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Stanley's Cup

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Being on the hockey team had long been Jason's dream. Even as a little kid, he had tried to get in on pick up games of street hockey around the neighborhood, but he was never picked to play. Jason understood on some level. He was so much smaller than the other guys. He didn't stand a chance when push came to shove – or when punch came to body check. That didn't stop him from fantasizing about it, though. All throughout middle school and high school, he tried out for the team every single year. Even when he got to college, he didn't give up on trying out, but so far, the closest he had come was being named assistant to the coach in his freshman year. He wasn't made "assistant coach." He was made "Assistant to the coach." One is an actual job. The other is a step below an unpaid intern. It was Jason's job to check the equipment, get coffee for the coaches, tidy up the locker room, or whatever else the coaches or any of the players may ask of him. It was a far cry from

Jason's dream job, but it did have its advantages. For starters, no one batted an eye when he was hanging around the locker room as all the big, buff hockey dudes dressed in and out, and there was no one quite so big and buff as Stanley.

Stanley was the star of the team. He was the playmaker. He was the top scorer, and he was hot as hell! Jason had more than just a little crush on him from the second he first laid eyes on the stud, but Jason had never worked up the nerve to talk to hockey star. The most Jason had ever managed was wistfully watching from afar as Stanley strode around the locker room regaling his teammates with tales of his conquests on the rink and in the bedroom. Jason wished he could share in Stanley's escapades either on or off the field, but so far that was not to be.

Life continued on like this for months. Jason served dutifully as the designated team gopher all while silently pining for the jacked stud, but then one day, something happened that caught Jason completely off guard. He was tidying up the locker room like he normally did in the afternoon after class when he noticed that the door to Stanley's locker was ajar. Jason peered around the locker room to see if Stanley was there, but when he found neither hide nor hair of the stud, Jason decided to take matters into his own hands.

At first, Jason had resolved to simply shut the door and be done with it, but as his hand touched the

cool metal of the locker door, a thought crossed his mind. "What if someone else had been there first?"

Stanley was never one to turn down an opportunity to boast or brag, so it was common knowledge that Stanley had one particularly prized possession – his jockstrap. Stanley wore it to every game. He claimed that it made him invincible. It was his lucky charm, and it helped protect his other prized possession – his family jewels. If someone had swiped that, the results could be catastrophic! What if Stanley gave up hockey altogether? The team might never recover! ... and Jason might never see the stud striding around the locker room clad in nothing but his strap every again!

Jason once more looked around the locker room to make sure he was alone. He took a moment to steady his nerves. He swallowed hard. Reached for the open door, and slowly and steadily opened the door further and further until he could peek inside.

The inside of the locker was pretty similar to any other college athlete's locker. It was packed full of a change of clothes, a towel, some basic toiletries... and Stanley's prized strap.

Jason knew that he should call it a victory and go ahead and close the door, but he balked when it came time to do so. Some part of him was crying out for him to inspect the goods further. Whether or not there was any logic to the idea was irrelevant. It was painfully obvious by the steadily swelling rod in his pants that the notion was planted in his mind by his

own overactive libido. Even as Jason's hand reached into the locker as if of its own volition, Jason silently chastised himself for what he was about to do. He knew he ought to stop. He knew he should put it back, close the door, and walk away, but he was beyond logical reasoning, and the second his fingertips touched the soft fabric, he knew his fate was sealed.

Jason stood there. His hands trembled. His heart pounded. His whole body shuddered with anticipation as he stared at the used garment he now held in his hands. He was like a dog that had caught a car. Now that he had it, he had no idea what to do with it, but one thing he did know was that he wouldn't be able to put it back – not while his cock was hard as a rock. One way or the other, Jason needed some relief!

Jason knew that he had some time before practice. The other guys shouldn't be there for at least an hour. He had plenty of time for a quicky. He could rub one out, clean up, put the strap back in the locker, and go about his business and no one would be the wiser. It was the perfect crime, but the more Jason stood there and felt the soft fabric in his hands, the more another urge welled up inside of him.

He wanted to know what it felt like. He wanted to feel it touching more than just his hands. He wanted to feel it cup his junk as it had some his idol's so many times before. Before Jason even realized what he was doing, he had peeled off his tshirt, undone the button and fly of his jeans, and had begun to shimmy

his pants down around his ankles. His underwear and jeans came down together, letting his rock-hard, pre-drooling cock fly free. Jason kicked off his shoes and stepped out of his pants leaving him clad in nothing but his socks. As if in a daze, Jason trudged away from the lockers towards the side of the room where he knew a full-length mirror awaited him.

