

A Tight End's Fat Ass

"Jackson!" The coach bellowed before he blew on his shiny whistle. "Get your fat ass on the field and stop snacking!"

A dark skinned boy sitting on the bench with half eaten protein bar hanging from his mouth jumped from the bench and waddled out onto the field. His thick body jiggled with every heavy step he took; his bulbous gut bounced, his full chest jostled, and his thick thighs rubbed together roughly as his buttocks sensually danced for the coach. The rocked back and forth as his compression shorts dig further into his crack as if his hole was eating it itself.

Coach Jens watched from a distance as his favorite plus-sized player ran towards his other players. Everyone of them, besides him, were in the peak of fitness; hard abs, large biceps, low body fat percentage. But Ben Jackson had been a personal experiment of his own, the boy was cute enough when he tried out for his team. Too small to be of any real use to him but he could tell with the proper feeding he could grow to be a more sizable plaything for him. Never big enough to really play during any game, but maybe if he played his cards right he could play with him by himself.

It was quiet easy for him to keep Ben fed, Ben was eager to please his coach and showed in his gusto when he ate. Coach Jens kept him on a high calorie diet and the results showed almost immediately. Every practice Coach Jens could see Ben blowing up slowly; his clothes grew tighter, his breath grew heavier, and his body grew larger. Continuously asking for a larger uniform and he only complied when it was absolute necessary, when he began to look like encased sausage. Which Coach Jens preferred over the loose fighting clothing Ben always begged to receive. Every part of him seemed to blow up, most specifically his ass, which was Coach Jens favorite.

Before Coach Jens brought him into the team, Ben had a cute ass; small, but cute. Coach Jens preferred large and in charge over cute and petite. He always wanted more cushion for the pushin' and that was exactly what he had done to Ben.

"Stop stuffing your fat face, and spit out the candy bar!" Coach Jens shouted as he adjusted the growing bulge in his pants. The only thing he loved more than fattening up Ben, was humiliating him in front of his teammates because of his weight gain and his growing addiction to food.

At first he wasn't a fan of stuffing himself, but Coach Jens reinforced his eating habits with repeated urging of this what what the team needed. How the team needed a big strong man to lead

them to victory. Ben would respond to his urging with crazed eating sessions that always ended with him bloated and in a food coma on Coach Jens couch. Sometimes Ben would even forgo going back to his dorm room and stay the weekend at Coach Jens place; usually leaving several pounds heavier than he arrived.

“Okay team everyone get into position! We are gonna run a Shotgun!” Coach Jens shouted before he blew his whistle. Ben was the first one of his teammates he fell over, as he attempted to graze his fingers over the edge of the blades of grass.

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPP

The loud sound of a seam being ripped filled the air. The audible sounds of a uniform popping at it seams was heard by all the members of the team. The sound was quickly followed by uncontrollable laughter and meaty arms which pointed at Ben’s now exposed backside. The rip exposed his entirety of his meaty peach. Coach Jen’s dick popped immediately to attention as his pale scoops of ice cream came into view. Framed only by two white stripes of spandex which looked ready to pop at any moment.

Ben was the last one to notice that it was his compression pants that ripped. His hands flew behind himself in an attempt to cover his butt cheeks but his hands were both small and puffy while his ass was meaty and overbearing.

“Looks like Big Ben had a little accident.”

“Little!? I think we passed little about forty pounds ago.”

“Fuck I always wondered if you were smuggling hams under those or if it was real.”

Coach Jens dick had grown unbearably hard from the incessant teasing of his players. While Ben, on the other hand, had grown as dark red as the teams jersey looking more like an over-ripened tomatoes. Coach Jens wanted nothing more than to whip out his cock and jerk himself to competition while Ben’s teammates ridiculed and further embarrassed him. But, unfortunately, more sound minds won out.

“Okay guys break it up. Jackson come with me to my office. We can see what we have in the lost and found that will get you though the rest of practice,” Coach Jens said as he approached his players.

“Yeah, maybe have a circus tent in the back for tubs.”

“That’s six laps Stevens,” Coach Jens snapped as he saw tears decorate the corners of Ben’s eyes. He was all for humiliating Ben but when it went from embarrassing to hurtful that’s when he grew protective of his chubby creation. Stevens and Coach Jens stared one another down until he silently jogged away from the group, muttering curses under his breath. “The rest of you are running drills until we come back. Jackson follow me.”

Coach Jens marched off the field with Ben walking quickly behind him. The two could hear the assorted chuckle from his players but he tasked it as something he would handle later on, after his alone time with Ben. They walked under the bleachers and into the steam's locker room. The two filtered into the back end where the coach's office sat and locked the door behind him.

