Late Ch. 04

Coach Matherson watched as the players filed in for training. He wasn't there yet. It's true that he was always late, but it really grated her cheese in particular today.

Clouds loitered ominously overhead. Hopefully they wouldn't be getting wet today.

She thought about the brief text messages between her and Freddie. Small affirmations of passion and affection... she couldn't wait to see him again.

Which is why making her wait a few extra minutes was really pissing her off.

She tapped her foot, not even noticing as Dean slid over.

"Hiya Coach," he said cheerily. "Looking great as per."

"Can it," she snapped, and he continued sliding towards the rest of the team assembling on the field.

Another, taller figure with ash-brown hair walked over and took his place next to Jane. Kevin, the understated team captain nodded at her, eliciting little response. He cricked his neck, doing a few warming stretches on his impressive quads.

"So, what we doing today Coach?"

Jane paused. Everything seemed to be taking a lot more effort than usual today, thinking especially.

"Oh...let's... do some fitness drills today."

Kevin clicked his tongue and smiled.

"Damn. Hard taskmaster this week," he said cheerfully. "I'm surprised you weren't at the social as well... everything... alright?"

"What?" she said whipping round to face him. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Her glare, hands on hips and chest out, was frightening, and he regretted asking the question.

"Oh no...nothing coach just... you know, just checking you're feeling alright!"

"Oh...right, sure," she responded warily, turning back to the entrance.

"So... you're all good?"

"Perfect," said Jane like she'd just agreed to having her kidneys removed without anaesthetic.

Kevin nodded sheepishly and decided it was probably best to leave her to it, and went to get ready with the rest of the team.

Jane looked at her watch. Two minutes past. She should probably start the session.

She tapped her foot. Maybe just a bit longer.

Suddenly a flash of red appeared in the distance. Her gaze honed in.

Freddie.

Jane's heart started beating steadily like a drum, tempo increasing as he gently hove into view.

'Is he running in slow motion or is that just in my head?' she thought to herself.

Sweat was plastered on Freddie's brow as he ran up to her.

"Hey... Sorry I'm late Ja...Coach," he said, breathing heavily.

Jane pouted her lips to kiss him, and then immediately wiped it off her face. Everyone was here, just do your thing. Act natural.

"Freddie... Nice to see you," she said in a clipped tone.

Fred gave her an apologetic look that made her want to flatten him onto the ground and breed him.

"Sorry Coach...I promise I won't do it again," he said.

Jane smiled at him, but then slowly dropped the smile because she never smiled at people who were late, and Freddie was late, and if people realised she had smiled at him for being late, they might work out that she had fucked him in the ass.

The feeling of a rough tongue on her ballsack slipped through the defences in her mind and she shuddered. Her cock, tucked back between her legs, began to awaken and she tried to curb her arousal with horrible images in her head; The box scene from the film 'Seven', that roadkill she had seen last week, the worst pain she had ever experienced breaking her leg as a teenager, ... Anything to stop her from busting out a hard on in front of the whole fucking community.

Fred saw her frantic expression and nodded with a worried look before jogging over to join the rest of the team.

Maybe she was just paranoid, but some of them were looking at her oddly, especially Terry who was grinning a little too widely for her liking.

Jane narrowed her eyes. 'Okay then you sacks of shit', she thought, 'time to put you through a session you won't be forgetting in a hurry.'

"OKAY PEOPLE, IT'S FITNESS DAY."

Everyone let out a huge groan.

"You heard me," she snapped. "Kevin, take them around the pitch, I want one normal lap, followed by intervals, take my stopwatch to keep count, I'm going to set out the beep test here."

Kevin nodded, walking over to the group.

"She is definitely pissed at something", he said to Terry, who grinned at him and gave a subtle squeeze on his right butt cheek.

"Hi to you too."

Kevin only just managed to keep the grin off his face as he called the team over and began to lead them round the field, away from Coach Matherson.

Jane watched as they set off, her eyes snapping automatically to Fred's sweet ass tensing and ballooning in the sports pants. She bit her lip.

'God bless America,' she thought as he huffed along with the rest, looking slightly leggier than usual.

To be fair, he'd probably had to deal with quite an adjustment physically after their previous encounter... It felt a bit mean to make him do so much cardio with all she had put him through this week...

She smiled and stopped walking towards the cones that she had been about to lay out. Hell, she could change her mind if she wanted to, right?

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Freddie tried to jog normally but parts of him that he'd never paid attention to before felt fairly sensitive today. Jesus. His ass was still sore from Thursday. That was insane. Had his body been ruined by Jane's dick? It was still crazy that thoughts like this were even going through his mind. Did this happen to girls?

Terry was beside him, and she was grinning again as they jogged gently through the muddy browns and leafy greens of the softball pitch. She came in close and spoke into his ear.

"Holy shit, she is totally into you!" she said.

"Not now," hissed Freddie. The last place to have a conversation about this was in the middle of their teammates. Sometimes he really wished Terry would know when and where to discuss these things, instead of blurting it out whenever she felt like it.

They reached the end of the first lap, and the first interval hit. As soon as Kevin signalled, the pack began to sprint, ten seconds of all-out pumping, Terry managing to get a few feet of distance ahead of Freddie as he furiously threw his body forward. Damn lanky girl... Just because she has longer legs, he thought bitterly.

They flew across the pitch until Kevin called out, slowing them to walking pace for ten seconds, before beginning the cycle again, up to jogging. Quickly it became a gruelling endeavour, and people were

beginning to pant as the intervals made it impossible to settle into an easy rhythm, forcing heartrates to rise and legs to burn with lactic acid.

