

A Handful of Ass

“Jason get your fat ass over here!” The coach shouted at the group of boys wrestling on the floor. Two boys on the other side of the gym stopped wrestling and one dressed in a black and red singlet stood up, and began to walk towards his coach. Jason’s coach watch his body bounce with every step. His large pectorals jiggling up and down with every step across the open gym floor. Jason’s extra tight singlet clung to his massive form leaving little to the imagination. His large obvious bulge called to the Coach Jefferson enticingly. Coach Jefferson’s eyes narrowed down onto Jason’s crotch and licked his lips. He had seen him naked in the locker room multiple times. His thick python reached almost to his knees, and that was soft. Coach had always wondered what it would look like hard and he had finally figured out a way to test it.

“What’s up coach?” He asked as he stopped in front of his coach. Even with Jason being the largest guy on the team he was still dwarfed by his wrestling coach. Coach Jefferson was easily over six feet tall and solid beef. He kept his clothes small and tight, which only to emphasized his massive size. Coach Jefferson usually wore his short weightlifting shorts during practice and a string tank top, in case he ever needed to jump in and show his athletes who was boss. And today was one of those days.

“You wait right here Jason,” Coach Jefferson ordered. “Everyone to the bleachers!” He hollered to the rest of the wrestlers. Each of them stopped mid movement and and slowly made their way to the bleachers that lined the western most wall. “Now!” He shouted angrily, causing all the athletes to jump and them run to the bleachers. Each of them taking seats either in the first or second row.

“Listen here boys, I ain’t your daddy. But when one of you is disrespectful or cheats. An example needs to be made of you,” he said. His deep gruff of a voice echoed through the college gymnasium. The anger in his eyes transition from the large group of wrestlers and went directly to the Adonis that was standing before him. “And that brings us to you Jason,” he said accusatorially.

“What the fuck did I do?” Jason shouted. Coach Jefferson turned to Jason as he crossed his large hair arms in front of him. Both of his biceps flexed tightly against his hairy barrel chest.

“Oh you going to play dumb?” Coach Jefferson asked? He walked up to Jason, pressing their muscled bodies against one another. The tension between the two filled the room. Was it anger? Or was it sexual? “You wanna do this boy? Cause I will ruin you in front of your team mates,” Coach Jefferson whispered. His warning only audible to Jason.

“Bring it on Grandpa,” Jason taunted as he pushed his chest against Coach Jefferson. A wild mischievous smirk crossed Coach Jefferson’s face at the offer of a fight.

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you,” he smirked as he turned back towards the rest of his athletes. “So today I received a notice from an anonymous source that one of you has been cheating their way through school. That you have been skating through your exams with from another. Breaking the school’s honor code is a expellable crime. And on this team there is one that cant I cannot abide is cheating. So Jason your out!” He shouted at the top of his lungs.

“What the fuck Coach?” Jason shouted backing away from Coach Jefferson.

“This could have gone a different way, but you decided to play dumb. And I know your not dumb Jason. Those big muscles don’t hide the fact that you are a cheat and a liar and I will not have that on my team. Your done here. Your scholarship is revoked at the end of the semester. Get the fuck out of my face you disgrace,” Coach Jefferson ordered.

“You can’t do this! If I don’t have my scholarship I will be kicked out of school. I cant fucking pay for this place,” Jason retorted.

“Oh, I can and I will,” Coach Jefferson said calmly. Jason grabbed the top of his head in hand and pulled on the small amount of hair that covered his hand. He was about to bust.

“You fucking loser! You are just jealous. Jealous that I am going to break your record and actually do something with my life, while you are stuck here in the same fucking reject job for the rest of your life.” Jason shouted. “You are just anger that someone is finally better than you, and cant stand it.”

“Jason you are not better than me. If I wanted to I could pin you to the ground and not even break a sweat,” Coach Jefferson said.

“You want a bet? I win. I keep my scholarship and you don’t say another fucking word to me for the rest of my college career. You win. I leave the wrestling team and become the towel boy for the rest of the season and lose my scholarship,” Jason offered.

