

## 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 come, 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?”

## My Brother's Big Bottom

The brothers were more than curious when I told them about our latest addition to the fraternity, Jeremy was his name I came to find out after dumping a second load into his rounded ass cheeks that same night. I watched from afar as he walked bow-legged for the rest of the evening. I couldn't help but imagine my loads dripping from his freshly fucked hole. Every time I looked in his direction and he caught me staring at him, he would turn a deep crimson. It was like he knew exactly what I was thinking when I was looking.

When I announced the latest attention to the PIKE brotherhood I was given many long sideways glances. Their worries were that they didn't think Jeremy was the type of guy that we typically looked at as a brother. He was a little bit more colorful my Vice President had said to me in front of the rest of our fraternity. I told them it was not up for discussion and that we could use someone of his caliber to really round out the fraternity. And I topped off my bid for Jeremy as a brother by saying that every girl wanted to be friends with a guy like Jeremy. That was what sold it to them. It was an easy access pass to getting even more girls to the party, and that was what every frat boy really wanted.

The next day I had Jeremy moved into the frat house and living in the large dorm room that housed all of our pledges. Jeremy wasn't fully aware of how fast everything was moving, or really why everything was moving so quickly but he moved along just as I wanted; like the obedient bottom. When the time to assign him a brother I took it upon myself to take him under my wing or more specifically just under me.

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"Jeremy wake up!" I said as I banged on the door to one of the large pledges sleeping areas. I rapped on the door louder, knowing that he was the only pledge left in the room. We tried to give them a small semblance of privacy, but we only gave them one knock. When I didn't hear any response to my knocking that was my permission to enter if I heard no response. I pushed open the door, letting it swing into whatever was sitting on the floor with a soft thud.

I looked over to the bed on the far end, feeling more like an owner of an orphanage than a president of a frat house with house many twin sized beds lined the walls. His body was fully covered by a blanket with his ample behind propped up in the air underneath his heavy sheets. Even through the blankets and in his sleepy state, the arch in his back was perfect. His ass was pushed out as if it was his

subconscious way of begging for his ass to be eaten. I strolled to the other end of the room, kicking foreign objects and loose articles of clothing from the walkway until I stood at the base of his bed. I looked down at his messy mop of brown hair and his drooling face. Placing my hand on his ass I gave it a gentle but authoritative squeeze, which caused him to stir slightly but not enough to rouse him from his sleep. I took the comforter in hand and slowly pulled it from his body as if I was unwrapping a gift and did not wish to rip the paper. And when more than half of his body was uncovered I let the weight of the blanket to the floor.

“Fuck,” I gasped at the sight of his ass, only framed by a multi-colored jockstrap. The thin yellow straps dug into the underside of either of his cheeks but also lifted them up, which created the perfect shape for his ass. I hadn’t had much time alone with Jeremy since the night at the party. We had our stolen glances, and my “friendly” slaps on the ass or my “brotherly” gropings. None of it was out of the ordinary to the other brothers when they saw our interactions and that was I preferred to keep it.

My hand caressed the underside of his cheeks as I walked my other fingers over the fatty part of his thigh before I took both cheeks into my hands and leaned inward. I pulled them apart and took a deep whiff of between his cheeks, the warm musk that radiated from his hole was more than enough to fill my senses and send me into an erotic hypnosis. I leaned in even more, and pressed my nose against his hole, feeling either side of his ass push against my face. My cock throbbed in enjoyment as I continued to breathe in the manly scents that originated from his hole. I moved my face around in his cheeks feeling the immense weight shift from side to side as one of my hands fished into my pants and took hold of my cock.

I couldn’t tell if it was just my imagination or if I were looking at this moment through rose-colored glasses, but his ass seemed bigger than it was just weeks earlier. And not just a little, there seemed to be a substantial size difference. How had his around bulbous ass gotten bigger than it had already been? Just the idea of his ass getting any juicer, any larger than it already was just sent shivers down my spine.

“Mmm,” he mumbled in his sleep as he shifted his weight slightly, pushing his ass onto my face; now fully engulfing my features. I could taste the sweat that ran down his crack as my lips were pushed onto his hole. I didn’t want to wake him, but I couldn’t help myself. I slithered my tongue into his hole, feeling it open as if something along these lines were happening within his dream. My tastebuds came alive as the manly taste of his hole flowed over my tongue and directly towards my cock. It was orgasmic, it was intoxicating, it was everything I wanted and more. I repeatedly pushed my tongue into

his hole, growing more aggressive with every jab all while one of my hands massaged his fatty cheek and the other jerked my rigid cock.

