

The Education of Richard Part II

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Richard Coaxes The Coach

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(Part 2 in the Richard Saga. Extreme sizes are a factor here. Enjoy!)

“ALL RIGHT MAGGOTS! FALL IN AND LINE UP!” I bellowed, noticing the way the boys giggled as they left the locker room and ran into place.

I paced up and down my little Soldiers, high school seniors, all, their eyes locked to me as I inspected them. First day of class is the most important. This is where I have to establish myself as top alpha bitch or I lose them for the whole year.

Good thing I AM the top alpha bitch from HELL.

I stopped in front of my first failure, a boy who couldn't stop tittering from whatever had set them off while they changed.

“Something funny Mister...?” I left the pause here, letting it sink in that I wanted his name.

“FRANKLIN!” He suddenly exclaimed, snapping to a sort of attention.

“Well Franklin, you should laugh while you can, because in MY track and field class, you're not going to have much time for laughing what with all the blood you're going to be vomiting from over-exhaustion!” I quipped. “Not that you'll survive long enough to do even that if you don't learn to open your fucking cockholster of a mouth and make Ma'am the first and last words that ALWAYS come out of it. Do I make myself clear, futile Franklin?”

“MA'AM, YES MA'AM!” He said, laughter thoroughly done with.

I paced down the line a little ways, watching where all of their eyes were glued. At random I stopped in front of one of them.

“OI, THERE STUDENT!” I shouted an inch from his face.

“MA'AM, ROGER MA'AM” He shouted without any more prompting. Good boy.

“WERE YOU STARING AT YOUR TEACHER'S TITS JUST NOW, ROGER?” I barked, arching my back slightly to show them off in their resplendent glory, my fit body lobbing my sports-bra clad J cups into a furious jiggle.

“MA'AM, NO MA'AM!” He answered.

“WHY NOT, ROGER, DOESN'T YOUR TEACHER HAVE A NICE PAIR OF TITS?”

“MA'AM, NO MA'AM!”

“ WHAAAAAT!?” I roared, face contorting into an enormous cavern of rage.

“MA'AM! WHAT THIS STUDENT MEANT TO SAY WAS THAT HE WOULDN'T KNOW BECAUSE HE WASN'T LOOKING, MA'AM!”

“WHAT ARE YOU, GAY!?” I trembled with rage.

He trembled too, but with fear, realizing there was no right answer here. Someone saved him, though.

“I WAS LOOKING, MA'AM!” Shouted a boy a few paces down. I stalked over to him and stood so close our noses nearly touched.

“AND WHY IS THAT, PERVERT!?” I demanded.

“MA'AM, MARVIN MA'AM! I WAS LOOKING BECAUSE THEY ARE ENORMOUS, MA'AM!” He belted.

“OH, AND YOU LIKE BIG ONES, DO YOU!?”

“MA'AM, YES MA'AM!”

“ISN'T ANYTHING BIGGER THAN A HANDFUL WASTED!?”

“MA'AM, ONLY IF YOU AREN'T MAN ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THE REST, MA'AM!”

“WELL IF YOU LIKE THEM SO MUCH... ENJOY THEM, PERVERT!” I grabbed a double-fistful of his hair and shoved his face into my cleavage, my arms flexing as I held him there, squirming. Moments passed and the students watched as his arms flailed uselessly, his skin turned pale, and his struggles a little more violent as my humongous knockers deprived him of oxygen. Finally he slumped to the ground, dazed but unharmed.

“AS LONG AS YOU'RE DOWN THERE, PERV, LET'S SEE SOME PUSHUPS!”

“MA'AM, HOW MANY MA'AM?!” He asked with a gasp.

“Oh, just until your blood is covering BOTH sides of these walls.” I said sweetly, leaning down to say it.

I continued my pace, finally coming to the last boy in line, an EPIC failure as far as I was concerned, my eyes growing wide and my voice even louder as I asked a very important question.

“OI! CRAP FOR BRAINS, WHY THE HELL AREN'T YOU IN YOUR GYM CLOTHES!?” He winced.