Jason's heart pounded and his hands trembled as he slowly stepped into the leg holes of the strap. He pulled the jock up around his waist. He felt the soft fabric press up against his rock-hard cock.

Jason turned to face the mirror and was conflicted by what he saw. On one hand, the mere notion that he was wearing his crush's jock made him hornier than he had ever been in his life, but seeing how huge it was on him made him feel even punier than usual. The waistband was designed for someone far bigger and beefier. The elastic barely managed to keep the strap up around his waist, and the bands of fabric that went under the butt cheeks were left to sag limply behind him. Jason had an alright ass. It was cute and bubbly, but it was a far cry from the massive, meaty, muscular backside that Stanley sported, and to add insult to injury, even fully hard, Jason's dick still had plenty of room inside the stiff plastic attached to the front of the jock.

His heart may have been conflicted, but his cock had no such misgivings. Jason's rod was harder than it had ever been. Feeling the soft cotton of the well-worn jock rubbing against his over-sensitive cock

and balls drove him wild. He was already leaking pre like a faucet. He could feel the fabric getting wetter by the second which caused it to stick to his dick. Some part of Jason knew he needed to stop. He was oozing all over Stanley's strap. It would be nearly impossible to pretend nothing had happened at this point, and it'd be even harder to play it off if he inevitably creamed all over the insides of Stanley's jock, and yet still Jason couldn't stop himself. If anything, the mere thought of his own fluids seeping into Stanley's garment made Jason even hornier. His cock felt harder than he ever could have imagined possible. It was as if his dick had managed to chub up even more than it already had causing it to fill out the strap ever so slightly better. Jason figured it was just the way the damp cloth clung to his leaking cock and thought little more of it. He was too far gone for any sort of in-depths analysis anyway. All he could do was stand there and moan softly as he gripped the cup in his hand and used the plastic bulge to press the fabric harder against his cock.

Jason was so enthralled by the feeling of the fabric against his overstimulated cock and the mere notion that his dick was now rubbing against the same cloth that Stanley's had done so many times before that he was completely oblivious to the motion behind him until two huge, thick, sculpted arms wrapped around him from behind.

"eep!" was all Jason managed to let out. The feeling of the powerful arms around him was enough to snap him from his daydreams. Jason's eyes snapped

open, and he found himself once again looking at himself in the mirror, but this time there was another figure in the reflection as well. Standing behind Jason was the big, beefy body of his crush, Stanley.

Jason's mind was racing. He was already struggling to formulate some sort of explanation or apology, but he knew there was nothing he could say that would absolve him of what he had done. Jason was prepared for the worst. He fully expected Stanley to be livid. He was already mentally and physically bracing himself for an ass whooping to make WWF look like teatime, but to his surprise, Stanley didn't seem angry at all. If anything, he seemed to be enjoying the show that Jason was putting on.

"Having fun there, little guy?" Stanley said playfully as he ran his hands along Jason's exposed midriff.

"S-sorry! I-I can explain!" Jason stammered.

"Explain what? You found my jock and decided to jack off in it?" Stanley asked playfully.

"Umm... y-yeah... if you put it that way," Jason replied meekly.

Stanley merely laughed in reply. There seemed to be no malice in Stanley's laughter. If anything, it was very lighthearted and joyful. It was so warm and welcoming that Jason was almost able to relax... almost.

"Y-you don't seem too upset...?" Jason asked hesitantly.

"Upset that you took the bait I laid out for you?" Stanley said impishly.

Stanley's hands drifted lower and lower across Jason's flat belly. Feeling Stanley's fingertips against his flesh made Jason's hair stand on end and his skin break out in goosebumps. Jason was shaking like a leaf, but it was no longer due to fear. His horniness had returned full force. This was beyond a dream come true. He never would have imagined he would be so close to his crush! Stanley was so close that Jason could feel the thick muscles pressing against his body. He could smell the jock's cologne filling his nostrils. He could sense the warmth emanating from Stanley's body. It was as if the stud was permeating every pore of Jason's body. Jason was so lost in the euphoria of being so close to his crush that he almost forgot how close to cumming he was. During that half second of weakness, Jason almost blew his load all over the insides of Stanley's jock, but Jason managed to regain his composure at the last second. Jason's whole body shuddered with bliss as he stifled his own need to cream. A small whimper escaped his lips as he did so, but even Jason's impressive willpower was no match for what happened next.

