Coach stepped into his office in the local gym. With great force in his steps this time, and a look of ire on his face to match. A stark contrast to the hollering cheers coming from just outside the door in the lockers. It was a close game this evening. Last inning, two outs, and they were down a single run with only one batter left, and another on second base. And somehow, a young man by the name of Ivan, a new player to the team, pulled off a miracle and was able to hit a home run. Closing the game out and securing their victory.   
  
All the players were were gathered around Ivan. Cheering him on and giving him the usual post game congratulations you would expect for the nights star player. All eager to hug him, pat his shoulders, and all other of the usual forms of male camaraderie typical in a sports team.   
  
Despite appearances, Coach was proud of the young man. A more studious sort at the local college. Kept in good shape, but was unaccustomed to sports. Yet in just a short time, he showed a great knack for the game, and proved it tonight. How was proud. Of him, and his whole team.  
  
Except, for one player in particular.   
  
Coach set his his bag down, and his clipboard on his desk with a hard thud. “ALLEN!!! Get your arrogant ass in here!”  
  
Within a few seconds, one of the more jockish players on the team walked into the office. Looking nervous, but still with a hint of defiance on his face. Like he didn’t deserve to be here on coaches bad side. “Shut the door.” Coach said sternly.  
  
Allen did as he was asked and faced his coach. “Do you know why I’ve called you in here?” said coach crossing his arms. A sharp frown across his face as he looked Allen dead in the eyes.  
  
“How should I fricken know? We won didn't we?” Allen said gesturing into space.   
  
“Oooohoho, no. **WE** won. Your teammates won. Ivan won. **YOU** however,” said coach pointing one large finger at him, “almost costed us the game because **YOU** couldn't tame your goddamn ego!”   
  
Allen’s face got angrier at the accusation. But coach cut him off before he could get in a counter argument. “You were on first base. And Hugo was up to bat. Now, what do we know about Hugo?  
  
“Oh come on-”  
  
“Answer the question!” Barked Coach.  
  
“Hes not the best hitter, geez!”  
  
“Correct. Hes got a bad arm and we are working on it. So, what is our strategy when he is up to bat?”  
  
Allen sighed, but hardly made the effort to disguise his annoyance. “Play it safe.”  
  
*“That’s right. Play it safe.”* Said coach in the most condescending tone he could muster. “So tell me what you did wrong when he it the ball?”  
  
“Hey its not my fault the opposing team tagged me out at the same time Hugo finally gets a decent hit in?!”  
  
“You’re right it wouldn’t have. If you didn't decide to try to be a super star, and try to run all the way to the fucking home base! Count yourself lucky the oppsing team was too focused chasing your sorry ass that Hugo was able to secure a base for himself!” Said coach flinging his pointed arm out to the side. “You are my player. **I** am the coach. There is a reason I’m the one coming up with the strategies and calling the shots. It’s because I know what it takes to make this team work together to be the best there is!”   
  
Coach put hes hands on his hips, lowering his head. His signature blue ‘COACH’ cap casting a grim shade over his eyes.   
  
“And you disobeyed me.”  
  
Allen averted his gaze still looking defiant. Although the look in his eyes belied how intimidated he actually was. “So what now?” He shrugged. “You gonna kick me off the team then? Your best hitter?!”  
  
“I could.” Coach turned up is chin at Allen. “I should. But I wont.” He then reached in front of him and pulled down his zipper. “Instead, you are going learn a valuable lesson.” He then reached one hand into his open pants fly.  
  
Allen cocked an eyebrow. “What do you mean?”  
  
Coach then pulled out his girthy cock and put his hands to his hips again. “You are going to learn what it feels like to have someone not give you what you want.”  
  
Allen's eyes widened as Coach walked past him toward the door. “Take your cock out young man” he said in passing. Allen did as he asked. Confused, because this was starting too look more like a reward than a punishment. Then he heard Coach talking to the other players, before he called Ivan over to his office.   
  
Coach walked back into the office and held the door open for Ivan before closing it behind him. His pants were already off and he was wiping his lips with the back of his hand. Looks like the rest of the team were already celebrating back in the lockers.   
  
Coach then lead Ivan by the shoulder as he walked over to his desk. He then leaned back, sitting against the front of his desk. “Ivan you did a good job today. And I’m proud of your progress” He said keeping a reassuring hand on him.   
  
“Thanks Coach. I… didn't know I had it in me.” he beamed, if looking still a little bashful.   
  
Coached then smiled, looked down a his flaccid cock, and back up to Ivan while giving it a shake with his other hand. “Appropriate choice of words. Cause I bet you didn't know I would reward my star player with something else.” He then gently pushed Ivan down to his knees with a reassuring glance. “Something I know he has it in him to handle as well.”   
  
Ivan looked up. Happy, but bewildered. “You… mean it Coach? I thought I had to be on the team longer before I got too-”  
  
Coach cut him off. “Go on. You deserve it.” Ivan smiled and looked at coaches cock with eagerness. Taking it in one hand has he felt its girth.  
  
Allen stood there wide eyed and mouth agape at this whole display. He raised his hand to protest, but a quick stern glance from coach cut him off. “And you!” He crossed his arms. “Will stand there. Obediently, and without protest. You *will* keep your hands behind your back and off your cock while you watch. Unless... you want satisfaction so badly that you would rather be off the team. Do I make my self clear?”  
  