Freddie tried to keep up, but the sensitivity of his asshole was stopping him fully pushing his speed and he was falling behind with Charlene, a dark-skinned mother of three, and Dean. Close behind them all was Bob, a large blond-haired teen and one of the youngest in the group, face already beading with sweat as he moved his pudgy legs as fast as they could go.

'Jesus, fucked into last place. Who would have thought?' Fred said to himself, feeling exposed, cheeks red with sweat droplets beginning to worm their way down his neck.

Suddenly the runners up ahead stopped.

'Only two laps?'

When he finally caught up Jane was there, standing beside a bucket of balls.

"Rolling drill! Everyone grab a glove and get into one line, Kevin, please grab a few balls for me whilst I give the demonstration."

Some of the group raised their eyebrows at the sudden U-turn but offered no complaints, happy enough to not be continuing the lung-busting run.

Jane stepped to the front of the line being formed.

"Okay let's get a volunteer..."

She looked across the group. There was only one face that stuck out.

"F...Freddie, come up here."

Freddie jogged up to her and a little smile formed at the corners of his mouth.

Jane wondered how big his smile would be if she put her cock inside it.

She shook her head. Get a grip.

"Right... stand here, yes that's it B..."

She slipped over her tongue as she almost called him bitch in front of everyone... Not the time to bring his nickname back into the public domain.

"B...eeecause we'll be doing rolling drills. Yes.. so rolling drills."

The words came back to her and she felt herself relaxing a little bit.

"The aim is to get down to the ball sharply, we'll be doing front and side throws, so make sure you turn when you're running, don't just sidestep to it."

She put her hands on Freddie's hips.

"You want... you want your hips to be facing the ball..."

She squeezed Freddie's sides. He felt so soft. So ready.

"Uh..."

Blood was rushing to her groin. Her lip was trembling.

"So that's it..." She let go of Freddie's hips and immediately walked over to Kevin, who was standing confused with a ball in his hands.

Freddie looked behind him at the rest of the team, who were all looking on with puzzled expressions. He put his head down and began walking sheepishly to the back of the line. He noticed Terry who raised her eyebrows at him and mouthed 'Wow'.

"Get in line," Coach Matherson said quickly to Kevin, not looking him in the eye.

"Coach... are you sure you're okay?"

Jane's eyes became pools of fiery vengeance as she fixed him with her gaze.

"Get. In. Line."

Kevin gulped and dropped the ball in the basket, jogging to the back of the Queue and taking his place behind Freddie, who was still trying to ignore the embarrassment at how awkward Jane was being,

but also how exciting it was to have her squeezing his hips. He felt like her dirty little secret.

"Dude, she okay?" said Kevin, watching Jane as she began rolling balls across the ground for each person to collect and throw into the target net nearby. They began going in a circle, joining the back of the line after each throw.

Freddie tensed up.

"No idea, how would I know? I'm not her boyfriend or anything."

He winced and fell silent.

Kevin raised an eyebrow. Clearly he'd missed something. Then again, he had been pre-occupied recently. He smiled as Terry ran past him to the back of the line.

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Jane was screaming at herself in her head as she rolled a ball through to Charlene, who quickly got down to the ball and put a powerful throw to the centre of the net.

'What are you doing Jane?'

Fred was making her brain melt like ice cream on a summer's day. It felt like her cock was going to explode every time she saw his bashful expression, his dainty hands, the way he stood so coyly, the little slut.

Just relax, stop focusing on Fred...

'You got this', she told herself. Do what you do best.

"Yes Stacey, THERE we go!" she said, as Stacey rifled a ball home. Easy. Be the coach. She watched Dean smother a ball and fumble it slightly before throwing into the net.

"Watch it Dean, eyes on the ball until it's in your hand!"

The team began running through the drill and everything seemed to click into place.

"Okay, nice Bob, good feet"

She looked at the next thrower, and beautiful, wide eyes stared back at her. The ball slipped from her hand, and her lips suddenly felt numb.

"Shit," she muttered picking the ball up.

She flung the ball at Freddie so quickly that it nearly took his head off.

He jerked sharply to the right, nearly falling over as some of the team let out gasps of surprise.

"Sorry...," she said awkwardly, grabbing another ball.

Fred watched with a worried expression as she rolled a second ball so pathetically that it came to a halt a good metre short of his feet. He jogged over, unable to avoid her electric blue eyes which gazed awkwardly into his soul, and picked it up, tossing his ball a clear metre wide of the net.

Terry watched the fiasco in front of her. They were like rabbits dancing in each other's headlights.

"Good job," said Jane in a clipped tone as Freddie moved to the back of the line sharply so he wouldn't have to endure all the confused faces staring again.

Dean, who had been watching from the middle of the line, looked at Freddie and then at Coach Matherson with a baffled expression.

"You sure?" he called out.

Jane narrowed her eyes

"Catching practice is over, INTERVALS!" she barked.

Everyone groaned.

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An hour or so later, Fred looked up from his phone. It looked like everyone had gone except Terry, Kevin and Coach Matherson. In the distance he could see Paris the masseuse and Jonny the personal trainer in the carpark, trying and failing to look inconspicuous next

to each other. Probably stretching their legs after another Gym closet session, he thought idly to himself.

Jane had just gone into the clubhouse, whilst Terry was next to the gate, busy playing with her hair, laughing at something Kevin had said. He reckoned he could finally go and see Jane without bumping into anyone, and slipped over to the clubhouse.

He approached the door and peered through the window. There she was, pacing the floor, occasionally shoving a box of equipment into the storage room. Her blond hair was messy where she'd been running her hands through it, her expression lost in thought.

