

A woman with dark hair tied back, wearing a white visor and a white tank top, is looking down and to the side. She is holding a soccer ball in her left hand. The background is dark and out of focus.

Coach To Babe

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Chapter One

“God fucking dammit. Stop pussy-footing around. The enemy walked all over you idiots.” I yelled at my team. We had just ruined our winning streak with a loss to our oldest rivals. This was the biggest embarrassment of my entire career as the coach of the football team.

“Sorry Coach Grayson. We’ll do better next match I promise.” My quarterback Jake said to me. He was really a good kid but even I could tell his performance had been dropping the past few games.

“You’ve been saying that for weeks. When we get back, I’m upping your training schedule. You boys won’t do anything but eat, play and live football. Dismissed.” I shouted at my sorry excuse for a team.

Although we had been winning every single match up to now, I could tell my team’s performance was continually getting worse. Something was definitely wrong with my team, but I couldn’t tell what.

The team scurried away into the lockers. They stripped off their heavy gear and walked to the open showers naked. Nearly all of them were in great shape. I didn’t let any of my boys get away with just being big. I made sure they had good diets and the right body fat to muscle ratio.

My team was not only the best, we also looked the best. The revenues for our calendar shots were enough to get me a nice commission bonus. These players all had strong backs and plump asses.

“What do you think Adams?” I asked my assistant coach. He had been with me for three years already. I treated him as my right hand. He was a great strategic mind that could troubleshoot most of our problems. Hopefully he figured out by now what the root cause of the issues actually was.

“Beta Iota Chi sorority just put a dating ban on our boys. Jake had dumped their sorority president for being too clingy. In retaliation, she forbade any of her girls to date any of our guys. It’s apparently a hot button issue on campus among the students. Our boys are pent up Coach.” Adams snorted at me.

I rolled my eyes. That was it?

My team was losing because of some blue balls. I didn’t spend months devising creative plays and hand picking my starting roster to lose to some hormones. Although the Beta Iota Chi was the hottest sorority on campus with all the cheerleaders and student presidents, any hand would be good enough to drain their balls. I was going to give the boys a piece of my mind.

“Coach stop.” Adams grabbed me by the arm. “You can’t solve this problem for them.”

“And why not?” I growled at my assistant coach. He was just a few years older than my boys. He had been my star player back in the day before an injury ended his career. I took him in assistant right out of college. Adams owed me his life.

“None of the guys are sleeping with their girlfriends in solidarity with Jake. They think his ex-girlfriend was just plain crazy. They’re doing this as a team. You can’t just tell them to suck it up and sleep with some random girls. You’ll ruin the team dynamic.” Adams pointed out. He was much better at this psycho babble than I was.

“Can’t we just talk to Beta Iota Chi?” I rolled my eyes. This was not the job of a coach.

“They’d never own up to having that rule. And besides what can we say? Have sex with our players?” Adams scoffed at me.

“Then we bring them to a brothel, or a strip club. Christ, how hard is it to get a bunch of good looking guys laid. Our boys are studs.” I threw my hands up in the air. When I was a college football player, I was drowning in pussy.

“Coach. Do not repeat anything you just said. You are a walking legal liability right now.” Adams laughed at me, but I could hear the seriousness in his voice. If our new lady dean heard what I just said, I would be neck deep in sensitivity training for the rest of the season.

“What are we supposed to do?” I sighed. More and more I was finding it hard to live in this politically correct world. I loved the ladies but all this talk about feelings and solidarity was hard for an old-fashioned guy like me. In my time, people just did whatever they were told to. Things were simple.

It was the changing times. I was glad for it. It was a good thing for women to have equal power. But lately I was thinking it might be easier to just become a woman. Maybe I would understand what my boys were going through if I had more of a feminine side.

At least I had Adams beside me to help with this kind of stuff. For now, I would just have to rely on his expertise.

“So what are we supposed to do? Our next game is in two weeks. Am I supposed to just watch?” I raised my hands up in defeat. I hated not being able to do anything.

“I think we need a soft touch more than a disciplining hand. The team is suffocating in drills right now. None of them are complaining since they know their performance is getting worse. But the added pressure isn’t helping.” Adams pointed out. He was right. The extra training just left me with exhausted boys.

“Soft touch. Maybe I should just jerk these boys off myself.” I cringed when I saw Adams’ disapproving expression. It was just typical locker room talk. But he rightfully saw legal liability. I quickly backtracked. “Just a joke. Just a joke. What soft touch are you talking about?”

“Maybe like a dinner or something. Tell the boys you know they’ll get over the slump. Give them a little faith.”

“If I’m doing this, you’re coming too.” I told Adams. He nodded and laughed at me.

But dinner didn’t sound too bad. I did love to cook. Maybe I could even talk to Jake about his love life. I was sure I could help these boys relax and get a load off their minds.

Chapter Two

"When I said dinner, I meant dinner. Not a four day weekend in your cabin in the woods. What are we even going to do there?" Adams asked me as we were loading the bus. I was able to use my influence to borrow the bus from the university.

"Trust me. One weekend by the lake and these boys will stop thinking about those women." I also didn't tell Adams that I had hired hookers to come over on Sunday to help the boys release some tension. We were remote enough that there was no chance of getting caught.

Adams grumbled as he loaded his things onto the truck. I knew spending a weekend with college kids wasn't his ideal vacation. I'd make it up to him somehow. Maybe I'd give him first pass at the hookers.

"Geez Coach, when you said you got us out of Friday and Monday classes, I didn't think you meant this." Jake yawned. It was the break of dawn. He looked groggy just like the rest of the boys. I had just made the announcement yesterday evening after practice. I didn't want to spoil the mood.

"You boys have been working hard. It's the least I could do." I answered him with a big smile. It was easy to get their teachers to give the time off. A successful football team meant more donor money which meant better working conditions for everyone.

One by one all eleven of my starters boarded the bus. Including me and Adams, it was unlucky 13. Maybe I should have brought in a substitute after all.

Everyone was dozing off on the bus. Even Adams was too sleepy to keep me company. It was a four hour ride to my place by the mountains. But once we got there we could relax. It would be worth it.

After two hours, we stopped in the highway to get some gas and coffee. Our stop was one of the kitschy places that had some shops and souvenirs. The boys wanted to check out some knickknacks to give to their girlfriends. Maybe they thought a few peace offerings might mend the wounds.

I was mainly in the place for more coffee. My batteries were running low.

Unfortunately their coffee machine was broken leaving me without my elixir.

I was roaming the shop when I met an old woman sitting by the table. She looked like the shopkeeper's grandmother. I nodded to her in greeting.

"What are you doing bringing all these noisy boys in my home?" She pointed at me accusingly.

"Just stopping by for some gas. We're good business." I answered her a bit too abrasively. I winced at my tone. I guess I needed that coffee after all.

"Rude man. Why do you have so many boys anyway?" She countered back with enough spite. Her fingers pointed at them accusingly.

"They're my football team. I'm the coach. I'm bringing them up to my house to let loose some steam. Their girlfriends are being bitches." I explained to her.

"If your players are like you, I don't wonder why their girlfriends don't sleep with them. Clumsy oafs." She tutted as one of my players bump into a figurine and broke it. "Get out of my store."

"Geez. We're going to pay for that." I told to Jake to pick it up and pay for it. "Crappy service by the way." I told her. I didn't know why I was picking a fight with the old woman. I guess the lack of coffee was really ruining my mood.

