

## An Ass is An Ass

“Franky!” The crowd of men chorused when I entered the frat house. Everyone raised their solo cup to the ceiling in salutation as I kicked the door open. The loud music and screaming of people caught me slightly off guard. It was barely 10pm and the party was already in full swing, which only meant when the clock stuck midnight everyone would be either drunk, high, or under the influence of some sort of recreational drug. Which also meant easy pickings for my choice of lay for the evening.

I passed through the entryway of the immense frat house; high-fiving dudes, waving at friends, and winking at woman. Being president really did have its perks, and being the president of the most popular fraternity house on campus came with even more.

Fresh baseball practice, you would think that people would turn away from the overly sweaty man in a oversized sweatshirt and baggy sweatpants. But everyone know what was hidden underneath my thick cotton clothing; a set of massive pectorals, boulder-sized shoulders, and a cock that was rarely overshadowed. Even in my disgruntled state, I walked through the party as if I owned the place, which was partially true.

“What up!” I said, nodding to my brothers as they crowded around one of the many beer kegs that were scattered throughout the house. I held out my hand and one of my brother’s instantly handed me an overfilled cup of beer. I downed the cup full in a single gulp, tossed the cup aside, and held out my hand for another. My brother’s cheered me on as I downed two additional cups, catching up to my already intoxicated fraternity brothers. After the third cup was crushed against my head I let out a deep rumbling burp which only caused my brothers to cheer even louder. They were like perfectly trained monkeys. I could fart on every single one of them and they would clap and cheer as if I had invented a cure for cancer. Fucking idiots, the whole lot of them.

“How’s everything looking, David?” I asked my Vice President.

“The Alpha’s are already drunk. The Sigmas have THE BEST WEED. And the pledges are outside getting spanked. We really need to raise the price to fifteen next party. The pledges are getting WHOPPED!” He said as he fell onto my shoulder and yelled whispered. “Fucking theater freaks got in somehow too.” He said, nodding towards a small collection of people huddled together in the corner of the living room, far away from any of the rest of the partygoers.

My eyes narrowed at the geeks as they whispered to one another, but as my eyes rolled in annoyance one of the males stood and turned away from me. It was as if he knew we were judging him. But when he turned I was rewarded with the view of the most perfect bubble butt that was framed by the tightest of pants. I could see the way the pants strained around the curvature of each cheek, and the way each buttock pressed tightly into the denim. It was an ass that begged for attention on a boy who only wanted to blend in. My favorite. I adjusted my cock as it began to thicken within my sweatpants. I was for once happy for the extra thick sweatpants that had been given to me by my coach but knew if I stared for too long the outline of my cock would become visible.

“Fuck, look at that fag! Is that a girl or a guy?” David slurred as he still hung onto my arm and pointed with his half-drunk solo cup. The attention of the theater kid from across the room was caught by the pointed finger of my Vice President and his face turned a deep scarlet. He turned his face away from the two of us and wrapped his arms around his thin waist, which only cinched his waist and intensified the roundness of his bottom half.

“Shit, that’s one fat assssssss,” David laughed. “Hey, kid! You get it from behind often? Hey, fag! I’m talking to you!” David shouted once again to the partygoer. He looked over his shoulder in a coy yet embarrassed way, while the girls that surrounded him shot the two of us death glares. It was in that moment, of frustration and embarrassment that Lady Luck was on my side. He fumbled his drink as he attempted to cool his anger with my alcohol and dropped it onto the floor. I didn’t know if it was the tightness of his pants or the quickness of his movement but the backside of his pants split with a deep tare that ran from the waistband to his taint.

“Ugh,” I moaned softly. The sight of his creamy cheeks seen between that tare was more than enough for my cock to become fully erect. I couldn’t tell from the tare if this was just an unlucky day that he choose to not wear underwear, or if he was wearing some much more sensual. I hoped for the later. That meant he was hoping for action, action that I wanted to be a part of or at the very least watch.

I watched from afar as he excused himself from his friends and rushed towards the backside of the house. I shrugged off my drunk Vice President and followed him from afar; he acted like he knew where he was going, which was even more peculiar to me than not. He moved in between people as if they were on fire, keeping his distance from touching even a single person even though the house was packed. He ran up the stairs, which caused my eyes to be turned in his direction; mostly men. Some of who adjusted their own cocks while his massive cheeks bounced and jiggled free of their denim prison.

And when I saw him hideaway within a bathroom which was off limits to partygoers I knew I had the perfect in, to get what I wanted.

Now I wouldn't say that I am, but more of an opportunist. Who was I to stop anyone from enjoying my beer can thick cock? If a guy wanted to be a fag and take my cock and be a little bitch about it then that was his prerogative. In my head, there was nothing gay about pumping a load in a hot ass even if they were a man. I never touched their cock, but that sure as hell didn't stop any of them from worshipping my cock.

I rapped my fist hard on the outside of the bathroom, wanting to make sure that the resident heard the anger in my fist. It was a game of cat and mouse that I enjoyed playing, and this mouse was about to be played.

"Who the fucks in there!" I shouted, dropping my voice a few octaves. A squeak of a man responded immediately.

"Sorry! I needed a private moment. Just give me a -," he began to say but I immediately cut off.

"Do you know who the fuck I am?" I shouted as I banged on the door once again. "Open the fucking door or I will take them off the goddamn hinges!" I could hear the quick shuffles of movement as the boy beyond the door scrambled to unlock the door and open it. The door was barely cracked before I pushed my way into the bathroom. My aggressive movements came as a surprise to the theater kid as I pushed him away from the door and slammed it behind me. "What the hell could be so important that you needed a "private moment"?" I asked, using quotation marks in the air.