Freddie's heart trembled. She was so beautiful.

She must have felt someone watching out of the corner of her eye, as she looked up in surprise. A large smile spread across her face as she saw who was at the door.

Fred felt his heart hit another gear in his chest. He bit his lip and entered, hastily locking the door behind him.

Jane opened her arms wide, beckoning him to her. He needed no further invitation, and sprinted over, jumping into her arms. Their lips crushed against each other as they both frantically sought the taste of their lover. Fred put his legs around her and she lifted him off the floor with her hands clutching his ass as their kisses deepened.

"Fuck me," Fred moaned between kisses, and Jane couldn't believe how demure Fred had become. It was something even her wildest dreams had not conceived of.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you bitch," she said grinning, digging her fingernails into his pants, wanting to claw them off him.

"Yes," he said earnestly, "Fuck me Mummy,"

"Yeeesssss," moaned Jane as Fred ground his hard-on against her awakening beast.

She set him down on the table and broke their kiss, and Fred immediately leaned back so she could remove his trousers and underwear, which Jane did with zealous enthusiasm.

She ripped them off, exposing his pale, soft thighs, rubbing her hands up and down and sliding a finger underneath, teasing his asshole. His dick looked adorable tucked up against his smooth belly, and Jane took a moment to fawn over it, planting gentle kisses along the desperate, throbbing baby carrot.

Freddie cooed as she paid some loving attention to his genitals. She licked her tongue carefully around the sides of his mushroom, teasing and coercing. Occasionally she would spit a wad of saliva onto it and spread it with her tongue, making it slick from top to bottom. He gasped, surprised as she buried her face in his testicles, moaning and sucking at everything she could lay her lips on.

Fred felt a tiny spurt of precum dribble out of his erection and had a hazy thought that he could die happy right now, his cherries being attacked by Jane's sloppy sucking and smooches.

Jane then did something that blindsided him.

Stepping out of her sports leggings, her hard-on waving out and into the air in front of her, she climbed onto the table, straddling him, and reached underneath to grasp his dripping cock.

Fred opened his mouth in surprise and let out a moan of satisfaction and shock... as she slowly lowered herself down, guiding his dick to her asshole. She smiled down at him as she did it. He felt some pressure at her anal ring and then she relaxed something inside, and suddenly he was past her tight entrance. She let out a small breath and then fully sat down on his cock, bringing out a large moan, more the feeling of giving herself over to him than the penetration of the cock itself.

Fred squirmed with excitement, this being the first time he had ever been inside a woman, and he bucked his hips up. Jane moaned as he pressed up into her ass (barely). It was the loveliness and enthusiasm exuding from Fred that made her heart beat faster, made the raging cock in front of her throb. He was so ecstatic to be fucking her that it made her want to cry with happiness.

Fred was beside himself, his brain having to process the sensation of Jane's tight sphincter wrapped around his manhood. He tried to press his hips up and roll her over, and she giggled to herself as he

failed to budge her a single inch. She allowed herself to be pushed sideways when he tried again, shifting her weight off his hips, and gasped as she landed on her back like he'd taken her breath away with his strength.

Fred's lip quivered as he ended up on top of her, her balls against his hips and her legs pushed up so that she was completely exposed, in a position to be fucked. Her cock was resting on her belly spouting pre-cum onto her tits. She began to rub her own sperm over her breasts, lapping at the jizz that squirted up to the top of her chest, and Fred desperately tried not to cum as she squeezed her asshole a little tighter.

Jane felt him tense and decided not to be cruel, loosening her hole and pausing her provocative display whilst he regained his breath. He had waited his whole life for this after all.

"Is everything alright baby?" said Jane caringly.

"Yes... yes Jane... everything's perfect," said Fred in a strained voice as he managed to hold back the cum being readied in his balls.

"Good... now fuck me," she said in a seductive voice.

Fred's mouth opened wide and he thrust his hips as far forward as possible, burying all three glorious inches inside Jane's ass.

Jane wasn't hurt at all by this intrusion, but she cried out anyway and grabbed hold of his shoulders, moaned into his neck as the rhythmic slaps of his hips on her ass began to echo quietly around the room. The feeling of letting Fred in was glorious, and she revelled in the feathery weight of his body on top of hers, his passion and desire for each and every inch of her written over his boyish features.

Fred was in heaven. Jane's nails dug into his shoulders as he gyrated his hips, an excited rabbit who had finally found the carrot of its dreams.

Jane was squeezing and bucking her hips back into him, and every time his hips went forward her tight, bulging ass cheeks cushioned it, pillowing his impact into a weak slap.

Fred felt his confidence rising as Jane moaned and bucked underneath him. He took his hand from her thigh and gave a pathetic spank on her right butt cheek. Jane paused in confusion, and then gasped a split second later once she figured out what he was trying to do. He spanked her cheek again a little harder, this time to the point where she could actually feel the sting, and she cried out in surprise and delight, staring at him as he smiled sheepishly.

"Fred!" she exclaimed in shock, unable to keep the glee from her features. The sprouting belief in Fred seeming to make his light frame even more buoyant. Her beautiful, strong Freddie.

"Oh, sorry, was I too hard?" He asked nervously, rubbing the spot where he had spanked her.

Jane had to suppress a snort of derision, and just about held it in, her eyebrows furrowing as she brought her face back under control.

"No baby," she said, composing herself, "I think I've been a naughty girl."

Fred uttered a low mewl of suppressed delight.

"I think I need to be punished."