"Bad white man. Always come here to take. Show no respect. I curse you. You want your team to release stress. Then so be it." The old woman pointed her hand at me and waved her fingers at me. "You will be the one to accept their recipient of their excess. If your boys are good and honest, then maybe this will not hurt so much for you."

"Crazy old bat." I left her after that. She was way too creepy.

"Finally got some coffee." Adams tossed me a can of Starbucks. "It's not freshly brewed but its better than nothing."

"Thanks." I popped it open letting the sugary sweet macchiato down my throat. It was just the burst of caffeine I needed. I realized Adams was staring at me strangely. "What?"

"You do anything with your skin Coach?" Adams asked. He peered in closer, entering my personal space. "Your skin is so smooth looking."

"No." I pushed Adams away. His face was so close to me. I could feel his breath on my lips. I quickly shook that weird thought away. "Get on the bus."

One by one my team filed into the bus. I realized I did have very handsome and good looking players. All of them had wide shoulders and thick chests. The old lady was right, my boys were bound to be heart breakers.

Jake was the last on the bus. He was carrying the broken figurine.

"Did you pay for it?" I asked him.

“Yes, Coach. Kind of expensive too. Sorry you got yelled at by the old lady.” Jake shrugged his shoulders. He looked at me sheepishly. He probably got a kick out of seeing me get berated instead.

I took the receipt from him.

“I’ll see if we can reimburse this with the team. No promises.” This trip was supposed to relax these boys not stress them out. I didn’t want him worrying about an added expense so early on.

“You’re the best Coach.” Jake suddenly paused and looked at me strangely. “Do you have lipstick on?”

“Of course not. Get on the bus.” I roared at the stupid comment.

I checked myself out on the rearview mirror. Everything felt the same. I did look the same. But Jake was right. My lips did look plump and red. They seemed larger too as if they had gotten swollen somehow.

I touched them with my finger. A shiver of pleasure ran down my spine. What was that?

“Coach?” Adam asked me in the front seat. “Do you want me to drive?”

“Sure. I’m not feeling too well. I’ll put the address on your phone.” I said quickly. I was beginning to feel a little light headed. My body felt heated as well. Maybe I was coming down with a fever.

As I settled on my seat, my mind replayed the woman’s words to me over and over again.

Chapter Three

When we arrived at my cabin, I wasn't feeling much better. My face felt hot and I was burning up. I hadn't felt this sick in a long time.

"I think you have a fever Coach. Maybe we should bring you to the hospital." Adams told me with a concerned look on his face. Even my players noticed how weak I was.

"No. I'll be fine. I just got a fever. Let me rest for the morning. I'll be in tip top shape soon. I ain't no sissy woman." I growled at them. There was no way I was letting them ruin this trip. "We are having a relaxing vacation in my cabin. No questions asked."

"Stubborn old man." Adams grumbled. But he didn't argue with me any further. I let his comment slide since I didn't have any willpower left to fight.

My whole body felt weak as if my muscles were disappearing. My chest was heavy making it difficult to breathe. I felt faint and light headed. I was about to stand up but my legs were wobbly.

"Damn Coach. You seem really sick." Jake caught me by the arm. His hands were so strong. He was supporting me all by himself.

"Carry him upstairs to the bed." Adams yelled at Jake.

"Yes sir." Jake saluted. He then swept me off my feet and cradled me into his arms.

"What do you think you're doing?" I yelled at him weakly. They were just supposed to help me up. I didn't need to be treated like some invalid princess.

"I don't think you can be on your feet Coach. Man you're all sweaty." Jake said as his arms brushed my bare leg.

I gasped at the contact. I felt like I was jolted by electricity. Suddenly I noticed how big and strong Jake's biceps were. At that moment, I couldn't understand how any woman didn't want to be held by him.

"Coach Adams, Coach Grayson feels really light. I think we should go to the hospital." Jake pulled me closer to his body. I felt his hard pecs against my arms.

"Let me see." Adams said. He handed me over as if I weighed nothing.

It was an incredibly humiliating experience. But for some reason, I felt incredibly aroused at being manhandled like this. Maybe my fever really was bad. I was starting to feel delusional.

"We are not going to the hospital. Just let me get some rest. If I'm not better when I wake up, we'll go." I pretended to concede to them. I was sure I'd get better. I just lacked sleep that's all. What kind of middle-aged man needed to go the hospital when he had a fever? I wasn't a toddler.

"I don't know Coach. You seem very light. And feverish." Adams suddenly leaned in, pressing his forehead against mine.

I could feel his body heat emanate from his body. His chest was just as hard as Jake if not harder. Did he work out and I just didn't notice. The typical coach's attire was very forgiving to middle-aged men like me often being baggy in the front. I had never actually seen Adams naked in my life. What if he was built like my boys?

I didn't know why that thought thrilled me.

"Sleep now." I yelled using what little authority I had left. I didn't want to ruin the weekend for them. Thankfully they listened to me.

Everything after that passed by like a hazy dream.

Adams and Jake carried me up to my room in the cabin. They stripped me off my clothes. I remembered feeling sweaty and itchy so it was a relief when they began to wipe me down with a towel.

It felt so good when they patted down my chest with their strong hands. They worked thoroughly cleaning every part of me. I didn't know why, but the sight of a strong hand rubbing my stomach made me feel heated and excited. I was incredibly aroused. But to my surprise, my penis wasn't erect at all. It felt different. I couldn't really place it.

"Just go to sleep Coach." Adams said as he tucked me in with his strong hands. He turned off the light and left me alone.

I tried to fall asleep. But my body felt too hot. It felt like all my muscles were changing. I grabbed at my chest. It felt itchy. When I looked at my hand, it was covered in chest hairs. This was a ridiculously weird dream to be having.

I pawed at my chest until it felt completely smooth. I rubbed my perky nipples. The hardness of my pecs suddenly gave way to a soft plushness. It felt good to squeeze my chest. Every time I groped my pecs, my body lit up in pleasure, alleviating some of the discomfort.

In fact, touching myself all over felt really good. I reached down and stroked my stomach. Instead of my beer paunch, I found a flat smooth belly. It felt good to roam my hands around the smooth taut skin. I felt slimmer and thinner already. This fever must have sweated out all my fats.

The heat slowly started to cool off. I knew I was already recovering. Maybe it had all just been a weird fever dream. My body began to feel light and good.

I reached down to touch my cock. All I had to do was touch the tip and suddenly my body was filled with all sort of tantalizing sensations. I didn't even need to stroke myself. All I had to do was finger the little nub that was my penis.

I squirmed on the bed feeling my skin rub across the blankets. Everything I did and touched felt so good and orgasmic. My body began to cool off. Soon exhaustion set in, I felt my eyes blearily close.

Something soft caressed my neck. I tried moving it away, but it fell back down. I simply gave up not caring what it was. Before I closed my eyes, I noticed a stray lock of long brown hair fall over my face.

Chapter Four

When I woke up, I felt light and refreshed. Adams had been overreacting after all. I felt completely fine. In fact I felt stronger than ever. Nothing a nap didn't fix. No fever could bring me down.

It was already noon. I could smell the hamburgers on the grill. I'm glad the boys started without me. I didn't want anything to delay our plans.

I headed down to my kitchen. The cabin had been passed down from my family for generations. It wasn't very large only having one bedroom at the second floor. But it did have very large living spaces where everyone could set up sleeping bags. The kitchen was enormous, with enough space to cook for twelve people. There was also a large oak table that could seat twenty people comfortably. It was the perfect atmosphere for a cozy winter retreat.