“MA'AM, RICHARD MA'AM. WON'T THIS SWEATSUIT DO JUST AS WELL!?”

“NO RICHARD IT MOST CERTAINLY WILL NOT!” The impudence!

“MA'AM! I CAN'T WEAR THOSE GYM CLOTHES, MA'AM.”

“WHY NOT? ARE YOU SOME KIND OF FASHIONISTA?” This set off some laughs. The Grey sweat suit was certainly an ugly, baggy garment.

“MA'AM! NO MA'AM!”

“DO YOU HAVE SOME SORT OF EMBERASSING SKIN CONDITION?” Now the other students were beginning to giggle a bit for some reason. I shot a glance their way that let them know of my murderous intent and they quieted right down.

“MA'AM, NO MA'AM!”

“ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE OTHERS SEEING YOUR SCRAWNY CHICKEN LEGS?” I guessed again.

“MA'AM, I'D REALLY RATHER NOT SAY MA'AM!”

“YOU WILL SAY, OR YOU WILL BE STRIPPED NAKED AND BITCH SLAPPED IN FRONT OF THIS WHOLE CLASS. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT!?”

“MA'AM, NO MA'AM, BUT PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME SHOUT IT.”

I leaned in and whispered in his ear, “You wanna say it softly to me like this?” I asked. He nodded.

“ NO!” I Screamed so loud, tears started from his eyes.

“ MA'AM, I CANNOT WEAR THE CLOTHES YOU PROVIDED MA'AM BECAUSE MY PENIS IS TOO LONG AND COMES OUT THE LEG-HOLES OF THE SHORTS AND MY BALLS ARE TOO LARGE TO FIT IN ANY OF THE JOCK STRAPS YOU PROVIDED!” He screamed, laughter erupting from all the students.

“ I DO NOT TOLERATE THAT KIND OF LYING IN MY GYM!” I shouted as I tucked a finger into the waistband of his sweatpants and tugged it towards me, leaning over to peer inside.

My face fell and I stared there a moment, worse than the way the students stared at my rack. He wasn't lying, and now I'd humiliated both of us in front of the class. I'd lost control of them now, and their peels of laughter echoed off the walls.

I stood, red faced, and abruptly flung my arm to point at the track. "ALL OF YOU START RUNNING SOME FUCKING LAPS! IF ANY ONE OF YOU STOPS BEFORE WE GET BACK I'LL PUT YOUR NUTS IN A BLENDER AND MAKE YOU DRINK THEM!"

Then I tugged the humiliated Richard by the hand into my office.

Slam Went the door. I walked around my desk and put my hands on the back of my chair, leaning slightly forward.

" All right Richard. I'm sorry about that. You can understand why I doubted you I hope. That is QUITE a member you've got there."

" It's okay ma'am. I know I'm a freak." He said, hanging his head. "Will you excuse me from needing to take gym class?"

" Richard, I can't do that. PE is required, and even if it weren't, I couldn't in good conscience cost you your physical fitness just because you happen to be too gifted to fit the uniforms"

" But Ma'am, I am physically fit. I play Soccer and kick-box and run."

I folded my arms beneath the heavy J-cups. "Hm. I'll be the judge of that. Take your shirt off."

Crossing his arms and reaching to his sides he pulled the baggy, ugly sweatshirt off, slowly revealing a magnificent 12 pack of abs, chiseled pectorals that flexed with the motions of his arms, pitted shoulders that burst with visible muscle chording, and a pair of biceps that looked ready to burst. He seemed virtually hairless oddly enough, but it didn't look like he'd shaved anything. In some ways he looked so much older than 18, in others so much younger.

As confused as my brain got looking at him, my cunt wasn't confused at all. The hungry girl was wet, dripping, and causing me to shift my legs uncomfortably around my rather pronounced clit. She liked what we saw...

Licking my lips I added, "And the pants. You might have a big one in there but that doesn't mean your other two legs are in shape enough to dodge my little mid-day boot camp."

"Okay." He whimpered. He did a strange thing then, instead of simply lowering his pants he reached inside them, seeming to gather up some portion of his length and snapped his wrist up. The thing was like a thick whip of flesh that threatened to lash his pecs. If it were just a little longer he could probably sling it right over his shoulder! I stared at the head where it dangled, and his eyes followed mine, a little mischief sparking in them.

