Late Ch. 02

Thursday evening.

Game day. The light was fading and Freddie was getting ready. But more importantly, his... date?... with his coach. Coach Matherson. Just the name sent shivers of desire up Freddie's spine.

His hands fumbled as he finished lacing up his worn cleats and tried to focus himself. Eyes on the ball. Focus. He needed to be sharp. But her beautiful, intense gaze swam into view and he found himself wondering what it would be like again to be forcibly taken by her... held down and roughly made out with, getting bitten on the neck...

Stop it. Freddie shook his head. Surely she wouldn't want him being such a pussy? And besides, these were unhelpful thoughts. Focus on the match. THEN the date... or whatever it was they were doing. He wasn't sure. In fact she hadn't texted since that training session, despite the messages he had sent back.

He looked at his chest of drawers in his small bedroom where he kept her underwear hidden, folded under his own. He'd sniffed them every night. He had even sent a message back to Coach, saying he liked the smells, and would love to see her wearing them... but immediately felt like a fool when he got no response that day. Or the day after.

Maybe she didn't want a response. Maybe that was just her teasing him. Maybe she was embarrassed that she'd even done anything with him, and she just wanted him to not turn up... Damn it, his head was doing circles, he needed to FOCUS!

Freddie glanced at his clock... 6.10pm?! Oh shit, 20 minutes!! Freddie dashed out of his room, flying past his shared flatmates in the living room and slammed the door, off down the hallway. Where was the car, where was the car... SHIT. Freddie hadn't fixed his flat tyre. And he had 18 minutes!! He ran over to the bus stop... Ah! Just as one was pulling up... He hopped on board and squeezed himself in beside an old lady, apologizing when he accidentally trod on some of her shopping.

He reckoned he would make it, and traffic seemed okay after rush hour. The trip seemed to take forever but somehow he was there in just over 10 minutes. He jumped out of the bus and flew down the road... 5 minutes; his feet hurt. He shouldn't have worn cleats before the game... 3 minutes, he could see the front entrance...

Freddie barrelled into the park, wheezing a bit as he managed to survey the familiar scene. Teams warming up under the lights, Umpire setting the game up. People in the tiny stands getting ready to watch their friends and family.

He jogged over as best he could to his team, grabbing a jersey, and began stretching with the team. He looked for Coach Matherson, but she was in the away dugout with the opposition coach, discussing things. Even to a fellow sportsperson, she made them look ordinary, and the opposition coach was not exactly an out of shape guy. But her confident body language and strong demeanour always gave the impression that she was in control. The other coach looked like a human being standing next to a goddess. A goddess with a baseball cap and a West Springfield insignia on her tight team T-shirt. (The West Springfield insignia had a wildcat on the front surrounded by stars. Not a bad look for an amateur team.)

He finished off his stretches as the umpire got the captains to toss. Small chants of, "we love you wildcats!" could be heard as Kevin, their team captain, shook hands with his opposite number and ran back to his team. They'd be batting first.

Freddie felt the familiar worms in his stomach. That means he'd be up soon. He wasn't one of their starting main batters, but he was close behind in the order. A great hitter on his day, sometimes he could win them a game with his accuracy and ability to steal bases. Consistency however, wasn't his strength, and at times he had lost his focus in important games and moments.

But today would be different

He felt like he was in control. His eyes glancing briefly to his coach who was now chatting with the umpire, her legs clad in what seemed to be sporting yoga-pants. He shook his head. "Focus..." he muttered to himself.

He took his place in the dugout, between Terry and Dean. Dean smiled as he sat down.

"So Freddie... does last Sunday's performance in training mean your official nickname is 'Little Bitch' now?" he snickered, as did many of the others in the team.

"Fuck" thought Freddie. He had hoped they wouldn't remember Coach's little wager with him for being late. God knows what they would think if they had seen them in the clubhouse.

Terry leaned over him and hissed, "Fuck you Dean, you're just jealous because you wish Coach would pay you any attention at all, limp dick!"

Dean grinned back but slightly less jovial then before, his team-mate's sudden language filled tirade (a particular trait of hers that friends like Freddie enjoyed) catching him off guard.

Freddie smiled at her. "Thanks noob"

Terry laughed and punched him on the arm. "No problem-o bitch"

Freddie sighed. It was definitely catching on...

"Alright people! Let's have a good game, and play to win!" Coach Matherson's voice cut across the conversations in the dugout, making everyone sit a little straighter. Freddie was caught up in her strong, charismatic aura, her foot planted firmly on the bench and her hands on her hips as she spoke.

"Kevin... you're up!"

The young man next to her in the dugout nodded and stood up.

Kevin was the best batsman in the team, and also team captain. He also happened to be solid, dependable, and an all round good person to have on your side. Walking calmly from the dugout, he took his position opposite the pitcher, who was also the opposing team's captain. The small crowd showed their appreciation for him. They were anticipating a good show, as he almost always made a decent score. Reliable, formidable, and a great captain; Kevin was one of their lynchpins.

First pitch... missed. The small crowd hollered in excitement. Nothing to worry about.

Second pitch... missed. The crowd still noisy, but there was a slight edge to that enthusiasm.

Third pitch... spooned. The ball travelled high, right above the opposition pitcher, the other team's captain. He caught it nonchalantly, smiling as he did so.

The stands, full of families and local friends, groaned. Kevin gripped his bat in frustration and made his way back to the dugout to polite applause. Terry up next.

"You got this," said Freddie, punching her lightly on the shoulder.

"Always!" she replied, winking at him as she got up.

She took her place and put a few practice swings in before settling into her pose. She was ready.

The pitch came in. Terry slammed it low, but one the of the fielders put a brilliant dive in to prevent it running away. She reached first base and realised it wasn't worth risking second. Not great. They were under pressure.

And then Dean walked up to the plate. Pitch, THWACK... and the ball sailed into the waiting hands of a fielder. The crowd groaned. Dean looked dumbstruck. They were in trouble. And Freddie was next.

Freddie needed a hit for his team to get points on the board in their first innings. He had been so engrossed in the game that he hadn't noticed Coach Matherson walking over to him.

"Get out there and show them what you've got," she said, her stare intense and serious.

He smiled at her but she walked away. Freddie's smile dropped as he realised that right now she was in no mood for games, although he was unable to take his eyes of her swaying ass as she walked back down the dugout.

He breathed out slowly and turned his head, making his way to the pitch.