My boys were already scarfing down burgers like they were in a war. The atmosphere was buoyant and happy. The guys were fooling around and teasing each other. Horseplay was very important for growing young men. It built camaraderie and character. Here, out in the wilderness, they didn't need to worry about political correctness.

"I'm starving. What are you cooking?" I yelled, announcing my presence. All eyes were immediately on me.

Silence immediately filled the room. It was as if someone threw ice water at a fire dousing it in an instant.

"What? I'm not mad. Go keep eating and having fun. This trip is about you boys relaxing and cooling off. I admit we had a rough game, but that doesn't mean you boys didn't work hard for our winning streak. I figured I was too hard on you. This is me making up for that." I said. I had planned the speech as my soft touch moment. Adams was right. Maybe positive reinforcement could be a good thing. I did like seeing smiles on my boys' faces.

They were so much more handsome that way.

"Coach? Is that you?" Jake stood up and looked at me funny. He tilted his head as if he couldn't quite believe what he was seeing.

"Of course it's me you numbskull. Who else would it be?" I scoffed at him. People said jocks were dumb. I mostly didn't believe them. But moments like this made me sigh.

"Coach Grayson?" Adams echoed the sentiment. He was looking at me the same way. In fact, the entire team didn't seem to recognize me.

A chill went up my spine. I did feel very different. Memories of that strange dream filled my my mind. My chest had ballooned and thickened up. In that dream, they had turned into breasts. I grabbed at my chest.

Instead of finding my strong muscular pecs, I would two very large boobs. I grabbed them with my hands. They were weighty and soft. I felt my nipples harden into nubs. Then I felt my nipples. I couldn't stop myself from making a breathy whimper.

Was that my voice?

I quickly snatched one of the boy's phones and turned on the selfie camera. Instead of a bearded middle-aged man, the phone showed a gorgeous brunette. She had bright blue eyes like me but her lips were plump and red. Her cheekbones were magnificent, highlighting the flush on her cheeks. She was a bombshell.

I stuck my tongue out. She did the same. Except, she did it so sultrily that I felt myself get aroused.

My penis.

I grabbed at my crotch. It wasn't there. I pulled open my shorts only to find a smooth flatness where my cock should be. Maybe it was hiding. I reached down and touched my soft folds.

"Oh god." I groaned as pleasure surged through my body as I touched my clit.

I was a woman. There was no doubt about it.

"What's happening to me?" I looked at my entire team. All of them were looking at me with fear and trepidation.

"Are you really Coach Grayson? Adams asked cautiously.

I gave him my signature growl. And then I recited team statistics that only the Coach would know. After that, there would be no more doubt to my identity.

"You're a woman?" Jake unhelpfully pointed out.

"Bruja!" Diego one of my wide receivers suddenly yelled out. We all looked at him. "The old lady at the gas stop. She must be a witch. She cursed you into this form."

"That's ridiculous." I snarled at him. Diego had always been superfluous. He may be six foot three but he was still very much a boy.

"I don't see how else we can explain that." Adams gestured at my body.

My stomach suddenly growled.

"This has to be a weird dream. Give me that burger. I'm starving." I grabbed one and then noticed how slender my finger had become. I use to have hair on my knuckle but now they were dainty and elongated. Even my hands felt pretty.

Adams put another burger in front of me. I scarfed it down easily. I managed to eat four burgers in total before my stomach was finally full.

“Should we go to a hospital?” Adams asked me after I finished eating.

“No. The nearest hospital is at least four hours away. We’re staying here. I don’t think they can help much anyway.” I said stubbornly. This was all a ridiculous dream anyway. There was no logical explanation of how I turned into a woman. I must still be sleeping in bed. This was all just a simulated dream.

“They won’t be able to do anything anyway. Let’s let the boys relax and have their fun.” I told Adams. It was funny how even in my dream he was still wanted to leave the cabin. I wondered what that meant in real life.

It didn’t matter. This was all going away when I woke up. I might as well live out the rest of the dream like I usually would. Who knows? I might even remember something useful when I wake up.

Still as far as fever dreams went, this felt far too realistic.

Chapter Five

I decided the boys should go do some fishing by the lake. I told Adams to help them set up the boats. He kept pestering me to sit down, worrying that I suddenly turned into a woman. I ignored him.

This was all some silly dream. I bet all my dreams were like this. I just forget them once I woke up.

I asked for Jake to stay over. I wanted to talk to my quarterback about his girlfriend problems. His relationship had been the direct cause of my team's loss in morale. If I could get his spirits up, I was sure to clinch the championship.

We went up to my bedroom. Jake looked very uneasy around me.

"What is it? I just want to talk. I'm not here to get mad at you after the last game." I told him to ease his nerves. I realized after that loss that it was good it happened earlier in the season. That way my team would be able to deal with it better. When we got back from the game, they were back at one hundred percent during training. I just had to solve the problem of morale on game day.

"It's not that Coach. You're a woman." Jake gestured towards me. "You're really hot too."

"Really?" I looked at my full length mirror. I ran my hands through my body.

I did look amazing. My military cut had turned into a full head of brown wavy hair. Every time I moved, it bounced lightly. The style framed my small face, highlighting my bright blue eyes. My nose was thinner and more elegant. It retained the character of my male nose but was much more understated. My lips had plumped up. They were bright red and extremely kissable.

If I saw myself on the street, I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off this woman. I had dreamed myself into the body of my ideal woman.

"You like these babies?" I asked Jake as I cupped my breasts. They were magnificent. They were the perfect size, large enough to hold but not grotesque and fake looking. My nipples were perky, poking out through the fabric of my shirt.

My chest tapered down to an extremely slim waist. My abs were flat and gorgeous. But I had big hips like a real woman. There was a lot to grab onto. My legs were long and shapely. I wasn't even wearing heels, and already I couldn't stop staring at my long limbs. If I was still a man, I would have wanted to fuck this woman in my reflection.

My body felt heat like arousal. It felt weird not having an erection to tell me I was excited. Usually there would be a hot rod in my crotch but instead I felt a wetness in my folds. How interesting. I wondered if women felt like this.

I reached down to touch myself, feeling the soft skin of my labia. It felt thrilling to reach down and touch myself there. I've never imagined my body could feel this way before. It was a wholly different experience.

I remembered Jake was still in the room. I had been so distracted looking at my own body I had forgotten about his presence. He didn't notice my inattention. He too was mesmerized by my body. I could see the thick outline of his rigid cock in his shorts.

It filled me with pride knowing he found me hot. I coughed getting his attention.

"Isn't it bothering you?" Jake asked me. He couldn't keep his eyes off my chest.

"This is all just a dream son." I rolled my eyes at him. There was no universe where middle-aged men just transformed into buxom teens. I had a good long look at myself in the mirror. Not only had I become beautiful, I was also at least twenty years younger. It just wasn't possible. There was no other explanation.

"A dream?" Jake looked at me confused.

"Yes son. None of this is real. You're a figment of my imagination. But since we're here, I might as well see what's bothering you. How's your girlfriend." I said. I was tired talking about my body. I had to focus on being a good Coach.

"Oh shit. You heard about that didn't you." Jake scratched his head guiltily. Typical male reaction when getting caught.

"Yes. Now I don't want you going to that girl begging for forgiveness." I had thought about it more. Jake was well within his right to break up with her. She cheated on him.

"It's just so hard Coach. No girl even wants to even talk to me. She's blacklisted all of them." Jake sighed.

"Let me tell you something son." I clasped him on the back.