"Do you want a closer look, ma'am?" He asked, enormous floppy cock hanging down like the ego of God before him, his expression a little proud.

"Yes..." I said, staring vacantly, moving to bend low before him, hands on my knees as I got my face close to where his pube-free body met his massive meatsicle. Reaching into his pants again he fidgeted a moment and then made the same gesture, flicking upwards.

This time it was his testicles! The huge Apple sized organs slapped my chin hard on their way up, and his sack was so lengthy and loosed that they thumped onto my head on the way down. And stayed there. This little bastard was teabagging me while I was still standing up! Aroused though I was at the thought, I wasn't going to let him assert dominance on me like this.

“ Richard.” I said coolly. “Get those OFF of my head, or I am going to confiscate them.”

“ Are you sure you want me to do that ma'am?”

“ Yes I'm sure!” I snapped. “Why would you think I wasn't?”

“ Two reasons, really.” He said. “For one thing, you aren't asking me to drop my pants anymore, which means you didn't care about that to begin with. So you must really be after my dick.” The little bastard had me there.

“ All right I got distracted, but that doesn't mean I want your big fat nuts on my head, now does it?”

“ Maybe not, but that means you really won't like the second reason.”

“ And that is...?”

“ This.” Richard said, pulling back his hips slightly so the big balls tumbled from my head. But they

didn't fall easily. Their weight was such that they rolled slowly down my face, smearing his pungent musk as they streaked downwards, finally bouncing to a heavy stop just beneath my chin. I was mortified.

Enraged I stood and shoved him hard, his ultra-fit form barely moved by my push.

“ SIT-UPS! NOW!” I screamed, pointing at the floor.

“ How many?” Richard asked as he scooted into a sit-up position. I rolled my eyes. “Oh, just four hundred and fifty THOUSAND!”

He sighed and started counting them off, his incredible abs flexing beneath the shirt, his massive balls pooling on the ground between his thighs, his enormous cock curling around one of his thick thighs, head still touching the ground where it looped over.

I couldn't help myself, and I crawled slowly towards his crotch, tits dangling in the tight sports bra.

“ Positive re-enforcement is a powerful teaching tool.” I explained as I started to give his delicious, massive meaty nuts a long salacious lick each time he finished a sit-up. They were so delicious I had a hard time not throwing myself face-first into his leathery sack in a wanton-display of ball-sucking lust. But I controlled myself, savoring each lick like I might savor a bite of steak.

Speaking of steak, Richard's cock was starting to get bigger, slowly uncurling from around his thigh and tapping the side of my face as it grew firmer.

Richard stopped his exercise as this happened, a strange expression on his face.

“ Hey Coach,” He said, “Do you like it rough?”

Such a dirty question asked so innocently! I blinked, looking down the barrel of his fuck-sausage, that long long distance, and cocked my head, unable to stop the word as it left my mouth.'

“ Yes.”

Richard grinned and seized his big dick by the base, pulling it away from my cheek then abruptly giving me a harsh slap with it, my cheek stinging from the savagery of the semi-hard cocks smack.

I sat bolt upright. “RICHARD! WHAT WAS THAT FOR!?”

He looked suddenly ashamed. “Mom said you'd like that...if you like it rough I mean!”

“ Oh she did, did she?” I reached up and grabbed the incestuous little fuck's collar, wrenching him down, face to the floor, holding him there with a hand to the back of his head.

“ Let's see how YOU like!” I shouted as I grabbed his massive fuck staff and started to beat him in the face with it, cockslapping him with his own humongous prick.. Secretly I thought to myself that this

was sort of fun, no wonder he enjoyed it.

“ Ngh! Stop it!” He pleaded. Noticing another opportunity I said, “What did you say? I couldn't hear you over the sound of you getting slapped around by all this raw beef.” I cupped a hand to my ear, mocking him.

