

Bats and Balls

Until I was offered the job, I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life. Since I was a child, I'd just gone with the flow of things, done what I enjoyed doing and avoided the things I didn't. Never tried hard at school, never did homework. I just breezed by, an underachiever. Back then, the only area I excelled at was sports and athleticism.

I adored running, loved competition. That feel you get after a good work-out? The exhausted satisfaction? I *lived* for that.

I didn't do well at sports in school because I wanted to do well, I did well because I enjoyed it. Simple as that. And so, when it came time to go to college and university, sports and physical education were basically the only topic I cared to learn about.

In those days, I wasn't worried about jobs. Didn't care about how 'employable' I'd be. I was just doing what I enjoyed.

And so, after I graduated and had my shiny degrees and certificates and what-nots, I found myself in a world that saw no use for me. All my qualifications related to health and the human body, to sports and exercise and the like. Not exactly the type of skill-set most employers are looking for.

To put it simply; I was lost.

Until then, I'd just drifted by happily – doing what I wanted and enjoying life. Now though, had no idea where to go or what to do. No easy path, no way to drift through life with a smile on my face.

What does a person like me, who has no real, substantial qualifications, do?

Luckily for me, I stumbled upon the perfect job.

I hadn't applied for it, didn't even know they were looking for someone like me. But, when a family friend came knocking – an older guy with a kind smile and caring eyes – with an offer of employment, I was so grateful and eager that I agreed right there on the spot.

I'd never *taught* before, but how hard could it be?

Just like that, I'd gone from being the Kat the Unemployed, to Ms Katie Keening of Saltacre High-School – P.E. teacher and coach of the girl's soccer team. A responsible adult!

I stared at myself in the mirror, turned my body one way, then the other. Making sure I looked the part.

First day jitters. A bubbling excitement mixed with unparalleled dread, topped off with a sprinkling of uncertainty for added flavour. Anxious eagerness.

My reflection smiled back at me, a picture-perfect P.E. Teacher.

Sharp blue eyes, lightly tanned skin, bright blonde hair hidden under a school-branded baseball cap – ponytail poking neatly out the back. A sleek, black tank-top and tight sports bra, with a school-branded track-top zipped half-way up. If I'd been able, I'd have zipped it up all the way. But alas, having large breasts made certain clothing choices mandatory.

I looked good.

Not night-out, come-fuck-me good. But professional, clean, responsible good. Attractive enough that I was sure I'd fill many of my soon-to-be students' fantasies, but not blatant or slutty in how I showed myself. I looked good and I looked professional. Most importantly of all, I looked the part.

A P.E. teacher. *Me*.

Who'd ever have seen *that* coming?

Giving myself a quick, analytical once-over, I nodded my head.

I was ready.

I'd done the research, I looked the part.

Now all I needed to do was *act* the part.

"Hello everyone," I smiled. "I'm Ms Keening. As of today, I'll be your new Physical Education teacher."

Professional. Clear. Firm. But not an unlikeable hard-ass.

Stern but fair. Nice and fun, but not afraid to get serious when the situation called for it.

I wasn't here to be their friend, I was here to educate them and help them. If we could all get along in the process, that'd be great. But, at the end of the day, I was a teacher, not a buddy.

"It'll take me some time to memorise all your names, and I'll probably get a few of them wrong before then. If I do, don't hesitate to correct me," another smile. "Since it's our first day together, I figure it'd be best if we started off with the basics."

My eyes roamed the faces before me. Boys and girls. Young adults one and all. Some lean and fit, others chunky, others still outright obese. Several of the guys, as I'd expected, were staring open-mouthed at my chest. Others were gazing at my face as if they'd just fallen head-over-heels in love. I'd have rolled my eyes, but it seemed like a handful of the girls already had that covered for me.

"Stretching," I stated firmly and clearly.

As the class continued to watch me, some chatting under their breath to their friends, I began to walk back and forth in front of them. In my mind, today's lesson laid itself out like a game-plan.

"Before any kind of rigorous exercise, it is vital that you stretch your body and limber up your muscles. Failing to do so can have potentially disastrous consequences for your body. So, today we'll be going over how to properly prepare your body for long sessions of exercise and exertion."

None of them looked eager.

I saw bored faces, I saw disinterest, I even saw horror in the faces of some of the more unhealthy students. But not a single one of them actually seemed happy with the idea of stretching and working out.

But that was alright. Understandable, even.

It wasn't *their* job to be motivated, it was *my* job to motivate them.

A shame I hadn't figured out *that* part of the job just yet.

I stared at myself in the mirror, grinned at my reflection.

A month at the job and finally I was beginning to see results. They were beginning to listen to me, to pay attention and participate.

Thanks to some dumb laws and school rules, I couldn't *force* kids to exercise if they didn't want to. Something to do with being respectful of different lifestyles or some such. Most of the kids in my classes did nothing, sat around during lessons and gossiped amongst each other – not even bothering to pay attention to what I was saying, much less actually participating in the lessons.