Stanley's hands managed to reach the waistband. His fingers slipped under the elastic band and slid down the sensitive flesh of Jason's crotch and brushed against Jason's pre-oozing rod. Even just

feeling his dick bump against Stanley's fingers was enough to make Jason lose it. His soft whimper grew into a loud, whiny moan. His trembling grew until he was borderline convulsing. His cock lurched and shuddered, and then Jason came and came again. Spooge erupted from his cock like foam from a freshly popped bottle of bubbly. Jason had never cum like that before in his life! In a matter of seconds, he had completely drenched Stanley's already damp jockstrap. Jizz seeped out the sides of the pouch and dripped down his legs. Everything in the pouch was completely, thoroughly coated in cum – and that included Stanley's own fingers.

Jason's heart felt like it stopped dead in his chest as soon as he realized what he had done. Not only had he completely trashed Stanley's strap, but he had cum all over Stanley's hand as well! Jason knew that this was it for him. He was never going to live this down. His life was officially over.

As the horror stories and doomsday scenarios ran in Jason's head, Jason was only vaguely aware of Stanley's hands moving towards his mouth. It wasn't until Jason felt Stanley's cum-coated fingers playing with his lips that he began to parse what was happening.

"Such a mess..." Stanley said playfully. "You should at least help me clean it up."

Jason didn't even try to argue. He closed his eyes and surrendered to the moment. He moaned softly as Stanley's fingers slid into his mouth. Jason had

never tasted cum before. Under normal circumstances he might not have liked the taste, but he was so goddamn horny that it was like sweet ambrosia, and the feeling of Stanley's fingers against his tongue just made the situation that much more amazing. It left Jason wanting more. Fortunately, it seemed Stanley had the same idea.

"You know..." Stanley whispered sultrily into Jason's ear. "Since I helped get you off, it's only fair that you do the same."

Jason wasn't about to argue. No sooner had Stanley relaxed his grip than Jason was already turning around and getting on his knees. Stanley hastily peeled off his t-shirt while Jason went to work on the stud's shorts. Jason's heart skipped a beat as he pulled down the waistband of Stanley's loose basketball short and saw the stud's thick semi flop into view. Stanley's cock was huge! It was beyond amazing! Jason had seen it occasionally around the locker room whenever Stanley was on his way to and from the showers, but it was never like this. It could have been a trick of Jason's overactive, hormone charged imagination. It could have been because he was literally inches from the behemoth. It could have been because Stanley was now rocking a thick semi, but whatever the case, Stanley had the biggest dick Jason had ever seen! It was so huge that Jason now understood why people used the eggplant emoji. Jason couldn't even fathom how he was going to get that beast in his mouth! And as it grew thicker and harder, it became even more impressive. Soon Stanley was flying at full mast. His

fully-boned rod was as thick as Jason's wrist! The shaft was nearly as long as Jason's forearm! Jason knew he had no chance of deep throating the monster. The best he could do was suckle the tip, but that didn't stop him from worshiping the shaft. Jason gripped the beast with both hands. The feeling of the warm, thick, stiff rod in his hands drove him wild. The warmth wafting off the behemoth drove him mad. The scent of pre dribbling from the trip made him hornier than ever.

Jason threw himself – body and soul – into the task of servicing his idol's cock. He would suckle the tip and stroke the shaft. He would plant kisses and licks up and down the length of the shaft while cupping Stanley's massive, grade AAA jumbo chicken egg sized stones. All the while, Jason's own dick felt like it was getting harder and harder in the confines of the cup.

“hehe. I knew you'd make a great cocksucker,” Stanley teased as he playfully ran his fingers through Jason's hair.

Under normal circumstances, Jason probably wouldn't have enjoyed being referred to as such, but these were anything but normal circumstances. Hearing his crush praise him made his heart soar. Jason was in heaven. He was some overcome with the euphoria of the moment that all he wanted was to make Stanley cum. Jason wanted to hear the beautiful baritone of his crush's voice moan his name in ecstasy.