“ I--” Whatever else he planned to say didn't have time to get out . My bicep curled as I pulled his collar down, left hand aiming his cock right into his mouth. Richard's eyes went wide as his lips were stretched thin by his own meat.

“ Not many men big enough to do that! Now suck it” I commanded, bending to lick his giant balls while he helplessly nursed on his own cockhead.

A few moments like this and precum began to leak steadily down his shaft, giving me a delicious morsel to periodically lick from one pendulous nut or the other. I tugged and fluffed his fat balls, angling them this way and that to fit better into my mouth orally worshiping the gargantuan stones in a display of slutty submission. If it weren't for the fact that I was forcing him to suck himself, I'd have felt a little less alpha.

As my tongue finished painting the last millimeter of delicious sack, the massive testicles tightened, and I realized an orgasm was imminent.

This was a Dilemma! If I made him take it himself, it would easily cement my superior status over him. He'd live the rest of the year my obedient slave and fuck-puppet, and on top of that I could mold him into the best athlete this school had ever scene. He had the raw potential, and with a little ball-binding and cock-tape, I could make use of those big perfect muscles to propel our track team to state and beyond.

On the other hand... well... the thought of all that delicious cum and me not getting any was more than I could bare in my horny state. My nipples were hard enough to rend the fabric of my bra, my pussy was a juicy mess of cream in my shorts. I weighed the two options like I weighed the corpulent balls in my palms, and made my choice.

I chose poorly.

Releasing his collar and tugging his cock down, I opened wide to take his load in my mouth. I was unprepared for the product those bloated cum-jugs could put out, the thick stream wider than my stretched lips, spooge blocking my airway, blasting down my chin, curling up to my nose and even clinging to my bangs. My eyes were wide with surprise as my throat desperately swallowed and coughed at the same time.

I tried to say something, but to my astonishment this was only one shot, the next sealed my right eye, jizz slapping into the lid with such velocity that it felt I might have been given a black eye at the same time he was giving me a white one. Desperate for respite from these punishing wads of man-milk I tugged down on him, taking a tit-jiggling nut-missile right between my breasts, my bra actually snapping from the sheer impact. The hooks and loops whipped dangerously to the side but harmlessly fell as my soaked, ruined boulder-holder hit the ground.

I made the mistake of staring down when this happened and caught another batter bomb to the face, masking the whole left side of my head, dripping thick and hot in my hair, clotting up into a opalescent spider-web of junk-juice.

Now the previously cowed Richard had a little haughty expression... not quite arrogant, almost a sort of sweet amazement at his own power mixed with the face-flushing joy of his still mounting orgasm.

Kindly he aimed the remainder of his many shots, perhaps fourteen in all at my tits, ab-ripped tummy, and thighs, bathing my whole lower body in sheet after thick sheet of virile spunk, hand pumping just beneath the head to wring out the last thick nugget of cum, the little hunk falling with a wet splat into the puddle that was my legs.

I gasped. "Jesus Christ... it must have been weeks since you last came!"

He shook his head. "Ma'am, no. My mother sucked me off this morning while I ate breakfast." He seemed at once proud and a little embarrassed by this incestuous admission.

"Wow...I'd hate to see you after a few weeks then." He cringed when I said this, sinking back a little. I realized I'd stung him. "No no, I don't mean it like that, it's just hard for a girl to keep up... your load is so big!"

He whimpered a little, slowly beating his fuckstick off with both hands. "I wish I could have gotten it all out."

"What do you mean?" I asked, blinking.

"My balls still feel jam-packed."

Astounded I crawled forward, almost slipping on my hands and knees as puddles of prick-pudding hindered my movement. My now-braless tits dangled almost to the ground, still dripping with nasty nut-butter, gleaming in the gonad gravy that clung to them. I reached up and felt his big fat ones, amazed that they did indeed feel even heavier than they had before he'd come. I'd only sucked off the

tip of the iceberg!

Standing I put my hands on my hips, letting my bovine breasts sway intimidatingly in his face. “Sit on the edge of the desk.” He blinked. “NOW!” I growled.

