

Coach's Favorite Bottom

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"Ugh! Please, please help me!" Tony cried.

"Don't be a little bitch Tony you can do it!" Coach Andrews shouted, cheering on his favorite player.

"FUCK!" Tony groaned, finally feeling his coach's hands on his robust ass cheeks as he completed his squat and pushed with his quads powering himself upward. "FUCKK!" He shouted as he slammed the barbell into the rack and fell backward into his coach's body.

"Watch it big guy," Coach Andrews said as he caught his favorite player, holding his sweat covered body in place and on his feet. "Great job. Really proud of you. 320 is a heavy squat, especially for a freshman." Tony beamed at his coach's praise, feeling joy well up in his body. He was the smallest guy on the team but had the strongest legs and with wrestling that was what really mattered. The little bottom-heavy nuggets were able to bounce around on the mat and slip out when it was necessary, which was why he was the only freshman starting.

"Another few months we could even try for the school's record if your game," Coach Andrews offered, and Tony eagerly nodded his head.

"I'm game if you are coach!" Tony said as he pulled himself from his coach's arms. "Ready to go again?" He asked as he positioned himself underneath the bar. Tony's tight compression shorts were swallowed between his large masses of gluteal beef. Each cheek was full and rounded on the sides, somewhat womanly in shape but masculine in shape. With each squat the spandex was worn that slightly more and more, threatening to rip and expose his large Italian ass. And it wasn't just his ass that strained the spandex, but the massive cock that bulged lewdly in the front. It was plastered obscenely in the front as if he wanted his coach to see, but for Tony he knew of no way to hide his cock and work out as he wished. He adjusted his cock slightly, feeling it growing hard from the testosterone that pulsed through his body. "You gonna just look old man, or are you gonna help?"

Coach Andrew's positioned himself behind his player, laughed, and readied himself for the bar to fall if something in the lift was to go wrong.

"Old Man? I would like to let you know I am a young forty. I was just thinking if you could actually do another set by yourself." Coach Andrews raised a hesitant eye, but he was not one to deny his players the ability to push themselves. "You get these legs any bigger and you are gonna have the

biggest ass on the team,” he joked. Tony laughed and pushed his ass out towards his coach in a playful but joking manner.

“What’s wrong with that? If I wanna break the schools record I need to have a strong set of legs and cheeks.” He stared at himself in the mirror and felt the wish escape his lips before he even knew what he as saying. “I just wish my bottom could take anything thrown at it.” The lights of the room flashed, and the smell of sulfur filled the room, overpowering the heavy scent of metal and sweat. Tony and Coach Andrews looked around the room looking for the source of the smell and found a figure hiding in the flashes of the lights. His wide malicious grin, and fine suit were both made of shadows and darkness and with a snap of his fingers the lights stopped flashing and the minds of Tony and Coach Andrews went dark.

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“Come on. Come you got it! Ass in my hands Tony ass in my hands!” Coach Andrews shouted.

“Ugh! Please, please help me!” Tony cried.

“Don’t be a little bitch Tony you can do it!” Coach Andrews shouted, cheering on his favorite player.

“FUCK!” Tony groaned as he lowered his body onto the large dildo suction cupped. His hole stretched around the first swelling bulb of the toy. He grunted in enjoyment as his tiny dick throbbed, leaking into his jockstrap. He threw his head by into his coach’s sweaty muscular chest. He sniffed the air and sighed, enjoying the smell of his coach’s sweaty body as it wrapped around him. Coach Andrews’ hands grazed Tony’s thighs and pushed his squat lower, causing his hole to swallow the second thicker layer of the dildo.

“Mmmm, good boy. Do it for coach. Do it for daddy,” Coach Andrews egged on as he rubbed his aching cock against the toned upper body of his team’s water boy.

He couldn’t believe the luck he had when he spied the faggot staring at his team as they practiced in the gym, pleasuring himself within a pair of baggy sweatpants. Tony pleaded for Coach Andrews to not kick him out of college, but he found the cock hungry fag to be quite useful for himself, and the team. When the team’s girlfriends weren’t putting out, Tony was always on call to take their cocks and their loads. Though some of their cocks were a little more difficult to take the others – Coach Andrews included. So, it was decided to train Tony, just as he trained his wrestlers.