Her voice was like a warm liquid pouring into his ears, and his cock twitched.

"Yeah," he said earnestly. "Yeah, I'm gonna punish you Mummy."

His hands grasped the backs of her knees and pushed so that her legs were up by her shoulders, and her lower half was totally exposed.

Fred pumped his hips, getting slightly deeper with this new, intrusive angle, deep enough that it made Jane moan slightly, and she sat back and watched her pup bury himself in her ass, the gentlest, most loveable young man in the world trying to empty his nutsack into her butthole. She cooed as he made a series of jerking thrusts, all three inches of dick being withdrawn and shoved back into her.

God he was so inexperienced, it was like watching a baby gazelle learn to walk, and Jane was lost in tender affection as he looked into

her eyes with ecstasy clear on his features, bucking his hips wildly so that his penis was undulating in and out of her as fast as his slight frame could manage.

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Stacey sniffed as she jogged back to the clubhouse. Today of all days, she had left her wallet behind. She was already late for wine tasting night (which in reality usually meant gossiping with her girlfriends all evening as they guzzled a few bottles). Charlene was joining them as well, and Stacey already knew that girl would probably have a whole raft of juicy stories ready to tell. She racked her brains for where she could have left it. It had definitely been with her before training started...

Stacey made her way up the path, checking to see if she had dropped the wallet on the way out and found herself approaching the clubhouse door. She was about to grab the doorhandle when her ears began picking up odd sounds, getting louder and louder, emanating from inside.

She scrunched her eyebrows together. There better not be any funny business going on. As a member of the neighbourhood watch, she felt obligated to confront any anti-social behaviour to the local peace... Still, best not put herself at too much risk.

She carefully sidled up to the window of the door and peeked in. What she saw made her gasp, before she clamped her hand to her mouth, retracting her head as if her eyes had been stung by killer bees.

The two figures inside had barely noticed, too busy rutting away. They were both naked, and Stacey had also had the shock of seeing a boy's open ass, whilst he was pumping away at some girl! She was shocked, but nonetheless peered back in to see if she could glimpse who was having sex in the clubhouse...

The guy looked kind of small... brown hair... Oh GOODNESS, it was Freddie!

Part of her was impressed he'd actually managed to entice a female of the species at all, and there was no doubt they both seemed pretty keen. She couldn't make out much of the lady except for the fact that she seemed to be much taller than him, athletic, and pretty flexible.

She narrowed her eyes... They looked like they were both thoroughly enjoying themselves. She watched as Freddie pumped up away manically.

He wasn't exactly Casanova. Wait until she told the rest of the t...

Her eyes would have popped out of her skull if they had gone any further. She had just managed to catch a glimpse of the face beyond Freddie's gyrating thrusts.

It was Coach Matherson.

Stacey's eyes were locked on the two figures as they grunted and writhed, her hands frozen in utter shock. This was unbelievable. She could just about see the blond hair and toned cheeks, but it was definitely her. How had Freddie managed to entice a woman like Matherson? This kind of thing definitely didn't happen often round here.

She tore herself from the door and nervously began powerwalking in the direction of the gate. She could pick up the wallet tomorrow.

Just wait until Charlene and the girls heard about this.

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Fred was sweating. It rolled down the sides of his face, and he wiped it away, putting his hands back on Jane's thighs and tenderly kneading the muscles whilst grinding away at her backside.

It was a beautiful sight, and Jane could do nothing but watch and touch herself at the sight of her ass being humped by Fred. She grabbed hold of her huge dong and started jerking it, bucking her hips (as much as she could whilst being folded in half), so that Fred could hit her as hard as possible with his baby cock.

The sound of her fist wanking up and down her thick shaft was like someone slapping a huge piece of raw meat, a loud, filthy *Thwap* *Thwap* *Thwap* that completely stole Fred's attention. He could only ogle at the filthy sight of Jane milking herself with an expression of pure ecstasy. Even when he had his dick inside her she still brutally unmanned him.

Freddie landed another spank on Jane's tush, and she growled at him, her blood up. A part of her was so enamoured at his enthusiasm and flowering belief that it genuinely made her want to be his sweet lover girl, a gentle flower, and another part wanted to flip him over and pummel him with her Daddy dick until he couldn't remember his own name.

She let out a long undulating moan as she put both hands into rapidly jerking her monster shaft, and Fred closed his eyes and screamed as she squeezed her arse sharply around the hilt of his penis, crushing the notion of control from him as he began to spew his load into her rectum. The feeling of release was all-consuming. Fred's hips were grinding against Jane's tight butt-cheeks, and his hands pawed at the left, and then the right in a constant cycle as he spent his semen in her waiting anus.

She watched him spasm on top of him and it drove her wild that he was still her bitch, even when fucking her ass. Jane felt her own balls tighten, and the sensation of ecstasy crashed through her as cum exploded out of her cock, a volcanic eruption that splurged all over Jane's upper body as she writhed, mouth open as she hosed herself with her own jizz. It landed on her tongue and she tasted her own salty tang, her balls loosened like a rubber band which had finally been released and flung across the room, and all of the tension spouted out from her cock, fountaining onto her tits and face.

Fred's movements ground to a halt as the last drops of his love found their way into Jane's crevasse, watching dreamily as she whimpered into a growing mouthful of semen. Ten glorious seconds of Jane's hose pipe dousing herself in hot cream finally came to a finish with a slow trickle of jizz from her slit drooping down into the sea of white, Fred's lover submerged beneath an ocean of spunk.

They both breathed slowly. They'd fucked in the clubhouse, less than an hour after training, where anyone could walk in and see them covered in hot cum. This was insanity.