It wasn't as effective a gesture as I thought. For one thing, I couldn't produce the fatherly feeling as a woman. Instead, I couldn't stop thinking of how strong and masculine his back was. And as his breathing hitched, I realized he was reacting to my touch as if I was a woman. I quickly retracted my slender fingers.

"If the girls are too dumb to think for themselves and listen to a cheating woman, they aren't worth your time in

the first place.” I pointed out to him. Herd mentality was never a good sign for men or women. It pointed to a weak character. “Maybe you should be looking at girls in other sororities. If the Beta Iota Chi women are all listening to your ex, I doubt they’re any good. Why don’t you try the other sororities or even a none Greek woman. There’s plenty of fish in the sea. There’s no need to limit yourself son.” I touched his arm and stroked it.

“You think so Coach?” Jake stared at me. I could see him looking at my lips and breasts. There was no mistaking the desire in his eyes.

I should have been insulted. But instead my body responded to the interest. I reached down and stroked his thigh.

“You are a very handsome boy. You’re the team quarterback. No one ranks higher than you on the food chain. Any girl would die to have you fuck her.” I didn’t understand what was happening. But I wanted to grab that thick meaty cock in his pants. I never had feelings like this before. Even if this was a dream, I wondered what it said about my subconscious that I was lusting after my student.

“Any girl Coach? Does that include you?” Jake sucked in breath. His hands grabbed my slim wrist. Instead of pushing it away, he brought my hand to palm his thick hard cock.

“I’m you Coach Jake.” I gasped. My hand didn’t seem to respond, grasping his hard cock. It felt so good and thick in my hands. I squeezed again, making him moan.

“You’re just so pretty Coach. I can’t stop looking at your lips. Gretchen is nothing compared to how hot you are.” Jake licked his lips. Gretchen was his ex-girlfriend. I had seen her hanging around the team a few teams. She was young and beautiful.

“Really? You think I’m sexier than her?” I asked him. I leaned in to his arm, pressing my breasts against his bicep. I didn’t know why it mattered what he thought of me as a woman. I still wanted to hear his judgement.

“Damn Coach. I’ve never seen a woman like you.” Jake seemed to be at a loss for words. He looked at me long and hard. Then it was like his face came to into a decision. He grabbed my face and pulled me into a kiss.

I was surprised. I could do nothing but just accept his lips on mine. His kiss was tentative and unsure. I could feel the heat from his youthful body. He suddenly pulled away when I didn’t respond.

“Fuck sorry Coach. I didn’t mean to.” Jake’s face had turned bright red. He was breathing heavily from exertion. I could see his cock throb against his shorts. He was just a boy.

As his Coach, I needed to teach him how to kiss properly. I grabbed his face and kissed him hard. I snaked my tongue past his lips to touch the tip of my tongue against his. He needed to learn how to kiss a woman properly.

Jake was a quick learner. Soon he was dominating my mouth with his own. He hungrily took everything I gave and turned it around. Soon, I was moaning in his embrace.

“That was amazing Coach.” Jake gasped for air, pulling away from me.

He still wasn’t dominant enough for me. The boy had a lot to learn.

“Take of your shirt.” I ordered him. He followed me immediately.

He was built like all my guys, thick hard muscles with very little body fat. I had molded my students into the perfect specimens. I ran my fingers over his body, feeling him shiver under my touch. I trailed them down his six pack abs. I knew exactly what I wanted.

“You know why I brought you here?” I asked him as my fingers danced along the waistband of his shorts.

“Brought me where?” Jake swallowed dumbly. I could tell all the blood had gone from his brain to his cock.

“Brought you to my cabin.” I rolled my eyes. I sunk my fingers beneath his waistband. He sucked in a deep breath. From the way his body was shivering, I was worried he would be cumming the minute I wrapped my hand around his cock.

“I know don’t sir.” At this point, Jake was just staring at me on my knees between his legs. In a few minutes I doubted he’d be able to form complete sentences.

“Your performance is lacking. You’re distracted by your blue balls. I brought you here to drain them.” I yanked down his pants and grabbed his meaty bulge. He gasped and stilled under my hold. “Is that something you want? Do you want to cum all over me.”

“Yes. Yes. Yes.” Jake stammered, thrusting his package to me.

“If I drain your balls, will you get me the championship?” I freed his dick from his soaked white briefs. His thick cock popped free. It felt huge in my tiny fingers.

“Anything for you Coach.” Jake said hurriedly. His hips were thrusting into my hand as if it was a makeshift pussy. The head was leaking so precum it served as its own lubricant.

“Good boy.” I said. My body yearned for his cock. I didn’t bother fighting my urges. The cock was in front of me. It needed to be inside me.

I swallowed his cock whole, stretching my lips around the thick head. The spongy texture felt weird on my tongue but I loved the feel of its weight on my palate. I swirled my tongue around his cock, making him thrust deeper into me.

Although a tight fit, I managed to swallow him more all the way down the root. My throat expanded around his cock as if it had been made to be fucked all this time. Jake was groaning and moaning like this was the best he ever felt. It made me so hot that I needed to finger my own clit. This should have been inside me.

I bobbed my head up and down his jock dick, giving him as much tightness and friction as I could. Jake suddenly grabbed my head and started fucking me as if I my mouth was a pussy. It was the best feeling in the world to be used as a whore. I loved having cock in my mouth.

Jake plunged into me deep, burying me in his thick pubes. Then I felt his entire body tremble. He quickly pulled away, aiming his cock at my face. Jets of powerful white cum pelted my face as he stroked his cock eagerly. I was absolutely drenched by the time he was done.

“Good boy.”

Chapter Six

I sent Jake away after sucking his cock. This was by far the weirdest dream I've had. It felt so good to have his cock in my mouth. My pussy was already feeling so wet. I didn't understand where this desire to be filled came from. What was my subconscious mind trying to tell me?

Still, I wasn't waking up. So I decided to let the dream continue. It was interesting to see all the extra attention I was getting as woman. As their Coach, everyone paid attention to my authority. But now I felt like everyone was really looking at me. They actually saw me as a person. Albeit, one they wanted to fuck.

My loose long sleeve polo shirt and loose shirts looked wrong on me. They fit horribly making me look I had just woken up and raided my father's closet. It didn't match my new figure at all. Even as a man, I hated looking sloppy.

I grabbed one of my white button downs shirts and then tied the bottom half into a make shift knot. It supported my breasts while giving me ample cleavage. I also liked the way it showed off my new flat stomach. I had missed having tone in that area. I loved running my hands over it.

My pants situation troubled me. All my shorts and pants were way too loose at the bottom. And my boxers just ballooned around my waist. I grabbed one of my handkerchiefs and made a makeshift bikini. It was a little immodest, nearly showing off my folds but it would have to do for now.

I headed to the lake where all my boys were roughhousing around. I loved seeing their shirtless bodies relax and play.

"What the hell are you wearing Coach?" Adams grabbed me by the shoulder and lifted me up behind a tree. He hid me from view of the players. There was an incredibly worried look in his eyes. But I couldn't help but notice the tent in his pants.

As a man, I hadn't realized how handsome Coach Adams actually was. I used to make fun of his styled dark hair, but now I could see its clean appeal. It matched well with his well-groomed beard. It gave him the impression of being a real man who took care of his looks.

Now wearing a casual T-shirt and tight jeans, I realized his body was just a hot, if not better than my players. His biceps stretched his sleeves wide while his chest threatened to rip off his shirt. His pouch looked heavy on his jeans. He was a real man among the boys.