"Okay let's see the damage big guy," Coach said as he circled his finger, indicating for Ben to turn around. Ben's cheeks burned red once more as he stood with his hands firmly clasped to his ample cheeks. "Come on Ben, we don't have all day here. We have practice to get back." With a deep, regretful sigh Ben turned around.

Every angle was perfect. The side view Coach Jens was able to see the silhouette of his softened belly and his rounded cheeks. Ben's coach held in a moan of hunger when he turned fully around and he was able to see his large cheeks as they burst through the thin, almost translucent material.

"Fuck," Coach Jens gasped as he stared, mouth agape at the sight of Ben's creamy milky cheeks. Both of them hairless and looked soft to the touch. Ben's coach hand burned with desire, eager to fondle Ben's ass.

"Is it really that bad?" Ben asked as he looked over his shoulder. His chubby cheeks, still held a tint of red as the tone of his voice sound hurt. Coach Jens broke from the hypnotic trance that Ben's ass had put on him.

"It's not that bad. Let me see if I can pin it down," Coach Jens offered as he fell to his knees. He reached out his hands to Ben's large cheeks and grabbed two handfuls. Fatty deposits of his ass squeezed between Coach Jens fingers. Ben's coach lost himself as his hands began to massage the undersides of both of his cheeks. His fingers worked their way into the sides of his cheeks, which caused moans of delight to come from Ben. Coach Jens took a hold of either side of the ripped compression tights and "pulled" them together. But all he did was bounce both of Ben's cheeks up and down erotically causing Coach Jens' cock to leak into his short shorts. The sheer heat that radiated from his cheeks made his mouth hunger for a taste and drool to gather in his mouth.

"Just one bite," Coach Jens whispered to himself as he leaned in slowly to his cheeks. "So fat. So juicy. So fucking. . ." He voice trailed on as he parted Ben's cheeks and saw his pink hole staring back at him. Almost winking as if to say to take a lick.

"Coach?" Ben asked, his breath heavy with lust. Coach looked up and saw that the redness in Ben's cheeks had returned but it was a flush of heat, a flush of attraction. The two shared a moment together, their eyes connecting as one was nearly face deep in the others ass. Without a single word

Coach Jens pushed his face into the deep smooth trench of Ben's ass and took a deep whiff of his sweaty butt crack.

"FUUUUUUCK!" Ben's Coach groaned as his senses were filled with the scent of his favorite player's asshole. He buried his face between Ben's cheeks once more and rubbed his face back and further feeling the fatty pillows swallow his face. He was in hog heaven. Not only had he created this prime piece of meat but he was finally able to take a bite of it.

"Ooh," Ben groaned as he felt his coach's teeth sink into the roundest part of his ass.

"God, I love this fat ass!" Coach Jens groaned as he nibbled along the Ben's cheeks, laying kisses all over one cheek before he moved onto his second cheek.

Ben's body quivered under Coach Jens loving approach. His movements slowly encircled his cheeks before he reached the top of Ben's crack. He extended his tongue and slowly ripped along the outside of his crack, causing goose flesh to ripple over Ben's body. Coach Jens has held back long enough, and now it was time to feast.

Ben's coach grabbed either side of his cheeks, pulled them apart, and dove face first tongue extended towards his hole. Coach Jens buried his tongue inside Ben's virgin hole.

"Oh fuck! Coach that feels amazing!" Ben cried in ecstasy. Coach Jens grabbed onto either side of the ripped compression pants and fully tore them from Ben's body leaving him standing in a cotton white jockstrap. The tight straps clung for dear life around his oversized thighs.

Coach Jens could feel Ben enjoying himself as he angled his body and pushed his ass against his coach's face. His coach dug deeper with tongue as he felt Ben's hole open up wider for him. Ben could feel Coach Jens hands move around Ben's fatty body until he firmly took hold of the pouch of the jockstrap. The entire pouch was soaked through with precum. He moved his hand up and down Ben's cock as he moans and shivered under his movements.

All the while Coach Jens cock was bulging lewdly through his short red shorts. The tip of his cock leaking through both his underwear and shorts until a large spot had grown.

"Ugh deeper! Please coach! Go deeper!" Ben moaned as he bent over further and spread his fat cheeks for his coach. Coach Jens regretfully pulled away from Ben's ass to the disheartened sounds of his player. He gave a nice slap against Ben's cheek and watched the fat jiggle under his rough handling.

"Ready for the real thing?" Coach Jens asked as he hooked his thumbs into the sides of underwear and revealed his beefy cock and dark red head. The tip already spewed a long line of precum onto one of Ben's butt cheeks, wager for its first taste of Ben's ass. He slapped his cock against Ben's hole repeatedly. Each slap he received a moan of delight, almost begging him to start teasing.

Coach Jens leaned onto Ben's body, wedging his cock between both of his cheeks but not just yet piercing his hole. Ben's coach brushed his lips against Ben's ear and whispered.

"Ready to get fucked fat boy?"