograph. The perfect size; a girth that teased him with the most delicious fucking. Jason would stride through the locker room buck naked, making sure that everyone would see his member as it swung back and forth. Coach Jefferson would stare from his office as he jerked himself off from behind the blinds. He could see the way certain members of his team stared at Jason with the same intensity that mirrored his lust. The passion for his star wrestler was only matched for his annoyance at Jason’s overly self-confident approach to life.

“S’up coach?” Jason asked as his attention already transferred to the wrestler’s behind him. Jason’s lack of attention and respect was he of the man things that made his Coach’s eye twitch.

“Jason. Here.” Coach Jefferson snapped his fingers, drawing back Jason’s attention to his scowling face.

“What?” Jason snapped back. Coach Jefferson’s eye gave another slight twitch. There were few people in the coach’s life that would speak to him with such disrespect. Usually being the largest guy in the gymnasium at any given time gave him a high level of respect. 6’3 and 280 pounds of muscle were more than enough for him to stay the alpha when it came to his team. His clothes kept his body exposed and his manhood on display. His stature and his attitude kept his team in line but every year there was always one collegiate who not only tested his limits but enjoyed doing it.

“Stay right there.” Coach Jefferson scowled at his wrestler before he turned his attention back towards the rest of his wrestlers. “Bleachers! NOW!” He bellowed. It was a matter of seconds before his entire team of wrestlers was off the mats and on the first two rows of bleachers.

“Listen, boys, I ain’t yo daddy. But when one of you is disrespectful or cheat, an example needs to be made of you,” he announced to his team. His deep, gruff voice echoed throughout the college gymnasium and kept the attention of every one of his players. All except one. His eyes searched the crowd, meeting every pair of their eyes before he turned his attention to the muscular, sexy brat beside him. “And that brings us to you, Jason,” he said. Accusation dripped from words.

“What the fuck did I do?” Jason said, shrugging his shoulders in ambivalence. Its ignorance only made Coach Jefferson’s face to turn a dark shade of red.

Early in the day, he had considered letting Jason off with a warning but his ignorance and lack of remorse burned that opportunity quickly. He crossed his large hairy arms and squeezed his pectorals together. His loose stringer tank top hung loosely over his barrel chest and showed how accentuated his rounded chest and the tufts of hair that sprouted around the straps.

“Oh, you’re going to play dumb?” Coach Jefferson asked, walking up to Jason before he pressed his muscular body against the smaller athlete’s. The tension between the two filled the room. His other players shifted uncomfortably in their seats as the two stared at each other. They couldn’t discern the feeling that mounted in the room. Was it sexual? Or was it rage?

“You wanna do this, boy? Cause I will ruin you in front of your teammates,” Coach Jefferson whispered, his warning audible only to Jason.

“Bring it on, Grandpa. You ain’t got shit on me.” Jason bit back. He pushed his chest back at his coach. Jason knew what he had done this past semester, and knew it was kept under wraps. The students who did his work were paid well, and the teachers who he bought the answer keys from were paid even better. A wild smirk crossed Coach Jefferson’s face at the offer of a fight. “Even if you did. You’re too chicken shit to do anything about it.”

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you,” Coach Jefferson said as he puffed out his chest and nudged Jason backward. Jason grew unsteady as Coach Jefferson’s smile turned wicked when he turned to his teammates.

“So today I received notice that one of my wrestlers had been cheating their way through their last semester. That, someone, was buying test keys and getting other students to write their papers.” Jason’s face turned sour as he realized his coach knew more than he had hoped. “And this team does not tolerate losers and we do not tolerate cheaters. So, Jason, get the FUCK out of my gym!” He shouted.

“What the fuck do you mean get out!?”

“This could have gone a different way, but you couldn’t drop that fucking cocky, dumb ass dipshit attitude for two seconds. Those big muscles and a sly smile might get you a lot in life Jason, but they can’t hide the fact that you’re a cheat and a liar, and as of this moment you’re off the fucking team. You’re done here. Your scholarship is revoked immediately, and as soon as I get done with practice. I’m going straight to the dean to make sure that by the end of the semester you are no longer on this campus.” His words were no longer threats. They were promises.

“You can’t do this!” Jason yelled.

“Oh, I can and I will,” Coach Jefferson said calmly, taking control of the situation once again.

Jason gripped his hair in anger. He pulled his handfuls of his short spiky and rubbed his hands down his face. His fingers trailed across his eyes and revealed two deep slits of hatred. “You fucking loser!” He whispered to Coach Jefferson. “You’re just jealous.”