But, finally, I was getting through to them.

Even the fatties – a group of four rotund boys that'd never done anything in my classes except sit on the sidelines and ogle me and the other girls – were beginning to get involved.

The kids – and I saw them all as kids, even though they were just a few years younger than I was and all legally adults in their own right – were finally beginning to see the merits of working out and exercising. I was doing it! Succeeding in my role as an educator!

My reflection grinned back at me.

Truth be told, I didn't know exactly why the students were all beginning to get

involved. It wasn't like I'd changed my lesson plans or anything. But, I supposed, when a teacher is enthusiastic and eager to teach, it inspires their students to feel the same way about learning.

I turned left, right. Looked myself over in the mirror.

Blonde hair, baseball cap, ponytail. Collar around my neck with the tag reading 'Teacher Pet'. Black string micro-bikini. The school's emblem tattooed on my left butt-cheek.

As professional as ever.

I grinned, turned away from the mirror and headed out of my bedroom. Off to start another day at the school, guiding my students to living happier, healthier lives.

Today was going to be a good day.

I could *feel* it.

I drank down the last of my energy drink, set the empty bottle aside and wiped my mouth.

Behind me, my practice partner grunted to his friends.

"Teach's bottle is empty," he told them, panting loudly. "You guys better help refill it."

I rolled my eyes.

If he'd given me another moment, I'd have told them to do it myself. But that's boys for you, always thinking they're in control.

He thrust again, slamming his cock into me.

"Holy shit, Kat," the boy groaned. "Your cunt is—"

"Not 'Kat'," I scolded. "I'm Ms Keening. Your- Ah!"

He slammed into me again, hard powerful thrusts. Ravaging my insides as he split me open on his massive cock.

"Your teacher," I managed to moan out. "Address me as such."

"Yes Miss," the boy said, blushing. "Sorry Ms Keening."

"Better," I cooed. "And keep thrusting. You can't be worn out already. You've gotta have more endurance in you than that."

He obliged, kept pace with me.

Half the class watched eagerly, taking in the sight of today's training exercise. All of them girls. The boys were busy with other things, standing around in a circle refilling my bottle with energy drink.

"Fuck," my partner gasped. "I can't hold—"

I felt it. The pulse of his cock, the twitching. I felt the warmth flowing into me, his fluid filling my insides. He bucked, rammed his cock into my one last time – pushing it as deep as he could get it, forcing his cum as far inside me as possible.

Closing my eyes, I enjoyed the sensation. The heat of the moment.

Ideally, it would've lasted longer than it had. But that was fine. As far as I was aware, the boy had never tried exercising like this before. It was understandable why he couldn't keep going for too long. In a month's time, I was sure, he'd be able to last ten times longer.

As he pulled out of me, I groaned.

It was the part of working out that I enjoyed the least. The sensation of emptiness after having just been so wonderfully filled. The hollowness in a place that should never be left empty.

"You did well," I smiled over my shoulder at the boy. It was always good to give an exercise partner encouragement. "Fucked my brains out and then some! We'll start to work on your endurance tomorrow." I turned my attention to the huddle of boys. "Right then, who's next?"

The group turned to me, a multitude of eager faces.

Before any of the others could step forward, one of the fatties pushed his way to the front. He held my now-filled bottle in one hand while the other was busy tugging down his

trousers.

I smiled at him.

With that kind of eagerness to exercise, the boy wouldn't be a member of the fatty gang for much longer.

He handed me my bottle, whipped out his hard chode.

"I'm proud of you," I whispered to the boy, too quiet for anyone else to hear. Didn't want to embarrass him, after all – just encourage and uplift. "It takes a lot of guts to step up like you did. I know performing in front of the entire class can be daunting, but try not to worry. If you'd like, we can have a private one-on-one session after everyone else leaves."

The boy nodded his head with vigour.

I smiled at him, gave him a playful wink.

Before I had him get behind me, I took a swig of my topped-up energy drink. Warm and thick and white, and packed with calories. Exactly the type of fuel I needed.

When I arrived home, much later in the day than most teachers left, my body was sore and exhausted.

I'd ran marathons, hiked mountains and played sorts with professionals. I'd worked my body half to death countless times. And never before, in all my life, had I ever been *this* worn out.

My body ached in places that weren't even *supposed* to ache.

And boy, did it feel *good*.

Don't get me wrong, I felt like poop in a dozen different ways. Part of me wanted nothing more than to quit my job and never go back, just so I'd never have to feel like this ever again. But that was a silly, cowardly part of me that I'd never listen to. I felt the pain, the aches, the tension and strain. I felt *shit*.

And it was *amazing*.

Stripping off my bikini and tossing it aside, yanking the cum-stained hat from my head and putting it down neatly on my bedside table, I felt both better *and* worse than I'd ever felt before in my life.

That was the moment I knew.

I had the perfect job for me. The ideal role. I loved every second of it, adored it with every fibre of my being. My exhaustion was well-worth the smiles and joy and pleasure I experienced daily.