“This something you really wanna do? You wanna humiliate yourself in front of everyone?” Coach asked as he considered Jason’s offer. Everything was going exactly as he had planned. “And I know my boys will make sure to hold you to your end of the agreement. Am I right boys?” He asked the crowd of watching wrestlers. The hooted and hollered in an unanimous yes. “Looks like that’s a yes. Lets fucking do this,” Coach Jefferson agreed. He pulled his loose tank off his massive body revealing his chest and stomach. His chest was large and obscene. Both of his pectorals hung heavily off his chest from his many years of weightlifting. Both of his nipples were wide and pointed downward towards the floor. His entire chest and muscle gut were covered in thick dark hair which obscured the many tattoos

that covered his body. "Ready little guy?" Coach Jefferson asked as he moved to the center of a mat. The pouch of his short shorts was beginning to strain against his massive cock that was nestled underneath the thin fabric.

"You ready old man?" Jason asked as he crouched down, looking like a tiger about to pounce on its prey. But little did he know, he was the prey.

"Johansson!" Coach Jefferson shouted as he crouched down in front of Jason. "Count us down," He ordered. Coach Jefferson looked at the meaty package that hung between Jason's thighs, and was very eager feel his hard cock against his body. A stout boy stood in the bleachers and began to count down from three.

"Three, two, one, GO!" He shouted from the bleachers as both Jason and his coach pounced on one another. Each of there hands grasping onto the other's large body. Coach Jefferson wrapped his arm around Jason's back and underneath his arms while his other arm snaked in between this thick thighs. Coach grasped onto Jason's meaty back aggressively, which issued a deep grunt of enjoyment from Jason, and flipped Jason onto the mat.

"Oomph," Jason grunted as his body was slammed onto the mat. Coach Jefferson climbed on top of Jason's body and pressed his massive dick into Jason's ass and thrust. Coach Jefferson let out a deep animalistic moan of pleasure as he placed Jason into a headlock as he was pushed into the floor. Coach Jefferson leaned down next to Jason's ear.

"You know Jason, the cheating isn't the only thing I found out today," Coach Jefferson whispered knowingly into Jason's ear. "The little birdy who told me about the cheating also told me about a nasty little fetish you have. I wouldn't say I was surprised when you have an ass like this," Coach Jefferson said as he thrust against Jason's ass again.

"Please no," Jason pleaded. His powerful façade fading as he realized the humiliation that was coming to pass.

"Oh yes. You didn't think I would just let you off with a simple suspension did you? I need to make an example out of you," Coach Jefferson whispered. He adjusted his body around Jason as he struggled to break free. But Coach Jefferson's immense strength held Jason in place. Jason's coach finagled his body so that he was sitting on Jason's back with he legs wrapped around his midsection. This hold kept Jason from being able to break free as well as give Coach Jefferson the perfect view of his ample ass.

"Boys!" He shouted.

"Yes Coach!" They responded.

“Should I make an example out of Jason?” Coach Jefferson asked his athletes. They all shouted a resounding yes. Coach Jefferson grabbed onto the legs of Jason’s singlet and roughly pulled both leg holes until they were wedged up between his cheeks. Coach Jefferson looked at Jason’s perfectly tanned ass. Each cheek reminded him of a scoop of caramel ice cream; so soft, so smooth, and so delicious. Coach’s cock was now obviously hard in his tight shorts from their quick wrestling session and from the knowledge of what was to come. “If Jason is gonna act like a child and defy the rules of the team and the school. Then he will be punished like a child,” Coach Jefferson announced as he slapped one of Jason’s open cheeks angrily.

“Ugh,” Jason moaned as he bit down, attempting to hold any moans of pleasure inside. So not to embarrass himself in front of his team and his friends.

“Yea you like that don’t you boy,” Coach Jefferson whispered as his hand slammed down on Jason’s opposing cheek. Coach Jefferson looked over his shoulder and saw Jason bury his face into the soft matted floor. “What no response? Maybe I am not hitting hard enough.” Coach Jefferson reeled back his hand and repeatedly slapped Jason’s plump bubble butt back and forth to the cheers and laughter of his wrestlers. The cheering just egged Coach Jefferson on to spank Jason more and more. He could see many of his wrestler’s hands disappear as they nonchalantly rubbed their cocks. Maybe they were more masochist in the audience.