“Excuse me?” Coach Jefferson asked, raising an eyebrow.

“You’re fucking Jealous that I am going to break your record and actually do something with my life. That I am going to go somewhere and do something with my life. And while I am out there in the real world you will be right here. Growing old and forgotten as a stupid fucking gym teacher. And soon you will all be gone and you will just be forgotten.”

“Go on ahead and tell yourself that kid,” Coach Jefferson said, chuckling. “We both know I could pin you to the ground and not even break a sweat.”

“You wanna bet?” Jason had one hope for staying. “I win, I keep my scholarship and you don’t say another fucking word to me for the rest of my college career. You win, I leave the wrestling team,” Jason wagered. Coach Jefferson chewed on his offer and countered.

“HmMMMM. How about WHEN you lose I won’t go as far as kicking you out of school. I’m not a complete monster. But you’re off the team, you lose your scholarship, BUT you are the new team’s towel boy. Uniform included.” Coach Jefferson couldn’t believe he didn’t think of it sooner. He could kick Jason out of school, but he was handsome and from a rich family. He would find another school, find another

team, and make his way back to the top. But if he stayed here, he would stay under Coach Jefferson's thumb and that was a whole lot better than getting him kicked out.

"This something you really wanna do? You wanna humiliate yourself in front of everyone?" Coach asked. "I know your teammates will hold you to your position and treat you just like they have treated every other towel boy. Am I right boys?" The crowd gave a resounding yes in response. Though Jason was their star player and very popular on campus. He was a cocky asshole to all he met. "Looks like that's a yes. Lets fucking do this," Coach Jefferson agreed.

Coach Jefferson pulled the tank over his head, revealing his thick hairy upper body. His chest was beefy and his nipples were large and pointed down. As if they begged to be milked and chewed. The coach's pecs were round and full of muscle from years of weightlifting, drinking, and steroids. Every inch of his heaving chest and firm muscle gut were covered in thick dark hair which obscured the many tattoos that covered his body. In his normal gym attire, he looked like an offseason bodybuilder while in just a pair of three-inch shorts; he looked like a con fresh out on parole.

"Ready little guy?" Coach Jefferson asked as he moved to the center of a mat. He grew excited at the anticipation of putting this punk in his place. His cock bulged lewdly in his spandex shorts and throbbed at the thought of rolling around on the floor with Jason. Coach Jefferson could feel the tip of his cock push against the edge of his shorts before he bounced it back into place.

"You ready old man?" Jason asked as he crouched down, looking like a tiger eager to pounce on its prey. Little did Jason know, he was the prey in this situation.

"Michelson!" Coach Jefferson shouted as he stared lustfully into Jason's big blue eyes. "Count us down," he ordered. Coach Jefferson eyes flowed over Jason's body and stopped at the sight of his big meaty package and were more than eager to feel it rub against his body

Michelson, a stout boy dressed in a green singlet, stood in the bleachers and began to count down. "Three, two, one, GO!" he shouted. Before he even said go, Jason launched himself at Coach Jefferson but he was quick. His arms snatch the boy before he could collided and lifted him off his feet and slammed him into the ground. With years of training, Jason's coach wrapped his body around his younger opponent's. Coach Jefferson snaked one arm between Jason's open thighs and grasped onto his meaty buttocks. He squeezed one cheek aggressively and felt Jason's body rippled in surprise. But it wasn't Jason's body that made Coach Jefferson pause but a sound.

It was so soft that he would've missed it over the cheering of his teammates if he wouldn't have hoped or waited for a response to his first move. The second Coach Jefferson gripped the plump backside of Jason's tight end; the boy let out a quiet but deep grunt of enjoyment. It was all the encouragement

that Jason's coach needed to further his advancement. He gripped Jason's body tightly and twisted around and slammed his frontside onto the mat.

"Oomph," Jason grunted as Coach Jefferson climbed on top of Jason's body. He pressed his much heavier body into his wrestler's body, wedging his cock between his wrestler's butt cheeks. The coach let out a growl that was nearly animalistic in sound. It was a moan of a fantasy turned reality. Coach Jefferson buried his stubbly face into Jason's bare face and secretly bit into his virgin skin.

"You know Jason, the cheating isn't the only thing I found out today," Coach Jefferson whispered into Jason's ear as he struggled to break free. "The little birdy who told me about the cheating also told me about what nasty little things you erase in your browser history. Or better yet, things you *forgot* to erase. I wouldn't say I was surprised when you have an ass like this," Coach Jefferson said as he thrust his package into Jason's ass again. Jason's body arched and pushed back to meet his coach's advances. The movements to the crowd seemed like they were wrestling, but something else unfolded between the two.