Jason threw himself into the task of sucking of Stanley's massive meat with renewed vigor. He took as

much of the fat knob into his mouth as he could, but try as he might, Jason could still not even get the full, spongy cock head into his mouth. The best he could do was suckle it like a teat. That didn't stop him from lapping at the tip of the pre-drooling cock though. Nor did it stop him from licking, sucking, and kissing every inch of the stud's fat cock and heavy nuts. Jason was overwhelmed by the sheer size and presence of Stanley's amazing cock. He was so enthralled that he didn't even notice how tight the strap had become around his own bait and tackle. Jason was so entranced by Stanley's cock that he didn't give it a second thought as he quickly reached down and adjusted the strap so that the tip of his own rigid cock could comfortably stick out above the waistband.

"It's time..." Stanley moaned breathily.

Jason didn't have any time to ask what his crush meant. No sooner had Stanley moaned those few words than the jock reached down and gripped his own cock with both hands and aimed it straight at Jason's face. Jason had barely enough time to open his mouth before the deluge of spoooge washed over him.

Stanley came again and again. Each wad was impossibly huge even for a cock as massive as Stanley's own. Jason tried as hard as he could to swallow gulp after gulp of thick spunk, but there was just so much. Jason soon found himself giving up on the attempt and instead closed his eyes and let the thick ropes of skeet wash over him. Cum coated his hair and dripped down his face. Jizz covered his chest and oozed down his

stomach. There was so much spunk that it soon seeped into the Stanley's jockstrap and mingled with Jason's own jizz.

Eventually the onslaught of spunk finally died down leaving Jason free to bask in the aftermath and the afterglow. Jason slumped back against the mirror and stared up at the towering, muscular stud who had just basted him in spunk. While Jason sat there catching his breath and living in the moment, Stanley stepped back and took a seat on a nearby bench. The two guys didn't exchange any words. Jason was too entranced by the experience to say anything, but Stanley had another reason for remaining silent. The jock stared intently at Jason – or more specifically, Jason's cock.

It took a minute or two for Jason to come down from the high enough to begin to realize what was happening. For the longest time, all he could think about was how amazing he felt and how horny he was. He was loving every second of being drenched in Stanley's cum. Jason was so hot and bothered that he couldn't keep his hands off of his cock, but he was too addled by the experience to realize that he had plenty of room on the shaft for both of his hands. Just this morning, his stiffy would barely reach past his hips. Now the tip of his fat cock reached past his belly button. Just a few minutes ago, his cock and balls were small enough to be eclipsed by the pouch and plastic cup of Stanley's jock, but now only Jason's plum-sized nuts could fit in the pouch, and even those were spilling out. Jason's cock was now every bit as big as

Stanley's own impressive rod, and it was still steadily creeping up in size. By the time Jason had come down from the afterglow enough to realize something was up, the tip of his dick was already reaching up towards his chest.

The first thing that Jason became aware of was the intense gaze of his crush fixated on his midsection. Jason started to feel a little awkward under the intense scrutiny of the massive jock. Jason couldn't help himself. Soon the red flush of his cheeks from the intense climax was replaced with a vivid crimson blush. Despite how spicy things had been mere moments ago, Jason started to feel intensely self-conscious and reached down to cover his package from prying eyes. It was at this point that Jason realized he had nowhere near enough hands to cover it all.

Jason glanced down at his cock. His eyes went wide. His jaw dropped. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. There was no way that the one-eyed monster that was now staring him down was his own! The tip of his dick reached up past his nips! His cock was thicker than his arm! His nuts were the size of grapefruits!

"what the..." Jason murmured quietly.

"Like it?" Stanley asked.

Jason couldn't respond. For starters, he couldn't comprehend what he was seeing enough to decide if he liked it or not. His cock was massive! He

had never seen a dick so big! It even dwarfed Stanley's amazing rod.

"Let's just say there's a reason that my jock is so special," Stanley began to explain.

Stanley paused his explanation for a moment while Jason slowly parsed what had happened. When the confusion slowly faded from Jason's face and was replaced by fascination, Stanley continued.

"As long as you're wearing that, any time you come into contact with cum, your dick will grow and grow," Stanley explained.

Jason glanced back up at his crush. The tone of Stanley's voice and the smirk on the jock's face were tough to read. Stanley seemed pleased with himself, but what was his end goal here?

"You don't need to hide it. We've all seen it," Stanley said.

Jason didn't respond, but he did cock an eyebrow questioningly. They've all seen it? Who is they?

As if to answer Jason's silent question, Stanley continued, "The whole team has seen you when we are coming from the showers. We've seen the way you stare, and we've decided that we're going to help you out for all the help you've given us."