Coach Jefferson could hear the cries and moans of pleasure coming from behind his back. He could feel the subtle movements under his body as Jason ground his crotch into the mat. He enjoyed watching Jason’s ass redden with his massive handprints. With each smack, he watched as Jason’s cheeks bounced and wiggled back and forth. Jason knew what he was doing when he was growing this ass. Coach understood why Jason pushed himself so hard on leg day. Jason wanted his ass to be as tantalizing as possible. Coach’s hard dick was plastered against his thin cotton shorts, a large wet spot grew with every spanking. He could not have imagined this going any better. Coach Jefferson reeled back his hand, readying himself to slam down for the umpteenth time onto Jason’s ass.

“Please,” Jason whispered. Coach Jefferson’s hand stopped midair.

“What did you say?” He asked as he turned his head over his well muscle shoulder once again.

“Please stop, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry,” Jason pleaded himself close to tears from the humiliation and pleasure.

“What you aren’t enjoying our play time in front of your teammates?” Coach Jefferson asked as he gently placed his hands on Jason’s robust ass cheeks, squeezing both of them sexually. Jason laid quietly beneath his coach. “I need an answer,” he said as he slapped Jason’s ass gently. He could hear

the soft moans from the boys sitting in the bleachers. It was their moans that egged him to punish Jason more.

“Ughh,” Jason moaned as he ground his crotch into the mat again. He didn’t seem like he would be able to last much longer. As he felt his coaches hand pull back for another spanking Jason blurted out, “Yes! Yes I enjoy it. I have loved every minute of the pain. Please just stop. I will be your towel boy for the rest of my college career if you just stop,” Jason pleaded. Coach Jefferson could hear the sniffles emanating from Jason.

Jason’s coach pulled his massive body off of Jason’s back and pulled him off the mat. His reddened ass openly on display for ever team member to see. Coach looked down at Jason’s wet crotch and the huge dick hiding beneath the sheer material. He cocked an eyebrow at Jason. Jason looked away, unable to make eye contact with him.

“Boys! This is what happens when you disobey the rules! Let this be a lesson for all of you! Don’t think any of you are above a good spanking. Do all of you understand?’ He asked the large group of college students. Each of them shook their head yes. “Good. Also I want to introduce you all to our new waterboy and uniform washer. Everyone say hello!” Coach Jefferson ordered as he spun Jason around to the crowd. Jason’s face burned with embarrassment as his hard wet cock was shown to his former teammates. All of the teammates shouted hello. Coach Jefferson could see many of their arms moving up and down quickly edging themselves closer. “Say hello Jason,” Coach ordered.

“Hello,” he whispered as he buried his face in his large pectoral muscles.

“Louder Jason!” Coach ordered as he slapped his hand one final time against Jason’s ass cheek.

“OH GOD! Hello!” Jason moaned as his legs began to quiver. His hand shot out and held onto Coach Jefferson’s bicep for support as his dick unloaded inside of his singlet. His loud moans of pleasure filled the quiet gymnasium. Coach Jefferson’s own cock was about to explode as well, but he decided his seed would best be used in a one on one situation. Jason’s coach snaked his hand behind Jason’s body and groped at his ass cheeks as he orgasm crescendoed and declined.

“That’s a good waterboy. Now get to the locker room and get cleaned up. Meet me in my office when you’re done and we will go over your new duties as the team’s waterboy,” Coach Jefferson ordered. Jason turned around and walked to the locker room in shame. “Everyone back to practice!” He yelled as he watched all his wrestlers stand up. Many of their singlets were wet from excitement. Coach Jefferson’s eyes filled with hunger. “Maybe this will be a weekly occurrence,” He said as he followed Jason into the locker room.

Santa's New Curvy Elf

"Do I really have to work here?" Jason whined to his father as he pouted in the passenger seat of his families vehicle.

"You want money? You need a job. We aren't gonna keep dolling out cash just cause you're in college. You have tons of teammates that have jobs. You arent any better than any of them," Jason's father instructed. It was a conversation that had already been had, several times before between the two of them. Jason sunk lower into the passenger seat, but he sat higher than most due to his large behind so the motion went unnoticed.