Jane wiped a deep layer of spunk from her eyelids, and opened them gingerly, blinking the last vestiges of cum from them. She felt like she was wearing a liquid shirt, and she took in the sight of Freddie trying not to smile too loudly as he bashfully rubbed his hands up and down her thighs.

Freddie opened his mouth.

"You... look like a work of art," he said softly, grinning.

Jane blurted out a rough laugh.

"Oh do I? Well it's not finished yet," she said as she grabbed him under the armpits and pulled him on top of her, wrapping her legs around so that his whole upper body was smothered in the white coat of cum on her chest.

Fred squealed with laughter as she began to roll on top of him, trying to push her off and utterly failing as she wiped her face on his cheeks and hair, her tits on his chest, depositing large portions of ejaculate onto every bit of him that she could reach. They both giggled as they rolled around, wrestling with each other.

The air was thick with sweat and bodily fluids as the couple merged into a ball of squabbling, doting silliness.

Jane smeared her face into his hair, belly flopping completely onto Fred who felt the wind go out of his lungs slightly, and she kissed him a few times on his cheeks and forehead, eventually pulling back, smiling.

"Now THAT's art," she grinned.

Fred was now covered in a healthy sheen of glistening fluid. He lay there, warm milky white on his skin, smiling, defeated, and content. He reached up and rubbed his hands up and down her belly, making small circles over her skin, around her belly button, across the powerful abdominal muscles lurking under a thin layer of fat.

"Hey... Jane," said Fred sheepishly.

"Yes Fred?" she said, wiping a glob of jizz from his nipple and sucking it, which made him blush.

"would you like to go... I mean... are you free tonight? For a drink?"

Jane's eyebrows rose.

'That is so cute.'

"Well let's not go down to the local bar just yet..."

Fred looked a little crestfallen at this response.

Jane smiled.

"But... I have some drinks at my place. Sound good?"

Fred's face lit up.

"Yes M... yes Jane," he said.

She trilled and gave him a soft kiss on the lips. Fred tried to explore her mouth, but she shoved him back.

"Not now... Later, my sweet bitch," she said with an amused look on her face.

Jane lifted herself to her feet and let out a small breath of satisfaction, her now-limp cock swinging around in front of her as she sauntered over to a bag in the corner. She caught him staring out of the corner of her eye and a sultry look crossed her face. Widening her legs, she performed a stripper bend forwards to her bag.

Fred drank in the sight as she bent over, her back straight, legs much wider than necessary, exposing the cum trickling from her open asshole and crack as she leant forward, searching slowly and meticulously through her bag. Her big dick swung back and forth gently underneath, an obscene third leg in the centre of this visage.

It was one of the most beautiful things he had ever seen, Jane straight legged, jizz dripping down onto her balls, making them look

like two shiny marbles clinging together, one droplet running further, parallel to a long blue vein on the side of her dick, a translucent trail creeping down the side of a beast.

Jane retrieved her towel and stood up. She turned into Fred's doughy eyed gaze.

'He is just insanely cute', she thought to herself as Freddie sighed, in his own little world of Matherson.

She flung the towel over, covering his face.

"Clean up. Exhibition's closed."

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The car ride to Jane's place was silent apart from the rumble of the engine, Jane keeping her eyes firmly on the road so that she wouldn't be distracted by Freddie's aura, and before long they had arrived at a modern looking square building, with pleasant smooth surfaces and balconies on a number of flats overlooking the surrounding residences. A small forest sprouted up behind it, surrounding the mini-car park and forming a pleasant backdrop to the quaintness of the houses around them.

Freddie stepped out into the small grey square and felt a drop of rain, casting his eyes up to the clouds loitering overhead. A hand appeared at his side and gripped him, and he found himself being led into the house by Jane, who was clearly not bringing him in on the pretence of having a quiet chat, her face lined with anticipation. She guided him around the small block of flats to the entrance, a glass doorway. The grip on Freddie's side was uncompromising, and he found himself being unceremoniously pressed into the front of the door as her other hand swung in to take a firm hold on his peeking love handles.

Jane began grinding her hips into his butt so that they were dry humping up against the doorway. Delighting in the openness of their demented act, Freddie began to push his ass back excitedly into her crotch, and he found himself getting even more roughly humped, his

face and chest squeezed against the glass as Jane spanked him up against the entrance to her home.

"Oh!"

His breath plumed on the glass as she struck him with her palm, the sound lewd and unnatural in the quiet suburban air.

Smack

Freddie whined into the glass, the hard pole in Jane's trousers pressing his cheeks hard as her hips ground into him.

"I'm going to breed you tonight bitch," she hissed into his ear, pumping a few violent thrusts into him, before slamming her key card against the receptor, and Freddie almost fell to the floor as the door swung open.

Jane was about to jump on top of him when a door opened, revealing two of Jane's downstairs neighbours stepping into the hall. They seemed to have been in the middle of an argument as they spotted Freddie red-faced, panting on his knees, and gawped in surprise at the odd sight. Jane promptly turned away so Jonathon and Sandra wouldn't see the obvious bulge in the front of her pants.

Jonathon, a tallish, blond haired man with a kind face, managed to plaster a polite grin on his face, whilst Sandra, a brunette with impenetrable grey eyes that seemed a bit more nuanced, gazed at the two of them. They were wearing casual, but stylish attire, stuck in almost comically static poses between steps.

"Hey there Jane," said Jonathon in an overtly cheerful tone. "Ah...Everything alright?"

Jane smiled as if the world they were living in had replaced all tarmac with candy floss.

