

A Handful of Ass

“Jason get your fat ass over here!” The coach shouted at the group of boys wrestling on the floor. Two boys on the other side of the gym stopped wrestling and one dressed in a black and red singlet stood up, and began to walk towards his coach. Jason’s coach watch his body bounce with every step. His large pectorals jiggling up and down with every step across the open gym floor. Jason’s extra tight singlet clung to his massive form leaving little to the imagination. His large obvious bulge called to the Coach Jefferson enticingly. Coach Jefferson’s eyes narrowed down onto Jason’s crotch and licked his lips. He had seen him naked in the locker room multiple times. His thick python reached almost to his knees, and that was soft. Coach had always wondered what it would look like hard and he had finally figured out a way to test it.

“What’s up coach?” He asked as he stopped in front of his coach. Even with Jason being the largest guy on the team he was still dwarfed by his wrestling coach. Coach Jefferson was easily over six feet tall and solid beef. He kept his clothes small and tight, which only to emphasized his massive size. Coach Jefferson usually wore his short weightlifting shorts during practice and a string tank top, in case he ever needed to jump in and show his athletes who was boss. And today was one of those days.

“You wait right here Jason,” Coach Jefferson ordered. “Everyone to the bleachers!” He hollered to the rest of the wrestlers. Each of them stopped mid movement and and slowly made their way to the bleachers that lined the western most wall. “Now!” He shouted angrily, causing all the athletes to jump and them run to the bleachers. Each of them taking seats either in the first or second row.

“Listen here boys, I ain’t your daddy. But when one of you is disrespectful or cheats. An example needs to be made of you,” he said. His deep gruff of a voice echoed through the college gymnasium. The anger in his eyes transition from the large group of wrestlers and went directly to the Adonis that was standing before him. “And that brings us to you Jason,” he said accusatorially.

“What the fuck did I do?” Jason shouted. Coach Jefferson turned to Jason as he crossed his large hair arms in front of him. Both of his biceps flexed tightly against his hairy barrel chest.

“Oh you going to play dumb?” Coach Jefferson asked? He walked up to Jason, pressing their muscled bodies against one another. The tension between the two filled the room. Was it anger? Or was it sexual? “You wanna do this boy? Cause I will ruin you in front of your team mates,” Coach Jefferson whispered. His warning only audible to Jason.

“Bring it on Grandpa,” Jason taunted as he pushed his chest against Coach Jefferson. A wild mischievous smirk crossed Coach Jefferson’s face at the offer of a fight.

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you,” he smirked as he turned back towards the rest of his athletes. “So today I received a notice from an anonymous source that one of you has been cheating their way through school. That you have been skating through your exams with from another. Breaking the school’s honor code is a expellable crime. And on this team there is one that cant I cannot abide is cheating. So Jason your out!” He shouted at the top of his lungs.

“What the fuck Coach?” Jason shouted backing away from Coach Jefferson.

“This could have gone a different way, but you decided to play dumb. And I know your not dumb Jason. Those big muscles don’t hide the fact that you are a cheat and a liar and I will not have that on my team. Your done here. Your scholarship is revoked at the end of the semester. Get the fuck out of my face you disgrace,” Coach Jefferson ordered.

“You can’t do this! If I don’t have my scholarship I will be kicked out of school. I cant fucking pay for this place,” Jason retorted.

“Oh, I can and I will,” Coach Jefferson said calmly. Jason grabbed the top of his head in hand and pulled on the small amount of hair that covered his hand. He was about to bust.

“You fucking loser! You are just jealous. Jealous that I am going to break your record and actually do something with my life, while you are stuck here in the same fucking reject job for the rest of your life.” Jason shouted. “You are just anger that someone is finally better than you, and cant stand it.”

“Jason you are not better than me. If I wanted to I could pin you to the ground and not even break a sweat,” Coach Jefferson said.

“You want a bet? 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 and become the towel boy for the rest of the season and lose my scholarship,” Jason offered.

“This something you really wanna do? You wanna humiliate yourself in front of everyone?” Coach asked as he considered Jason’s offer. Everything was going exactly as he had planned. “And I know my boys will make sure to hold you to your end of the agreement. Am I right boys?” He asked the crowd of watching wrestlers. The hooted and hollered in an unanimous yes. “Looks like that’s a yes. Lets fucking do this,” Coach Jefferson agreed. He pulled his loose tank off his massive body revealing his chest and stomach. His chest was large and obscene. Both of his pectorals hung heavily off his chest from his many years of weightlifting. Both of his nipples were wide and pointed downward towards the floor. His entire chest and muscle gut were covered in thick dark hair which obscured the many tattoos

that covered his body. "Ready little guy?" Coach Jefferson asked as he moved to the center of a mat. The pouch of his short shorts was beginning to strain against his massive cock that was nestled underneath the thin fabric.

"You ready old man?" Jason asked as he crouched down, looking like a tiger about to pounce on its prey. But little did he know, he was the prey.

"Johansson!" Coach Jefferson shouted as he crouched down in front of Jason. "Count us down," He ordered. Coach Jefferson looked at the meaty package that hung between Jason's thighs, and was very eager feel his hard cock against his body. A stout boy stood in the bleachers and began to count down from three.

"Three, two, one, GO!" He shouted from the bleachers as both Jason and his coach pounced on one another. Each of there hands grasping onto the other's large body. Coach Jefferson wrapped his arm around Jason's back and underneath his arms while his other arm snaked in between this thick thighs. Coach grasped onto Jason's meaty back aggressively, which issued a deep grunt of enjoyment from Jason, and flipped Jason onto the mat.