I touched his chest feeling the magnificent pecs muscles there. When I was his age, I had already begun to let myself go.

"Coach. What the hell is happening to you? You can't go around walking like that." Adams snarled at me. He grabbed my wrist and pulled it off his chest. His grasp was firm and unyielding, I couldn't pull my hand away even if I wanted to.

"Why can't I walk around like this? It's my cabin." I pointed out. I pulled my shirt even lower across my breasts. I loved watching his eyes dart from my face to my chest. It was so much fun taunting him.

"Do you even know what you like Coach? Christ." Adams growled at me. I had never seen him lose his calm before.

"What do I look like?" I asked him again. I pushed my knee out between his legs, letting myself rub against him.

"Christ. You're a bombshell. None of these boys will be thinking about the girls back home. All they've been taking about is how hot you are." Adams said breathily. He was berating me, but his body was closing the gap between us. Now he was looming over me.

I wondered when that happened. I used to be taller than him. It didn't really bother me now. I was too distracted by his strong masculine scent.

"And do you think I'm hot?" I asked him as I grabbed a lock of hair. It was easy to impress the boys. I knew they would fuck anything with a hole. I wanted to know what Adams thought about me. He had always been very picky about his girlfriends. In the long time that I knew him, he only ever introduced me to one woman.

"Fuck Coach. Of course I think you're hot. Christ. Have you even seen your hips?" Adams couldn't help himself. I could see the moment his resistance failed him. His strong hands landed on my hips and pressed them against his crotch.

I let out a heady moan as I felt his thick fat cock rub against my pussy.

"I won't be able to protect you from these horny teenagers." Adams said gruffly. He thrust against me one more time. His finger toyed with the loose knot holding my makeshift handkerchief panties.

"What are you protecting me from?" I asked coyly. By now, Adams had completely lost control. He was doing everything I wanted. I had more control over him now than I ever had as his superior.

"I can't protect them from doing this." Adams suddenly snatched my panties away, revealing my naked pussy to

the entire forest.

I gasped and shivered. Behind the tree I could hear the boys roughhouse and play by the lake. They were calling each other names and thawing each other under the water. I knew the moment I realized I was naked with my hairless pussy hanging out, they would attack me like starved beasts.

"Do you know what they're going to do to such a beautiful pussy like this?" Adams flicked my clit making me shudder in pleasure. The tables quickly turned. My innate submissive side revealed itself.

"Yes." I whimpered. He inserted another finger into me, causing me to gasp. No one had ever done that before. My legs suddenly felt weak.

"I didn't know you were a whore, Coach." Adams pulled me against his strong body. His hand grabbed hold of my ass and squeezed.

"I can't be a whore if no one has fucked me yet." I taunted him. I had lived my entire life as a straight man, not once having thoughts about getting penetrated. But in this new body, there was nothing else I could think of. My pussy was meant to be filled.

The smell of man filling my cabin was enough to make my pussy wet. I felt insatiable and hungry for cock. The minute I tasted Jake's sperm, I knew I needed more of it. It wasn't enough.

I wanted my first time to be with a real man. That man was Adams.

"We're taking this to the bedroom." Adams growled low and deep. He kissed me hard, instantly pushing past my lips and claiming my mouth. It was that certainty and domination that Jake still lacked.

Adams then swept my legs from under me and carried me to the cabin as if I was his bride. I liked this position. It made me feel safe. It also showed me that Adams could take care of me. I was right in choosing him.

He threw me on my bed. He wasted no time in pulling off his shirt and pulling his shorts down. His cock was long and massive, easily thicker than Jake's. His torso was long with well-defined abs. He also had a tattoo of the team's logo on his left hip. I loved a team player.

"Take me." I spread my legs open, desperate for his cock.

"Gotta have a taste first." Adams ignored my pleas. He buried his face into my pussy. His rough beard tickled my folds making me tremble with pleasure.

I couldn't hold back my screams as he nuzzled my soft inner skin. My cries were girlish and desperate. Everyone by the lake would be able to hear me cry out in ecstasy.

Whatever sense of worry Adams completely disappeared from him. He didn't bother silencing me. He was too busy eating me out and tasting my womanly body. His tongue flicked inside my core, tasting my untouched walls. He was insatiable pushing his nose deep against my pelvic bone. He ate me out for what seemed like hours. I was in a constant state of pleasure.

Then his tongue flicked my clit. My eyes nearly rolled back into my head. I tightened my lips around his head.

"You like that?" He growled into me. His beard was wet with my spend. He licked all of it up hungrily. I nodded at him in desperation. I could feel something build in my belly. "Give it to me. I want to taste all of you."

He then buried his face deeper into my pussy. He ate me out hungrily, ignoring all my whimpers of pleasure. I couldn't hold on.

My entire body began to tremble as if I was struck by lightning. Unknown liquid erupted from my vagina and soaked his face. He kept the pressure, making sure I could feel every moment of my prolonged orgasm.

When the aftershocks subsided, I collapsed completely boneless into the bed. None of my male orgasms had even come close to that. And I hadn't been fucked yet.

Adams clearly remembered that. He gave me soft kiss on my lips, reinvigorating my tired soul. Then he aimed his cock at my entrance. He didn't bother asking for my permission, he just took what he wanted. That level of self-confidence thrilled me to my core. He thrust into my soaked pussy.

"Adams." I cried out as I felt his magnificent cock break through my hymen. He felt so wonderfully thick and wide. I was suddenly so full. I expected there to be pain, but my sensitive vaginal walls were so sensitive from climaxing that everything felt so good instead.

"Knew you were going to be so tight baby. No longer a virgin, now you're my woman." Adams growled at me. He pushed all the way inside me until his balls slapped against my ass.

My whole body accepted his words and his cock. He was right about me. I had become his woman. I only felt pleasure from his powerful cock. Adams knew that. He fucked me quick and hard, pounding my pussy with his entire body.

I grabbed onto his wide shoulders for support. My fingers clawed at his back. The action only enraged the fire within him. He was pummeling me like into a jackhammer. His cock was grazing continuously against something inside me. My vision kept whitening with each thrust. My body and pussy felt like it was on fire.

The buildup was happening again, only this time I knew it would be more intense. His cock was just hitting the

right angles inside me. It was reaching deep and unleashing a side of me of that I had never explored.

“Getting close baby? I’m going to make you cum and cum again until you forget about being anything other than my slut.” Adams pressed his body along the length of mine. His long thrusts turned into short urgent ruts. This was how a man fucked his woman.

I arched my body into his. I clamped down hard on his cock, feeling it pulse inside me. My walls lubricated themselves as I climaxed for the second time that night. The intensity only heightened when I felt his cock fill my womb with his seed.

My womanly body reacted, climaxing with such an intensity that everything stopped and coalesced into one explosive moment. I was lifted into the highest reach of ecstasy. I was suddenly beyond my body.

And then I came crashing back down to the feel of Adam’s kisses on my neck and his fingers inside my pussy.

“I filled you so good didn’t I?” Adams asked me. He pulled out his fingers to find it coated with his slick white cum.

“Yes you did. I parted my mouth submissively accepting his seed that came from my pussy.”

“You’ve been a very naught girl.” He murmured to me as he nuzzled my neck.

“Yes I am.” I answered him confidently. He didn’t even know what I was planning for tonight.

Chapter Seven

Adams came inside me one more before we rejoined the team. They definitely noticed our absence. In fact, they were looking at the both of us suspiciously. They were right of course. I still had Adam's semen inside my pussy.

