Late Ch. 03

What a day.

Jane flicked a strand of hair out of her eye as she walked side by side with Freddie towards the car, itching to put her arm around him again. A cool breeze flickered across her skin, and she realised they'd been busy 'massaging' for a long time, as the sky was dark and foreboding. Gatherings of leaves drifted across the empty car park, searching for shelter as she checked for signs of life, waiting until they were round the corner from reception before squeezing their bodies together.

She gently pulled him along as they walked, since Freddie's knees were shaking whenever he tried to move straight, and Jane held him tight, keeping him steady against her tall frame. His smile was hazy, eyes slightly unfocused. Jane felt a warmth inside her. She felt... Giddy.

They stopped next to her sleek black Sedan and no words were exchanged, Freddie's face cracking into a huge grin and Jane breathing out slowly as the sheer craziness of the past few hours sank in.

It seemed as if she might float away, she felt so alive. Part of Jane wanted to chastise herself for thinking like a stupid schoolgirl, but she couldn't help it. There was a slow tide of euphoria building inside her. If only she could bottle it up forever. Their sweaty lovemaking was repeating over and over in her head; The look of elation in his eyes, the shudder as she hit his prostate... It was so vivid that she blushed just from the vibrant passion of it. It was like watching her own fantasies spill into reality, living it, breathing it.

Jane checked her pocket and began fiddling with her keys as they stood holding each other by the waist, waiting for nothing in particular. A beat passed. Unconsciously she began squeezing tighter to Freddie, almost as if the moment they let go the spell would break and everything would go back to normality.

Freddie felt the squeeze and rubbed his hand on her waist. At that moment he turned in, standing on tiptoe so he could reach up and

kiss her softly on the lips, then buried his head in her neck, arms embracing the inviting warmth of her curves

Jane felt his heat, and crushed his body to hers, stroking the soft hair and planting gentle kisses on his cheek and neck, making him coo. Freddie could feel her heart beating strong, and fast. It thrilled him that he was having this effect on such a gorgeous woman. The sound of lonely cars in the distance echoed through the tranquillity of the dull, ordinary square of grey, the two lovers making it glow with a fleeting moment of affection.

Jane forced her arms to let go of Freddie and rubbed her nose against his, before breaking the hug. A long, considered breath, and she turned to her car.

Freddie stared as Coach Matherson, opened the door and bent over to grab something from the back, her peachy ass still threatening to explode out of her sports leggings. A leather jacket was retrieved, and she winked at him as she put her arms through it.

A hazy thought popped into Fred's head that he hoped this wasn't all a dream, as she stepped into the driver's seat and closed the door.

His mind began to wander as the engine rumbled to life. Did this mean he was going to be her boyfriend? Jane revved the throttle of the comfortable looking Sedan as Fred stood next to it, feverish thoughts sending his consciousness down long, winding roads of Matherson. His knees wobbled and it was hard to really focus on anything other than the high he was riding right now.

Jane rolled down the window and spoke with a bemused expression on her face. "Get in the car idiot."

Freddie blinked, and then shuffled like a quizzical puppy to the passenger side door, almost falling into the spacious interior.

Jane smirked as he tried to pull his seatbelt, the mechanism refusing to budge. She watched for a few painful seconds as he yanked at it, getting more and more flustered as it refused to budge.

"Christ boy..." she said tenderly as she leaned over and gently pulled the seatbelt across Freddie and into the clasp for him.

"Thanks Mummy," said Fred, and openly cringed that he'd said it outside of their sweaty love session. It sounded odd.

Jane snorted. He really was such a dork, but it thrilled her that he had called her that.

"You're welcome, my little bitch," she said casually. "I believe we've sorted our nicknames for the next training session then?"

Fred let out an awkward laugh.

"Um... Maybe just for today."

"Maybe not," said Jane with a wry smile.

Fred's laugh petered out.

Jane turned the keys slowly. She was going to take her sweet time before she had to drop Fred off. For the first time in a long while, she was feeling almost contented. She looked over at him fidgeting with his seatbelt clasp, a slightly uncomfortable look on his face. She considered he might still be wrapping his head around everything he had gone through today, which made sense - she'd introduced him to a lot of new experiences tonight.

"Fred... do you mind if I ask you something personal?" she said, tightening her grip on the wheel slightly as she attempted to (gently) broach the subject of his feelings on having been ploughed like a whore earlier this evening.

"Sure."

"Have you... ever had sex before?"

"Huh?" said Freddie, in a slightly higher pitch than he intended. "Yes, yeah... Of course!"

He had tried to sound incredulous, but it came out as slightly panicked.

Coach Matherson, raised an eyebrow. She set the stick to drive and eased out of the parking lot as she answered: "Well if we're both being honest... you never seemed totally relaxed around me until we were... you know... fucking."

Freddie sat up a little straighter in the car seat.

"I'm not a v-virgin... I had sex with some... three... women actually" he stammered.

Coach Matherson raised her eyebrows as she watched the road.

"Oh yeah?..."

Best to meet the elephant in the room head on.

"Any like me?"

Fred's cheeks ripened as the unsaid details ran through his mind; Coach Matheson's huge cock sawing in and out of him. He subconsciously clenched his asshole.

"No.. no, they were all normal!" said Fred defensively

"All three of them were... normal? " she said in a slightly robotic voice.

"Well... you know, like women," said Fred, regretting his choice of words.

"Right," muttered Jane, her eyes glued to the road.

The car lapsed into silence, and Fred cringed inside.

A car approached ahead and the Sedan flew forward, past the vehicle's headlights until they were just dots in the rear-view mirror. The revving motor sounded like a nuclear explosion in comparison to the deathly quiet inside the car.

Fred tried desperately to search for something to say, but his brain was clawing thin air. Why did he have to be so stupid sometimes?! He looked over at Jane but she ignored him, the muscles in her jaw becoming a little tense. Her body language was stiff, and her hands were gripping tighter on the steering wheel like it was about to fly off at any second.