Shouts of "come on Freddie!" were coming from some members of the crowd; who were starting to worry that this could be a horrendous afternoon for their team if someone didn't put a score in their first innings.

Freddie got in position and rolled his wrists a few times before crouching slightly into his familiar batting pose. He looked over at the opposition's captain, who was smirking slightly as he readied himself.

Pitch. A blur. THWACK. The ball hit the gloves behind him and he realised this guy was good. Hard to make a softball go that fast.

The ball went back and the pitcher readied himself.

Freddie rolled his wrists again and focused. He could do this.

His eyes flicked to the bench. There she was, emotionless.

He looked back in time to see the blur as the ball thwacked into the keeper's gloves again.

Freddie cursed himself and straightened up, breathing deeply as he shut out the crowd's nervous groans. He looked back. The Pitcher was sniggering slightly.

Freddie's lips tightened together and he placed both feet hard in position and rolled his wrists as the ball was put back to their captain. He threw the ball up a few times before turning...and firing in a fast low pitch.

THWACK!

Was the sound of Freddie's bat connecting like a thunderbolt to the ball, which was smacked straight back over the head of the pitcher. The crowd cheered as he began to run, his bench urging him on. Terry was already at second base as Freddie kept his head down, glancing only to see how far he'd hit. It was good, between two fielders, and he reckoned he could get the home run. He flew past second, trying not to spend any time looking at whether they had the ball yet. Third now, he looked over his left shoulder...the ball was in the hands of the pitcher! He was already past now and he watched agonizingly as the ball flew towards 4th base, and he realized he was

going to lose this innings. "God what will Coach think now!" he thought, as he watched the ball fly in slow motion into the hands of the keeper... who, unbelievably, fumbled it.

Freddie flew across the base as the opposite team went from celebrating to gobsmacked to remonstrated angrily at their unfortunate keeper, whose head went down as the wildcats team cheered. Freddie slowed himself down, elated at having his second home run of the season.

He smiled as he came back, and looked up at Coach Matherson at the entrance to the dugouts. She looked at him without reaction, pausing only to turn to the rest of the bench and call up Stacey to the pitch. His smile dropped as he walked past, before being surrounded by his team-mates congratulating him. He managed to laugh as they shook him. He'd got them back in it!

The game continued, and with the momentum behind them, they began accruing runs, edging the first 2 innings but getting pegged back in the 3rd. And Coach Matherson was still acting like he didn't exist, even when he contributed well to the team. Her behaviour was beginning to irk him, despite him having no real grounds to feel that way. Maybe she regretted what had happened back in training. He brought his mind back to events on the pitch, which were approaching the final moments.

The last innings. The points were close... 10-9 to the West-Springfield wildcats. But the opposition still had a batter left to get out, and it was none other than the captain up next, the self-assured pitcher...a decent batsman, but not as formidable as the other side of his game.

Freddie was positioned in the outfield, as an okay catcher, but usually not needed when they had better natural catchers in the team. He watched as the first strike went in. Good. They were almost there.

Another glance at the bench to the Coach. She was focused on the pitcher, and hadn't noticed him watching. Damn she looked incredible.

Dean threw a curveball...and the batsman hammered it. *God he loved it when she flicked her hair out of her face*. Up and away. *Ugh those sports yoga pants*. Right for where Freddie was fielding... *Oh shit.*

He snapped back to the game and began back-tracking as he tried to place it's trajectory...it was going to land too far past him! He began to sprint, and launched himself up high and back, his glove high in the air.

He stretched.

Time slowed.

And the ball fell just inside his outstretched palm and he clenched it as he fell, hitting the deck hard on his back which made him cry out in pain.

But he had it. He had made the catch, the ball nestling in his glove. He lay there gasping. His back was aching hard, but they had won. His team were sprinting over to him, screaming and shouting to celebrate, and he laughed as they came down to congratulate him, wincing as they tried to pull him up before realising he was injured.

And then Coach was there. Stood tall, staring, still expressionless. He felt a pang of annoyance at her lack of enthusiasm. Did she even care that he had won them the game?

"Good catch Freddie... now what's the problem."

Freddie winced again. "My back... it's my back."

She raised an eyebrow before speaking. "Kevin, take him to one of the masseuses at the sports centre, probably a back spasm or muscle tension."

And with that she was gone, marching over to the opposition dugout, probably to shake hands with the opposition coach as she always did straight after a game. Kevin looked over at her as she walked away. "Huh, she didn't even smile and we just won!" he said confused.

He turned back to Freddie. "Don't sweat it man, you did great." He grinned as the rest of the team agreed with him. "Now let's get our coach's little bitch a back rub!" The team cheered, laughing at the use

of his new nickname from the previous training session. Freddie's face went red and he was about to get annoyed but the team were still cheering as Kevin and Terry helped him up onto their shoulders despite his aching protests and began carrying him over to the sports centre in a walk of victory as dusk settled.

MEANWHILE

Coach Matherson cursed as she busied herself with packing the equipment away.

She was getting distracted. Every time she watched the field her eyes couldn't help but flick to him. His delicate features, his cute little butt... God she was going insane.

A bat left on the floor received a particularly harsh storage as she slammed it into the cupboard with the others.

He would never like a woman like her. No-one would like a woman like her. Water came to her eyes but she wiped them away and her expression became unreadable once more. She was stronger than that. She didn't need anyone.

She looked back out onto the field to see Freddie being helped towards the sports centre by her players, who were chanting and cheering. She wished she could think about sport right now.

But this boy had driven her wild. She had been completely unprofessional...she had nearly raped the boy in the clubhouse... even if he had enjoyed it, she noted. She had taken advantage of her position, and her powerful hold over him. It had taken serious self control to avoid ripping his pants off and taking him on the medical table.

But he had been erect because of her... She could see it every time she flattered him, or touched him... he would almost be ready to pop! And she was just his coach...he was still a full grown 23 year old man, and she was a 32 year old full grown woman (with a bit more growth besides). They were consenting adults, there was nothing in an Amateur league that said she COULDN'T have sexual relations with a member of her team...

She threw the last of the gear roughly into the store-room and locked it.

A sigh escaped her, and her eyes travelled down, feeling the urge to release her hidden desires. Her hand snaked her way into her pants and inside her thigh and she groaned as she released the beast tucked out of sight. Her boxers filled as a bulge appeared in her crotch, and she rubbed the material, feeling the heat from the thing inside it, thinking about all the things she could do with Freddie's body and her steadily growing organ.