"Yeah, but their families are fucking poor," Jason grumbled as he crossed his arms. He couldn't believe that he had to spend his winter vacation working at the fucking mall for Santa. Jason couldn't think of a worse way to spend his days then surrounded by crying children, and overbearing parents.

"Yeah, well if you don't understand the value of a dollar than you will be poor too," Jason's father said as he pulled up to the front entrance of the local mall. "Now the owner of the mall is doing me a favor just giving you this job. Lots of people applied to be one of Santa's helpers. So don't be an ass about it, understand?" Jason looked over to his father and saw the determination in his eyes. Jason swallowed the catty remark that he had formulated in his head and nodded.

"Yes sir," Jason said.

"Good. I will be right here when the mall closes to come back and pick you up," Jason's father stated.

"Couldn't I just drive the mustang?" Jason asked, the whiny tone in his voice was noted by his father.

"No. You wont drive the mustang. Last time you borrowed the car it was returned with a human sized dent in the front of bumper. So no, you wont be driving yourself. I also don't need you to get any other smart ideas about not showing up for work. You are a representation of the family Jason, make sure you act like it. I don't want to hear any bad remarks from George or any of his workers about you when I pick you up. If I do, don't think that working at Santa's workshop is the worst thing that will happen to you this Christmas break." Jason straightened himself in his seat into a more respectful manner. His father couldn't possible mean, what he was insinuating. "No Bahamas for the new year, and you will be on your this summer too. . .with grandpa." Jason's eyes widened at the threat. There was not

an ounce of Jason's mind that made him think that his father was bluffing, so the only thing Jason could do was meet his father's expectations. He put on a wide "genuine" smile, and gave another nod of agreement.

"You won't have to worry about me dad. I will make sure they give me a five star report." Jason gave his father a double thumbs up to further emphasize his "dedication".

"That's my boy!" His father said, mirroring his smile. "Now you're going to meet George in his office underneath the escalators. He is expecting you. So have a good first day."

So Jason exited the car and with a wave of his hand his father drove away. Jason turned to the mall, and wondered when the last time was that he had been inside? He watched as several teenage girls entered and exited the malls in small giggling squads. He walked inside and saw from the corner of his eye several of the girls try to be casual as they nodded and pointed towards him. He wasn't sure if it was his face that they thought was cute, his biceps that they thought looked strong, or the bulge in his pants that made the girls point. But he had a feeling from the way they giggled when he crossed their vision, it was his oversized buttocks that drew their attention, as it did most people.

Though the attention from his teammates and his coach did increase of his first semester of college, the novelty of his oversized cheeks seemed to wear off the longer people fondled them. Though Jason's coach was still not opposed to taking him over his knee whenever Jason got out of line.

Jason wandered into the mall, taking note of the Christmas decorations as well as the crowds of people that he had to push through in order to get to the owner's office.

It was a small office, located near where Jason would actually be working. It was smaller than most dorm rooms, but all that occupied the small space was an overweight balding man with a metal desk in the center of the room. Jason had met Mr. George several times in his life but he was much younger and Mr. George was in much better shape.

"Hello Mr. George," Jason said as he entered the office unannounced. The portly man jumped from his seat and extended a hand to Jason.

"My boy, wow have you – uh – grown!" Mr. George exclaimed as his eyes scanned over Jason's body. Jason watched as the man licked his lips the lower he got. Jason felt some hateful words appear on his lips, but he held his tongue. This was the guy that would speak to his father at the end of his work day and he needed to make sure that Mr. George stayed happy, even if he was a pervert.

"The gym, and a strict diet will do that to you," Jason laughed nervously. There was only silence as Mr. George stared at Jason's body. "My dad said you had a job for me?" Jason asked, trying to end the uncomfortable silence.

“Oh yes – the job. Sorry about that. You get to a certain age and your mind starts to wander. Give me one moment.” Mr. George sat back in his chair and quickly typed away on his outdated computer, but his eyes continued to move back to Jason. “I’m sorry to say that the original job that we had for you was actually filled by another person.” Was this the reprieve that Jason had hoped? “But luckily, we have another job that I think will suit your handsome face perfectly. How do you feel about being a Christmas elf?”

Horribly, Jason thought.

“Great! I love Christmas,” Jason said, trying to put some more joy in his voice than was typical.