They came up to some lights and the breaks juddered a little sharper than necessary, the seatbelt tightening around Fred's chest as he was pulled forward. Fred glanced over and noticed her leg looked like it was trying to put the brake pedal through the floor. The warmth in

her expression from earlier had faded, and her eyes were glued to the road.

He tried to drag his brain through something, anything to break the awful silence.

"I haven't had sex with three women," he jabbered.

Silence.

Jane didn't register that he had said anything, her gaze still fixed on the red light as the car engine say quietly humming.

"I'm a virgin... was a virgin," he said. There was a note of pleading in his voice.

"So... I was your first?" Jane stated tersely, more as confirmation than a question.

Fred nodded his head.

"And I'm assuming that you weren't expecting your first time to be getting bent over and fucked by a woman with a cock?" She emphasised the word 'cock' despondently.

His eyes flicked to her crotch. The crimson in his cheeks plumed...

"Yes," he breathed softly.

Fuck it. Be honest.

"And... I really liked it" he said.

Jane's eyebrows quivered as the light turned green. Her foot pressed the pedal a little softer and the engine whined, jerking them into a gentle speed away from the stoppage.

She didn't respond, but her jawline had softened, so Fred continued.

"I just... I feel nervous about me being you know... a guy. And you... you're an amazing woman... I just feel like...not manly, with you...but it's still good, you know?" he struggled awkwardly.

Jane's expression didn't change, but her demeanour was calmer, and her eyes flicked back to him.

"And... I really enjoyed tonight.. I just... don't want to be a girl or anything... But it was amazing..." Fred searched for words that could show how he felt. His embarrassment at being fucked. The fact that he liked it, liked her. That he felt ashamed and yet yearned for more. And the fact that somehow, deep in the recesses of his mind, a dominant woman like her might just be what he genuinely wanted.

Jane opened her mouth, and her voice was reflective.

"Fred... I know you might have notions of what a man should be, but I have seen what you are... You are a submissive boy, and being fucked turns you on."

The look on Fred's face was one of embarrassment at this emphatic statement, and he turned to stare out of the window.

"Sure," he uttered, but inside his heart was pounding.

"You're not an alpha male Fred... I owned you, and you loved it," she insisted, a note of lust creeping into her tenor.

Fred's lip trembled at what felt like a personal attack, and he felt the blood rush to his mutinous cock, which throbbed at the words being thrust indelicately into his ears.

"Answer me... you enjoyed me being inside you, didn't you?" She was ravenous now.

Fred's eyes bugged out, and he couldn't respond.

"My balls slapping your asshole as you called me Mummy."

Her tone was so provocative it was almost steamy, and Freddie felt intense embarrassment, which only seemed to feed his body's elation. She had already emasculated him today, and it felt like his body was slowly being conditioned to accept it, to revel in it. It scared him but he was also filled with so much nervous excitement that he no longer knew what to think.

She stopped at the lights and flicked her eyes to Freddie. He was avoiding her gaze, looking extremely uncomfortable... and his hands were covering his lap.

Coach Matherson bit her lip. She couldn't help herself.

Her hand snaked between his legs, grabbing the small package there with her large fingers. Freddie groaned and his eyes snapped to his crotch and then her.

"Oh, sorry," she said in a mock apologetic voice, "just trying to change to park."

She squeezed his package as she stared back at him menacingly, as if daring him to challenge her. Freddie let out an un-controlled mewl and Jane felt his tiny cock begging for attention between her fingers.

She leaned close, until she was inches from his face.

"Yeah, that's what I thought, my little slut." She said, smiling, although her eyes took a few seconds to lose their hard edge as she slipped her tongue into his mouth and his lips parted. She moaned, frenching him and squeezing her hand at the same time.

Freddie panted at Jane's frenetic efforts and sucked on her tongue, easily coerced back into a state of worship as the lights began to change. The green light flicked on as he melted in her embrace, and a few seconds of French kissing drew him in until a car horn blared angrily behind them. Jane begrudgingly let go of his cock and balls, withdrawing her tongue from his lips as she shifted to drive and hit the accelerator aggressively, the car lurching as it sped away from the intersection.

Freddie's cock wouldn't go down and he nervously crossed legs, his head swirling again. He felt like he was losing his mind today, although weirdly it felt like he had unlocked an inner happiness that he had never before experienced. A kind of deep-set submissiveness that Jane was tapping into. It terrified him as much as it thrilled him, and he tried not to look at Jane again as they sped towards his apartment.

Jane was in heaven. She was riding home in her car, leather jacket on, with her bitch horny as hell in the passenger seat. The swell in her leg was raging against the confines of her tight pants again. This boy was a drug, and she was utterly addicted.

She glanced over and noticed him crossing his legs. He was loving this, she thought smugly.

"Must be nice." said Jane, a sly expression creeping onto her features.

"Huh?" said Freddie, confused.

"You know... Having a small penis, " said Jane, like they were discussing the weather. "No danger of someone noticing it at the supermarket... the first time an old lady spotted mine, I thought she was going to die of a heart attack... I guess being small has its benefits right?"

She smiled in a commiserating fashion as the lust began to seep slowly into her balls, awakening the beast.

Freddie felt his dick throb in the face of her condescension and tried to look crushed as he muttered a vague response. "Well, it's not that small or anything."

"What do you mean? It's so cute," she said pityingly, as if talking to a child. "Shall we take our cocks out and see how manly you are then? Do you think seeing a proper cock will make your baby dick get hard for Mommy?"

Freddie felt so horny and belittled at the same time. He didn't have anything to respond with other than to nervously squirm in his seat. When you're being driven home by a woman hung like a horse, there is nothing you can say.

Coach Matherson didn't know what was coming over her. Freddie just seemed to wake the animal in her. She wanted to break him repeatedly, have him curled up with her inside him, begging for more... She kept her eyes on the road, but she was hyper aware of the young man shifting uncomfortably next to her.

"You know Fred... I don't think you're being grateful enough to your Coach for giving you a ride home." she said slyly.

Freddie looked at her confused and immediately felt a rush of excitement and fear when he saw her mean expression, eyes flashing towards him.

