Late Ch. 01

Late again. Freddie (or big Fred as the rest of the team teased him for being the shortest guy in the whole softball squad) was always running late. No matter how he tried, it always seemed like the world was against him.

The sun was high, and the Spring day was warm, edging into Summer. Sweat leaked from his pale skin. At least he was used to it. As a new intern in a large sales company he got treated like a human trolley.

His trainers pounded the sidewalk as he tried to use every ounce of the little stamina he had left to sprint the last 50 metres to the sports park where mixed Softball training took place every Sunday afternoon. Freddie didn't want to think what Coach Matherson's reaction would be. Hopefully there would be a few other stragglers there, and she would allow him to blend into the team warm ups unnoticed.

Finally he turned the corner, huffing and puffing, knees bent and surveyed the grounds; the rest of the team were already halfway round a final lap at the opposite end of the ground. Apart from one straight, tall, commanding figure.

Coach Matherson's gaze snapped to him in the blink of an eye and he knew there would be no hiding once more. Forbidding didn't even cut it with Jane S. Matherson. Her short hair and even shorted temper made her intimidating, although they could do nothing to dim her beautiful full features and stunning physique. Her look cut him in half and he stopped walking and even considered running out and never coming back to practice again. And then she barked at him.

'Get your tight ass over here Freddie!!'

Now he had no choice. He sucked it up and walked over.

'And where have you been?' she quipped, still unmoved as he stopped near her, a diminutive figure despite his 23 years of age, unathletic; even smaller still when stood under the impressively tall, strong presence that was his coach.

Some say the blond Soccer Moms that visit the clubhouse on a Sunday are hot. But in his opinion, they were nothing compared to the stunning Coach Matherson. Her long-sleeved shirt was constricted tightly around her waist and bicep muscles, her rounded breasts practically trying to explode through the constricting material. Every piece of clothing on her was skin-tight, and focused, like the woman herself.

Freddie often daydreamed about her, usually about the time he'd seen her nipples through that shirt once after she had made him run a lap round the field for tardiness, yes it was probably the exertion from her running behind him and shouting a few choice words at him but he liked to imagine otherwise.

Occasionally she could be a little obscene, calling him a 'lazy bitch' on one particular occasion when he hadn't been giving a decent enough effort in a training session. But she was an excellent motivator, and she was genuinely proud of her team. In fact one of Fred's most proud moments was when he'd played his best game against their local rivals, beating them in a thrilling game. They had all returned to the club-house after many happy back-slaps and high fives to see the usually serious blond bomb-shell congratulate her team one by one, grinning.

'Good job, Big Fred' she had said with a hint of a smile on her lips.

She softly squeezed his (rather small) bicep with a lingering touch before remarking:

'maybe we'll make a decent ball player out of you yet'

She winked at him, and then the smile had vanished and she was barking at everyone once more to not forget about training on Sunday. That night he had thought about her lingering and squeezing his arm. Quite a few times.

Soon he was thinking about her almost every day; grabbing hold of him, breathing close to him, pulling him in, even pushing herself on top of him. He used up many boxes of tissues thinking about the many scenarios they could find themselves in, so many in fact that he actually needed to start budgeting for it every month.

But despite his deeply secret desire for her, she was revered by him and the rest of the team as a leader. Hard to please....but everybody wanted to win for her. They would do almost anything if Coach Matherson asked them to, such was their respect for her.

And right now, he'd thrown himself under her headlights. Again.

'Uh.... I'm sorry Coach, my car had a flat and I had to get the bus'

She didn't look pleased.

'Are you serious? You can't fix a flat tyre?' Coach Matherson tutted. Fred blushed and said nothing.

'You know, you need someone around the house to show you some grit. I've a right mind to do it myself' she mused hands on her hips, leaning to one side in a way that made her sculpted ass more noticeable.

Freddie had to use all his self control not to stare at her beautiful rear, as he thought about how he would have given anything to have her educate him in private. Not that his small shared apartment in the outer city was anything to shout about.

She turned back to the team that were finally assembling for practice. 'Let's start with some catching drills people! Fred has just volunteered to be piggy in the middle, anyone who misses a catch or throws a bad ball joins him!'