She needed release...

Jane looked in the mirror at the toned calves, supple thighs... and boxers, tightly clinging to the massive shape trying to escape.

She smiled as she took in the sight. She loved her body. It made her feel good. But others didn't share the same excitement when she showed them how SHE preferred to use it. She wanted to be dominant... use her assets on a sexy, beautiful, submissive man. But it wasn't something that had really worked out well so far relationships-wise... ever.

She glumly kicked a softball into the cupboard, nearly taking out an old framed clubhouse photo in the process. She hadn't felt this excited about a man in months... or was it years? Ah what did it matter, she thought...he would never like her once he saw who she really was. What she really was...

She stared at herself in the mirror and sniffed, hands on hips.

She knew she was beautiful. She thought she deserved a man to make her happy on her terms.

Just one. Just one was all she needed.

But it will just be the same as before with Freddie. She could already see them getting scared away all over again. Her mind wandered as she her brain began to cycle through the small moments spent with him. He was reserved perhaps, but quietly handsome... capable of skill on the field if he pulled his finger out, brave when he needed to be, and would rise to a challenge given time. He had displayed so many of those qualities today. Not to mention his fine, fine ass...

Despite herself she bit her lip softly as she remembered staring at his derrier like an eagle as he had made his way up from the dugout. My God, she had needed to mentally chastise herself to prevent her from spanking his butt like the coaches from the movies... although if she had then everyone would want a fucking spank. She would probably have had them and half the opposition bench lining up for her one by one.

She decided to check on Freddie, but to say in no uncertain terms that nothing sexual would be happening between them. It was only a road to nowhere, and she'd gone down it too many times to expect a different outcome.

A vivid memory came up of her fingering him hard in the medical room, Freddie mewling as she finger-fucked his asshole. Coach shivered in pleasure.

Pushing it aside and steeling herself, she left the clubhouse and headed over to the sports centre.

MEANWHILE

Kevin and Terry finally took Freddie off their shoulders, having carried him all the way from the pitch to the sports centre via the club-house to drop his equipment off.

Elated, he breathed a few times to collect himself on the come-down from the game.

"Thanks guys... today's been awesome, and you guys were great..."

The team nodded in appreciation, smiles all round.

"But... I think I'll be able to get up the stairs okay," he said gently.

Kevin laughed at the words. "Haha, fair enough buddy. Good job today."

The team gave a smattering of applause and hearty agreements.

"Right chaps, let's get the warm down sorted!" he said as they began to move back to the club house. Freddie knew exactly what sort of warm down he was talking about. A healthy number of beers at the nearest bar most likely.

Terry remained, and slapped him on the shoulder which made him wince a bit.

"You da man Fred!" she said, before leaning in close and whispering: "Little Bitch."

She grinned like a maniac as she jogged off to join the others. Fred hadn't managed a comeback and sighed, thinking he'd have to do so at some point if he wanted the next few months to not be extremely damaging for his self-esteem.

He moved up the stairs gingerly, but the back seemed okay. Coach was probably right, just a spasm, hopefully some physio would do the trick. Thank God that's included in their monthly sports centre membership. He walked into the massage space, which seemed pretty quiet, and up to the small reception which housed a small girl with mousey red hair behind it.

"Hey Tammy, is Paris the masseuse in?" Paris was the junior masseuse there, very thorough in her job; She was nice to chat to and close in age to him, although shy at first. But she always gave a good pro massage, which was what he needed right now.

"Urrm, yes she is! She's just doing a few tasks in the gym right now but I'll send her up," said Tammy.

By tasks he thought that might mean helping Johnny the gym coach 'warm down' in a broom closet.

He walked up to the massage parlour and opened the door to one of the comfortable, intimate massage booths. The place was incredible, but chronically underused. He began to take his shirt off when Coach Matherson walked in.

"Uh hey... hi coach."

"Freddie," she said, matter-of-factly. "How are you feeling."

"Well okay. Better perhaps if you were actually happy I won the game for the team," he said, unable to keep some of the bitterness at being ignored by her from coming out.

Coach Matherson smiled softly. "Oh you mean the catch at the end that you made an almighty meal of... and nearly pulled your back attempting a giant leap, despite the fact you should have been moving earlier and underneath it already?"

Freddie's face turned red. "Well what about the home run?" he retorted defiantly.

Coach Matherson snorted. "You got lucky with the home run. If they put a seven year old who could actually catch in for their keeper you'd have lost us the first innings on a stupid bid for glory."

Freddie was getting angry. She made it sound like he'd played a terrible game. A novice's game... which was potentially true.

"Look, say what you want but god damn you've ignored me all day, a little appreciation might be a nice change!" shouted Freddie.

He immediately regretted it as Coach Matherson didn't respond, and he thought she might get mad. What she did say surprised him.

"I'm sorry for not being more supportive of you today."

This caught Freddie cold, and he looked at her stunned. Backtracking wasn't really her... thing.

She stared at the wall as she continued.

"But I know that you have had far better games than that, and I hold you to a very high standard. You know that deep down."

Freddie's heart sank. He'd got angry and sworn at her...because she wanted to see the best from him. Because she cared.

He realised she had come in not aiming to land more cold critique, but to try and talk to him. He walked over to her and looked up at her, the height difference becoming more noticeable as he tried to apologise.

"I'm glad you're our coach," he said, breaking into a small smile.

She smiled slightly at that and it gave him hope.

"Thanks Freddie... I also want you to know that what happened in the medical room..."

Freddie's heart skipped a beat.

"...It won't happen again. It was unprofessional, and I apologise."

Freddie tried his best to mask his disappointment. "Oh um, sure, no worries. It's all cool."

He winced inwardly at his lack of tact or anything approaching smooth talk.

Coach was pretending it didn't hurt to say...and now she felt unease at the way she had broken it to him.

A few seconds of uncomfortable silence passed as they looked at one another.

Coach cleared her throat awkwardly and looked away from Freddie to avoid his enchanting gaze.

"Well um... I believe you called for a massage..." she said, looking around the room.

Freddie nodded silently.

"And seeing as that damned girl is never here I guess I'll need to step in."

Oh wow, Freddie thought. He felt his shorts start to tent again as she walked over to the assorted creams and oils.

She glanced over at him as she surveyed her tools.