“It’s so big. I can’t do it,” Tony moaned as his legs bucked as the pleasure built up inside of him. The little spot on his pouch grew to an immense stain as he lifted up slightly to relieve his hole of the massive size but was pushed back down by his coach.

“Come on champ, you can do it.” Coach Andrews urged. Tony nodded and relaxed his body as his hole swallowed a third layer of the missive toy.

“Oh god,” Tony moaned, his voice a high-pitched squeal of enjoyment. Coach Andrews squeezed Tony in his large burl arms and ground his cock into Tony’s lower back. He was eager for when Tony finally reached that four ring of the dildo – that moment when he could fuck Tony knowing that he had already carved a perfect pussy between his thick cocks. A pussy specifically made for his cock. Coach Andrews leaned towards Tony’s ear and whispered.

“Ready for another go?” Tony nodded, ready to make his coach proud.

The two continued their workout for the next hour, stretching Tony’s hole more and more with every round. By the end of the routine Tony was not sure which hurt more - his hole or his glutes. His hole dripped lube onto the floor as he crossed the weight room, feeling something nudge him in the back of his mind.

Something to him felt off, but he could not place his finger on it.

As he opened his locker, he thought he noticed his clothing shift in front of his eyes. That same feeling told him that he had left a baggy pair of shorts and an oversized t-shirt in his locker and not a crop top and short pair of denim shorts. He pushed his perky ass into the extra tight pair of shorts. The underside of his jockstraps showed in the rips of the denim. Buttoning them was difficult due to his large ass but Tony was thankful for his diminished cock.

Tony stared at his reflection and felt that nagging in the back of his mind that something was wrong. He looked at his crotch and felt that it should be bigger, rounder, thicker. His head ached as the image of a different him flashed in his mind.

“Something’s wrong,” Tony said to himself as he felt that itch in the back of his head increase.

“So sexy,” a dark voice whispered into Tony’s ear. He turned around and looked for its owner but found none. “Sooooo delectable.” Tony felt the breath of the person on his neck as he turned in a circle, feeling that the breath of the person.

“Hello?” Tony shouted. “Is someone there?”

“I’m . . . somewhere,” the cold voice laughed. The lights flashed in rapid succession as if his joy overpowered the circuits. I looked back to the mirror and a reflection of a different man showed. His was taller, his was more muscular, his was different from Tony; but yet, the same.

In the mirror a dark smudge appeared in the corner and seemed to cross the room until it flowed behind him. Two pale hands emerged from the darkness and wrapped themselves around Tony’s midsection. The hands were so warm, but the tips were ice cold. They trailed around the waistband of

his shorts. Fear pulsed through his body as he felt his hole ache for something that he needed. His below average sized cock throbbed as it grew hard, bulging within his pants.

“What . . .,” Tony groaned as he pushed his ass back, feeling something back thrust back into his firm buttocks. Tony leaned back into whatever stood behind him and was met with a hard-firm surface of muscle. The hands retracted as Tony reached to push them into his pants.

“Not yet,” The voice said as the temperature began to rise and the *thing* behind him started to vanish. The lights flashed once more, and Tony looked back to the mirror.

That itch in the back of his mind felt bigger, more intense as he began to wonder what had just happened. He couldn't remember what he was just doing, or better yet - why was he so hard?

“Totally forgot,” he said, his voice higher seemed different. Less masculine and more valley-girl as he reached for the butt plug that he had left on the top shelf of his locker. The heavy silicone toy was already wet and slick with lube as he dropped his shorts to the ground. Moving the shorts over his ass was even more difficult than he remembered. He posed in the mirror, enjoying the way the pink thong disappeared between his two massive mounds.