"Did everyone relax and have fun?" I said with as much authority as my new high voice could muster. When I puffed up my chest, my boobs bounced and jiggled instead of looking threatening. Naturally all the boy's eyes were on my chest.

"Yes Coach." They all answered after a moment of staring. I could already see the growing boners in their loose shorts. It seems that most of my boys chose to not to wear underwear.

"Good. Prepare dinner." I ordered them around. Although I liked cooking, I wasn't about to do all the work for them. This trip was also a team building exercise for them. They needed to learn to trust each other.

I set out the different tasks that needed to be done like slicing the vegetables, preparing the meat and cooking the dishes. To my happy surprise, the boys arranged themselves without supervision. Jake was taking the lead as the quarterback. He told his teammates where to go and what to do. And when one group seemed to be pulling ahead, he quickly transferred people. My team was working like a well-oiled machine.

It made me damn proud as a Coach.

"You were right Coach. One day here and they're already working like a team." Adams echoed my sentiment.

"The weekend just started. I'm nowhere near done with what I'm planning." I told him confidently. I had a special night planned for these boys. But for now, we would focus on getting dinner. "Come on Adams, let's help teach them how to cook right."

Although they separated the jobs, that didn't mean they knew how to do each task. I taught a select group of boys how to properly slice vegetables. They were doing it unevenly obviously not used to cooking for themselves.

"Stand behind me Diego. Put your hands on top of my mine. See what I'm doing." I told my wide receiver. I could feel his heart beat rapidly against his chest. He was obviously distracted by my body. While I was flattered, I didn't want him to lose a finger. "Focus Diego. Don't let a woman distract you."

That was another lesson I wanted to teach these boys. They couldn't let their libidos get in the way of their performance.

I pushed my hips back, rubbing my ass all over his thick latin cock.

"Focus." I reminded him.

He stifled a groan of pleasure. Eventually he managed to accomplish the task. When I moved away from him, there was an enormous wet spot in the front of his shorts. My boys really needed to fix their blue balls problem.

I checked on each of my boys one by one, making sure they could work while still in the prescience of a beautiful woman. I was generous with my body letting their arms graze against my breast or pushing my hips against their fronts. Although they all got distracted, eventually they were able to focus and get the jobs done.

For dinner, we had an enormous feast. The boys ate ravenously. They had used up so much energy during the day. They needed to replenish it.

"Eat up all you want tonight boys. The night is still young. I have a lot more things planned for the evening." I yelled at them. Adams looked at me with a question in his eyes. He had no idea what I was planning. I nodded at him too. He would also need to keep his energy levels up.

Even before we went on the trip, I had already bought all the requisite tools for this task. I needed to teach my team to take matters into their own hands.

Everyone listened to me. After all I was still there coach despite turning into a buxom brunette. I ate flanked between Adams and Jake. They seemed very protective of me. After tonight, they would realize I could take care of myself perfectly well.

The boys cleaned up dinner right after. Again they worked in perfect unison as if they were ants working for their Queen. In some ways, I guess they were now exactly that as I had turned into a woman. I had my own little army of football players.

"Now, all of you know why I brought you here." I announced standing in front of them. They were all seated by the Coach watching me with wary expressions. There was some random murmurs at my statement. "Hoyt, why are we here?"

"It's because we lost our game to our rivals. Coach." Hoyt stammered but answered perfect. He was a large African American student who I relied on to protect Jake on the field.

"Exactly. Not only did we lose our winning streak, we also lost it to our biggest rivals." I barked at them angrily. I could see all of them look away from me. I didn't like that. "Look at me." I yelled at them.

They followed my orders.

"I wondered why our team had failed. We had the better strategy and the better players. But something was missing from your performance. Even I could tell you boys were distracted. Am I right?" I yelled again.

"Yes Coach." My entire team answered back. None of them denied my accusation.

"All of you were distracted by pussy." I pointed at my crotch. Some of the player winced, but most of the just looked at me straight on. "Well, this weekend, I'm going to teach how to solve that problems. It is simply unacceptable for me to have losing team because of blue balls."

I grabbed the remote I stashed between my breasts. I pressed a button. The inconspicuous white screen began to unroll on my large wall. My projector activated on and began playing my favorite film. I had installed the projector last weekend with this goal in mind.

"Holy fuck." Mikey one the freshman gasped. Porn was playing on the big screen. It was as if I had brought my entire team into a movie theater that exclusively showed porn.

Adams looked at me alarmed.

"Adams. Grab that bag behind you and pass out what you see inside." Adams looked unsure but he still had to follow my command. I was still the head coach. He began handing them large tubes.

"Don't forget the lube." I reminded him. All the boys gasped as they got their new toy. Each one came with its own bottle of lubricant. "Do you boys know what your holding?"

They all nodded at me.

"I asked you a question." I yelled at them.

"Sir yes sir." They all responded back like good little soldiers. The sounds of the busty blond in the projector screen filled the room. All my boys were sporting serious hard-ons. Even Adams couldn't hide the thick bulge confined in his pants.

"Iago. What are you holding?" I asked my Samoan student. He was by far my largest largest player. I could count on him to be a solid wall of defense.

"It's a personal masturbators sir." He actually saluted me. His huge cock bobbed in his shorts.

"Good. Now that we're clear I want everyone naked right now." I yelled at the entire team.

They all scrambled throwing off their clothes. I was left with chiseled abs, thick arms and upright cocks. My pussy started to soak itself as the scent of man and arousal filled the room.

"Coach what are you thinking?" Adams asked me. He was the only one besides myself who still has clothes.

I had planned all of this out before I turned into a woman. Nothing was going to change my mind now.

"I'm teaching these boys that they don't always need pussy. If their blue balls are affecting their concentration, then they should find fuck holes to fill. You get to keep your new toys by the way." I said to all of them. I saw a few brave souls finger their new artificial pussies. "Well? What are you waiting for? Get to fucking."

Jake went first. He lubed up his long cock and sunk it into the masturbators. He placed the toy on the couch and began fucking it earnestly. One by one the other players all followed suit.

"Don't be shy. No one can hear us for miles. This is the time to let your frustrations out. I want to see you fucking those pussies hard." I yelled at my team encouragingly. The sounds of their grunts and moans filled my cabin. Anyone who came in would think I was hosting a massive orgy. I wasn't there just yet.

"What do you think you doing Coach?" Adams snarled at me as he grabbed my arm.

"I'm providing a solution to the problems you gave me. The boys are blue balled, I'm teaching them a better way to release." I snatched my hand back. I liked it when Adams was possessive but I wanted to monitor my teams progress. Already I could see a problem. "Excuse me for a second."

Mikey, the freshman, was pounding way too fast at his pussy. I could see the tell tale signs of his incoming orgasm.

I quickly grabbed the base of his cock and squeezed tight. His entire body suddenly stilled. He stammered at me confused. "C-coach?"

"If you come too early, you'll still be unsatisfied. You can't rush into sex. Just enjoy the pleasure." I whispered into his ear. My boobs were pressing against his bare back.

"Coach. Your hands?" Mikey gasped and grit his teeth. I could tell he was trying to hold back.

Everyone's eyes were on us now.

"What about them?" I said sensually. I licked the side of his neck and squeezed his cock hard. My elegant fingers squeezed one of his nipples.

That was all it took. Mikey started shuddering in my arms. He thrust desperately into the tight masturbators. I could feel his ass flex as he deposited his load into the toy. He collapsed into my arms.