“Ugh,” he gasped. His groan gave me slight pause in my assault on his hole, but I moved one of my hands to the front of his jockstrap and felt his own hard cock as it pressed into the pouch and leaked.

“Fuck. So fucking delicious,” I groaned as I pulled away slightly to take a breather before I dove face first back into his ass. No longer was I worried about him waking up during my pseudo-rape. From the hardness of his cock, and the wetness of his pouch I knew whatever was happening in his dream was in tandem with what was happening in reality. I swirled my tongue around his hole, as I nipped along the outer edges of his hole while his moans and gasps grew more intense and breathy.

“Franky,” he moaned as he pushed his ass as far out as he could while he buried his face into his pillow. Was he awake? Or was he in some sort of daze where he thought what was happening was just a dream?

“I could eat this ass all day long. God, it’s so round and juicy. You are fucking blessed,” I moaned as I layered both cheeks with dozens of kisses and soft bites as I made my way back to the center of his crack continuously hungry for his meaty ass and open hole. He flexed his hole around my tongue, almost pulling my tongue deeper into his hole. All while my hand furiously worked his and my cock.

“Mmm,” I cried as I pushed my face as hard as I could into his hole wishing as I could be buried underneath his immense ass. My cock began to jolt within my hand as my balls tightened under grasp. “Fuck,” I shouted, but my words were muffled by his cheeks and would mumbles of pleasure could be heard. My cock coated the inside of my underwear and my pants and left everything covered in my pent up load.

“Ughhhh,” he groaned as his cock shot within his pouch. While mine was massive and intense, his was a pathetic dribble within his underwear which further cemented the idea that he was the perfect bottom that I could have ever asked to have. I pulled my face from his hole and licked my lips, enjoying the last taste of his ass, before I kicked the bed and watched him awakened from his “wet dream”

“Time to wake up slut,” I said as I reeled back my hand and slammed it down onto his plump bare ass. The loud slap pushed away whatever sleepiness was left in his eyes.

“OW!” He screamed as he literally hopped out of bed and gingerly rubbed his now reddened cheek. The quick movement caused both of his cheeks to jiggle out of control and with the added lubrication between his cheeks they didn’t have any friction to stop themselves. “What was that for?” He asked, his eyes wide with confusion and pain.

“What you don’t like it rough?” I asked as I stepped towards him, and wrapped my hands around his waist and took both of his cheeks in my hands once more. “Seemed like you were enjoying that tonging I was just giving your hole.” I punctuated my sentence by pushing two of my thick fingers into his hole which were received by a soft, ohh of enjoyment. “Best pledge I could have ever asked for. You may want to clean up before any of the other pledges come in and see your little problem,” I said as I pulled away from him and nodded down at his wet pouch.

“Oh god!” He shrieked as he covered his groin with his hands and jumped back in bed, back onto his plump ass. “Why did you even bring me here?” He asked, finally asking the question that had been bothering him for quite some time. I leaned over the bed and down towards his face.

“You’re a good fuck. I like your fat ass, and I want it whenever I am horny. You give me that and I will not only give you the fucking best fucks of your miserable life, but I will make you popular. Give you friends. And make sure that when you graduate you can use the alumni connections we have to go out and do whatever you are majoring in....whatever that may be. We got a deal?”

“You make it sound so permanent. And to be honest, do I really have a choice in the matter?” He asked, obviously a little nervous about my proposition. I leaned back and shrugged my shoulders.

“I would say yes you do have a choice, but if you say no I will let everyone know what a hungry little faggot you are for cock and make your life a living hell for the next three years.” It was less of a threat and more of a statement of fact. He could give me what I want or he could choose to live a very difficult, very hard life for the coming years. The answer was easy.

“Okay, I guess you got a deal,” Jeremy said with a very uneasy shrug of his shoulders.

“Perfect, then there are a few things that I want to discuss with you. Put on some pants. We are going to get lunch. But keep the jock on. There is no reason in getting two of them messy,” I said with a wink. I walked out of the large bedroom with my cock already growing hard once again. God this was going to be a great year.