Inside her head, Coach Matherson was screaming at herself for suggesting to be his masseuse for the evening. "What were you THINKING?! You just had everything nice and professional, and then you put temptation squarely in your path! You must be a complete idiot to actually do this Jane..."

But the words had come out and in trying to be nice to him she had landed right in the place she had planned to avoid, despite her

supposedly professional intentions.

"Well, what are you waiting for," she said in a clipped tone as she tried to reel her slowly unwinding imagination in, gesturing to the clothes peg.

He stood there waiting until he realised she wanted him to take his shirt off.

He removed it and then put his hands on his sports trousers and looked at her questioningly. Freddie knew she hadn't asked him...but he was hoping she'd want him to.

Coach stared as he did so. Don't do it, she thought.

She almost managed to convince herself.

"You may... .remove them as well. Might as well do a proper job," she said quickly.

And with that she turned to the massage creams and ointments, cursing her lack of self control whilst Freddie stripped and got on the table, trying to comfortably lie down whilst not squashing his utterly hard cock. He quickly put a towel over his backside leaving his back and legs bare, and put his face down into the massage table hole.

Coach Matherson meanwhile was desperately trying to regain control of her raging hormones. She could feel the beast stirring.

Don't think about oiling him up, don't think about his beautiful ass, don't think about oiling up his entire body...

Her crotch began to bulge out.

She grabbed some oils and began squeezing them onto her palms, rubbing them together to make it warm. Her mouth started to salivate as the dirty images of Freddie became fixated in her mind, and she found herself rubbing her hands and imagining what they would feeling like caressing Freddie's naked body...

Coach coughed and with a huge effort tried to push the images out of her mind, moving back from the oils.

She turned to look properly at him and almost immediately felt a hot flush as she took in the sight of the almost naked Freddie lying face-down, expecting her to massage him.

The bulge became an unmistakeable swell that ran down the inside of her trouser leg, a meaty sausage that was positively trying to burst clean through Coach's tight clothes.

She padded slowly towards him, like a lioness getting closer to her prey. Lifting a warm towel slowly off the rack, she gently placed it on top of his head to relax him, muffling his hearing and cutting off his vision.

She stared at the young man lying prostrate in front of her half-naked, let out a deep breath, and began the massage.

Freddie could have sworn he heard a soft groan escape Coach Matherson's lips, as her hands were placed gently onto his back, spreading warm liquid over him. Coach definitely heard a groan come from Freddie as soon as she squeezed his back and began gently kneading the knots and muscles.

He felt her strong hands pushed lightly against his skin, and the warm oil spreading slowly across his exposed body making him shiver with pleasure. Coach gradually started to increase the pressure as Freddie's body relaxed, focusing on tight areas and loosening the muscles. It felt entrancing, her every touch sending Freddie into a dream, and each time she pressed her hands against his body her bulge throbbed.

Coach became aware she was salivating, and that there was liquid leaking out of the bulge in her tight trousers... oh God. She had a large amount to spare, and she knew if she kept her fitness yoga pants on she was going to have to walk out of the sports centre with very suspicious marks on them.

Thinking in advance she checked that Freddie was completely face down, and whipped her trousers down around her ankles, and threw them off. Her boxers were in full view, straining to contain the anaconda inside, and failing, as a few inches of her cock had popped out of one leg. She felt the spurt of pre-cum rather than saw it, and,

panicking, put her cupped hands to it, a few large spurts of white gloopy liquid landed in them, leaving them covered.

"Is anything wrong?" said Freddie, stirring slightly at the pause in the massage.

Coach froze in horror, and saw his head begin to move... Think!

"Uhmm, No!... Just ah... trying some new natural creams! "

Immediately she pressed her hands on his back, and began to rub the warm sticky ooze onto his skin.

"Nothing wrong, Freddie," she said quickly.

Freddie stopped stirring, and as he felt the warm 'massage oils' on his back once more, he began to relax. In fact, these new creams felt warmer which was enjoyable.

"Mmm, this new cream feels wonderful," he murmured.

Coach Matherson's tension released slightly at his enjoyment.

"Oh is that so?" she offered carefully.

"Mmmm, absolutely..."

Coach Matherson relaxed further and began to spread her warm cum over Freddie's back, spreading her fingers and letting the feelings of intimacy increase the flames of her desires as some of her cum trickled over his shoulder.

Freddie felt it and sniffed the air. It was tangy but not unpleasant.

"Mmm, smells good enough to taste," he sighed, still face down.

"Oh?" said Coach Matherson, her heart pounding in her chest as she tried to keep her voice steady.

She could sense the small voice in her head screaming at her, but Freddie's almost completely naked body was blocking it out, intoxicating in front of her

"Well it is natural and safe... you can taste some if you like?"

The question hang in the air, Coach Matherson's entire body tense with anticipation.

"Ummm... yeah, sure," said Freddie, noticing that Coach Matherson's breathing was getting heavier.

She reached down and swiped a glob of pre-cum off the warm tip of her swinging cock, and delicately brought it underneath the towel covering Freddie's face to his lips.

She felt wet lips encase her finger and suck, and ushered a small sigh of pleasure as his tongue licked her cum-covered finger clean.

"Mmmmhh," he hummed with the slender finger in his mouth, letting Coach work it in and out of his warm lips.

Coach Matherson's eyes were half closed as she withdraw her hand from under the towel, before letting out a long slow breath.

"I can give you some more if you like..."

Freddie hummed contentedly.

"Mmmm sure thing."

"*Wonderful*.." Coach Matherson breathed softly, taking a large gloop from his back, this time with two fingers, and working her fingers under the towel and up to his mouth.

Freddie smelt the tangy cream under his nose and opened his lips, delighted as he felt her fingers push their way into his mouth, and began sucking noisily on them.

Coach was rubbing her huge bulge as Freddie, unbeknownst to himself, gorged on her jizz, greedily swallowing every last drop.

She stopped rubbing the huge swell in her shorts and ran her hands from the top of his back all the way down to his feet, past the towel covering his rear, which she slowly slid under, to rest just under his buttocks.

Freddie tensed a little at this sudden incursion, unexpected.

Coach felt it and moved back to massaging his upper thighs and down to his feet, all the while trying to control her breath and her imagination before it ran wild.

Freddie began to relax again, and enjoyed her large, strong hands gripping his legs hard, working them.