Jason tried to turn his gaze away from the smirking face of his crush. He knew he had been busted. He had tried to be discrete when he snuck a

peek at all the hot hockey players and their thick asses and massive cocks, but he had apparently not been discrete enough.

“And it’s more than that...” Stanley continued.

This vague comment got Jason to once more glance nervously towards the jock.

“You really need to be more careful where you leave your laptop.” Stanley said with a playful smirk.

Jason’s mind was racing. His laptop? What about it? Sure, he looked up smut during the down time when he wasn’t directly needed by anyone, but he was careful about that. It’s not like he left it out for all to see, right?

The answer was apparently the exact opposite. “I swear. The way you not only left your laptop on the coach’s desk, but left it logged in, and with your ‘secret’ folders open for all to see, I’d say you *wanted* to get caught,” Stanley explained with a chuckle.

Jason’s heart skipped a beat. Had they really seen *that!*? Of all his secret kinks had he really left his deepest, darkest desires out for anyone to see?

“But don’t worry. Nobody here is going to judge you... in fact, we all decided that we liked what we saw, and we were ready to work together to make sure you got what you wanted,” Stanley said.

Jason’s heart was pounding. His cock was harder than ever before. This had to be a dream. Jason even pinched himself to be sure, but his body refused

to rouse from whatever slumber he may be in. Despite how impossible the scenario, it seemed to be complete, totally, 100% real!

“You’re being quiet today. I get it, but fortunately at least one part of you is willing to respond,” Stanley said and gestured towards Jason’s rod. The thick cock was now fatter than Jason’s neck and reached up past his collar bone. His nuts were now the size of watermelons. His balls were so huge that the entire pouch of the strap had no hope of holding even just one of them. The strap was left vacant. It was little more than an empty hammock strung up between his two thighs. His massive nuts were left free to spill out onto the floor in front of him as they continued to grow.

“It looks like you’ve about reached as large as you can get with the cum I’m able to give you...” Stanley commented as he continued to watch Jason’s rod steadily creep up in size. There was a brief pause where Stanley just sat there and smirked, but after a nice beat, he added, “... but don’t worry. I did say that *WE* were here to help, didn’t I? The whole team wants to *reward* you for all your *hard* work.”

Stanley reached into the air and gave a dramatic snap of his fingers. Suddenly the entire hockey team stepped out from where they had been hiding in wait. Each and ever stunningly hot and hunky dude was sporting a rod of at least a foot long with heavy, tennis ball sized nuts to match.

"You're not the first dude to be allowed to try on the strap, obviously," Stanley explained. He then gave the commend of all the teammates to begin the next stage of their plan and added, "But you will be the first to be given the *full* treatment."

Jason was too amazed to say anything. Everywhere he looked he saw hot, hunky, hung bros standing around him, staring down at him, and smirking as they stroked their fat cocks. This was like a dream come true. Jason's own, enormous, third-leg of a cock was dangerously close to gushing right then and there. Pre flowed freely from his enormous rod like fondue from a novelty wedding fountain.

The teammates had apparently been warming themselves up during the prior event with Stanley because it didn't take them long to blow. Rope after thick, sticky rope of spunk rained down on Jason. Each wad was as heavy as the last. Every dude on the team was able to cum at least as much as Stanley had done so earlier. Before long, Jason was completely coated in spunk. He looked like he had just survived the explosion of the Stay Puft monster, and still cum continued to rain down. There was so much jizz that Jason wasn't able to keep it out of his mouth (not that he wanted to). The thick, spooge seeped through his lips and past his tongue. The cum clung to his hair and coated his skin. Try as he might, it was all Jason could do to keep the jizz out of his eyes so he could continue to watch the fireworks as thick ropes of spunk erupted from cock after thick, meaty, college cock.

Eventually even the incredibly randy hockey team had managed to empty their collective cojones. One by one, the studs stepped back and took a seat on the nearby benches to watch the results of their 'hard' work, and it didn't take long for them to start seeing the results they craved. Jason's cock began to surge in size faster than before. Soon his rock-hard cock loomed over his head. His rod was wider than his whole body. His nuts were the size of prize pumpkins, and still his junk continued to grow and grow. It was all Jason could do the just sit there and stare up in awe at the rod that now rivaled the rest of his body for sheer mass, and his growth wasn't showing any signs of slowing. The inches stacked on. His cock continued to thicken. His nuts continued to swell. Soon his balls were so huge that they filled the space between the wall he now leaned against and the benches where Stanley sat smirking.