Turning to the side; he flexed his cheeks, making them dance and twerk up and down. His lower body was tone and overly inflated while his top half looked as if he never spent a day of his life in the gym. He wedged his fingers between his cheeks, feeling his hole open up as if it was made for please. His fingers sunk into his hole, sending goosepimples across his body. Tony's tiny cock pointed outward in his pouch. Though he was erect his three-inch cock barely pointed outward. He had never been ashamed of his micro-cock, he actually enjoyed it. The fact that men never seemed to touch his penis and focus all their attention on his hole was perfect for him.

Pulling his thong from the depths of his cheeks he dropped it to the floor. He had no worry of being caught. Only the guys on the sports teams used the weight room on the weekend, and they all knew about the male cheerleader with the massive ass and tight pussy.

Tony's hole pulsed with excitement at the thought of the toy in his hole, as he rubbed his hand up and down the shaft of the plug. He and grew greasy with the lube and cum that had already soaked into the surface from earlier that day. Placing the toy on a bench near the closest mirror, he positioned himself overtop the toy, hovering over the massive toy. For a less experienced bottom it would be painful or even out of this world to fit the wide toy within him. But the 8 inch around center and the 3-inch neck was perfect for him. Just enough to keep his hole happy until he found a real cock to satisfy him.

“Hey men,” Tony purred as he tuned on his camera. He arched his back and slowly moved himself down onto the toy. He bit his bottom lip and sank himself onto toy. The tip of the butt plug pushed easily into his stretched hole. His eyelids fluttered as he pushed himself further onto the toy, enjoying the way it widened and stretched him, all while he snapped pictures of himself. He moved himself to the bottom of the toy. His groans of enjoyment echoed through the room as passed the thickest part of the butt plug and it was sucked into his hole with a quick *slurp*.

“You like that view?” Tony asked as he leaned onto the bench and pushed his ass towards the mirror. The base of the plug was nestled between his large cheeks and it shined against the dim lights of the room. Gripping the base, he pulled the butt plug out slowly, zooming in on his hole as the toy stretched his hairless body.

Repeatedly he moved the toy in and out of his hole, groaning and moaning as the toy almost escaped his hole to just be thrust back inside of his body. He pulsed his asshole around the tip He patted the base, sending shivers up and down his spine enjoying the thump against his hole. “I’m free after 8pm tonight if anyone wants to help me pull it out.” Tony ended the video with a wink before he looked at his phone. He re-watched the video, adding a slight filter over the camera - giving him that fresh off the beach glow that he loved. “Save. Send.” He said to himself sending to the tennis team. He knew they did not have games on Friday evening, and he was hoping to *fill* his evening with their cocks.

Returning to clothes he pulled his thong back between his cheeks, pulling it high up onto his waist wanting people to see what he was wearing and possibly engage for a closer look. He adjusted the crop, feeling it looser than he remembered. The neck hole seemed stretched as it laid off center, showing off his shoulder and a large section of his thin upper body. He looked at the empty locker feeling as if he was missing something. That something wasn’t right. But the harder he tried to think the deeper a headache throbbed against his forehead.

The lights within the locker room flashed again and Tony let out a yelp of surprise as he looked around for whomever was flipping the lights on and off but found nobody. When the lights settled, he looked back towards his locker and saw a bright pink caboodle inside and the thought of forgetting something was filled with that image.

“Ahh! There it is!” Tony screamed as he pulled his makeup bag from the locker and riffled through it. He pulled a bright pink lipstick, a highlighter compact, and a large makeup brush - eager to put on his face that would surely be ruined by some man’s cock later that night. As Tony placed layered the makeup on his face the dark shadow watched him from the corner. Its hard cock pulsed with a need to feel itself buried inside Tony’s round ass. But he knew that the sweetest fruits needed time to grow.

Tony walked out from the locker room, feeling his ass bounce and jiggle with every step. The tightness of his shorts squeezed his ass and pushed it down, exposing the plump underside of his cheeks. He pushed his air pods into his ears and searched for music as he danced down the steps of the gym. It was late into the evening and the area was empty, and so - Tony let his freak flag fly a little more eager than usual. He danced across the parking lot and up towards the main street and waited for the light to change. From the left a red sports car slid to a stop and vroomed its engine. Tony raised an eyebrow at the vehicle. It looked expensive. Just the kind of guy that could keep Tony's attention for an evening, no matter how ugly he turned out.