For a few minutes the only sound was the squelch of oils and jizz mixed together on Freddie's thighs and legs, and his occasional moans of pleasure. Coach worked down to the thighs, and then up to his buttocks again, still stopping just under the towel covering him. She tutted slightly, which Freddie responded to shyly.

"You could...you could take it off if you want. I don't mind..."

Coach could feel her eyes popping as her womanhood throbbed against her boxer shorts.

"If it's getting in your way, I mean..."

Freddie fell quiet . Perhaps he'd gone a little far...

He felt her hand on the towel, as it slowly, delicately, slid off of his buttocks, exposing his ass. The room was quiet as both the participants drank in the possibilities.

Freddie let out a long slow breath. The tension in the room was palpable as he felt two large hands begin to slowly squeeze his cheeks, kneading them and spreading the thick warm cream over it.

Coach was squeezing her cock against the side of the padded massage table, feeling every throb as the sole focus of this young man's exposed buttocks dominated her vision.

She felt more pre-cum building up and scooped it from the swollen, angry head of her cock as it gently spurted out, lathering his backside with it. Her heart was beating like a drum, and she cooed softly as a sticky finger slipped between his crack and brushed past his little flower.

Freddie moaned softly as he felt it. He knew he wanted her inside him again. He had needed this... ever since the clubhouse.

Coach Matherson's chest rose and fell as she begrudgingly continued the finger down his crack, close to where Freddie's balls were, before moving down his thigh. She could almost feel the disappointment in him as she moved away from her 'mistake'.

Her hands worked his thighs for a while, before moving back up, and a finger slipped again, sliding up to press slightly harder on his butthole.

Freddie moaned again, almost trying to squeeze his butt cheeks to keep her finger on his anus.

Coach Matherson felt this and couldn't control herself, lips trembling as she slowly applied more pressure the lone finger, still covered in her jizz as it pressed against his entrance.

A sticky, barely audible 'pop' sound escaped his asshole, as her finger entered him.

Freddie gasped as he felt it, and Coach Matherson couldn't quite stifle a moan as her other hand began to slide her boxers down to the floor, revealing her full, monster cock, thick and totally hard. She began to stroke it, hoping that Freddie's head towel (currently the only thing covering his naked body) would muffle the sound.

Freddie was still breathing hard as her lone finger slid further inside him. He grimaced but he tried to relax, letting her work it to the knuckle, before sliding out.

She repeated this movement, her other hand quietly jacking her pole as she gently finger-fucked him.

Freddie began slowly pushing his ass back to meet her as she slid delicately in and out. He wasn't concealing the fact that he was starting to enjoy her inside him. Coach was baring her teeth in sexual lust at the boy under her; a second finger now worming it's way inside him as she let go of her cock with her other hand and gave his ass a short sharp *SPANK!*

Freddie let out a lady-like mewl and moved a hand to take the towel off his face so he could see more, but Coach used her free hand to

grip his hand firmly to his side so that he knew...no peeking.

Her free hand began kneading his butt cheeks, spanking him again which cause a shiver of pleasure to run through his body, before grabbing the back of his neck and squeezing it in a show of dominance, all whilst she smoothly continued her finger-fucking of his ass. Freddie's breathing was heavy and his heart was pounding as he took her invasive actions with delight.

"Freddie... I'm going to do a special massage for you now," she said as his ring squeezed the fingers trying to push deeper inside him, her voice laced with anticipation.

Freddie was like a bitch in heat now, he would do anything for the beautiful, controlling woman finger-fucking his ass, tantalisingly close, but just out of reach.

"Sure Coach... anything..." he whined.

She heard that small voice inside of her head pleading with her not to do this, not to take him. But it was a voice drowned out by the totally sexy, oiled up naked offering in front of her.

Coach Matherson's heart was beating fast as she prepared herself.

"Freddie... call me Jane."

She gathered some more pre-cum as it gently oozed out of her cock (now swinging freely in front of her), and rubbed it up and down the shaft, covering it completely in a shiny coating of jizz.

"Now this may feel weird, but I'm going to go slow, okay?"

As she did this, she put two hands on the table and lifted herself until she was sitting on Freddie's thighs, cock hovering tantalisingly over his backside.

Freddie smiled underneath the towel ready for anything, and everything, this perfect woman could throw at him.

"yes, Miss Matherson."

Coach Matherson settled most of her weight onto his legs, slowly removing her tight t-shirt, revealing her perfect breasts, nipples hard and pointed.

"Remember... call me Jane... bitch," she breathed.

His cock, which was rock hard against the table, twitched at her display of dominance.

"Yes Mi... Jane," he said sheepishly.

His body was now tense with anticipation, expecting her to begin finger fucking him again at any second. He didn't suspect for a second that she was currently covering her huge penis in pre-cum, hovering it over his naked exposed rear.

Coach Matherson flexed her weapon, bobbing it up and down just above his ass. This was the most beautiful sight of her life.

"Let's try this..." she said silkily.

She aimed the angry head of her cock towards Freddie's asshole... and pressed.

"OHHhhh.. *jees*..." exclaimed Freddie as he felt her pressing something MUCH larger against his hole. It didn't feel like fingers but it was still warm and wet, which was wierd.

"Oooohhhh... M-Miss Matherson..." he whispered, hands gripping tight to the massage table as the large... thing probe at his entrance again. "That's so... *big*...!"

The hard object was pressing hard into his rosebud now, and he tried to move his arms back to push against her but immediately her strong hands clamped onto his, keeping them tight behind his back. Freddie slowly realised she was holding him down.

"Holy shit... Jane..." he whispered fearfully, despite the fact that his cock was a 4-inch titanium rod underneath him.

Coach Matherson was pressed up against his entrance, and she wasn't backing down now.

"That's it bitch," she growled smoothly. "Mummy's going to show you how to take it like a sexy girl..."

She thrust her hips forward slowly and the huge cock popped inside Freddie's asshole.

"UUUgghhn..!!"

Freddie stifled a cry as he felt the *huge* intrusion into his exposed ass. He tried to pull away but Coach Matherson's muscled bodyweight had his legs pinned, and he realised with a fearful twinge that he was totally at her mercy.

He started to cry out as he felt the huge, warm rod inside him begin to slide further.

"*Fuuuuuuck*!! *What the fuck*, *oh my God..."* he squealed as his Coach began to gently but firmly grip his hair.

"Shhhhhhhh," she said. She bent over him and hissed into his ear: "listen to me you *fucking slut*... you want the fucking receptionist to see you with a cock in your ass?... I fucking thought not.." She paused to play with his hair more gently, which made Freddie mewl softly, before gripping it tight again and pressing another few inches inside him.