"Oh absolutely," she said brightly, still awkwardly turned away from them towards the building entrance. "It's a ghastly day out."

She gestured at the weather like she was observing a fine painting on the wall.

Jonathon and Sandra nodded slowly in agreement whilst looking down at Freddie, who stood up and bashfully moved to the side so they could get past.

"Right well, ah... careful with the step there buddy!" said Jonathon in an overly chipper tone to Fred.

"Sure," muttered Fred, who could feel Jane sliding behind him so she could hide her probably quite large protuberance.

Jonathon nodded and walked briskly out to the car, and Sandra followed, stopping next to Jane as she did so.

"I'm happy for you... he seems nice," she said, flashing a smile before hurrying outside.

Jane's expression snapped to one of complete shock, eyebrows sky high and mouth open as Sandra hurried off, and it took her a moment to realise Fred had intertwined his hand with hers. She looked at him and he gave a gentle squeeze.

"She's right... I am nice," he said grinning.

Jane snorted and rolled her eyes.

"Just because we're having sex doesn't mean you're God's gift to women mister," she said, pulling him towards the stairs. "Now hurry up, because I've got a present that needs urgent unwrapping."

Fred felt exhilarated as she almost dragged him up the stairs, such was her impatience to bring him into her flat. She was so focused that she growled in frustration when she couldn't find the right key for her front door, and Fred added to her exasperation by sliding his hands along the edge of her throbbing crotch. When she finally clicked the latch her self-control threw itself off a cliff, and she barged into her flat, grabbing Fred and throwing him onto the floor. The door was slammed so hard it nearly broke the hinges. Before Freddie could even process what had happened, a caged tiger pounced on him, grappling him into the soft, cream coloured carpet.

Fred cried out in surprise as Jane shoved him onto his back and ripped his t-shirt apart like it was made of paper. His softball shorts

and boxers suffered a similar fate, the whole front torn off, exposing his soft flower and adorable penis just waiting to be abused. A small ripple of fear travelled through his extremities as Jane knelt between his now naked legs with unsated lust thundered across her features.

He had never seen her like this.

In one smooth movement her shirt was gone, revealing her supple breasts, and she stood up and flung her pants down, wearing nothing but her birthday suit as she dropped onto him. Freddie watched her unceremoniously sling her monster cock so that it was prodding straight at his asshole, sending nervous contortions through his puckered anal ring.

"Jane," whimpered Fred as Jane lined him up, "maybe we should go to the bedrooOOHHHHH-!"

Jane pressed herself into him in one vicious motion, no energy wasted as the lubrication provided by her pre-cum proved ample to squeeze her phallus snugly into Fred's warm hole. Freddie shrieked as ten inches of meat slid up inside him, and his entire body tightened around it, hugging it for survival. There was no loving gaze, no gentle words from Jane who snarled, teeth bared as she pumped her hips out and snapped them back in like she was trying to stab him, as if not having her cock in him for a millisecond was insulting to her very core.

She grabbed his legs and widened them so that they both could see each and every inch of the meaty snake which started to plunge rapidly in and out of his anus. Freddie had the weirdly specific feeling of Jane's cock having a slight ridge at the base of its mushroomed head, which seemed to pull back across an extremely sensitive spot like a fleshy cock ring, making him automatically arch like a bow. That one feeling kept making him taut, like the touch of a finger to a wet pussy.

"Oh, fu... MPPPHHH!"

Jane began to pump her hips, butt cheeks flexing, back tightening in a hypnotic, speedy rhythm that was more akin to a sprinter than a marathon runner, the aim for immediate satisfaction rather than

slow burning love as she pounded away with wanton abandon at Freddie's mesmeric butt.

Fred tried to speak but he'd forgotten how words worked, and the rapid-fire destroyer kicked the air from his lungs with each hilting. The feeling of her dick in him was just so good. It was like being dragged back into heaven, a fulfilment that overpowered his senses like the most dangerous drug, hooking him back to that indefinable, perfect moment.

The cavewoman look on Jane's face was one of near starvation, and it never wavered except for when a particularly pleasurable thrust would send shivers back up the length of her spine, spreading her lips in a demented 'O'. Freddie began convulsing from her vicious thrusts, his body so easily stimulated that after a few seconds of aggressive drilling he had begun to go slightly cross-eyed.

Jane was frothing at the mouth. She dug her toes into the carpet and angled downwards, trying to make him feel as much of her love as she could, crushing him into the carpet as the thick sausage sawed up the insides of his anal wall, sending shockwaves coursing through the slight frame beneath her. The thick, mushroomed head pummelled against his prostate as she attacked it maliciously so that his whimpers grew louder and louder until he was screaming. Jane didn't stop, in fact she couldn't stop. Her legs were simply part of a machine, gyrating pistons in a high-powered engine, her arms stabilising for smooth traction, her cock the vengeful pounding source of desire as she ploughed Fred like a pneumatic drill.

Freddie's whole body rocked backwards every time her hips slammed into his buttocks, and Jane's jaw clenched as she watched him oscillate to the rhythm of her thrusts. There were tears running down Fred's cheeks as she molested the deepest parts of him with her God-cock, and she roared into his face as she claimed her prize, endorphins coursing through her body in a flood of sexual gratification.

Both lovers made loud, lewd sounds into the still air, filling it with a cocktail of fear, fury and pleasure as their bodies became one. Each snap of her hips was like a lightning bolt to Freddie's abdomen, the

slurping sound of pre-cum flooding his butthole; He could feel it greasing the skin of Jane's penis as she slid past his abused ring, like a wet, throbbing salami.