"Oh.. Jane, I... I'm sorry, for-"

"Oh, you're sorry?" she said seductively. "Well maybe you should pay me back instead of talking with those fine girly lips...it is bad manners to ride home like a whore and not act like one."

Freddie's cock hardened to its fullest extent, so much so that it was openly throbbing without being touched. The big dick energy exuding from Coach Matherson was undeniable. He looked down at her leg and saw the angriest, most uncompromising bulge trying to split Coach's pants in two.

Freddie's mouth watered. Oh God... She had definitely changed something in him. He needed that dick in his mouth. What was wrong with him? A straight man doesn't have thoughts like this, right?

Without saying anything, Freddie leaned over, and put his face against her bulge. He moaned as he rubbed his lips against it, making Jane shudder and grunt.

The car pulled up to another stoplight and Jane used the ten or so seconds of waiting to pull Freddie's head back and whip off her tight leggings and placing it under her ass (avoiding getting too sweaty on the leather seat, upholstery maintenance is important).

Freddie briefly marvelled at her ability to remove the constricting pants so quickly before setting to the task at hand, smooching her pale dong which was now jutting proudly from Jane's body. He ran his wet lips across the shaft and let his spit lubricate her. Jane started moaning as the lights changed and she put the pedal to the floor whilst pushing Freddie's face into her meat, squeezing it between his face and her tight belly. He realised now more than ever how heavy her dick was. It felt like a hot, spongy flagpole was being pressed against his face.

He took a deep sniff of her musk, drinking in the tang of the sweat, the natural odours from her groin. He juddered. It smelt better than anything he could think of in that moment.

He nestled his face under her cock, licking her balls, which were perched at the edge of her seat. His lips got in close and formed a seal around them, trying to engulf as much of her nutsack in his mouth as possible. It made him strangely proud that he managed to

get one whole testicle in his mouth, making a horrendously slutty slurping sound, lathering it in his spit whilst trying to swallow it.

Jane's knuckles went white as she gripped the steering wheel and tried not to slam the accelerator every time she felt the orgasmic suction on one of her testicles. The right one was being tongued, becoming engulfed in spit. A few seconds later, those tight lips detached from spit-lathered skin with a wet pop, the air briefly flitting over the wetness and making her shiver, before the little hoover attached itself enthusiastically to the left ball, slurping mingling with the sound of the engine as Jane's right leg tensed, the motor roaring and the tension in her balls began to churn.

Fred fixed his attention back on her shaft, leaving her balls soaked in spit, and plunged onto her shaft, letting out an excited squeal into a mouthful of cock meat which left Jane going almost cross eyed. She moaned and her legs spasmed. The car jumped forward and she quickly applied the brakes, the engine winding down. This was way too dangerous; she was 100% going to cum everywhere and drive them into a building. She looked for the nearest lay bye as Fred's eyes rolled into the top of his head just from sucking Jane's cock, which was driving her insane, and turned into what looked like a quiet residential area.

She checked the houses nearby for any signs of life, shut the engine off, and then harshly scrunched her fist in Fred's hair and began fucking his face for a full minute. The only sounds now were the "Schlich, schlich," of her cock stirring the mix of saliva and pre-cum in his mouth.

God he had made her so horny. They had spent hours fucking earlier this evening and within thirty minutes she was trying to blow her load in his face again.

Jane's expression was one of elation, her brow furrowed and eyes closing as she pulled her chair back and lowered the back rest. The jacket came off, followed by the shirt which she put under her back, leaving her breasts open to the air. She enjoyed the soothing feeling of lying there whilst pumping her hips upwards into Fred's face as she held his head, enjoying the sweet sensations of having her long staff pleasured with young lips. Fred's tongue would flutter

occasionally against the slit of her penis, a touch of sensitive nerves that made her offer little whimpers of encouragement.

A tentative hand slid up her belly, towards her chest.

"Yes, good boy" said Jane softly.

Fred's searching hand found a breast, and he slowly worked his fingers around it, caressing it, playing with it. Jane's nipples were soft, like rubbing pink cherries, but with a hardness that made them flick back to attention from each pull and prod.

Jane gasped as her nipples were teased with his roving digits. She could feel his other hand sliding down her leg to rest on her bollocks still wet with saliva, and he began to rub his palm into her nut sack, tenderly loving her meaty tennis balls.

Jane let out a girlish whimper as her nipple, cock and balls were all zealously assaulted in a three-pronged attack that left her defenceless against the volcano stewing up inside her.

Fred bobbed his head up and down the throbbing veiny monster, yearning for the dessert stirring in her scrotum. He could feel it pulsing, expanding in its excitement for release. His own penis was fully erect and dribbling pre-cum in his trousers as he pleasured every part of her ridiculously beautiful body that he could touch, flexing his palm around her balls, vibrating his tongue on her cock-head, agitating her nipples between his fingers.

Jane felt all the stars align and gripped her hands on the door and passenger seat as the flood of pleasure lit her brain up like a Christmas tree, the orgasm rifling up every inch of her cock and through the rest of her body. Hot, flowing semen spouted into Fred's mouth, bubbling up from Jane's shaft like she was pressing a can of whipped cream directly down his throat.

Fred opened his throat up and sucked like he was trying to swallow her phallus whole, trying to eke every last rope of hot cum from Jane's throbbing testicles as it spewed like a cannon inside him. It was unbelievable how good swallowing her cock-spewed essence felt, and it hit something deep inside him. It was putting him into a

place of pure submissiveness that (although he felt ashamed of it) he needed with every fibre of his being.

Fred kept his eyes on Jane's face as she came. It was utterly spellbinding feeling her hot squirts into his mouth whilst seeing her facial movements. Her mouth was open in a large 'O', eyelids jammed shut, head lolling back. She let out soft, breathy moans from the back of her throat with each thick wad of cream hitting his taste buds, and her head would jerk back slightly with each spurt, a small flutter of her eyelids here and there.

