

“Get on your knees. Take that Daddy cock, put it in your mouth and suck it. Now!”

What the hell was this and where was it coming from? I didn't care or want to think about it. I just did it. I fell to my knees and took that blood-engorged monster of a cock and sucked it down my 16-year-old throat that Thursday evening. Only 60 seconds earlier, I had been in the shower room, taking a long, hot shower to release my tired, tense muscles after a long workout on the uneven parallel bars – my signature exercise. State finals were in two weeks and I had a better than fair chance of taking the top spot this year. As a junior, I had another year to work towards that goal but I wanted it badly, I wanted it now, and was willing to do whatever it took to get to Number 1.

While my gymnastics program was ranked as top in the state, at my high school football was king. The King Dicks were the football jocks. And the reigning King Dick of the King Dicks was their coach -- Vince Dooley. Coach Dooley, a 39-year-old ex-Navy Seal with short, wavy black hair, green eyes, a broad furry chest, thickly muscled thighs and a dick of death – thick, veiny, mammoth.

I was naked under the hot spray of the shower, idly dreaming of my upcoming first place finish, when I opened my eyes and saw this muscled vision of some kind of Nordic god in front of me – angrily staring straight at me in nothing but his Bike Number 10. “Come with me,” he ordered. I meekly followed Coach to a dead-end row of lockers off the main corridor of the locker room, trying to think of what I had done to earn the wrath of this dominant male who had some unspoken power over me.

Pushing me into the corner, he stripped off his jockstrap and barked: “Get on your knees. Take that Daddy cock, put it in your mouth and suck it. Now!” I tensed, having never touched another guy's junk and began shaking badly. I had never met the man, and I didn't think Coach knew who I was. In the back of my mind, I wanted this so badly, but didn't have a clue what to do about it.

Dooley reached down, grabbed me up by my buttocks and pressed me into that magnificent chest. I began swiping my face back and forth across that hairy plane, getting drunk on the maleness that wafted off of him while his steel fuckpole burned itself into my abs. He pulled me higher still, yanked open my jaw and put his tongue down my throat.

That was the trigger I needed. I returned his passionate kisses, my dick at full alert. I wanted to be used and in the worst way.

“I know what you want. I've seen the way you look at me, and I want you just as badly,” Coach Dooley said. “Did you know you're just my type – that tight little body, those big shoulders, big arms and perky little ass?”

“Now I need you to focus, take my cock and show me how much you need it.” I took that beautiful, bullet-shaped dickhead in my mouth, swirling my tongue round and round the head. I started taking more and more of his rod into my mouth, gagging on its girth. The saltiness of his cock surprised me, but then realized he hadn't yet had time to shower after football practice. That somehow made the experience more complete for me, and I greedily sucked more and more of him into me.

I heard the footsteps of other jocks nearby; lockers were being slammed and insults being traded, but I didn't dare look up to see who might be spying on us. If it didn't bother Coach, should it bother me? I thought: Have I entered into some secret club of hyper-masculine guys who couldn't care less which of

their comrades were getting off, or with whom they were doing it? That thought convinced me to keep going, find my own sexual rhythm and keep sucking mightily.

His cock, his balls, his taint, his asshole. Do you remember what it was like the first time you took another guy in your mouth? I was drunk on the experience and so when Coach finally spasmed, there was cum everywhere. His load was so powerful and so voluminous, his sperm was down my throat, on my face, down my chest and on the locker room floor. I have never seen so much spooage, but looking up into Coach's face, his look was transcendent. He could have been da Vinci's model for David.

Once he was done, Coach picked up his now-sticky jock and left. No farewell, no smile, no kiss – no anything. I felt like a used condom; I was just something convenient and disposable. I was confused, ashamed and embarrassed but took myself back to the shower room, cleaned up and went home. Other guys were watching me, aware of what had gone down, but didn't say a thing. I was mortified about what would happen upon returning to school the next day.

But here's the thing: By Tuesday of the following week, guys from the football team began inviting me to their after-party on Friday – the gathering they had after the game and after their girlfriends left. Several guys told me it would be a good time and that I needed to attend. All that week, no one ever called me out as a faggot or cocksucker, and no one ever tried to beat me up. I was a jock, the same as them, and just one of the guys – same as before. So I worked up the courage and went on Friday night.

Walking into the party was intimidating. I thought sure enough, this was when my beatdown would happen. But then one of the guys gave me a beer, mentioned that Coach Dooley said I was "cool" and everyone in the room surrounded me, making small talk. Soon enough, Stu gently pushed my head down to Jack's crotch, while Jack unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock. I looked up at him and began to suck it. He ejaculated prematurely; some other guys gave him shit about it, but I swallowed all of it. From there, I ended up sucking off five other guys that night – all while the rest watched. I thought maybe it would turn into an orgy, but no other guys played with each other. It was like I was on stage with multiple auditions.

This went on every weekend through my graduation some 18 months later. Over time clothes became optional at these events (I guess we became pretty comfortable with one another by then), and guys from other high school football teams would show up looking to get serviced. I never asked questions. I just did them. Sometimes it was in a group; sometimes guys would want some privacy. It didn't matter. I guess I probably sucked about a mile of cock in my last two years of high school.

In all that time, no one ever suggested fucking me. I was glad for that, since I was still a virgin in that way, and I really didn't want to think about spreading my legs as I doubt any of those guys would have wanted to use a condom.

My last time with those gridiron gods was graduation night. The routine played itself out, as it had for the past many months. Lots of cocks in my face, lots of sperm in my belly. But then the most interesting thing happened: I was on the floor in my jock on all fours, my eyes closed and face up, assuming the position. Two huge hands encircled by waist, pulled me up and hugged me to a beefy, hairy chest. "It's time you learned to fuck," Coach Dooley said, as he carried me to his car. "And your hole is only for me."