"Uh, I um, had a little, accident?" He mumbled to himself as his hands went to his backside as if he was trying to pull the two sides of his torn backside back together. Willing it to stitch itself to one another and end this humiliating scene.

"What did you fucking shit yourself?" I asked, as I crossed my arms in front of my body and puffed out my chest.

"No, it wasn't anything like that. I sort of split my pants." He said softly. His hands still hugged his body.

"Like SpongeBob?" I laughed. "I gotta see this. Turn around," I ordered. He stood silent and unmoving. "I said, turn around," I said once again but this time with more aggression. He turned around in a circle until his split jeans and his rounded ass cheeks were on full display for me to see. Both cheeks were completely hairless from what I could see. Each one pushed against the other as they were squeezed within his pants. My mouth watered at the sight, and my cock burned with a need to be plunged deep in between them. "Damn boy you got a fat ass," I grunted as I grabbed my thickened cock.

“It always been that big?” I asked as I stepped towards him, lessening the distance between his exposed butt and my eager cock.

“Yes,” he said. “It was a very visible point for people to point out through high school.” His voice seemed almost depressed as he talked about his ass. “It wasn’t easy having it if I am being honest.”

“What did they say?” I asked, interested at the words others would have used to describe such a piece of sheer artwork.

“Probably exactly what you and your friend were saying earlier,” he said with a shrug of his shoulders. “Fat ass. Jumbotron. Faggot. Bottom boy. Big ass.” His voice grew even softer with each name, and from the sound of it; he was getting close to crying. I stepped towards him once more until the space between us was completely gone. I placed my hands on his shoulders and leaned down towards his ear.

“Yeah, we were saying all those things,” I said to him, bringing his worst fear to life. “But I also added how fucking sexy it was. How I wanted to push my cock in between those buns and fuck a load deep into that pussy you got hiding between those cheeks.” He began to turn around but I stopped his movements with my strong hands. I pushed my cock against his cheeks, and he let out a moan of pleasure at the feeling of my hardened dick. “See I knew this ass wasn’t just for show. Now don’t act like you haven’t dreamed about getting railed by a frat boy,” I said, still whispering into his ear as I ground my cock into his ass. My hands moved down his sides and onto his pants and unbuttoned them as he continued to moan. The buttons and zipper came undone easily; happy for the release of the massive weight they were both held up. As his pants opened I felt both of his cheeks fall back against my groin, now that they were no longer constrained by the tightness of his pants.

“Fuck this ass is huge,” I groaned, pushing his pants to the floor. I fell to my knees and was greeted by two large marshmallows like cheeks, which were held up by a dark blue jockstrap. My hands caressed each cheek gently before I pulled them apart and saw his hairless hole wink back at me. “God I can’t resist.” Were the last words I said before I pushed my face into his hole and munched away.

“Holy shit!” He screamed in surprise as he arched his back and pushed his ass further onto my face, which allowed my tongue to dig further into his hole. My tongue danced around his asshole, lubricating it for the fucking that it was about to endure. One of my hands held his left cheek while he held his right cheek. My free hand was within my sweatpants, rubbing my own cock. My heavy balls were already boiling with cum. I motorboated his cheeks as I had done to many chicks breasts and many other man’s ass cheeks. He cried even louder than before, it was always a fan favorite. I pulled myself to my feet, pulled my sweatshirt off my upper body, and dropped my sweatpants to the ground.

“You’re a god,” he gasped as he gazed on my tan muscled body. I winked at him as I lined my cock with his hole.

“You ready to get fucked by a god?” I asked, and he quickly nodded. I rubbed my precum over the shaft of my cock, and spit a large amount of saliva into my hand; further lubricating my cock. I put the head of my shaft against his hole and with an easy push, popped the head and first inch of my cock into his hole. It was then that his eyes rolled into the back of his head and he groaned like a slut. He arched his back even further before he slowly eased himself onto my cock. It was apparent that it wasn’t his first cock, and that made it all the better. There was nothing worse than having to go easy on an ass when all I wanted to do was fuck it with abandonment. And when his fat cheeks pressed onto my lap I gave him a moment to grow accustomed to my cock before I began my assault.

I slapped his cheeks, I pulled his hair, I called him names. I slammed my cock so hard into his hole that I for sure thought he would beg for me to stop. But he only asked for more; he wanted it harder, rougher, more aggressive. All of which I had in spades. My balls slapped against his own smaller pair, which pushed me closer to orgasm. He hole tightened and massaged my cock as a true bottom would only be able to do.

“Fuck I’m gonna cum!”

“Breed me!”

“You want my load? You want my alpha cum in your hole?”

“Please! Please! I need it! Push your babies in me!” He begged. “Mark me as your slut!” He cried. “Oh god, here it comes!” He shouted as he hole tightened around my cock and he shot his load onto the towels that hung from the rack in front of him. His body shook and tightened as his orgasm reached its apex.

“Fuck right it!” I hollered as I unleashed my own load into his hole, pushing it deep into his body. I pumped every ounce of my balls into his hole, fully knowing that with the amount that was fed into him he would be leaking the rest of the night. Even though he had came, his hole milked every drop from me which only extended my orgasm to last several minutes. Several minutes of pure ecstasy, and when my cock fell from his hole, I had only one thought on my mind.

“Interested in becoming a brother?”