I peeled off my shorts while he hopped to it, pulling a sturdy jump-rope from one of my office walls. I turned to take him in a moment, and the site was glorious! Richard's fuckbeast wobbled and throbbed as it jutted upwards, still glistening from its previous exploits as his balls tumbled over the edge of the hard surface and hung flush against the desk. Too eager, I couldn't give him the satisfaction just yet. I hopped up on the desk as well, putting my feet on either sides of his hips, cradling my hands behind his head and pulling his mouth to my dripping cunt.

“ Eat me!” I commanded.

“ What?” He asked, blinking. I rolled my eyes and grabbed a fistful of his hair.

“ Stick out your tongue!” I barked. He complied, and I dipped my hips, raking my swollen little clit across his tongue moaning from the heat and moisture of him. I bucked, using my worked out ass muscles like a man might, getting myself clit-slapped with his tongue over and over, swirling a little to let him taste my plump, shaved lips as well.

“ See boy, your cock is WAY too big to just jump right on! You've got to get a girl a little warmed up first. FUCK you are HUNG!” The back of his cockhead spanked my ass with anticipation as I drew his face into myself harder. “Ngh! Suck that clit! Suck it the fuck off little big-man. Little huge-man. Eat that pussy! EAT IT! NGH!”

I swiveled my hips like a pendulum, ass gyrating as I worked that young stud's tongue deep into my cunt, barking at him to flick it faster, angling him to lash my clit between lusty stabs to my inner recesses, making him taste me at my most tart, moaning shamelessly. A little prickle formed at the back of my head as I considered the possibility that I was forgetting something important, but this was abruptly driven from my mind as a thunderous orgasm rocked my world. The little mother-fucker had grabbed my ass cheeks in both hands in just the harsh way I like and crammed me deep into his mouth, sucking my clit hard and tongue-lashing it at the same time. My orgasm was intense, and when I finally pulled my pelvis back, his grinning face was a mask of my honeyed nectar.

“ Are you wet enough NOW!?” He asked with a challenging voice, cockhead spanking my ass a little as I gasped for breath.

“ Oh yeah baby. Now it's time for me to get a cuntful of THAT!” I groaned, hooking one leg around his shoulder while lowering the sacrificial lamb that was my pussy down to the altar of his cock, my glistening snatch spread wide and angled perfectly. His eyes went wide as I squatted down, instantly impaling my self on a normal man's length of cock. By bucking my hips up as slid my body down, my surprisingly strong little quim tugged his cock hard, pleasuring both of us in a sudden shockwave of sensation.

He must have liked that little move a lot because his face went flush and an impressive gout of his fuckstick-stew basted my insides, setting off an intense orgasm deep inside me. I growled, determined to outlast this horse-hung student, letting my pussy get stuffed with a little more shaft as I dropped lower to get in a good position.

Now I seized the reins, riding this Brahma bull stallion of a boy for all I was worth, ass lifting and dropping, the jump rope sustaining my weight as I practically went into free fall on his titanic tube of pork, his length alone threatening to put me in terminal velocity before reaching my limit at around 18 inches of this stud. Only years of good fitness training could keep me from passing out from the sheer overwhelming sensations my body was feeling as I fucked him.

My hips bucked faster as my body moved slower, giving each of his multitude of inches just a little more squeezing sensation as I ravaged myself upon his rod over and over, my screams were getting louder than my drill-line shouting earlier, which is an impressive feat. My language only got more belligerent to match his thrusting.

“ YOU CALL THAT THRUSTING SOLDIER!?! FUCK ME! FUCKING FUCK ME YOU MOTHERFUCKING MOTHERFUCKER! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOUR BIG FAT BALLS TO GODDAMNED HEAVY AND FULL OF CUM FOR YOUR HIPS TO LIFT THEM? I SAID FUCK ME! THAT IS AN ORDER! RAIL ME WITH YOUR RAMPAGING ROD! PLOW ME WITH YOUR PUNISHING PORK POLE! YOU HUGE-BALLED MOTHERFUCKING HORSE-COCKED CREAM GEYSERING FUCKBEAST FUCK ME LIKE I'M YOUR WHORE MOTHER!”