Allen's jaw dropped at this. Ivan only looked awkwardly back and fourth at the two. Still stroking Coach's growing dick. His own doing the same. “C-Caoch you cant be serious-”  
  
“AM. I. CLEAR!?”  
  
Allen shut his mouth and bit his tongue. He couldn’t afford to be kicked off, and he wasn't about to test Coaches patience. Especially when he’d never seen him so, enraged. He crossed his arms behind himself, and with a defeated look he replied downcast. “Yes Coach.”  
  
“Good.” replied Coach. His expression becoming neutral has he put his hands into his pockets. “Well Ivan? Go ahead. Suck your Coache’s cock.”  
  
Ivan’s face went red at such a direct statement. He didn't even reply. He simply looked toward his prize and took it into his open mouth.  
  
Coach leaned his head back and took in a deep breath. While Ivan was no slouch at being able to take his large meat in his mouth, he lacked restraint and was going a little to quickly than Coach preferred. His players knew he liked it long and slow, usually allowing him time to shower, or get dressed while he they sucked him off. Then he would fuck their face when finished. But he wasn't going to ruin Ivan’s big night and quash his enthusiasm. He just kept his hands in his pockets and waited for the release that would quickly come.   
  
He opened his eyes and kept his upturned gaze on Allen. He grinned. Allen looked like a mess. Breathing heavily, red in the face, and working up small sweat. Least of all his hard cock pointing toward the ceiling and leaking profusely as he bit his lip in a small attempt to curb his want.  
  
Coach then stood up straight. He put his hand on the back of Ivan’s head and began thrusting his hips, driving his cock deep down Ivan’s gullet. While using his other hand to play with his nipple through his under armor polo. The young man was a trooper at chocking it down. “You should thank Allen for tonight Ivan.” He said giving Allen an evil smile. “If things had gone as planned, I would have been celebrating with the whole team.” Allen was subtly mimicking Coaches thrusting motions as he watched. “But instead, he gave you a chance to shine tonight.” He began the thrust with purpose, a word hanging on each one.   
  
But thanks to… him. You are…. the lucky player… who gets… me All. To. HIM. SELF!!!”  
  
At the final word, he clenched his lips and sucked in air through his nose as his orgasm quickly began unloading his seed in to the star players mouth. Ivan made sorry attempts to keep the entirety of the load in his mouth, but much of it still left a mark on his face to drip down his chin.   
  
Coach then leaned back and supported himself on one arm against the desk. Panting and nodding his head has he patted Ivan on the shoulder. “See… I knew you had it in ya.” He panted. Ivan just got a bashfully look and averted his eyes slightly.   
  
Ivan then stood up and wiped his mouth has coach adjusted his pants. His deflating cock swinging to and fro as he did. He then addressed Allen. Who was looking particularly listless. “Ok you. You’re still on the team. Keep this in mind the next time you decide that you know better than me. Now join the others. And take a friggen shower. Your a sweaty mess.”  
  
Allen nodded slowly as if in a daze and began to walk toward the door. “Oh, and Allen” Said coach pointing towards Allen’s profusely leaking hard cock. “That better still be there until you leave this building.”  
  
“Yes… Coach.” Said Allen. All sense of defiance removed from his body. He then made oped the door and excited the office.   
  
Ivan then turned toward Coach before averting his eyes again. “Well, I’m going to shower up too and head home. Thanks for the reward Coach. It… meant a lot to me.”  
  
Coach once again patted his shoulder. “You deserve it young man. But why are you talking like your reward is over?” He gestured towards Ivan's hard cock pointing straight forward.  
  
Ivan stammered “Oh, actually... I don't think you should-”  
  
“Nonsense” Said Coach taking a knee in front of Ivan. “I think the teams star player deserves to have an expert give him relief.”  
  
“That’s... not what I mean. I-”  
  
Coach then gripped Ivan’s dick in his and tightly and give it a tug. “What, you think I’m not gonna taste a fine specimen like-”  
  
The at the very moment he tugged on Ivan’s dick, he groaned and began cumming suddenly. The first spray striking Coach square in the face getting cum on his nose and lips. The next spray casting stands of semen to stick to and hang from his beard. The third hitting lower, ropes catching on one of his shirt collar, and the unbuttoned exposed area of his hairy chest. By then he got his barrings and dove down one Ivan’s cock. Sucking the fluid and every remaining drop there in from his body.   
  
Coach then released the drained cock from his lips and stood up. “Well then. I guess you are eager tonight” He said looking toward a mirror, tugging the front of his shirt to straighten his collar. “What say you and I go rejoin the celebration with the others shall we?”  
  
Ivan got flustered again. The sight of Coach with cum, his cum, dripping down his front bringing him to nurture an erection again. “You… don't want to change first? Or me too”  
  
Coach adjusted his cap, and put his arm over Ivan’s shoulder as he walked him out the office. “No need. The rest of the team wants to reward you too for your efforts too.” He took a finger under his short collar, a rope of cum sticking to it. To which he licked clean. “And Its only right I share the ‘load’ and help out a first timer.”