The liquid continued to course down Fred's throat, and it amazed him how much was filling his stomach as he swallowed over and over, the Jane Matherson pipeline continuing to dish out huge servings of cock-cream into his opening.

Eventually, after a ridiculous amount of hot jizz had been emptied into Freddie's mouth, her last throes abated and she rested her head back, panting like a marathon runner trying to regain her breath.

Fred felt like his entire insides had been coated in ejaculate. The salty musk was sliding all over his tongue, pungent and strong in his nostrils, and he savoured how odd, yet pleasant, the cum actually tasted.

They both took a moment, Freddie lost in his new world of submission whilst still vacuum sealed on Jane's penis, and Jane smiling to herself as she enjoyed the post-orgasm haze.

Jane felt Fred beginning to slowly pull his head off her dick, and she slipped her hand to the back of his neck, gripping him tight, and slid him firmly back down. His eyes looked up in surprise, questioningly, as he quietly tried to keep down the huge splurge of ejaculate that was now sloshing in his stomach.

"Get your cock out and cum for Mommy," said Jane, a tired smile on her face.

Small trickles of cum ran down from around his lips as he stared lovingly up at her and nodded.

He undid his trousers and his penis emerged, raised up like a daffodil, adorable and gentle compared to Jane's thick redwood next to it.

He grabbed himself and began wanking, mewling softly into the long, fat willy in his mouth as Jane watched him.

Jane sighed softly as Fred unabashedly jerked off in front of her. She could see that he was falling in love with the feeling of having a penis in his mouth, and it was a gorgeous sight to behold. He was making small noises which hummed around her meat, the Cum and spit still running from his overfilled face down the lines of her veins, her taut skin.

Almost immediately Fred started to whine and buck, and Jane decided to help push him over the edge. She spoke in a voice that she knew would send him into immediate ejaculation.

"I think someone wants to cum for Mommy... Who's mommy's little bitch? You're Mommy's little bitch aren't you," she said lovingly as she grabbed hold of his head and pumped her still-wet cock a few times into Fred's used mouth.

Fred heard the words, felt the presence of her inside and around him; the taste of her seed, her cock pumping over his tongue, aggressively squeezing his hair between her fingers, and pleasure overcame him. His face went haywire, long ropes of jizz releasing from his aching balls and gently falling on Jane's belly as he slurped on her dick like a lollipop. His soft squeal around her penis was gloriously slutty, and Jane swooned as the small wet strands painted little white lines on her body.

She cooed softly as Fred breathed heavily through his nose, spent but still attached to Jane's penis. Perfection, she thought to herself.

After a brief moment of letting her dick wallow in the warm confines of his mouth, Jane slowly, begrudgingly, pulled his head off her cock. Fred coughed and sputtered as some of the cum slid down the wrong pipe in his throat, and he remained bent over, dazed, her cock waving around in front of his face as he took a moment to adjust.

Jane's eyes were glued to Fred, his face lulling in front of her weapon, and she wrapped her fingers around the base of the shaft and started patting him with her wet penis like she was petting a dog, the juicy slaps of her softening erection on his delicate skin the only sound in their little world of passion. Fred moaned in delight as his forehead was firmly slapped again and again with hot cock flesh. He had found his happy place, and it was at the mercy of the wet shaft of Coach Matherson's dick.

Jane's breathing gradually returned to normal, and she slowly sat her chair back up, pulling Fred's head up and giving it a dainty kiss on the small spot on his cheek that wasn't coated in a layer of cum and saliva. The wet ropes were still on her belly, and she manhandled Fred towards her, unceremoniously rubbing the ropes of jizz and patches of sweat onto his t-shirt before pressing his chest back into the passenger seat roughly.

She felt his heart still racing and smiled to herself. This had been the best day of both their lives, she was pretty certain.

Once she had her t-shirt back on (slightly too warm for a jacket) and Jake had managed to rub most of the cum and saliva off of his face with his now utterly filthy and sticky t-shirt, ('what if someone sees!') she started the car and rolled them slowly out of the side-street, and back to the main road. They drove in contented silence, happily watching the perfect world drift by, the gentle, windy evening now dark and peaceful.

Fred's belly gurgled, and he smiled guiltily as Jane looked over at him, biting her lip.

"That is fucking hot," she said breathily.

"Thanks Mommy," he answered softly.

Jane groaned deeply, the desire on her face returning.

"Shut the fuck up Bitch or we'll never get home," she said with a tiny smile creasing the edges of her mouth.

They both turned their heads back to the main road.

Fred couldn't believe how happy he was. He wanted to punch the roof, and scream with joy. He had never imagined his first time being like this... but now all that stuff he thought he knew had just been thrown into utter disarray. It had been replaced by something too raw and visceral to fully understand yet. His stomach gurgled again, and he sighed, contented.

Jane meanwhile was already visualising how much punishment her bed could take if she ploughed Fred at full velocity in it. It was sturdy enough but every scenario in her mind seemed to involve fucking him until the wall and mattress had been thoroughly destroyed. Logically it seemed like the only thing to do would be to buy a re-enforced bed frame and harder mattress, although she did like the softness. Maybe on the couch?

The trip finished with Jane working out the ergonomics of fucking Fred upside down, sideways and backwards on each and every inch of available space in her flat, whilst Fred simply wondered how he was going to sleep at all tonight, having had the best day of his entire life, lost his virginity to his dream woman, and been given a belly full of cum.

They rolled up at Fred's house with the windows dark, lamplight illuminating the weathered oak tree on the sidewalk, and they both took a moment to observe each other.

Fred put his hand on the door and Jane raised an eyebrow.

"No you don't," she said breathlessly. "Come here, slut."

Fred's heart melted and he leaned towards Jane, who grabbed his face and passionately mauled it. Her tongue was back down his throat, sucking all the intimate tastes from his mouth, and he felt the vibrations of her moaning travel down his spine, plunging him into a deep well of desire whilst drowning him in her saliva.