"OOGHH!"

It was almost too much for Fred to take in.

A light sheen of sweat was beginning to dapple his forehead, the movement and rhythm of getting animalistically fucked by Jane taxing his weak frame. The strangely sterile smell of Jane's home was being invaded by the smell of sex, the taint of sweat, whilst Fred keened to himself, a soft call of delight tinged with fear. Tiny thoughts popped into his head in-between each lurid slapping connection of their bodies.

THWAP

'OH'

THWAP

'So deep.'

THWAP

'Breed me Mommy.'

The animal on top of Freddie was hammering him at a furious pace, and he found himself trying to reach up to her as she drove herself in, a tiny trickle of drool beginning to run down the side of his mouth. Both arms remained motionless, and he tried to push himself to not give in completely, clinging to his masculinity in her violent world, but finding his soul empty of it. What had once been pride was now nothing but slutty deference to his lover's whim.

He clung to the furry carpet and stared at the ceiling, but he wasn't seeing anything - There was only the persecuting dick sliding back into him, relentless, always returning. He could almost see her long white shaft with the pink, shiny top rearranging his insides and he

let out an unbidden squeal as she punished him for loving her, for being her beautiful boy.

schllick schllick schlick

For the next few minutes the wet slaps of sweaty skin on skin became the only sound in the dead silence of Jane's pristine home, as Fred no longer had the lung capacity to scream and was simply splayed out, legs in the air, eyes bulging from the pressure of being dicked.

Jane milked him. Fiery eyes of someone he didn't know looked down at him, and the intensity was frightening. There was a madness there, a true dominant monster that he had never witnessed before. She eyeballed him as she did it; like the thought of just fucking him wasn't enough, like she was trying to fuck his soul from his body. He simply lay back and took that dick like it was the only thing that mattered.

"Yeah... Yeah," muttered Jane, who knew she had Fred pacified like a baby with a dummy in its mouth. She wasn't really speaking to him, more to herself, because the boy she was fucking was clinging onto the carpet, suffering multiple orgasms and drooling. Anyone who had seen the sight would have assumed the most brutal of rapes was occurring, such was the malevolence with which Jane was treating him, until they noticed the creepy smile curled onto Fred's face. Her young slut arched, shivering as his cock began to spew strings of translucent glue all over his chest, leaving thin snail trails glistening on smooth skin.

Jane grunted, watching her boy trembling, peaking under her perfect cycle of delicious torment, and everything came to a juddering halt on her next thrust as the tightness of his asshole finally succeeded in extracting her first batch of cream. The climax that followed permeated through her entire being, her eager balls releasing as she let out a savage moan. Sperm flowed into Fred's anus like he was sitting directly on a fire hydrant, and Jane felt a huge pressure around her cock as Fred's eyelids began to flicker rapidly.

Her thick soup sloshed into his bowels, belly beginning to distend slightly from all the liquid coursing into his butthole. A pitiful "Ugh," was all Fred could manage. He was being filled by a giant cock that was hosing at full blast all over the inner walls of his asshole, and he clung to the carpet as the bitter tang of jizz stung his nostrils, Jane grabbing his face so that he was forced to lock eyes with her electric blue spheres as she flooded him with her cum.

"Look at me, LOOK AT ME," she snarled.

His legs rocked back and forth but his body remained pressed between Jane's carpet and its owner, an ocean of viscous spunk seeping through the distended entrance to Fred's body, spraying all over her groin as she watched him writhe beneath her, totally subsumed within her physical superiority.

"FUUUUUUCCKKKKK!"

The last vestiges of her load deposited themselves in Fred's tight hole, and Jane heaved a sigh of satisfaction as a few spasms rippled through Fred, who was still spread-eagled underneath her. She watched his gaze wander before coming back to her, his face melting into a dazed smile.

Was he biting his lip?

One of Jane's eyelids twitched.

Mistake.

She felt the tiger returning with a vengeance and lifted him up like a child, carrying him swiftly over to the dark sofa. Fred was only half-aware when he found himself being rotated on her cock and bent over a pillowy armrest, his rear uncompromisingly positioned with Jane's cock at the entrance once more.

Fred keened, a begging, mourning sound that would have given most people pause for thought if the person in question sliding a huge penis back into him hadn't been Jane Matherson. She did it slower this time, causing a huge slurping noise as cum was sloshing inside his ass around the intruder. She made sure it was slow enough this

time that he had to wait for what felt like an age for her to bottom out, an agonising slow entry, driving home the feeling of being broken in, sodomised by her sheer physical superiority.

"Yeah, bitch," she breathed as she watched her previous ejaculate running down Fred's balls and inner thighs, making his entire rear look like it had been dipped in a bucket of molten wax.

'Fu..fuck...,' Fred mouthed, not quite having the motor skills to summon words anymore as Jane gently rotated her hips, opening back up her slutty boy that she knew was just waiting to take that deep dick again. Fingers snaked into his hair and tightened into a fist, pulling his head back as she reversed her hips. *Shlick*. A sopping wet anus spluttered as the thick rod was gradually pulled away, almost out of its clutches, leaving just the head inside.

Empty. That's how it felt to what was left of Fred. Like a hole that desperately needed filling. Jane waited a few more seconds, letting her boy squirm beneath her. Then she snapped her hips. A single strike of purposeful cock.

Fred screamed. She had hilted straight into his prostate, arm flexing as she kept a firm grasp on his head.

"Mmmm, is it good in your pussy darling?" Jane grinned as she rotated her hips again, making him swoon, knees weak, fingers grabbing hold of the couch to provide some stability, some form of comfort.