She turned back to him, eyebrow raised. It was a nicer punishment then he had been expecting.

'Let's see if you can control these balls better than your time-keeping' she said.

He let his breath out and smiled softly. She wasn't so bad sometimes.

'Oh and Freddie, if you drop more than 2 catches, I'm calling you my little bitch for the rest of the month' she said with a playful smirk on her face, loud enough so the rest of the team could hear her. Freddie's little cock began to swell despite himself. Oh god not now.

'That won't be happening!' he said, feeling slightly more confident than he was before. He wasn't a bad softball player despite his size.

The rest of the team were sniggering softly as he made his way into the centre. If he dropped three catches, he would never hear the end of this.

The practice soon began, and as per usual a number of balls were being thrown between the rest of the team in a small square area. The piggy had to catch throws from the rest of the team, and if they dropped a catch or he touched them with a ball in their hand, they joined the piggy in the middle. If Freddie caught someone, they would join his team. Drop a ball, you're on the piggy's team. After the teams become even numbers, if you miss any potential catches as a piggy, they get a player back.

Freddie was soon making his presence felt, and took an early chance, snaffling an indecisive throw from Terry, a young lanky girl with a great strike rate, and one of his closest friends in the team. She also happened to be a woeful fielder. She huffed as she tramped over to join him.

Soon the throwing became harder, as more and more people joined the piggys team. Once the sides were even, the throwers were allowed to win team members back and the game became more fast paced. Freddie was trying to close down a passing avenue when he noticed one of the older guys, Dean, was attempting a long throw to get himself out of trouble. Confident he had the drop, he waited until the ball was just leaving his hands, before shifting direction fast and sprinting into it's path. His eyes followed the movement.....and caught Coach Matherson's piercing blue gaze. The ball flew through his fingers.

'That's one Freddie!' she said to him smirking slightly, her voice loud and clear over the hustle and noises taking place around them. Freddie cursed himself for lacking concentration, but now his cock was getting hard again, and he was terrified of running around with a tent in his trousers. He adopted a low position so he could change direction quickly, as well as hide his growing erection. A dropped catch also meant Terry was the first player back on the other team again. Not much of a loss but still incredibly frustrating.

Another chance....this time Stacey, the oldest member of the team at around 45 years, but incredibly fit for her age, threw a wayward pass

after being closed down by three piggys. Freddie went for it, but tripped, and the ball sailed past him. Another miss. angry at himself, he looked over and saw his coach watching him, the tip of her finger brushing her lips. Her gaze hadn't wavered, and she slowly put the tip of her finger into her mouth. The blood went back to his shaft in double time, and he had to look away to stop himself from doing something potentially embarrassing in his pants. Was she doing that on purpose? Freddie shook himself and tried to clear his head of distractions.

And then Dean, one of the last people left, spooned a throw. It was coming his way. and just behind him.....stood Terry. She had a decent few inches on him. He needed to stand tall, but his pants were tenting and if he was going to jump, there was not a single person who wouldn't see it. The rest of his team were screaming for him to catch it. If he jumped he could get it.

Desperate, he realised he couldn't do it. His arms raised, he watched as the ball sailed down over his outstretched hands, and nestled in Terry's.

The people on his side stared at him in mild shock.....quickly followed by dismay at his seeming lack of desire, to which he grimaced and gestured to his hamstring as if to say he was injured, which seemed to deflect the attention.

He realised as he was grimacing, completely pain-free, that he couldn't just get up and continue, or they'd be totally on his case, so he pretended to limp to the sidelines and start stretching.

Immediately, Coach Matherson marched over to him.

'You injured Freddie?'

'yeah, yeah I think so Coach' he said, unable to admit his reason for not jumping was that she had given him a boner.

'It's just a strain, I think it should be fine with a bit of stretching'

She looked at him oddly, her eyebrow cocked and her face inscrutable. 'It looked like it hit you pretty hard out there, I don't want you taking any chances'

Freddie's face was turning red.

'Let's go to the club-house and let's take a look'

Now Freddie felt like a real dick. He was faking an injury and now being forced to have treatment for a stiffy.

She turned to the rest of the team. 'Batting, get yourselves into groups of 4 and begin the accuracy drill from last week!'