She sucked his face, and Fred could amazingly feel his cock hardening, his balls aching from the constant semen they were being forced to churn out. He had never felt anything like it. She could turn him on like flicking a light switch. Her aggressive tongue eventually slid away from his, and her lips detached, leaving a few gentle kisses

on his cheek, which made him feel like his chest would burst with happiness.

She smiled softly.

"Sweet dreams, baby bitch."

She blew him a kiss, and Fred bit his lip.

"Thanks Mommy," he whispered.

Jane bared her teeth. It made her furiously horny every time he called her that. She bit her lip as he gave her one last cute smile and opened the door.

He stepped out into the cool air, and after a small wave, began to walk back to his house.

Jane gunned the engine, despite it being late, and zoomed away, breaking into a huge grin. This had been the best day ever. She felt her cock swollen against her thigh again. Jesus, she thought to herself, it was like being sixteen again, it just wouldn't go down! What the fuck was this boy doing to her. She lowered the window and breathed the cool night air, as the sedan sped down the dark, empty road.

Fred watched her go, and then broke into his own goofy, confused grin. Just... what even. He waddled slowly back to the house on legs of rubber, expecting to wake up from this dream at any moment.

He poked his head into the living room. It was dark. Thank God, he thought to himself. He wasn't exactly looking too presentable with his shirt, trousers and mouth covered in bodily juices. His knees shook as he tried to take the stairs. She had seriously done something to him... He felt like he was made of marshmallows.

Fred managed to pull himself up with help from the banister, and quietly slipped his key into the lock. Quiet now... This was NOT the time to be waking his flatmates. The latch opened with a barely audible *click*, and he quickly slipped inside in case anyone heard.

As soon as he had closed the door, his body seemed to let go of everything, and he barely managed to empty his pockets and make it to the bed before his eyelids fell shut, and he passed out on the mattress.

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Fred awoke to the sound of banging on his door. His eyes snapped open and he looked up in horror at the door handle turning. He felt his shirt... with huge half-dried cum stains on it.

Oh shit.

He staggered towards the wardrobe and began to rip his shirt off whilst watching the bedroom door open in awful slow motion. A head poked around the frame, with messy brown hair and a slightly freckled, cute face.

"Wow, did you sleep in your clothes last night?" said Terry, raising an eyebrow as she watched Freddie trying to rip his shirt off his head like it was a live cobra, throwing it behind a pile of crumpled clothes.

"Wow noob, thanks for knocking," replied Freddie desperately, turning away from her as he tried to check subtly if there were any bodily fluids on his belly or face. It didn't seem like there was, and he hoped to God Terry hadn't seen the cum stains on the shirt or the front of his pants. The taste of Jane's cum was so strong in his mouth that he was worried she might actually smell it from the doorway.

"It's midday bitch... Your fault for being lazy," she said behind him casually. Instead of closing the door she skipped into the room to the sleek black office chair sitting next to his desk to take a seat and began swivelling around on it, propelling herself in circles like a helicopter as Fred fiddled with the front of his pants.

Freddie let out an exasperated sigh.

"Would you please stop calling me that,"

"Why, touched a nerve?" she said, in a tone that suggested she had the biggest possible shit-eating grin on her face.

He turned his head back around and was indeed confirmed with Terry's gleeful visage. Her shoulder length dark hair was tied up in a long ponytail, and she was wearing jeans and a chequered red oversized shirt. Basically the same as always. The smartest she ever got was probably wearing a softball uniform. She also had a super cute nerd face which frankly she needed to get out of the trouble her mouth caused.

"Look, are you gonna let me get changed?"

Terry responded by rolling her eyes and swivelling slowly to face the other way, and Freddie let out an exasperated breath. This was not the time to have someone nattering at him. His head was still scrambled from the events of last night.

"So what happened yesterday?" said Terry innocently.

He stopped in the middle of changing his pants and felt his mind sliding right back onto Jane's cock. Panic set in.

"Uh, what do you mean?" said Freddie. A small bead of sweat formed on his brow.

"Well... you didn't join us for drinks. Neither did Coach, and she's always there at the social! Did you see her?"

"No," said Freddie, defensively, grabbing a fresh pair of jeans. "Didn't see her."

"Hmmm," this seemed to perplex Terry, and hidden behind the large back of the comfortable leather chair it made her seem like an evil mastermind formulating a world-ending scheme.

"Where were you?"

Fred gritted his teeth.

"Went home."

Terry turned the chair around, catching him naked but for his underwear.

"HEY!" shouted Fred, covering up his undies.

Terry's face was quizzical, and she ignored him, her eyes focused like a hound that had caught the scent of its quarry.

"That doesn't make any sense, how did you get back? And how come you slept in your clothes? Come on dude, you went somewhere last night, spill it!"

Her eyes were gleaming with excitement, and she leant forward like he was about to tell her a magical story.

Freddie's phone vibrated on the desk next to Terry as he tried to jam his legs into his jeans, turning away from her.

"None of your business," he said.

Terry swivelled briefly to his desk and then swivelled back.

"It sounds like my business."

"Why is it your business."

"Because I just saw a text message on your phone from Coach Matherson, and if I'm jumping to conclusions here, it kinda sounds like you guys fucked."

Freddie's eyes bulged, and he looked over at the phone that Terry was holding in her left hand.

"What the fuck Terry!" he said angrily as he snatched the phone from her.

"WHAT, I just saw it vibrate and picked it up!" said Terry in the least apologetic tone possible. "It's not my fault you show your messages on the lock screen, dickhead."

Freddie stood frozen, one leg inside his jeans, the other outside. He stared at the message.

'Hey, I really enjoyed last night...I just wanted to ask if we could keep this between ourselves... people might talk and... maybe we can meet after training on Sunday if you aren't busy? M x'

Terry leaned forward again.

"Look, I only caught the first part of the message but... it does sound pretty suspicious! Come on, you HAVE to tell me about this!" she said pleadingly.

Her expression looked like Christmas had come early, and she was leaned so far forward that she was almost falling off the front of the chair.

Freddie sighed.

"Look... I'll tell you about last night... but can I at least put some clothes on?"