She dug her heels in and began to rail him, and Fred convulsed as his prostate was once again being mercilessly attacked. "Tight fucking boy-pussy," she hissed as the pounding dick took its toll on Fred's already orgasm-racked frame, and his legs collapsed. Jane didn't stop, she simply shoved him forwards with a thrust that sent his face fully down into the seat of the sofa, legs in the air as she slammed him over the armrest, machine-gun thrusts with slaps so fast that they sounded like an endless procession of spanking *THWAPS*, with malicious aligning of his hole so that she could dig as deep as possible into the pink goldmine of Freddie's hidden pleasure hole.

Freddie was terrified, and in total euphoria. Taking a perfect, relentless dicking was one thing, but the real depth of obsession and love behind Jane's wild rutting drove his body to new levels of fear and delight; he felt like his bones might shatter under the brutal joy he was receiving.

Time seemed to stand still as an endless series of orgasms crescendoed under his skin until Fred began to lose track of everything. When he came to he was bent over the kitchen counter, and Jane was massaging his balls even as she pumped short sharp nudges, barely leaving his anus before hilting again. Before he could speak she hit the spot again, everything went white and suddenly cool air was hitting his face.

With a shock he realised he was being held on the balcony, hands subconsciously keeping hold of the railing even as Jane had one of his legs cocked under her elbow so she could enjoy a new angle with which to sodomize him. He managed to look back and her expression was one of furious determination. There was no wavering in her gaze, and he turned back to the street, the silent trees on the sidewalk their audience as they performed their ungainly dance of pleasure.

A car came into view, and Fred felt a thrill run through him as he could make out a balding man fiddling with the radio whilst Jane's balls were openly slapping his own. He shuddered as his ring tightened around its fleshy invader, and suddenly he was in the throes of another climax, a cry into the air that had just enough power to reach beyond his lips. Tiny ropes of cum ejected from his cock, some of it launching over the edge and some falling weakly on to the floor. Fred's body collapsed, held up only by his lover, and it was in almost a dream like state that he registered the pressure inside his butthole, meaning Jane must have filled him to the brim once more. There was a long slow release as the cum soup inside his ass was uncorked, and his anal ring squeezed tight in the vacuum left where Jane's huge cock had previously occupied. The river released like a stream down his thighs, over his balls, a warm, glistening waterfall of spunk.

There were flashes as he briefly registered resting his head on Jane's shoulder as she stroked his cheek. Mixed within the comfort and warmth was something new... a vein of fear.

He was sleeping in the arms of an animal.

Fred felt the deepest of exhausted sleeps beckoning him. His eyelids had been replaced by anchors, and as they fused shut Freddie sniffed, his mind drifting off to a place of warmth and calm, even as the fire in Jane's eyes loomed, waiting for him in his dreams.

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Fred's head felt heavy. Tortured muscles lifted what felt like a blanket made of stone, but what turned out to be a blanket made of... Blanket. He pushed at the soft material, and blearily forced one eye open. He could see the tiniest of wrinkles in a woman's neck. The warmth of the woman was all around him, and he realised he was clutching to her. It wasn't as inviting as he expected it to be. In fact he felt... Nervous?

He gently pulled himself off of Jane, and stood up from the sofa where he had been sitting in her arms, before his legs promptly collapsed.

He dropped to the floor, his legs shivering like they were being controlled entirely independent from one other.

"Shit," he mumbled. His ass felt like it had been barbecued and drizzled in tabasco sauce.

He felt foggy, but somehow he just knew he needed to leave...

Fred began to crawl towards the door, and winced as jizz trickled from his asshole and onto the floor, leaving a trail on the carpet.

He wasn't exactly sure what he was going to do when he got there, but he could worry about it later. It took him a few minutes of slow crawling to get halfway. Somehow his muscles refused to respond, tired, aching slivers of meat that would have been easy food for a predator.

Fred felt something moving towards him. He turned, legs failing him so that he ended up losing his footing. His back hit the carpet and he gazed up at Jane, standing triumphant above him.

"That's fucking hot," she breathed.

Light played in from the window, leaving half her face shrouded in darkness.

"Let's get you cleaned up bitch."

Fred winced. This time it hurt when she called him that.

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Fred stood in the middle of the room, dressed humiliatingly in one of Jane's shirts, lacy underwear (her other underwear was too big, and he needed something comfortable against his asshole) and some old baggy cargo trousers which needed a belt to be adequately tight enough to fit around his waist. His old clothes had been thrown away, ripped apart as they were.

Jane was humming to herself as she walked out in a scintillating combination of bra and short shorts. She began to busy herself in the kitchen whilst Fred continued to wait awkwardly.

Jane checked the cupboard.

'Flour, bowl, whisk...baking powder.'

"Urm...Jane."

'Butter, milk, eggs..'

"Jane?"

Jane cocked her head to the side as she laid out the ingredients on the granite surface.

"Hmmm?"

Fred was looking at her with a doleful expression.

"Jane I... About yesterday..."

She grinned whilst pouring flour liberally into the glass bowl.

"Yeah...I think I got carried away a little..."

"Yeah, you did..."

There was a nasty pause that Jane didn't notice, too busy preparing their breakfast.

"I think I should go, if that's okay."

Jane's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"Oh, really? I was going to cook us some ..."

"I've got to go," he uttered, walking swiftly to the door and unlatching it.

He took one look behind him and then closed the door with a gentle click.

"...Pancakes," she finished, nonplussed.

She stared at the place where Fred had been as a wad of butter slipped lamely from her knife, settling into the flour.

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