Putting her arm around him, she helped him limp over to the club house (which made him feel even more stupid, but also made his erection unbearably hard being this close to her), before taking him inside to the medical area.

At which point she dropped her arm from under him. crouched slightly to face him and moved herself eye level, so close he could feel her breath on his lips. Her electric blue gaze searching into his own.

'I didn't realise an erection was now an injury'. She stated tersely.

Freddie's expression froze in horror and embarrassment. Her face was stone.

Oh God. He looked like an utter fool..

Coach Matherson said nothing as she stared at him, which did nothing still to lower his now unbearably obvious mini-tent in his trousers.

Freddie hoped the ground would swallow him up right then and there, instead of having to face the Coach's stony faced silence.

For what felt like an age, she said nothing.

Finally, she let out a breath, and rested her hand on his chest and smirked.

'Having problems concentrating with training are we?'

Freddie's was blushing hard. He nodded, unable to say anything for fear of further embarrassment.

She let out a soft 'hmmm....', her face was unreadable, slightly absent, and her hand began to trail down his chest and over his stomach.

Freddie realised he could feel her breath on his face, she was so close to him.

They stared at each other, and the room felt thick with tension, even though they were alone. And suddenly Freddie realised that Coach Matherson was breathing heavily, her chest rising and falling.

Her hand slipped lower down and before he know it was pressing against his cock and balls. It was a large hand. Her eyes were still locked to his as she spoke:

'I don't think it's good when someone has to deal with.... injuries, like yours....'

She rubbed his groin.

Freddie let out a soft moan.

Her head moved to the side of his so their cheeks were touching, and she was beside his ear.

'Now I think we need to get you back onto the field any way we can' she said softly.

Her hand was still on his package.....and began squeezing.

'let me help you get rid of that injury'

And then.....he felt her hot tongue dive into his ear.

Freddie came instantly in his pants, groaning loudly as her wet tongue loudly explored his ear hole. Coach moaned as she made love to the side of his face, her other hand forcing its way into his trousers, covering his cock to feel his hot jizz spurting out all over his belly and underwear.

She began rubbing from inside his pants as her other hand then came up to grip his hair tightly. She turned his face to hers roughly and then they were making out, her tongue deep in his mouth, her groans practically humming through his skull as she forcefully searched every inch of his mouth, saliva spreading onto their cheeks as they passionately forced themselves into each other.

Freddie's spent cock was being squeezed by Coach Matherson's strong hand, as she pushed him backwards into the wall, breasts tight against his chest. She broke their embrace to lick her large tongue up and down his face, spittle running from her mouth onto his cheeks, and Freddie moaned softly as she did. She was animalistic in her actions, doing whatever she wanted to him and he loved it.

She was uttering low moans as her warm tongue slid up and down, up and down, on his face. Freddie was in heaven, completely controlled by her and loving every second, pushing back at her tongue with his face to ensure she didn't leave an inch untouched by her hot, sticky saliva.

She gradually slowed, becoming less animalistic and more affectionate, licking and nipping softly at his ears, giving him a lingering love bite on his neck which made him gasp.

And then she backed away, sliding her jizz covered hand out of his pants and letting go of his hair.

'I think your injury is looking a lot better after treatment' she said, the hint of a smile playing on her lips.

Freddie was too in shock at what had happened to be disappointed it had stopped....so many of his fantasies had played out like this, but the real thing was beyond any imagined sensation he could have conjured.

'Ughhh..... thanks Coach, I feel, ah... better now' he managed to say, dazed.

'Good!' she quipped, but as she did, she slowly raised the hand not covered in his jizz, and put it in her mouth, leaving it wet with her saliva.

She then removed it, and put it up to his face... and pressed it into his mouth. He closed his eyes and obediently sucked on her warm moist finger, whilst she raised the hand covered in his sticky cream and put four fingers in her mouth, moaning as she sucked every last drop of it off of her skin. And there they stood for 15 seconds, moaning with her fingers in their mouths as they sucked each other's bodily fluids

of her hands, their lips smacking as they greedily hoovered up each other's juices.