"No problemo!" said Terry in a butter-wouldn't-melt voice, and swivelled around.

A few seconds later Freddie had on a clean pair of jeans, a wildcats t-shirt, and a grey hoodie.

"Okay," said Freddie, and Terry rotated back round so fast that she almost flew off the chair.

"Hit me!" she said.

Freddie breathed in.

"We... Had sex."

Terry slammed her feet on the floor.

"NO WAY!" she roared, and Freddie had to clench his fists to stop her making so much noise that the flatmates would undoubtedly hear and ask what was going on.

"No way!" she whispered, eyes bright.

"Yeah we... we had sex."

"Where, how?"

"In the massage room."

"YOU HAD SEX IN THE MASSAGE ROOM!"

Freddie gritted his teeth. "SHHHHH!" he hissed at her.

"Okay, okay, I get it, sorry... but holy fuck, you fucked Coach Matherson, as in THE Coach Matherson, super serious, insanely hot, kinda scary Coach Matherson.. on a massage table? What the hell Fred, you're a stud!"

"Yeah.. Yeah, sure," said Freddie, his cheeks blushing, having left out the slight detail that she had been the one doing the fucking.

"But... dude... what was she like?"

Freddie's brain was suddenly compressing again, and his mouth screamed at it to say something. Anything.

"Urm... she was good."

"She was...good?" said Terry incredulously. "Like... the girl with the stripper titties and ass explosion that half the town chokes the chicken over was just... good?"

"Yeah, why, what do you want from me?" said Freddie defensively.

"DETAILS Freddie! Like no offence, but you've never told me about any girls you've been with before, and now you're telling me you banged the hottest chick in town?! Hell I'm not even gay but I'd probably say yes if Coach Matherson asked me... How did it happen?!

Freddie's brow was sweating slightly again. This was not the conversation he needed right now, his head was still groggy from being woken up, his belly was full of Coach Matherson's jizz, and he was feeling more and more that sense of humiliation closing in, as he searched for a way to placate Terry's needling questions.

"Well... she offered to give me a massage."

"Yeah?"

"And then, we both got a little excited and... Yeah," he finished lamely.

The feeling of Jane's weight on top of his as she buried herself inside him trickled through his mind. A bead of sweat slowly winded down the side of his face, and he rubbed it off with the sleeve of his hoodie.

"Holy shit," said Terry. She looked like her brain had exploded, gormlessly staring into the distance.

"Coach Matherson," she whispered. "Dude, why would you hide it from me, we tell each other everything!"

Freddie scratched his head awkwardly.

"Well I just woke up; can't I have a secret for one day?"

He couldn't help feeling a small bit of pride. It was kinda cool that he'd got with someone that most people would give their right arm for a chance at.

Terry opened her mouth to say something and Freddie jumped in before she could ask for a scene-by-scene playback.

"LOOK, can I at least have some coffee before you hit me with my rights?"

Terry mused over this statement for a moment, steepling her fingers together like a detective mulling over a murder.

"I find this acceptable," she said, and Freddie rolled his eyes and walked out of the room. Terry popped up from the chair, snapping at his heels as he stomped downstairs.

They walked into a decent sized kitchen with an explosion of dishes, unpacked shopping and pot plants scattered around the various surfaces, and Fred slid the fridge door open. Just enough milk left. Booyah. Maybe today was going to be a better day than he thought.

Terry appeared behind him and grabbed herself two slices of bread.

Fred thought about calling her out for not asking, but thought fuck it. Anything to make her shut up about last night was a blessing. He grabbed the coffee jar and opened it. Two granules came out. He sighed. Maybe not such a good day.

"Want some toast?" said Terry.

His belly full of spunk gurgled and he put his hand to it.

"Affirmative!" beamed Terry, (which made Fred wince at her misinterpretation of the signals coming from his sloshing stomach), and she grabbed two more slices and slung them into the toaster.

Fred blushed. Maybe the toast would soak up some of Jane's Jizz so his stomach would stop making noises? Wow what was he even thinking right now...

They sat down, removing a few half-finished coke cans from the kitchen table, and Terry folded her arms and leaned in.

"But seriously... you just... fluttered your eyes at her and suddenly you guys were porking?"

Fred groaned.

"Look, we... It was fun. It was a great night, I really like her. Now can we please not talk about it for one minute."

"But we never talk about your personal life!"

"That's because there is never anything important to talk about!"

"Well, you weren't going to tell me about THIS until I figured it out for myself."

She raised a scolding eyebrow at him and Fred felt himself clenching. It wasn't like that, he thought to himself.

"It's... I don't know..."

Terry's eyebrow refused to come down from its lofty perch.

"Was this... your first time?"

Fred's cheeks burned red.

"...yes," he whispered.

"... Cool," she said with a gentle smile. "You fucking deserve it."

Fred smiled. A small weight lifted off his shoulders. Although he hadn't told her everything, it was good to have Terry on his side.

"And for what it's worth... that's a hell of a way to pop your cherry dude."

Fred laughed, and Terry grinned as the toaster popped up, revealing 3 slices of toast and one perfectly untouched slice of a bread. Terry raised her eyebrow at it.

"Oh yeah," said Fred, "I forgot about that."

She clicked her tongue, and began to search for condiments.

A plate with two pieces of toast was placed in front of him, a jar of Jam slammed on the table, and Terry began lathering her one piece of toast and one piece of bread in jam.

Terry smiled sympathetically at him.

"I'm glad you actually opened up about it."

Fred felt a small tightness in his throat again.

"It means a lot," she said.

Fred felt like he had a tie on his neck that was slowly shrinking. They ate their toast in a silence that was laced with guilt for Fred at partially lying to his friend. Terry happily chomped away at her toast and bread jam sandwich.

"I actually think this might be a new way of eating this," said Terry in a bewildered voice. "The textures... I'm a genius!"

"Listen... Terry," he began

"Yeah?" she said between mouthfuls.

"When I spoke about last night."