Freddie opened his mouth to cry out but Coach Matherson's large hand released his hair and instantly clamped tight over his mouth before he could do anything of the sort. Her hand was big enough to cover most of his face, and it wrapped over his mouth, nose and one eye, leaving only the other eye free to continue observing his fate.

She blew a strand of blond hair away from her face as she paused and let herself take it all in, watching Freddie's eye wander desperately between her strong fingers from above, searching in panic for a way out of this alpha beast of a woman's hold. She felt his young body trying in vain to buck beneath her, only succeeding in rocking onto and off her penis slightly, driving her further down the path of pleasure.

"Ohhhhhh yes... that's it cutie... oh you're *such a good girl*..." She breathed in through her nose fiercely smelling his hair like a bunch of roses. "Mmmm such a sexy bitch," she said huskily, keeping his hands held behind his back and her cock half in, half out of his body. Such a sexy sight, she thought idly as he moaned through her fingers.

Freddie made another mewling sound, as he felt his ass hug the huge intruder tightly...the cock. Her cock.

His mind was exploding with frenzied emotions; too many to make sense of. His fear and pain were all mixed in with the touch of her body and the way she talked ... using utterly perverted words that cut right to his core and kept his little soldier at full mast.

Coach Matherson could sense that he was giving in...she could taste his submission on the tip of her salivating tongue. Despite this she kept herself reigned in, sitting on top of him like an upper class lady riding gently on horseback through the forest, utterly comfortable and totally relaxed, although the difference being that she was sitting with half her protruding weapon inside him.

Fred tried to move his wrists again but her grip was like iron... physically she dominated him in every category. The worst thing was, if anyone saw this scene, he would have to live with it forever... being called 'bitch' today by his teammates had been unbearable. Imagine if they could see him now...

Freddie moaned as her dick pulsed inside him again and he couldn't help his cock twitching once more as a subtle wave of pleasure emanated from her movements.

She took this moment to position herself above him and collapse her legs, crushing her body against his back and skewering him with her penis, their hips glued together by her weight.

Freddie felt like all the air had been knocked out of him, and he gasped at how huge she was inside him, how strong she was on top of him.

"*Mph..Fhghhhuckkkkkhh*..." he managed to mewl through the fingers in his mouth.

Coach Matherson's body was pressed against his back, her tits crushed against his shoulder blades, her nipples hard like small cherries on his skin.

She let out a deep juddering groan as she lay on top of him, letting him squeeze and un-squeeze his sphincter in panic, inching her closer and closer to bliss.

She relaxed her hand from his mouth, allowing him some deep breaths, and let his arms fall to the sides of the massage table. Fred managed to get his breath back and whispered as quietly as possible as if they were in a library.

"W..*what are you doing to me Miss Matherson*?" he whispered, his eyes tearing up in fear.

Coach Matherson brought her lips to his ear.

"This."

She slowly, agonisingly slowly slid her monster out of him, inch by giant inch, until only the head remained.

Fre's mouth was a perfect 'O' as he felt a huge space inside him which felt completely alien...

"Oh and... my name is *Jane*," she said softly, reversing the motion.

He whined... he whined so loud that he clamped his own hand over his mouth lest he be heard as, inch by giant inch, she slid herself all the way back into his anus, until she had buried herself once more to the hilt inside of him.

Coach Matherson took a few seconds to let him adjust to the giant pipe throbbing to her heartbeat in his ass, as he calmed down slightly again

"U-urm I'm just n-not ready for... this..." he whispered in a terrified squeak.

"What my darling?" Said Coach Matherson sweetly. "This?"

She lifted her hips and withdrew her cock halfway from his body, before slowly sliding back to meet her hips with his butt cheeks.

Freddie let out a deep, long and unbidden moan as Jane's cock found a very private, sensitive place and began to elicit the dirtiest feelings of pleasure he had ever felt.

"Oh... Fuck..." he murmered, and then realised, horrified, that he had just sounded exactly like the slutty porn girls he had seen online. His hands were gripping the massage table and he tried not to acknowledge that his dick was completely solid and leaking precum underneath him whenever she pressed herself into his defenceless body.

"What is it Freddie... you wanted to say something?" breathed Coach Matherson; her voice catching slightly as she struggled to hold back her immense lust and continued her slow, long stroke fucking of Freddie, who was quivering underneath her.

"Nnnnnn...*nnnnnooooo*..." he moaned as she began to rotate her hips so that her cock was exploring his insides, vigorously.

Freddie panted as he felt shivers of pleasure going through her body. He felt like they were one person, every movement of her body mirrored by his. This was getting too much...she was owning him...

"*It's j-just... I'm not sure if I'm... ready for this Miss Matherson*..."

He looked back at her grinning and realised his mistake too late

"NO, WAIT, I M-MEAN Jaaaa*aaannnnnnnneeee*!"

He couldn't prevent himself from performing an even louder pornstar scream as she pushed her hips forwards and sank her cock into him. Oh Jesus...he was being pleasured by a huge thick cock...and it felt incredible.

"W-*what...oh shit*..." Freddie was dazed and he felt his cock dribbling pre-cum; Jane grinned as she pulled him back into what he realised with humiliation was the doggystyle position.

Fred panicked even harder at what was obviously a position she intended to buttfuck him in. His mind fled to a time at university when they had laughed after putting gay porn on as a joke. They had all cracked up at the twink whose eyes were up in his head as the big black bull pummelled his tender ass, making him scream like a little girl. Please... that couldn't be him. It just couldn't happen...

"No...*no-no-no-no J-Jane please...*noooo," he cried softly.

"Are you sure?" asked Jane coyly. "Because I could have sworn you just enjoyed that..."

He couldn't get fucked like this. He couldn't be emasculated, turned into some sort of twink bitch for his coach. He couldn't...

She drew back like an archer releasing an arrow and snapped her hips forward to hilt herself in a micro-second inside Fred, who screamed as she ripped unwilling pleasure from his ripe, shaking body. Oh fucking God that was glorious.

Her cock was sending waves of pleasure up his spine. His mind tried to regroup against the sensations driving him towards a towering orgasm: "Don't let her doggystyle your ass with her huge cock... Are you truly going to let her fuck you like a faggot bitch?..."