Jason didn't want to move. He was so enthralled and exhausted, but his own nuts threatened to overwhelm him if he didn't seek higher ground. Jason managed to stagger to his feet. His enormous cock shifted forward and jutted out straight in front of him as he did so, nearly clubbing Stanley square on the head where he sat almost ten feet away. Stanley used his trademark jukes to dodge out of the way and continued to enjoy the show as Jason's cock and balls grew and swelled.

Jason's heart was pounding in his chest. He soon found himself lying face down atop his cock and balls. He had had to clamber onto his package to avoid

being squished under it. On some level he knew he should be freaked out. His cock was freakishly huge! His dick was bigger than the car he drove to campus in. His nuts alone could fill a full-sized U-Haul. He should be horrified. He should be trying to find a way to stop this! But instead he was hornier than he had ever been. Stanley was right. This was a dream come true. This was something that kept Jason rock hard at night all through high school. This was a secret dream that he had to indulge at least twice a day or his own arousal would become maddening. Never in his wildest dreams had he ever imagined he'd be able to one day live it out!

Jason's cock was soon so massive that it reached past the benches and towards the lockers themselves. Soon the tip of Jason's minivan-sized schlong was mashed against the metal doors of the stand-up lockers. His nuts were now each the size of a VW bug. His cock and balls now completely dwarfed his body.

It was the combination of the feeling of how massive his cock had become, the sheer arousal of his wildest fantasy coming true, the sensation of the lockers mashing down on his overstimulated cockhead, and the audience of exceptionally hot and hung studs cheering him on, that eventually pushed Jason over the edge.

Jason came and came again. Each intense climax was so powerful that it short-circuited Jason's brain. His eyes rolled back. His whole body went limp.

He flopped face down atop his own enormous bus-sized schlong and moaned loudly as he came and came again. His monstrous cock bucked and lurched beneath him like a mechanical bull at a cheesy roadhouse. Each blast of cum was like a spray from a firehose. It coated the walls and lockers. It splattered against the ceiling. It flooded the floor. The drains in the locker room had already been pushed to their max capacity by the bukkake barrage that the team had blessed Jason with mere moments ago. The tidal wave of spooge erupting from his colossal cock and balls was far too much for them to handle. The jizz continued to rise. The spunk spilled out of the locker room and oozed out into the hallways. Soon there was enough spunk in the locker room and the surrounding sports complex to fill the practice pool the next hall over, and at the rate Jason was cumming, he'd soon pump out enough jizz to fill even the Olympic sized racing pool on the other side of the complex.

Eventually even Jason's colossal cum shots tapered off. Everyone and everything in the surrounding area was soaked in jizz. Jason was so exhausted and dehydrated from that intense series of blasts that he could barely even think. It was all he could do to just lie there and pant heavily as he waited for his heartbeat to stop pounding in his ears.

Eventually Stanely waded through the waist-deep mire of cum and pulled himself up onto Jason's nuts so he could sit down next to the cum-addled team sidekick. Stanley whistled appreciatively as he looked out over his handiwork.

"I'd say those balls are bigger than the net," Stanley commented.

That was a bit of an understatement. Jason's balls were bigger than the Zamboni used to polish the ice of the hockey rink. They would absolutely eclipse both nets at once if they were set side by side.

"Yeah!" "Hell yeah!" came some comments from the audience.

"You thinking what I'm thinking?" Stanley asked devilishly.

His comment was once again greeted to a stream of "Yeah!" "Hell yeah!" and "Whoo!!"s

Jason looked up weakly at the beefy stud that now sat perched atop his balls. Stanley glanced down at flashed Jason a smile that would melt even the coldest of hearts.

"We all know you want to be part of the team," Stanley explained.

Jason nodded weakly in response.

"Well it just so happens we have a spot open for a goalie," Stanley added.

Jason wasn't entirely sure where he was going with this, but that was more to do with how fried his brain still was after the megacum bomb he had just detonated all over the lockers than due to any sort of subterfuge Stanley may be employing.

“Me and the guys think you’d be a perfect *fit* for the role. Not like anything’s gonna be getting past these boulders of yours.” Stanley explained.

Jason immediately perked up. He was gonna be on the team!? He was so ecstatic that he almost forgot about his bait and tackle that were going to need their own postal address... almost. Jason weekly pumped his arm in celebration. This was easily the best day of his life.