"Shhh." She hissed as Gareth, one of Fred's housemates, walked in wearing his usual eclectic mixture of baggy ripped clothes and a beanie hat.

"No seriously, about last night..."

Terry widened her eyes at him, and she quickly plastered a smile on her face at the new entrant, making Fred's head whip round.

Gareth stopped, his ginger mop, gangly body and pasty face all eying them suspiciously.

A second of stony silence passed.

"You guys fucked didn't you," he said.

Terry's face changed into one of utter confusion, and Freddie had to hold back a laugh. Gareth never failed to live up to his reputation as the house dumbass.

"Oh, yeah Gareth, congratulations, you got us, we couldn't keep our hands off each other," chuckled Freddie.

Terry narrowed her eyes as Gareth guffawed.

"I freakin' knew it!"

"Yeah," said Freddie, "we were just discussing our marriage vows."

Terry snorted, and she couldn't help but fire a retort at Freddie's teasing.

"Oh please, you may have fucked Matherson but I'm still waaayyy out of your league," she said in an extra sassy tone.

Freddie let out a small whine noise of anger and gestured at Terry to please stop talking, but using decidedly coarser language.

Gareth chuckled.

"Look, you can lie all you want, but I called it the moment I saw you guys, and besides, I've seen Coach Matherson, and she is way out of your league bro."

Terry's eyes lit up and it looked like she was about to lamp Gareth across the mouth when Freddie politely stepped in.

"You're right Gareth, we cannot deny your incredible deductions, and now Watson, We're leaving," he said pointedly.

Terry ground her teeth.

"Fine," she growled.

She tramped out of the kitchen and Fred followed her into the hall as Gareth called after them.

"Use protection guys, don't be idiots!"

Terry ground her teeth.

"I hate that guy."

"Oh, come on," said Fred, "he's not that bad... But can you PLEASE not go telling my biggest secrets to every single person that happens to walk into the room?"

Terry took a moment and composed herself.

"I will never let you down."

"You're 1 and 0 at the moment."

"From this moment onwards."

"Onwards being...?"

Terry thought for a moment.

"Burger-town?"

Fred thought about the fact he still had a belly full of spunk and half a piece of toast on his plate, but then thought, fuck it. Burger-town sounded good.

He made to walk towards the door and paused.

"Can I brush my teeth first?"

****

Jane power-walked from the kitchen to the bedroom and looked over the faded wooden bedframe. The sides sagged ever so slightly, and the bright light streaming in through the window lit up the dents and

notches in the wood from years of gentle wear and tear. It had never been exposed to the battlefield of her sexual escapades - perhaps she should buy a new one?

Lips tightening on her shaft came to the surface of her thoughts.

She shook her head, cleared her mind and breathed. Meditate. Focus. She took in a few deep lungfuls of air, and then Freddie's face appeared in front of her. Now he was moaning. Now he was looking up into her eyes as she pressed her weight into his frail body. Ignore it, breath out.

Let it all go.

Breath in. Her fingers are sliding along his back.

Focus on the breathing.

He's begging her to fuck him.

Breath out.

Begging like a horny slut.

Jane groaned and shook her head again. What the hell was wrong with her? She turned away from the mattress that would probably need replacing as well if they were going to fuck properly on it, and spotted herself in the full-length mirror next to her door.

Her hair was messed up, her simple white polo shirt had a few frayed threads on the side, and her comfortable pyjama bottoms had a few holes around the knees.

And... she felt like a million dollars. She looked good... in fact it seemed like her figure was almost buoyant.

She snapped herself out of her own reflection and moved back to the hallway.

Admin. There was admin to do.

She grabbed the pull-up bar going into the kitchen. The first one had fallen down, so she'd had to purchase a screw in version to keep it

secure.

She leapt up with ease and clamped her fists onto the bar, and began pumping out perfect pullups, slow down and quick up. She let out small, hissed breaths, and focused on the burning feeling in her arms and lats as she crushed through the reps, her back straight, movements steady. She got to fifteen and gave a few more for good measure before dropping to the ground, breathing a little heavier.

At least exercise never failed to keep her mind focused.

She walked over to a wooden table and pulled a chair back. The open kitchen and living room had a light and airy feel, with cream walls, comfortable carpets and gleaming tiles. Pictures of her family adorned a spot next to the floor-to-ceiling glass door which opened out to a balcony, giving the place a more open, homely feel. She regarded the photos. The all-American family she thought wistfully, looking at her Father, mother and sister. The similarities were obvious. Blue eyes. Blond hair, and the other similarities slightly further south, she mused, staring at her sister. They were quite alike, physically at least. Jane smiled. She should call them sometime.

Her thoughts turned to maybe opening the door for a bit of fresh air, but she decided to press on, turning her attention to the laptop and neat stacks of papers in front of her.

Membership renewals for the month and year. Plus, they needed to follow up on a few payments, and get the next away trip sorted. Her gaze honed in, her fingers beginning to type at a steady pace. Computers were not exactly her thing, but sometimes necessity demanded it. Give her a pullup bar over tax forms any day.

Dean, Jeff... No, Jeff had moved away, she'd have to cancel that. Must have been added automatically to this year's roster. Did he still have his kit?

Her mind wandered to Freddie crouching down to bat in his full Springfield kit, his ass cheeks filling out those softball pants beautifully. Her cheeks went the colour of raspberries. It had been an hour since she had texted him. Maybe he was embarrassed about last

night... Had she gone in too strong? She softly stroked her inner thigh as their tryst replayed again in her head.

She couldn't stop it, it was like a giant looped screen in her mind, far more intense than any cinema experience, one where she could feel his lips suckling on her nipples, smell the boy's scent on his hair.

She guiltily pulled her mind back to the laptop.

"Come ON girl, where is your self-control?" She snapped at herself.

Her fingers began to type, and words began to flow, but all too soon the digits softened, her mind whirred slower and slower. She was climbing up a steadily steepening hillside, scrabbling for a way to stop herself falling back down into the open arms of Freddie's embrace. The thump in her chest was becoming difficult to ignore as she picked up a pen and began tapping it steadily on the wooden surface. She could feel the swell already in her jeans. She stopped and put a hand to her temple, squeezing her skull. This was ridiculous.