I grabbed the personal masturbator and pulled it off his cock. Mikey gave me a grunt of frustration. His limp dick fell over.

"Now this..." I pointed at the personal masturbator. I stuck two of my fingers in and pulled out his cum. "Is

exactly why these women are stepping all over you. You guys finish too early. You have to pleasure a woman, make her want your cock. If you cum this early, how is she going to be satisfied?" I asked all of them.

The entire team was just looking at me with their jaws dropped. I stuck the my cum coated fingers into my mouth. I licked them clean, making sure I didn't waste a single drop.

"Mikey's cum is also to thick and few. He rushed his orgasm so he wasn't able to build a lot fluid and volume. If your orgasms are that weak, you'll never be satisfied." I ran my hand through my body, making sure they could see each swell of my curves. "And neither will your girlfriends."

"What are we supposed to do Coach?" Diego asked out of the silence. His thick latin penis was already drooling precum. He was uncut letting a lot of it collect at the head.

"I'm glad you asked." I walked over to him and took his brown cock into my hands. I pulled the head back, eliciting a deep groan from him. "There is only one thing you can do. And that's to practice. Build enough stamina so that when you fuck for real, your girl will be begging for cock."

"Fuck Coach." Diego groaned as my fingers wrapped around his length.

"I'll show you how to please a woman properly. Gather around boys."

I pulled off all my clothes. I stood naked in front of twelve horny and young virile men.

Chapter Eight

I don't know where this new desire of mine was coming from. By now, I had realized I wasn't in a dream. Everything felt too realistic and too long. This was my life now. I was a woman. Maybe the witch had curse me after all.

But at that moment with Diego's cock in my hand. None of that mattered to me. All I wanted to do was show my boys how to take care of a woman.

My old self thought that a pocket pussy was enough to satisfy their needs. Now that I had a decidedly feminine perspective, I knew that was no longer the case. Nothing could replace a woman's special touch.

I used my soft hands to squeezed Diego's long cock. I pulled back the foreskin releasing the pink head from its confines.

"Fuck Coach. Your hand feels so good." Diego trembled under my grasp. All around me his teammates were fucking their fake pussies, watching us with jealousy. They wanted a piece of the action.

"If you don't cum until I'm finished, you get to fuck me in this pussy." I positioned my pussy right in front of his cock. I spread my folds open, showing him the soft pink flesh inside.

"Holy fuck." Diego started trembling. The sight of it was apparently enough to get him off. His entire body shivered as he splashed my pussy with spurt after spurt of hot white cum. Once he was done, he collapsed on his ass. That was disappointing.

I could feel the warm liquid dripping down my leg.

"Well it seems Diego here needs a lot more practice." I caressed his embarrassed face. "Keep practicing with your toy. Get you nice and ready for the real thing."

"Yes Coach." Diego looked at me with glazed adoration. He began fisting his cock again until it was already hard. Being youthful was so amazing. Maybe his sperm in my pussy would keep me young like him.

Adams suddenly grabbed my arm. "You can't be serious Coach. What the hell has gotten into you." His grip was strong and tight. I could smell his musky aroma as he leaned in to me.

I had the perfect specimen.

"It seems assistant coach Adams has decided to demonstrate how we'll be conducting this drill." I grabbed both his hands and made them grope my chest. "First you have to learn how to touch a woman's body."

I whimpered as Adams' finger flicked my nipple. Whatever resistance he had was overcome with sheer lust for me. He lost the moment we made contact.

"Watch how he doesn't touch himself for now. He's focused in making me feel good." I backed into Adam's embrace. I guided his hand to touch my sweet pussy and breasts.

"Women also like to have their mouths filled." He whispered darkly into my ear. He stuck two fingers into my mouth. I sucked on them eagerly agreeing with his every word. I swirled my tongue, tasting salt and myself.

"Then we conduct a test of skill. I'll see if you boys know how to eat out a woman properly." I bent over and spread my legs, giving Adams access to my cum-splashed pussy. Despite the semen, he wasn't put off. In fact the competition made him seem even more eager to lick and taste me. I felt like he was marking his territory with his tongue.

"Fuck look at Coach Adams eat pussy. He's really going at it." One of players commented. I saw some of them even practice on their toys.

"Come here." I gestured towards him. "I'll show you how your supposed to do it."

I grabbed his neck and kissed him. I pushed past his lips simulating the moment of my tongue that I wanted them to emulate.

The boy groaned in ecstasy. I wasn't sure if he learned anything. He had begun to climax after my hand accidentally brushed his cock.

"Then after that's done, it's my turn to test your endurance." I said as Adams pulled away from me. I turned around and sank to my knees. I nuzzled his thick cock all over my face. I looked up at his stern eyes. They were full of dark promise. I knew I was going to have one hell of a ride tonight.

I swallowed his cock and bobbed my head up and down his length. I stroked what I couldn't fit into my mouth with one hand. If I tried to take him all, I wouldn't be able to take the other very large cocks still present in the night. I had to pace myself properly if I wanted to go through my entire team.

The cabin was completely silent except the for sound of me slurping on Adams' cock. Everyone's attention was completely on me. They were watching their new female coach suck dick. They were all eagerly waiting for their turn.

"See boys? A real man can hold off. And when he does that, he gets to fuck my pussy." I released the cock of my

assistant Coach. I sat back and opened my legs wide. Iago quickly got me a pillow to rest on. I knew which boy I would teach next.

Adams assumed the positioned. He placed my legs on his shoulders. He kissed them twice and then he pushed into me.

"Yes. That feels so good." I whimpered as I felt his thick cock stretch my pussy wide. I heard someone cry out in climax from our little live sex show. I realized no one was paying attention to the porn on screen. I was the main attraction.

I tried to give them more tips on how to fuck but Adams cock pummeling was too much for me to even be coherent. It felt so good to be fucked by a masterful cock. With every roll of his hips, he was hitting that spot within me.

"See boys? If you know how to use your cock, you can render anyone helpless. Look at Coach's face. She's completely addicted to dick." Adams growled as he fucked me harder.

I grabbed at his muscular pecs and whimpered. I was getting so close already.

"Iago feed her your cock. Let's see if your ready to fuck her pussy." Adams ordered the large Samoan.

"Oh god." I whimpered helpless. His cock was the biggest I had ever seen. It was like a thick brown sausage.

"You ready for this Coach? Don't think it'll fit in your mouth." He slapped my face with his enormous piece of meat.

Adams took mercy on me. He buried his cock deep inside me but stopped moving. "Go on. Administer your test."

I opened my jaw as wide as I could. Iago did the rest. He pushed his inside my mouth.

"Holy shit Coach. Your mouth feels so amazing." Iago grabbed my head as he slowly pistoned his cock in and out. He was so big that the only thing I could do was keep my mouth open.

"Tilt her head back. That was you can go all the way down her throat." Adams coached Iago. He started rhythmically pounding into me.

I was helpless to do anything but just accept these two thick cocks pounding at me from both ends. My whole body quivered in ecstasy. It was all too much. I wouldn't be able to hold back.

"Watch closely boys. Coach is about to come. This is how you know you've satisfied your woman. Iago, lick her clit." Adams ordered my players. He had wrested all the control from my hands.

"Oh god Adams. I'm cumming." I cried out as I felt Iago lick my pussy while Adams was pounding it furiously. I sprayed clear fluid over Iago's face.

Adams pumped into me, filling my body with his seed. My entire world turned white. Only the strong arms of Adams kept me grounded in reality.

"That was amazing Adams." I moaned as I stroked his arm affectionately..