At one point she swapped them, removing her fingers from her own mouth and cramming them into his mouth hole, filling his maw with most of her wet hand, whilst she took the single digit he had now coated and placed it delicately on her tongue, tasting his flavour.

Freddie was close to squealing with delight as she gently abused him, and was trying to get the rest of her hand into his mouth as well when she gradually began removing them.

She put her hands behind her back and pressed her body up against his, rising to her full height now so her tits mashed into his face behind her tight t-shirt.

'I haven't forgotten about those balls you dropped' she said, the hint of a smile playing around her lips.

'Mmmmphphhmm' said Freddie, mashing his face against her chest (and extremely erect nipples.)

'Because guess what..... you're now one hundred percent my *little....dirty..... bitch.*.' she said accenting the words so he felt them, gasping a little as he latched onto a nipple, still covered by her shirt. She liked not wearing bras.

'*Ughhhhhh shit*" she moaned as he sucked on it, hoping with all his might she might take the shirt off.

'Oh God.....Fucking suck harder you slutttt, ugggghhhh'

Her eyes were half closed as she pressed him up against the wall, feeling his hot tongue on her t-shirt, his mouth enclosing on her sensitive breast and sucking hard. Freddie was making her groan so hard that she put her hands to her t-shirt and ripped it open. The tight top was eviscerated in seconds as her toned body was revealed underneath in a flash of heated sexual desire, the rags left hanging from her athletic God-like figure.

If he was fairly sure of her not wearing a bra before, the evidence was now conclusive as her gorgeous tits were presented in front of his face.

Coach Matherson was breathing deeply, as Freddie stared at possibly the most beautiful sight he had ever seen in his life, her nipples erect and pointed straight at him, the breasts round and beautiful. A light sheen of sweat down the centre of her bosom.

Freddie was so entranced that he almost had to be snapped out of it by the sound of her voice.

'Excuse me'. He did a double take and looked up at her face. She was staring at him expectantly, almost impatient, a small flash of her temper, nipples hard and nostrils flared.

'What. The Fuck. Are you waiting for.'

She wanted him so bad it was making her almost hungry, and he felt himself hoping he could save this moment for ever. He felt almost frozen in ecstasy. He wanted to remember this moment for ever.

Coach Matherson said in uneven, breathy words 'I will hold you down and spank you over my knee if you don't suck the living hell out of my tits'

That scenario sounded utterly divine, but he needed those tits as much as she needed him. He readied himself and dove onto them, frenziedly slurping and squeezing, gently nipping them between his teeth, pulling them to elicit gasps and heavy breathing from his beautiful partner.

Coach stopped talking and just started moaning as Freddie attacked her nipples repeatedly, sliding his tongue up and down them. The smooth, wet surface was making her go crazy, and she was shoving her large buds aggressively into his mouth for him to worship them.

The sounds of wet suction and sweaty smells were loud in the small echoing room as he made to put his hands on the front of her tight sports trousers but she grabbed them and moved them round to her bubbly ass, muscled and squeezable. Freddie did just that and squeezed as he suddenly dumped a huge gob of sticky spit on Coach's left and then sucked as hard as he possibly could, swirling his tongue frenziedly over it's covered surface.

Coach let out a long low groan and shoved her nipple even harder into his mouth, her face a picture of pleasure as Freddie gorged on

her beautiful breasts, squeezing her voluptuous ass and sucking on her hard tits. She began to work her hands back down into his underwear to feel his cock, already hard again, whilst the other slithered underneath and began fondling his balls. The warm saliva on her hands made this sensation even more intense and Freddie start mewling between Coach's tits as she squeezed and jerked his dick, her ball hand sliding around to his backside and grabbing big chunks of his ass.

Freddie felt himself getting close again, but Coach pushed him over the edge....a single slippery finger wormed it's way up into his asshole, just as she pulled his face level with hers and said aggressively to him '*You're mine, you dirty little fucking slut'.* Her tongue dove into his mouth and Freddie whined as she milked his cock and balls, her finger sliding deeper, up past the knuckle, wiggling inside his ass. Jizz fired out of the tip of his cock, covering his belly again, as the finger went deeper inside him. She started to fuck him with her finger, and pulled his face away so she could see his pained but excited expression at being violated in this way, smiling at him as she finger-fucked him.