"Oomph," Jason grunted as his body was slammed onto the mat. Coach Jefferson climbed on top of Jason's body and pressed his massive dick into Jason's ass and thrust. Coach Jefferson let out a deep animalistic moan of pleasure as he placed Jason into a headlock as he was pushed into the floor. Coach Jefferson leaned down next to Jason's ear.

"You know Jason, the cheating isn't the only thing I found out today," Coach Jefferson whispered knowingly into Jason's ear. "The little birdy who told me about the cheating also told me about a nasty little fetish you have. I wouldn't say I was surprised when you have an ass like this," Coach Jefferson said as he thrust against Jason's ass again.

"Please no," Jason pleaded. His powerful façade fading as he realized the humiliation that was coming to pass.

"Oh yes. You didn't think I would just let you off with a simple suspension did you? I need to make an example out of you," Coach Jefferson whispered. He adjusted his body around Jason as he struggled to break free. But Coach Jefferson's immense strength held Jason in place. Jason's coach finagled his body so that he was sitting on Jason's back with he legs wrapped around his midsection. This hold kept Jason from being able to break free as well as give Coach Jefferson the perfect view of his ample ass.

"Boys!" He shouted.

"Yes Coach!" They responded.

“Should I make an example out of Jason?” Coach Jefferson asked his athletes. They all shouted a resounding yes. Coach Jefferson grabbed onto the legs of Jason’s singlet and roughly pulled both leg holes until they were wedged up between his cheeks. Coach Jefferson looked at Jason’s perfectly tanned ass. Each cheek reminded him of a scoop of caramel ice cream; so soft, so smooth, and so delicious. Coach’s cock was now obviously hard in his tight shorts from their quick wrestling session and from the knowledge of what was to come. “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 one of Jason’s open cheeks angrily.

“Ugh,” Jason moaned as he bit down, attempting to hold any moans of pleasure inside. So not to embarrass himself in front of his team and his friends.

“Yea you like that don’t you boy,” Coach Jefferson whispered as his hand slammed down on Jason’s opposing cheek. Coach Jefferson looked over his shoulder and saw Jason bury his face into the soft matted floor. “What no response? Maybe I am not hitting hard enough.” Coach Jefferson reeled back his hand and repeatedly slapped Jason’s plump bubble butt back and forth to the cheers and laughter of his wrestlers. The cheering just egged Coach Jefferson on to spank Jason more and more. He could see many of his wrestler’s hands disappear as they nonchalantly rubbed their cocks. Maybe they were more masochist in the audience.

Coach Jefferson could hear the cries and moans of pleasure coming from behind his back. He could feel the subtle movements under his body as Jason ground his crotch into the mat. He enjoyed watching Jason’s ass redden with his massive handprints. With each smack, he watched as Jason’s cheeks bounced and wiggled back and forth. Jason knew what he was doing when he was growing this ass. Coach understood why Jason pushed himself so hard on leg day. Jason wanted his ass to be as tantalizing as possible. Coach’s hard dick was plastered against his thin cotton shorts, a large wet spot grew with every spanking. He could not have imagined this going any better. Coach Jefferson reeled back his hand, readying himself to slam down for the umpteenth time onto Jason’s ass.

“Please,” Jason whispered. Coach Jefferson’s hand stopped midair.

“What did you say?” He asked as he turned his head over his well muscle shoulder once again.

“Please stop, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry,” Jason pleaded himself close to tears from the humiliation and pleasure.

“What you aren’t enjoying our play time in front of your teammates?” Coach Jefferson asked as he gently placed his hands on Jason’s robust ass cheeks, squeezing both of them sexually. Jason laid quietly beneath his coach. “I need an answer,” he said as he slapped Jason’s ass gently. He could hear

the soft moans from the boys sitting in the bleachers. It was their moans that egged him to punish Jason more.

“Ughh,” Jason moaned as he ground his crotch into the mat again. He didn’t seem like he would be able to last much longer. As he felt his coaches hand pull back for another spanking Jason blurted out, “Yes! Yes I enjoy it. I have loved every minute of the pain. 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 emanating from Jason.

Jason’s coach pulled his massive body off of Jason’s back and pulled him off the mat. His reddened ass openly on display for ever team member to see. Coach looked down at Jason’s wet crotch and the huge dick hiding beneath the sheer material. He cocked an eyebrow at Jason. 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 all of you understand?’ He asked the large group of college students. Each of them shook their head yes. “Good. Also I want to introduce you all to our new waterboy and uniform 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 was shown to his former teammates. All of the teammates shouted hello. Coach Jefferson could see many of their arms moving up and down quickly edging themselves closer. “Say hello Jason,” Coach ordered.

“Hello,” he whispered as he buried his face in his large pectoral muscles.

“Louder Jason!” Coach ordered as he slapped his hand one final time against Jason’s ass cheek.

“OH GOD! Hello!” Jason moaned as his legs began to quiver. His hand shot out and held onto Coach Jefferson’s bicep for support as his dick unloaded inside of his singlet. His loud moans of pleasure filled the quiet gymnasium. Coach Jefferson’s own cock was about to explode as well, but he decided his seed would best be used in a one on one situation. Jason’s coach snaked his hand behind Jason’s body and groped at his ass cheeks as he orgasm crescendoed and declined.

“That’s a good waterboy. Now get to the locker room and get cleaned up. Meet me in my office when your done and we will go over your new duties as the team’s waterboy,” Coach Jefferson ordered. Jason turned around and walked to the locker room in shame. “Everyone back to practice!” He yelled as he watched all his wrestlers stand up. Many of their singlets were wet from excitement. Coach Jefferson’s eyes filled with hunger. “Maybe this will be a weekly occurrence,” He said as he followed Jason into the locker room.