"Come here often?" A deep voice asked from within the car. Tony smirked.

"As often as you need me to coach," Tony said as he leaned onto the car as the window rolled down in front of him. The handsome older man smiled at him, crinkling the corner of his eyes. "I thought you had left after our workout." Coach shrugged.

"Just hung around, wanted to see if anyone was looking for some . . .company tonight." Coach said as his eyes danced. "Are you in need of any company?"

"Always," Tony said. The passenger door unlocked, and Tony slid into the seat like liquid pouring into a glass. The leather felt almost erotic as he felt his cheeks warm against the heaters within the seat against his buttocks. Coach Andrews put the car into drive, and they began their trip back to his house.

Tony slid towards the middle console and placed his hands on his Coach's thick thighs, moving towards the mound in the front of his shorts. He moved his hand along the shaft, feeling it grow thicker and longer. Tony grabbed the hem of the shorts and pulled it back, revealing Coach Andrews' cock.

"Someone's excited," Tony groaned as he rubbed the cock's tip. Precum dripped onto his thigh and Tony leaned into his coach's thigh and licked the cum the hairy quad.

"Mmm," Coach Andrew's groaned as Tony moved his lips to the head of his dick and pulled it into his mouth. Tony flicked his tongue around the tip and took several inches into his mouth. "That's a good cocksucker."

"Bet you would be even better a cocksucker with larger lips." A voice whispered into Tony's ear. Tony pulled the cock from his mouth and looked around and saw nobody. Tony felt his lips tingle as they inflated with silicone. He smacked his lips, feeling them swell until he could see them at the bottom of his gaze. Tony ran his tongue over his top and bottom lip. The largeness of his lips was different but enjoyable. He leaned back towards Coach Andrews' cock and kiss the head lightly.

“Oh fuck! Those new lips feel great! So glad I talked you into getting them. Maybe next time we can get an extra vial or two. Make them massive” Coach Andrews groaned. He pressed his hand into the back of his player’s head and plunged his cock into Tony’s mouth. Tony wrapped his plump lips around the cock and sucked up and down as his coach’s cum leaked into his mouth. He grunted and groaned as they drove along the road. Tony would constantly change from sucking his coach’s cock and pulling his heavy balls into his mouth, rolling them around his agile tongue and over his bulging lips. Coach Andrew paid little attention to him when he returned his hands to the wheel but would moan every so often when Tony engulfed his entire cock.

When the car was placed back into park, Tony regretfully released Coach Andrews cock and watched as it was tucked back into his shorts and the two exited the car.

Coach Andrews wrapped his arm around Tony’s waist and pulled him close before he let his hand move down towards his round cheek.

“Fuck I love a bitch with a big ass, almost as much as I love one with some massive tits,” Coach Andrews lustfully said as he dug his fingers into the meaty underside of his cheeks.

“I also love a bitch with a massive chest. The bigger and more obscene the better,” the shadowy voice whispered into Tyler’s ear and his chest began to bounce with his ass. Every step he felt them grow larger and heavier, expanding beneath his off-center shirt. The feeling of his chest as it bounced was foreign to him as his flat pectorals turned around and heavy. Tony looked down at his chest and saw the massive pectorals that hung from his thin upper body. Memories of the procedures flooded his mind. The obscene implants that were forced into his tiny body. His lips that were constantly injected with silicone. His ass that was more implant than him.

“Ooo,” Tony groaned as he looked down at his chest and watched as his baggy shirt dissolved into shades as if it were eaten away by the darkness. Coach Andrews’ hand moved from Tony’s ass and around his side. His rough hands and massive fingers flicked at one of Tony’s engorged nipples. The sensation surged through Tony’s body. His cock grew hard while his knees grew weak. His coach grabbed a handful of his pectoral and squeezed, sending even more shivers down his spine. The walk from the car up to the house seemed to be a mile long as his coach toyed and played with him like the sex doll he was becoming.