The deep hilting of her cock made his mouth open with a cry of delight as all his fears were swept aside by her milking of his prostate. She knew he was ready.

Jane smiled as his body squirmed in barely concealed delight at their communion between dick and ass.

She opened her mouth and spoke commandingly.

"Who's my naughty slut... a dirty little bitch, ready to bend over for Mummy's cock?... "

A small corner of Fred's mind begged him not to say it, but his body betrayed him and he opened his moist lips, to say one word, almost begging in it's tone and desire.

"Meeee*eeeeeee!!*"

Jane's face lit up in delight, and she released her unrestrained lust and ploughed her hips into his ass, her cock slamming into his prostate, and he moaned like a bitch in heat, his arms and legs trembling under the thrust...and the wave of pleasure that rippled through his body.

Freddie was mewling, his body still recovering... Jane's hips moved like lightning once again, burying herself inside him once more.

This time the sound that escaped Freddie's lips was just like a young woman receiving a huge cock for the first time; the surprise, the realisation...the sensation.

"Ooooooohhhhhhhh shit, ooooooohhhhhhh God..."

Freddie's knees were weak, but he didn't want them to give in when Jane slammed into him again, pounding him violently and making him squeal, his eyes half-closed and his entire body tensed as clear liquid began to leak out of his ass. His body convulsed whilst Jane had her way with him, never slowing or relaxing her brutal, pounding rhythm which jolted his whole body with each unerring thrust.

Her breasts jiggled and her muscles contorted as she unleashed a furious volley of thrusts, her huge bollocks slapping into Fred's meagre golf balls, producing an unseemly sound with each contact. Fred's body was bouncing off of Jane's like a pogo stick, his arms barely being used as she held his body out in front of him like a pneumatic drill to insert herself into him at speed.

"You're going to be a *big!- fat!- slut!-* for my dick, every day" - she timed her words with a few big thrusts so every word was accompanied by a high-pitched squeal of delight from Freddie. He was completely subsumed by her.

Jane loved his reactions every time she hurled her filthy insults at him and began a tarrade of abuse.

"You'll *NEVER* enjoy women now... you'll be craving dick, and every time they look in your eyes, they'll know you're a *FAGGOT!*" she said as she bottomed out in him and let her cock throb inside him a few

more times. Every time she abused him, Freddie's cock throbbed tremendously. Freddie's eyes were wide, and his mouth was open in shock... it felt so good. His knees were quivering with the build up of pleasure coursing through his body. He knew her perverted insults were true... normal women could never do this to him.

Freddie started to scream in delight as the orgasm slammed into his body, eyes rolled up in his head as he felt Jane's organ pummelling his most sensitive, secret areas.

Jane was not merciful as she unleashed her hulking physique, disguised by her femininity, as she committed herself wholly to driving her long, thick penis into his young tight hole, the loud *SMACKS!* of her hips against his butt cheeks echoing around the message room, as the young man's body was pummelled by her superior strength and athleticism.

Unnoticed by the two participants, they had also drawn an observer

Paris, the young masseuse, had just entered to check if Freddie Parsons was still waiting for his massage, and stood in shock at the doorway as she watched the local softball coach pound the living daylights out of one of the players.

"*HOLY SHIT* Coach Matherson was fucking Freddie with a strapon?!?!? Freddie liked it in the *ASS*?!?!?!"

Her mind was exploding as the events continued, the two participants rutting like animals as the focused only on their pleasure.

Paris then noticed that Coach Matherson didn't have anything on her lower half... and a huge pair of smooth testicles were swinging backwards and forwards with each thrust.

"Oh my God, Coach Matherson is packing *SERIOUS HEAT*!! She's hung like a horse!!"

She reckoned both participants hadn't noticed her as they were both facing away from the door and too busy to notice or care about the slight girl and her frizzy hair standing in the doorway. She carefully

and quietly pulled the door close and put on a 'do not disturb' sign. Horses for courses she thought, although she made a mental note to tell Freddie next time to completely close and lock the sound proofed door... it is there for a reason after all (although that reason was usually to block out gym music, not keep orgasmic anal sex screams quiet for Paris the late-night staff member.)

Meanwhile, back inside the massage room Freddie's mouth was open, screaming like a bitch at this point, pushing his ass back against Jane as hard as he could, taking her steel erection deep, light drops of sweat dripping off her tits and onto his back as she unleashed months of sexual frustration in one furious pent up release.

Their animal sex started to become passionate as Jane went back to slow fucking Freddie, her hands once again in his mouth... and she was taking her time; a long measured penetration, hilting him for a few seconds at a time, before slowly, agonisingly pulling out again, leaving just the head inside him. Teasing him. Taunting him.

Every time she left a huge gap inside him; a feeling of emptiness that needed filling, Freddie would wait, tortured for her to push back into him. Each time Jane would wait, patiently, enjoying her cruel game as she watched his back arch in anticipation of her next thrust, each one a longer wait than the last.

He started to whimper as she denied him his pleasure, and began pushing back, slowly at first, but soon faster and faster. He began to make small "Umph!" noises with each backwards thrust, until finally he was fucking himself silly on Jane's massive rod whilst she simply knelt behind him, grinning from ear to ear as she watched him bang the life out of himself. He was so into it that he almost hilted himself a few times, groaning each time he went that deep. Jane slapped his ass occasionally to give him some encouragement, and began to jerk his cock betwen her forefinger and thumb, which almost immediately exploded, a strangled scream coming from Freddie as he felt her milking him, inside and out.

Hot tears were falling down his cheeks as his body went into overload, unable to deal with all the sensations of pleasure as she

spanked him more and more, leaving red marks on his battered cheeks.

Jane began to tremble as she felt herself reaching her own climax, and flipped Freddie over, rotating him on her cock so he was facing her, legs up on her shoulders so he could see her in all her glory.

He saw her as she truly was in that moment... an other-wordly goddess, powerful, her hair plastered to her forehead as a soft sheen of sweat covered her body. Her breasts jiggled with each thrust, and he could just make out the gigantic cock which was sawing in and out of him, just past his own petite appendage.

Jane was staring at him, her expression close to ecstasy, as he drank her in. She pressed herself down on top of him so they were face to face, her tits crushed into his body.

They finally came face to face and passionately pressed their lips together, a sensual meeting of tongues and warmth, before Jane said fuck it and stuck her tongue down Fred's throat. He nearly came again just from that. She broke the deep french kiss to run her tongue up and down his cheek and chin, covering his face in saliva.