"No!" Jason shouted as he swung out from underneath his Coach but only ended up locked in the same position but instead of on the bottom his body was sprawl out on top of his coach instead. His ass was still pressed against his coach's cock but now Jason's cock throbbed openly for all to see. As well as the small beads of precum that had soaked into his singlet.

It wasn't only Jason's coach that had stared longingly at Jason as he paraded around the locker room naked. Many of his teammates had swatted at his bubbly ass cheeks or groped his long cock, and secretly pleased themselves to those moments when they were hidden away at night. Coach Jefferson was surprised that Jason had not noticed how often his jockstraps would go missing or how he had the same teammates beg to practice with them. Only to be gifted with a few moments alone with his sweat-slicked body. A sweaty body that Jason's coach was able to enjoy.

"Please. Please stop," Jason begged as he kicked out his legs, but were held quickly down by his coach's much more powerful lower body. Coach Jefferson could hear Jason's powerful façade fade away with every thrust of his hips. Both wrestlers could feel Coach Jefferson's cock as it poked out of his shorts and leaked all over Jason's butt.

"But why? I can tell that you love this, nearly as much as I do," Coach Jefferson whispered as he pulsed his cock and ground his cock into Jason's juicy ass. The fatty underside of his cheeks was just meant to be fucked and humped. "Boys!" he shouted.

"Yes, Coach!" The team responded like a flock of well-trained parakeets.

“Should I make an example out of Jason?” Coach Jefferson asked his athletes, and to his enjoyment, they all shouted excited yes. Like a snake, Jason’s coach slithered from beneath Jason and flipped one last on top of him while the other held him in place against the mat. He propped up his ass on his thick thigh and aggressively pulled both leg holes until they were wedged deep between his cheek. Each cheek was like a perfect scoop of caramel ice cream; so soft, so smooth, and so delicious. Both were framed by an off white jockstrap that pushed his ass up and made it even more tantalizing to see. Coach Jefferson’s dick ached as he pushed it into Jason’s side. His cock now fully out of his shorts, but still covered by Jason’s body.

“Now gentleman, if Jason is gonna act like a child and defy the rules of the team and the school, then he will be punished like a child,” Coach Jefferson announced as he slapped Jason’s left butt cheek – hard. It jiggled and bounced back in response while a bright red handprint grew.

“Ugh,” Jason moaned, biting back on the pain and the pleasure he felt from his coach’s punishment. Coach Jefferson smirked at Jason’s apparent enjoyment. His little bird was right when he whispered Jason’s search history into his ear.

“You like that, don’t you boy,” Coach Jefferson said as his hand slammed down on Jason’s opposing cheek. Coach Jefferson looked over his leg and saw Jason bury his face into the soft matted floor. “No response? Maybe, I am not hitting hard enough.” Coach Jefferson reeled back his hand and repeatedly slapped Jason’s plump bubble butt, each hit rewarded by laughter and cheers from his team of wrestlers. The audience egged their coach to spank him harder. To make it really hurt.

Coach Jefferson could see the hands of several of his wrestlers, the ones who lusted after Jason. He could see their hands move within their singlets. Nonchalantly they rubbed their cocks, while the others were too preoccupied with the torture of their leader. Each of them secretly enjoyed the view but in a different way. Their coach smirked as they repressed their moans of pleasure by biting down on their jaw – just to not let the neighboring wrestler know what they were doing. But the restrained Hercules beneath his legs held his attention more effectively than those of his team.

Jason pushed his face into the mat as hard as possible to muffle his moans of pleasure. Jason wiggled back and forth underneath his coach to break free but would only end up rubbing his cock making the pleasure that much harder to hide. His wrestler’s moans made the pursuit of his spanking that much more pleasurable. He loved the way Jason’s cheeks reddened and bounced after every swat of his hand. He enjoyed the way Jason’s cheeks redden and grew brighter with every smack. They grew nearly as red as the cheeks on his face from the humiliation.

Jason knew the attention his ass drew from other women and men. His ass had always been perky and his regimented gym routine only caused it to grow larger and lust-worthy. Coach Jefferson noticed the way that men stared at him as he lifted, and the attention that it brought him from those who surrounded him. He never pushed away from the advances of his teammates or even the men at the bar. He even loved the adoration of such encounters, but he would never say. On those nights when the men were too drunk to remember his face, he would go with them into a back alley or the bathroom and let them worship his ass and his cock. He would let them lick every inch of his muscular body until every inch was explored. And then he would beg. Jason would beg for them to punish his ass. To spank him until he was unable to sit down. To make his ass turn such a dark red that people would flinch at the sight. Give him sight and a feeling to remember when he jerked off the following days. Some were unable to bring him to that level of pleasure while others were more than happy to punish the entitled college boy.