"See how grateful she is. If you give her an orgasm, she'll do anything you want after." He shoved his cum-soaked cock, into my face. I lapped it up hungrily. "She'll even clean your cock for you."

"Fuck..." Somebody yelled out. spurts of cum hit my belly. Some boys clearly lacked self-control.

"Iago. It's time to take your prize." I widened my legs. Adams cum was still dripping inside me but I wanted more. I wanted his thick Samoan cock inside me.

"Are you sure Coach?" Iago swallowed. His dick was already leaking precum.

"Be a man." I growled at him.

"Oh god. So soft and tight." Iago said as he pushed into me. He was so much bigger than I was. It felt like a giant was fucking me.

"She feels so sweet doesn't she. Don't cum just yet. Hold on." Adams coached our student. He made sure Iago made it all the way inside me without climaxing.

"You feel so good." I murmured to him encouragingly. I loved how full I felt. After my first orgasm, my entire body was tingly with sensation.

"That's it. Slow thrusts." Adams said.

Iago followed his example. He started with slow movement. Then he began to roll his hips, nudging that sweet spot inside of me. Iago was a quick learner, bringing me so much pleasure that I was reduced to moans and whimpers.

"Your right Coach. She can't even keep a straight face." Iago said as he increased his pace.

"Yes. Yes. Yes." I urged him to go deeper and faster. I was already nearing my second orgasm for the night. "Give it to me. Fill my pussy up with your cum."

"Oh fuck." Iago cried out. He slammed into me hard. He captured my lips as he unearthed another world-shaking climax from my body. My pussy clamped down on his cock squeezing him for every single drop of cum he could produce.

I collapsed onto the floor as his spent cock plopped free from me. Iago dropped to the side. Adams suddenly walked over to me. He adjusted my position to all fours.

"We're not done yet Coach. You still have ten more boys to teach." Adams said wickedly to me. A thrill of excitement went up my spine. I did have ten more boys willing to play with me. He fingered my pussy, letting the cum pour out. I was such a filthy whore. "Let's give the front a break. You do have another hole here."

Adams tapped my ass.

"Who's next?" I bit my lip wantonly.

Jake came up with his hard cock.

"That would be me Coach. You already sucked my cock this afternoon. I think I should get a first pass on your ass. I am the the quarterback after all." He said assertively. I liked his new found confidence.

"Prep me?" I asked him.

Jake wasted no time. He started licking my asshole as if it was a pussy. Adams coached him in the right technique. In no time, I was begging to be fucked.

Meanwhile another one of my players had come up to my face. He presented me with another cock. I eagerly sucked it, swallowing it whole. I swirled my tongue over the head and suctioned my cheeks. I would test all of my students.

"I'm coming in Coach." Jake said to me. He pushed inside my ass, stretching my anal walls. It was a completely different kind of pleasure.

"I feel so full." I whimpered. I couldn't concentrate on the cock in front of me anymore. Jake's cock felt so good pumping in and out of my ass.

"Come here." Adams called to the player who had just passed the cocksucking test. "Your Coach has another hole you can fill."

"Yes. Yes. Yes." I screamed as I felt another cock slide into my pussy. I had two cock inside me, one in my ass and the other in my sex. I had never felt so completely full in my life.

"Who's next?" Adams called out.

The night was still young.

Chapter Nine

It was the championship game. Adams and I were watching from the sidelines. We only needed Jake to make this touchdown and we would win the match. It had been a close battle. Our opponents were the same rivals who had beaten us before. Everything was literally on the line for this last play.

Jake had the ball. He was running towards the end zone. There were multiple defenders trying to stop him. Iago and Diego were there to protect him. Jake managed to snag free thanks to their flank. He ran all the way to the end without any obstacles. Touchdown.

I wrapped my thing arms round Adams' neck and kissed him hard on the lips. We had done it. We had finally returned the championship back to our school. It was the greatest moment of my entire career.

"This was all thanks to you Coach." Adams whispered breathily against my lips. He took off his cap and went to the field. As the official Coach of the team, he had to be with them on the field of their victory.

I was hesitant to join him. Ever since I had become a woman, we were still trying to figure out what my official role would be. The university couldn't hire a random woman without credentials to be the Coach of the team.

But Instead of leaving me behind, Adams swept me off my feet and brought me to the entire team. I was mobbed with cheer and applause as the team celebrated their victory with euphoria. I was even doused with the entire bottle of Gatorade along with Adams. It was the proudest moment of my life.

Jake, along with Adams went to do the post game interviews. I headed back into the locker rooms. The orange liquid had soaked my plain white T-shirt. The fabric clung to my perky breasts. I went to the open showers and started washed myself clean.

It had been a great day for the team. We did all our plays rights. We were at our best form yet.

If I wanted to replicate this success, I needed to do this again next year.

"Hey Coach." Mikey's hand dropped down to my stomach. I could already feel his hard cock against my ass.

I already had the secret formula. That entire weekend spent in the cabin had done wonders for our team's morale. All my players spent that weekend fucking my tight pussy, ass and mouth. They all learned how to be better lovers and assertive men.

I taught them the proper technique to pleasure a woman now that I was one. We spent entire mornings simulating oral sex on their pocket pussies. And then we would have a final test on me on the afternoon. If they passed, they get to fuck me at the night. All my boys passed with flying colors.

Suffice to say, I cancelled the strippers and hookers I had hired. Now that I was a woman, they didn't need anybody else. They released all their blue balls on me, and was thus able to think clearer on the field. We had time to practice some drills on the lawn. My players were all bright and focused. And when I promised them they could fuck me after every win, they were all incredibly motivated.

By the time we passed the gas station shop, I didn't even bother looking for the old woman. I was perfectly happy with my new body. As a coach, I was limited to teaching them plays and encouraging them to succeed. As a female coach, I could do all that and more. Now I could hand them a big prize for winning. I was the incentive for their success.

We won every match after that. Officially Adams became the new head coach since my male form had disappeared. The team introduced me as Adams' new young wife. Nobody asked too many questions, they were all focused on the team winning.

With my new young body, I had more energy than before. I had the stamina of someone in their twenties. I could keep up with all my boys. After every match, I made sure they stayed motivated to win.

"Damn Coach. You look even better than the last time." He ran his hands through my sexy voluptuous body.

"You played better than the last time." I answered him. I guided his strong hands down to touch my pussy. I could feel his heated breath on my nape. His thick cock slid against my pussy lips.

One by one, the rest of the team entered the open showers, watching me with open interest. The smell of sweat and victory filled the room. It was intoxicating.

"You boys did really well. I think its time I give you your prize." I said to them sultrily. I sank to my knees and sucked on Mikey's cock.

Soon another cock appeared before me. Then they all started crowding my face, nudging their hot rods into my cheeks. I stroked and swallowed what I could, but I could only do so much on the floor.

"Give her space boys." Adams called out. He and Jake had just arrived from the post-interview. They were still dressed in their gear and attire. "What did I tell you about crowding the Coach."

"Sorry sir." They all said in unison. They pulled back but were still stroking their cocks.

"Remember Coach, whoever scores the most points gets the first dip into your sweet pussy." Adams looked at

me with a hunger in his eyes. We had moved in together after the trip. He was fucking me every night in all my different holes. I was sure he was going to fuck me well and good when we got home.

“I’m the best scorer Coach.” Jake stripped off his football gear. His hard cock was proudly saluting me. He had worked his ass off int his game.

“Good job.” I smiled at him. Then I sank on my knees and took his cock into my mouth.