The worst part about working at a school was the fact that it wasn't open on the weekends. On Saturdays and Sundays, I didn't have students to teach and so all I could do was sit at home and plan. Come up with ideas on how to liven my lessons and enthrall the guys and gals I was charged with teaching.

Truly, I couldn't have been happier.

"Today's lesson," I said, taking a swig of energy juice, "is all about teamwork. Over the past few months, you've all become adept at solo action. Now, it's time to take all you've learned thus far and apply it as a group."

As I spoke, several of the boys moved practice mats into place on the gymnasium floor.

"Right now, there are fourteen boys and thirteen girls. The boys will all be grouped up with me. Girls, I want you to take notes and offer encouragement – just like we've spoken about before. Feel free to take pictures and videos for future reference."

The class nodded as one, smiles everywhere.

I stood before them, wearing my standard, professional uniform. School-brand baseball cap and three stickers depicting the school emblem; one over each nipple and the third sealing my pussy lips shut.

"Any questions before we begin?"

Several hands shot up. I nodded to one.

"Rough or gentle, Ms Keening?" The boy asked.

"Rough. As hard as you can manage, actually. Lets make this the most intense work-out yet. No holding back."

"How many of us should partner with you at one time?" Another asked.

"All of you. I know that sounds difficult, I've only got three holes for you to utilise; mouth, vagina, and anus. But that's why this type of work-out is so important. It's all about creativity and applying what you've already learned. Sure, my holes might already be occupied, but what about my hands? My chest? My hair? Be inventive with how you exercise and in how you assist me in exercising."

"What should we do after we're done taking notes?" One of the girls asked.

"Practice your solo workouts."

"When do we start?" One boy asked eagerly.

"To be honest," I said with a smile, "I'm surprised y'all haven't started already."

At that, one of the bolder guy stepped forward, stood directly in front of me. His eyes roamed my body for a moment, taking in the delicious sights of my well-toned muscles – as well as certain *softer* parts of my body.

He planted both his hands on my shoulders as another boy circled around behind me. They acted in unison. The first pushing down on my shoulders while the other kicked my knees out from under me. I dropped onto the practice mat below me knees-first, came eye-level with the first boy's bulging crotch.

The boy's hands moved from my shoulders, gripped onto my ponytail instead – using it as a leash to yank my face into his groin.

"Pull down my trousers, whore," the boy commanded.

I grinned. Seemed like they'd really taken my lesson on encouraging speech to use on exercise partners to heart.

My hands gripped the boy's waistband. In one smooth motion, I tugged down his trousers. The boxers underneath strained against the rod they contained.

"Get on with it, bitch," the boy growled, yanking on my hair and forcing my face into his bulge. "It isn't gonna suck itself."

Heart pounding, I pulled down the boy's boxers – was confronted by his huge cock head-on. Big and hard and meaty, like a strong, tensed muscle. A smooth head and a shaft with protruding veins. Beautiful to behold.

I took hold of it, guided it to my mouth.

Behind me, the boy who'd kicked the backs of my knees now had his hands on my waist – was pulling it up, lifting my ass into the air. When he spread my legs apart and his cock brushed my labia, I knew he was ready to go.

Other members of the class had begun surrounding us.

Some grabbed at my body – dragging my hands away from the cock in my mouth and forcing them on their own members. Others were content to watch, not quite confident enough yet to act.

Soon enough, they'd all be getting involved.

I was powerless. A flesh-doll that existed for no other purpose than to aid these boys in their exercise. A tool to help them become their best possible selves.

One in my ass, another in my cunt, another in my mouth. One in each hand, another between my tits. Two more slapping and poking into said tits. Three cocks were wrapped with my cummy blonde hair. Another one was humping against the soles of my feet. One was thrusting his cock in my armpit, and one imaginative boy even had his cock wedged between my locked-open chin and my bulging throat.

All I could do was go limp, let them have their way with me.

They moved my body as they wished, each claiming a piece of me to fuck. All of

them exercising vigorously as a group.

During the act, I was too busy to think. Too ecstatic and pleased to form complete sentences in my own mind. And, when the lesson was drawing to a close, the boys unloaded their energy juice onto me one-by-one. Coating me white, splattering it all over my face and chest and belly and crotch. Every inch of my body wet with sweat, spit, cum, or a mixture of the three.

As they left, chatting to each other about the lesson and taking notes from one another, I lay there dazed.

Body aching.

Mind completely numb.

Tomorrow, I'd be bruised. So tired I'd barely be able to move. In need of a good, long rest. Maybe a nice massage.

Now *that* was something the boys needed to learn.

How to give a good, tension-relieving massage.

A shame *that* wasn't on the curriculum.

Oh well.

More exercising and working out tomorrow. And the next day. And the day after that. Every day now, not just weekdays. I had, with very little effort, managed to convince the school authorities that the students should be allowed to return to school on weekends if they wanted – for more P.E. lessons, taught by yours truly.

As tiring and exhausting as it could be, I really did love my job.