“That is perfect! Here follow me. We are going to get you into costume.”

“Costume?” Jason said, hesitantly as he followed the short man down a hallway and into what appeared to be a changing area for several people. On the wall hung a dozen or so costumes all in different shades of red and green. Mr. George walked down the aisle of hanging clothes and pulled away one outfit that comprised of a hat, a pair of green stockings, a pair of shoes with bells on the end, and a tunic. The whole thing made Jason think of Link from the Legend of Zelda if he was kidnapped and forced to work for Santa, much like himself. “These should fit you perfectly.” Mr. George said as he handed Jason the clothing. Jason eyed the clothing, and then Mr. George. Did he expect him to get changed in front of him, Jason wondered.

“Well, go ahead and try it on. We need to make sure everything fits,” Mr. George said, almost too eagerly. Jason bit the inside of his cheeks, yes why wouldn’t Mr. George want to stand and ogle as Jason undressed himself.

Jason, begrudgingly, grabbed ahold of the rim of his shirt and lifted it over his head. He could hear the audible gasp from his boss as his flat stomach came into view. With two heavy plops his pectorals fell from his shirt and bounced briefly. Jason considered turning around around as he took off his pants, but wasn’t sure which side would be worse? Would showing the outline of his dick get his boss more riled up or would his ass cheeks? Jason felt his privacy was less invaded with his ass, so he turned around and began to shimmy off his pants with difficulty around his cheeks. He silently regretted the fact that today of all days he choose to wear briefs, when he was normally a boxer type of guy. And not just any brief, a pair that didn’t contain either of my cheeks fully.

I could feel the cool air grace the underside of each of my cheeks as I bent over and the older man’s leering eyes. Memories of the humiliation I felt from my wrestling coach came to the forefront of my mind and made my cock begin to bulge in the front of my briefs. I looked down at my crotch and saw my cock begin to overfill the front pouch of my underwear and peak out in the underside of my

underwear. I was so focused on what was going on in my underwear that I completely forgot I was bent over with my ass forced out towards my new boss, like it was on purpose.

“Got a pretty big caboose,” Mr. George commented as Jason felt a swift slap against his ass as he bent over to take his pants off his feet.

“Oof,” Jason said, surprised by his boss’s outwardly advances. Jason stayed silent about the smack, but kicked himself in the head when he felt his boss’s hands grope both of his sizable cheeks. “Woah!” Jason said, jumping up in surprise.

“I’m sorry. I just haven’t seen an ass like that before on a guy. I don’t remember you having such a donk when you were younger.”

Did that mean he was looking at me when I was younger, Jason asked himself mentally?

“Luckily those tights have some stretch in them. Gotta make sure you can fit the role as Santa’s elf.” Jason looked back to the tights that were stacked on top of his clothes and prayed that they would fit.

Jason took the tights in hand and pushed both of his feet into the flexible fabric. Immediately he knew that the tights would not fit. He considered saying something to his boss, but something told him; the selection of the smaller tights was done on purpose. Jason tugged the tights further up his body and was met with more resistance as he pulled the tights passed his thighs. He could feel the fabric stretch and thin out as it went further up his thick lower body. With his ass towards Mr. George Jason looked down at his bulging cock and took a breath of relief. It had gone down slightly. Just enough for his cock to stay within his underwear but it still bulged out far enough to be noticed.

When the tights finally came to his ass he tugged, pulled, and jumped which only caused his pectorals and butt cheeks to jiggle in response. He heard Mr. George’s breath get caught in his throat repeatedly as he tugged the spandex over his hips. It made it about half way when he felt the tights finally stop moving. Jason looked over his shoulder and saw the nearly drooling mouth of his boss and the rather large mound in his dress pants. Mr. George looked like he had gotten caught massaging the front of his pants when Jason looked over, but Jason did not have the balls or the confidence to call him out on it.

“I think I need another size up,” Jason said to his boss, hoping that he would not let him out in such a state.

“No I think it’s perfect. Most of our guys, don’t wear underwear under their tights. So that’s probably the issue. You should get fully undressed and try those on again.” Jason could tell it wasn’t an offer, or a solution to his problem. It was an order. An order from a boss to his subordinate.