"I bet you wanted this so bad when I pushed you around in that clubhouse," she breathed, as she slid her tongue into his ear, making him groan.

"Yes...oh God yes..." he whimpered, totally in her thrall.

"Who's my little bitch," she breathed, her face up to his.

"Meeee Jane... I'm your little bitch," he said in delight, tears running down his face as she slow-fucked him.

Jane drank in his submission like the sweetest of nectars.

"Here it comes... are you ready to be filled up with Mommy's seed??" she said passionately.

His eyes went wide.

"Oh my god... yes Mummy!!" he said devotedly, his sheer delight driving her over the edge.

Her whole body tensed and she let out a long euphoric cry; "OOOOOHHHHHhhhhhhh!! *baaaaabyyyy yeeeeaaaaasss*," as she unloaded her heavy balls deep inside Freddie, who squealed as a small tsunami of hot cum deposited itself in his bowels.

"UNNGGGHHHHHHHHH!!"

She forced him to keep eye contact, her fingers squeezing his face as she marked him as her property; Freddie in complete submission to her as she triumphantly emptied her spasming dong inside his defenceless asshole. He gasped and kissed her lips as he felt the massive pressure of her cum exploding out of his ass, coating the massage table and floor behind them.

"Oh my fucking God... ohhhh shit..." he murmered softly as Jane collapsed on top of him, spent, her short blond hair askew and her legs quivering before falling still.

As she lay on top of Fred, she experienced euphoria. This boy was hers now. Marked, broken, property.

"You're amazing," whispered Freddie, still looking into her eyes.

"Obviously," she smirked as she gently caressed her hands up his chest and shoulders. "Now say it again for me."

"Say what?" said Fred in puzzlement.

Jane slid her hand down and squeezed his balls softly, breathing his scent in again.

"You know what," she said.

"I... am your bitch," he moaned. He loved the way she looked at him in that moment... intoxicated by his surrender to her. She grinned like a Cheshire cat staring at it's next meal.

"One more time for me."

Fred stared into her fiery blue gaze and said it softly, with all his soul.

"I... *am owned by you*, Jane Matherson, your total, owned bitch. Fuck me Mummy...Fuck me deep."

Jane purred and arched back, content at his heartfelt response. She noticed that he had become rock hard again and smirked as he began to squeeze her rapidly re-growing weapon inside him with his asshole. This massage wasn't over.

Later...

Jane and Fred walked out of the massage room having spent the last 10 minutes trying to make the scene less of a playboy mansion orgy sauna and more of the mood room it was intended to be. At least most of the cum had been washed away.

"So... uh," Fred began, sheepishly as they closed the door behind them. "I need to ask one thing... you're not making me into a girl or anything are you?"

Jane's grin couldn't have been wiped off by a hundred softball defeats in that moment.

"Only if you want it to happen."

Fred smiled as well. "Then I politely decline."

Jane put her arm around his shoulder and she smiled contendedly as she firmly led him out towards the front desk.

"I'm still fucking that sweet ass though," said Jane, giving Fred's tender butt a sharp slap which made him yelp. He smiled as she pulled him closer and took him to the exit. Their hair looked like they had just survived a jungle expedition and Fred was struggling to walk straight which Jane was trying hard and completely failing to not laugh at.

They had almost made it out when they heard a small noise coming from behind the desk and turned to see Paris sitting behind her computer, staring at them. Jane dropped her arm from Fred's shoulder and he moved away like it was a completely natural reaction to just stand a metre away from the person you were

walking out arm in arm with. Jane stumbled for a second as she found the words. 'Oh hi Paris...urm, how long have you been here?'

Paris bit her lip, and let out a long sigh.

"Ooooooooo about... thirty minutes."

She continued to stare awkwardly at them, fidgeting with the post-it notes on the desk in front of her and adjusting her seat.

Mild panic hit both Jane and Fred. She'd just fucked him like a wild beast and she had been 10 metres away from them the whole time. She must have heard something?!

"Oh right... did you um... hear much from outside?..." said Jane, her hand squeezing her own hip a little tighter. If they had been heard... word spread like wildfire in a town like this, and that didn't bare thinking about! Not a massive stretch to know that Coach of the year awards generally aren't given to trainers who give private fingering lessons to their centre fielder followed by butt-sex and a cream-pie.

"Oh uh... well nothing really, those rooms are soundproofed, because of the g.. um, the gym." She tripped over her words and adjusted her seat again.

Jane looked at her. Paris didn't seem comfortable at all, her face was red and she was stumbling over her words. Maybe she is just surprised that they were walking out together like this...it did look a little odd, she reasoned.

"Well.. ah... good night Paris... enjoy your evening," said Jane, and she quickly power walked out of the hall immediately, leaving Fred to waddle after her to catch up.

Paris smiled at them until the automatic door had closed behind them at which point she let out a huge moan and collapsed into her chair.

"OOOOHhhhhhhhh fuck me... Johnny you asshole!" she moaned as Johnny the gym instructor's head appeared from underneath the desk. Thank God the desk had enough room for 3 receptionists or he would never have been able to hide under it otherwise. He smiled,

panting, his face covered in her pussy juices as he slid out his fingers from inside her and rubbed her thighs.

"So wait, they were having sex in our workplace? How unprofessional," he said as he picked what might have been a pubic hair from his teeth.

"Not just sex Johnny...like, she had a fucking DICK in his ass!!" she exclaimed.

"Wow, what a great idea!" he grinned sliding his finger underneath her pussy and pressing against her hole which made her jump.

"Hey idiot, are you even fucking listening to me?!?!?!" Paris pouted.

"Yeah, you just said something about putting it in your ass right?" he said in a mock quizzical tone whilst his finger popped into her asshole. The sudden intrusion made her squeal and jump away, almost falling off her chair in the process.

"Oh you are fucking dead," she grinned at him.

"Oh I apologise m'lady," said Johnny, still kneeling in front of her.

Her face went serious.

"Apologies aren't good enough I'm afraid..." said Paris in a pitying tone. She pushed her chair forward, grabbed his hair and shoved his face unceremoniously back between her legs, and shoved him back under the desk, occasionally pulling him into her sopping wet pussy as she mindlessly fucked his face.

She heard him moaning as he wanked himself off, and began grinding her hips against his head, joining him in his moans as she felt herself edging closer to another epic orgasm. Late night shift was the best...