I had gone too far. Something changed in Richard, and he suddenly grabbed my wrists where they held the reins, holding me aloft as his incredible chest, abdominal and arm muscles flexed, tight and strong, effortlessly lifting me and rearing back on the desk to re-position himself. Where I was white-hot noise, he was in that moment the menace of a hurricane's eye. He spoke calmly.

“ No one calls my mother a whore. No one.” He calmly explained as he spun me up, twisting me up in my own jump-rope, making it criss-cross my torso twice, binding my breasts up into an obscene pair of zeppelins on my chest while it crossed again over my stomach, giving my support. I was facing the floor now, completely off the desk, held up only by the tension in the rope and the incredible arms of my new star pupil, they were as steady as a pair of hydrolic lifts.

I was in for it.

Richard began to fuck me hard and fast, his whip-like pelvic thrusts accompanied by the rapid curling of his powerful biceps, arm muscles balling and unballing as he balled me deep. I wondered who was

doing demolition work so close when I realized that the noise I heard was merely the audible, meaty smacks of his nuts against my clit. The low-hanger swung hard enough to strike me like a couple of punches, triggering ripple after ripple of pleasure to go through my bucking body. Ripples became waves and waves become tsunamis of pleasure, set in motion by the earthquake of a fuck I was getting.

Richard should have worn an apron! My helplessly pummeled pussy was blasting in him with juice, girl-ambrosia shot in both directions from my overstuffed cunny, long streams of juice coating the undersides of my bouncing tits and making a complete mess of Richard's lap. But it's not like cared, his hold on the reins only got stronger as he drilled and railed and stuffed and fucked and crammed and pounded and utterly fucked the fight out of me.

He wasn't done with me yet, though. Richard slowly lowered the reins, gradually putting me face-down on the floor, ass still with him up on the desk. He dropped the jump-ropes and grabbed hold of my hips, stepping halfway off the desk so that he had one leg up on the edge of it and the other on the floor next to my head. My fat tits lolled around on my chin, covering my face almost completely with their fleshy abundance.

With this new vantage point, the young stud began to drill me harder and deeper than ever, deep-blasting my pussy with almost super-human force, gravity and weight and sheer muscle aiding his cock in it's pile driving thrusts, his super-sized saggy balls still finding my clit with every fuckslam into the floor.

“ WHOSE THE WHORE NOW, COACH!?” Richard bellowed, spanking my ass like his own personal slap-toy.

“ MEEEEEEEEEE!” I screamed as I came, my pussy clenching like a dozen fists on his world-shattering meat.

With that, he came inside me hard, his already impossibly girthy cum-gun swelling even more, his arms flexing to hold me in place as he spilled gallons of jizm into my cunt. He filled me up and then kept right on cumming, a mix of our juices burbling up out of my poor pussy, rolling down my ass and stomach, streaking my whole body, ending up in my hair and on my face, up my nostrils, in my eye-sockets, and my mouth too as I whipped my tongue out to lap up all the tastiness within its reach.

He pulled out of me, a gesture that took a surprisingly long time due to his length, and then we sat panting a moment. The fuck-tyrant Richard has become in those final moments was gone, and the young man barely more than a boy was back, blushing, shy again.

“ S-sorry coach, I didn't meant to get carried away.” He stammered.

I reached out and affectionately caressed his cheek with one hand, and his heavy balls with the other.

“ I'll let it slide this time, Mister, but don't think you'll be so lucky again. You're excused from gym-class, as long as you maintain your fitness by having a session like that with me at least five times a week.”

“ Ma'am... yes...ma'am.” He said, panting a little.

I let us both make use of my private shower, cleaning him with my tongue as much as the water, and finally sent him on his way. I re-dressed with a spare outfit and emerged from the back-office into the gym.

My students were lined up, grinning like idiots. Now I realized what the tickle of memory had been that Richard had fucked from my mind earlier. The boys were just on the other side of that door the whole time. They'd heard everything. My position as top alpha bitch was completely ruined. I scowled at them as they ogled me, their cocks obviously hard through their shorts.

“ LAPS!” I screamed. “NOW!” but they laughed as they all started to run.

This was going to be a long year.