Freddie was melting inside, his mind doing somersaults, her eyes burning into his soul as her finger plundered his butthole. He started to push back in time with her finger to get her going deeper and her breathing quickened as his cock finished spewing but he still kept pushing back on her finger sliding in and out of him.

She span him around and bent him over the bench on the side of the medical room and began sliding another finger in, letting him adjust to the slightly larger feeling, before picking up the pace again. Now he was feeling her motor her fingers up his ass and he was moaning as Coach's excited breathing became even deeper.

Her other hand moved towards her crotch, before hesitating. She slowed her finger fucking of Freddie which had been making his entire body constrict with pleasure, and gradually withdrew her hand from his asshole. Freddie moaned as he lost that utterly dominated feeling he'd never realised he needed.

Coach was breathing heavily, sweat covering her brow and tits as she picked Freddie up from his kneeling position over the bench.

'God I love this.....but..... I've got to do my job now, and train this team....'

She gave a sharp *SPANK* to Freddie's naked derrière, and he jumped and moaned softly.

'.....but smell my tits one last time so you don't forget... *who's your Mommy*' she breathed harshly, pushing up against him and wiping her chest over his face back and forth, before pinning him between her tits and the wall.

Freddie inhaled deeply, sniffing her odour that was sweaty, perfumed slightly as well, and mixed with the smells of nature, grass, and being outdoors. It was intoxicating.

He groaned and felt his cock beginning to stir once more, when suddenly she pulled back and gave him a short *slap* around the face, holding his chin firmly so he was looking at her.

'You get another erection and I'll get real on your ass, *Bitch*' she warned, grinning.

Freddie closed his eyes and tried not to think about how much his mind was thinking slutty thoughts involving what she was going to do with him.

She giggled a little as she saw his eyes screwed shut, obediently trying to think un-sexy thoughts despite the fact that his cock was slowly getting harder again. She softened her grip and ran her hand over his face slowly, covering one side of it with her large palm and fingers, teasing his lips, before tweaking him and pulling back with her thumb in between her fingers.

'Got your nose.....bitch' she smiled.

Freddie looked at her and couldn't believe this amazing girl was playing with him, after owning him so hard and making him want it so bad.

Coach smirked at him as she pulled out a spare T-shirt to replace her tattered one which she placed carefully into her bag.

She strode over to the sink and started washing her hands.

She was still grinning slightly as she spoke: 'Now stay here and work on that injury' she said, in a fake concerned tone. 'And if you haven't brought some spare underwear you can use one of mine in my side bag pocket....but I'll warn you, it's not exactly made with you in mind....I'd say keep it in your bag though just in case you need it next time'

She winked again at him and then she was striding out of the door, onto the field. He listened as she began barking instructions, organising the team into their next drill.

Freddie's let out a long slow breath. That was the single most amazing sexual experience of his life. He slowed himself down as he tried to stand up, his pants squelching as he moved. Ugh. He stripped off and washed, coming out with a towel to get his spare trackies on, before he remembered Coach's offer. He looked over at her bag. Big, strong, sleek. Just like her. Freddie unzipped the side pocket and looked in.

There was only one pair of underwear inside, next to the ripped-up shirt and some trousers.... a large black laced thong.

He felt the material. Soft, satin. delicate. He took it out and caught a whiff of perfume... and what must have been her scent. It smelt slightly...tangy. Her buried his nose in it and breathed in deeply. He'd cum twice today but already his mind was doing somersaults again. He remembered what she had said.... 'Keep it in your bag anyway.....'. She wanted him to have it. Not that he could have worn them anyway....they were pretty damn big for him luckily!

Freddie savoured her smells before slipping the underwear into his bag, pulled on his trackies, and (after letting his erection retreat) ran back outside to join in the next exercise

For the rest of the sessions he was horrendous.

He still went home with the biggest smile he could possibly have had on his face. And as he was walking he checked his messages..... one received.

'I'm giving your nose back, Thursday. Fix your flat tyre and pick me up at 10 after the game.'

Freddie smiled. This woman was amazing.

The phone buzzed again.

'P.S. sniff my underwear hard if you find your injury playing up.'