She chucked the pen onto the table and it rolled off, falling quietly onto the carpet. Jane ignored it as she stood up and absent-mindedly shuffled back towards the bedroom, her feet carrying her body away from the unfinished work.

She sashayed through the doorway and folded her arms, focusing her gaze firmly on the bed.

Her imagination purred with possibilities.

Yeah... That bedframe probably wouldn't cut it. She should get a new one.

****

Terry leaned back thoughtfully. Her lips were pursed at the side of her face as she thought it through. It was a while before she finally spoke.

"Hulk would definitely win," she said.

"What, against the Thing? Nah, he's literally made of rocks,"

"But Hulk would just get angrier,"

The country-western background music provided a gentle atmosphere behind Fred and Terry's bickering, and a waitress suppressed a snigger as she walked past the western-style booth where nerdiness was emanating with gusto.

"Hulk is made of flesh, ergo if they were to collide, Rock beats muscle," said Fred pointedly.

"Bruce banner shot himself in the head, and Hulk spit the bullet out," Terry said. "Rocks can be destroyed by drills, but he can't be destroyed by a bullet to the brain? No contest."

She made a large, badly acted yawn and looked around the quirky, dingy interior of Burger-town, eyes roving past the various cowboy paraphernalia and odd trinkets adorning the walls as she searched for their food.

Fred saw her looking and grinned.

"Looking for your husband?"

"Huh? Oh, you mean my Future husband," she said correcting him, although not as vociferously as she usually did which Fred found odd.

Fred spotted the young waiter walking from the kitchen with a stack of burgers in one hand and a plate of wraps in another. His broad shoulders, defined features and spikey dyed blue hair that Terry had ogled over for months were all present and correct.

"There he is... shall I play the wedding march now or after we've finished?" He teased.

Terry looked a little pleased with herself and Fred narrowed his eyes.

"Hang on..."

She didn't say anything, and Fred's eyes widened.

"You SHAGGED him!"

Terry snorted.

"HA, no I didn't, and what's with all the accusations of me doing the dirty with every single boy I meet? Is there a rumour I should know about?"

She pouted her lips.

Fred eyed her suspiciously.

"I didn't shag him ... I shagged Kevin."

Fred's eyes bugged out.

"WHAT!"

She let a huge grin out as she spilled the beans.

"Yup, I slept with the team captain. Sue me."

Fred laughed.

"Okay then, explain it, I want DETAILS woman!" he said.

"Okay well, last night we were dancing, one thing led to another and... We did what you do every time you play super Mario smash bros... we button mashed the hell out of each other."

She looked super pleased.

"I mean, awesome and gross but... How come you waited until now to tell me?" he said incredulously.

"Well, I was totally going to tell you, but then you out-bombshelled my bombshell, and I thought I'd wait until it could receive the appropriate response."

Fred grinned.

"Well that's fair, it is a hell of a bombshell that deserved an appropriate reaction."

"Indeed..."

She smirked.

"The Captain and the Coach... We're really working our way up the ladder here," she said wryly.

Fred laughed out loud, making the snide waitress look over dismissively.

"It feels good to be able to talk about it with you dude," she said.

Freddie's smile slowly faded as he saw the happiness in Terry's face, and that knot of anxiety tightened in his stomach.

"I know right," he said uneasily.

They lapsed into a gentle silence, and Freddie shifted from one cheek to another. His asshole was still sore and the pressure of not being honest was starting to make a small area of his head pulse unpleasantly.

Terry's happy eyes engulfed him.

His mouth moved before his head could stop it.

"Well actually... I have another teensy-weensy little bombshell."

Terry made a concerned face.

"Oh god, this really is the day of revelations... But I'm all for it, hit me, I'm ready!"

Fred leaned over the table and checked either side in case anyone was nearby. No-one was sitting close, and the waiters were gathered over near the kitchens.

He couldn't believe he was going to do this.

His mouth opened.

"Coach Matherson... Doesn't have a vagina," he said under his breath.

Terry's face of concern turned to one of confusion.

"Wait... what?"

Fred's heart was thumping, and he tried to whisper as quietly as possible.

"She... She doesn't have a vagina. She has... a penis."

Terry didn't know how to respond. She had never heard anything like this from Fred. The news in the morning was one thing, but this was just confusing.

"Are you... fucking with me? Like is this a setup? If so, please, please tell me now," she said earnestly, "because I don't like when people are making fun of something personal, and I told you about me and Kevin in confidence."

Fred took an agitated breath.

"Look," he said, still whispering imploringly, "I'm not joking... she has a dick, and we had sex. I had sex with Jane... she has a dick. I lost my virginity, to a woman with a penis."

Terry looked at him, astonishment slapped across her features.

"How?" she said weakly.

Freddie shrugged.

"I don't know. No-one knows, except me and her. It was my first time and... I don't know if that makes me gay or not, but... I enjoyed it."

He stared at her dumbfounded expression earnestly.

"I like her."

He waited anxiously for her response.

Terry took a few moments to steady herself and take in everything she'd just heard.

"Well dude... It doesn't change anything, I mean... you still enjoyed it right?"

Fred let out a breath and nodded.

"Exactly, so... so what's the problem? You like her, she likes you, dick, no dick, whatever."

A small smile crept into her mouth.

"Holy shit, the bitch thing makes a lot more sense now."

Fred's eyes peeled and he gave her a dangerous stare.

"Seriously? Shut it asshole."

Terry grinned.

"And not that it's a competition or anything but... at seven inches, I'm pretty sure Kevin's is bigger," she said smugly.

Freddie let out a slightly embarrassed chuckle.

"No comment."

Terry's jaw dropped.

"No fucking way."

Freddie scrunched his eyes shut.

Terry began guffawing so loud that everyone in the diner flicked their eyes over to their table.

Fred looked back at all the questioning faces.

"Kill me," he muttered, wanting to sink into his seat and disappear.