"Please," Jason whispered right before Coach Jefferson slammed down. Even though it didn't touch he could feel Jason wince as if contact was made.

"What did you say?" he asked, turning his head over his well-muscled shoulder once again.

"Please stop. I can't take another," Jason pleaded. Coach Jefferson didn't know it, but Jason was one slap away from orgasm. He looked down at his wrestler. His eyes were dotted with tears, his cheeks were flushed with pleasure, and his bottom lip quivered.

"What, you aren't enjoying our playtime in front of your teammates?" Coach Jefferson teased as he gently placed his hands on Jason's robust ass cheeks, squeezing them both. The tender touches were a stark contrast to the beating he had grown to enjoy.

"I need an answer," the coach said, light slapping Jason's ass again. He could hear the moans from his boys that sat in the bleachers as they enjoyed the sight. Their breathing grew heavy and deep as they readied to explode. Many of them had forgone being secretive about enjoying the scene and openly touched themselves while they watched.

"You don't like being spanked by your coach? But I thought you enjoyed being punished by men? I thought this was a dream come true for you? Being treated like the misbehaving brat that you are?"

"Ughh," Jason moaned as he ground his crotch into his coach's thigh. Jason held his words but when Coach Jefferson held his hand up, Jason blurted out, "Yes! Yes, I enjoy it. I have loved every minute of the pain." Jason sobbed.

"Please just stop. I will be your towel boy for the rest of my college career if you just stop," Jason pleaded. Coach Jefferson could hear the sniffles that radiated from Jason and knew that he had finally broken his golden boy. That beyond this point, Jason would be his bitch.

Coach Jefferson untangled his massive body from Jason's and lifted him with such ease. As if he weighed nothing at all. His reddened ass stood openly on display for every team member to see and jerk too as he held the broken boy like a trophy. Coach looked down at Jason's wet crotch and the huge dick hidden beneath the now translucent material. He cocked an eyebrow at Jason, pleased with himself. Jason looked away, unable to make eye contact with him.

"Boys! This is what happens when you disobey the rules! Let this be a lesson for all of you! Don't think any of you are above a good spanking. Do y'all understand me?" he asked his wrestlers. Each of them shook their head yes, even as they jerked themselves. Coach Jefferson could see the ways their faces contorted as they were about to cum. Their coach smirked with such wicked delight.

"Good. Now, I want to introduce you all to our new waterboy and jockstrap washer. Everyone say hello!" Coach Jefferson ordered as he spun Jason around to the crowd. Jason's face burned with embarrassment as his hard wet cock pointed out towards the crowd. Every member of the team could see the outline of his cock and the way that his tip leaked into his spandex. Jason could see them stare at him like a piece of meat, and several of them wanted a bite. "Say hello Jason," Coach ordered.

"Hello," he whispered as he looked down and buried his face in his pectorals in shame.

"Louder Jason!" Coach ordered. He pulled back his arm and with every ounce of his strength he slammed it into Jason's back and he lurched forward and spewed his pent up load into his singlet.

"Fucking Jesus!!" Jason cried as his legs quivered and cock unloaded. His hand grasped onto his coach's large bicep and held for support while he came. He couldn't stop his moans of pleasure and neither could his teammates. Several of them orgasmed at the sight of their star wrestler as he too came. Each cry of pleasure echoed against the walls, radiating back to him and only grew with more. Coach Jefferson's own cock was near orgasm, but he decided his seed would best be used in a one on one situation. His new team assistant would be very busy after practice when he made Jason suck clean all the singlets and jocks until there was not a drop of cum left.

"That's a good water boy." Coach Jefferson said as he patted Jason on the back. Jason clenched his buttocks in fear. "Now head on back to the locker room and get cleaned up. I will be meeting you in my office after practice is now. *My wrestlers* are about to work up a heavy sweat," Coach Jefferson ordered.

Jason turned around and walked to the locker room in shame; his reddened butt cheeks swayed with every step as the wedgie of his singlet stayed between his cheeks. "Everyone! Back to the floor!" His wrestlers jumped to attention once more and ran to the floor. None seemed to care that their crotches

and their hands were covered in cum. His plan went even better than he could have imagined, and this was only the beginning of his plan.