**Thornwood - Johanna's Night**

By Ribeye98

**Part: 1**

Johanna yawned and closed her eyes. Then she snapped them open again. She had been fighting the rolling motion of the bus for the last hundred miles. She sat up straighter and refocused on the road just in time to see another exit fly by.

\*\*Too many roads\*\*, she thought.

Around her hometown in Sweden, every road had a purpose. They meandered over hill and valley connecting townships and villages like a delicate spider's web. American roads were more like a plague. Block after block of pavement overran the big cities while multi-lane monstrosities were stamped into the countryside.

And every town, no matter how small boasted at least three exits. That's what confounded Johanna the most: the exact same exit ramp repeating every few miles even in places that appeared uninhabited. It was no wonder she had gotten lost looking for I65.

\*\*There are 50 states. Why do they need 65 interstate highways?

Americans sure loved to drive; an affection which seemed only to be matched by their love of fast food. Johanna had long ago lost count of the drive-through restaurants. And forget about originality. Every exit was identical right down to the gas station and McDonalds. Who wouldn't get lost around here? And who wouldn't start dozing after a while? It's a wonder people didn't crash more often just to break up the boredom.

The next exit had a billboard advertising a comfy hotel bed. She was tempted by it, but Coach Ron had explicitly told her not to stop until they reached Memphis. And she didn't want to screw up again.

A roar erupted from the cabin behind her. The sun had set long ago and night was at hand, but the boys were by no means settling down. Having napped on the long drive, most were ready for a change of scenery. They took turns playing a sports game on the giant TV that hung in the cabin of the coach bus. But even video games couldn't keep them occupied forever.

Johanna yawned again but managed to keep her eyes open this time. She was rewarded with a welcome sight. The bridge, a tiny speck on the horizon at first, loomed larger with every passing second. Johanna heaved a sigh of relief. In this repetitive and interminable landscape, the Mississippi river was one landmark she could not overlook. It may not be Indianapolis, but at least she had gotten them to Memphis in one piece. For her, that was an accomplishment.

Crossing the bridge into Tennessee, she followed the main artery south and started looking at hotels along the river. The brands were foreign to her, and she could only guess about their quality or value. They came upon a particularly fancy cluster of hotels built near an upscale entertainment district. Knowing Coach Ron would want her to focus on comfort more than thrift, she picked the nicest looking among them and turned in.

Drawn by fresh open air, the boys nearly beat her off the bus. They headed across the street to look at the river while Johanna was checking in.

"Miss, you can't park that here" said a young man in a maroon suit who had come up to meet her. It took her a moment to realize she was talking to a valet service. Johanna dug into her pockets and found a single twenty dollar bill; all that remained of her personal cash. The valet took it happily and left to park the bus. He was gone before she thought to ask for a receipt; another of Coach Ron's instructions broken.

A black doorman in matching maroon greeted her kindly at the entrance and held the door for her. She barely understood his thick welcome. Southerners were so hard to understand sometimes. Johanna had enough trouble with the Queen's English without drawls and accents thrown in. At least she had found hospitality was never in short supply in the south; especially for a cute, blond haired, blue eyed girl. She usually got along fine by flashing a warm smile and nodding hopefully.

At the front desk, she struggled to keep from yawning as they listed the room options. Working out the math was no small feat in her sleep-deprived state.

\*\*Let's see. The penthouse sleeps 8, so I can keep an eye on 7 of them, at least. The two "indulgence" suites sleep 6 apiece. The last four boys will have to make do in single-king rooms.

It didn't register in her tired brain until much later that, although it accommodated 8 people, the penthouse only had 4 beds. Fortunately, it turns out Johanna had nothing to worry about. Her generous boys were more than willing to share theirs with her. Corralling the team turned out easier than anticipated. Once word got out that there were luxury suites up for grabs, the boys came running.

Before she rode the elevator up to the top floor, Johanna needed to retrieve a few things from the bus. Over her one-piece swimsuit, she had worn comfortable coaching clothes. A white tank-top and lightweight red track shorts sported her team colors, and a red windbreaker style jacket with the Thornwood mascot on the back completed her outfit.

She retrieved the jacket, which she had taken off while driving, along with a clipboard where she had scribbled some of Coach Ron's instructions into a makeshift to-do list. She also grabbed a road map to study overnight. The girls were already in Indy. Her boss would never forgive her if the boys got lost again.

She yawned several times during the long elevator ride to the penthouse. She was already dreaming of a nice, comfy bed. But her checklist was long; starting with the unenviable task of convincing 23 restless boys to settle down and go to sleep.

But restless turned out to be an understatement. In short, there was a party in full swing in the penthouse suite. At least it sounded like a party from behind the door. The boys had used their head start well. She had to knock loudly several times before someone answered.

"Welcome to Thornwood Crib, Coach!" one of the boys handed her a beer and walked away.

Johanna was a little shocked as she entered the luxurious suite. The place was bigger than her boyfriend's apartment in Zurich. Well, ex-boyfriend, actually. He broke up with her when she moved to America.

She sat the beer down and started to explore. Several boys were watching a loud action movie on the projector screen in the theater-style living room. Explosions boomed around the room and shook the walls.

Down the hallway was a lounge and bar area. Sporting events blared from several more TVs. One of her team captains, Alex, was standing behind the bar mixing Jack and soda for the other boys. She counted ten empty beer bottles. Two more bottles of Champaign appeared to have been popped and sprayed around the room just for fun. Being a foreigner, Johanna didn't know about Tennessee's minimum legal drinking age. Even the oldest among them would not be 21 for two more years.

Through another hallway she found the largest group of boys. They were outside on the huge rooftop balcony enjoying the panoramic view of the river from horizon to horizon. A surround sound stereo was thumping out music and everyone was having a good time.

Several boys were hanging out in the hot tub; including another captain named Tyler. When he saw her, he stood up in greeting.

"Care to join us, Coach? There's plenty of room."

Johanna started to turn away then did a double-take. Tyler was naked and standing without the slightest hint of shame. In fact, his pose intentionally emphasized his impressive anatomy. His prick was standing a half-mast giving a nice glimpse of his smooth, heavy balls underneath.

Johanna quickly declined his offer and turned away to hide her blush.

No matter how many times she saw one of them naked, it still affected her. How could it not? She worked literally in a room where a bunch of teenage studs got naked on a daily basis.

For a while they had used towels to cover up when walking to and from the shower area or changing. But as they adjusted to her presence, more gave up that practice and just went around buck naked. Johanna tried to act casual and not look at them. But sometimes she couldn't help but sneak a peek. She didn't even have an office like Coach Ron; just a desk at one end of the room with the showers beyond. Every day she saw their cute butts as they walked to the showers and everything else as they walked back.

She would stare at the wood grain of her desk and battle the temptation to look up. It was a fight she usually lost. The sight of those dangling cocks and swinging balls was just too enticing. Johanna always waited until long after the boys had gone home to shower and change. And more than once, she had been so worked up that she took care of herself right there in the locker room.

Heading back inside the suite, she returned to the living room just in time to hear a knock at the door. It was hotel security.

"Good evening ma'am. Are you Johanna Paerson?"

"Good evening, sir. I am Johanna. Something is wrong?"

He looked over her shoulder into the room. "There have been reports of a loud party up here. This is your only warning. If we get any more noise complaints, I'm afraid we must ask your group to leave the premises."

Johanna apologized profusely and promised to cause no more trouble. Though as one sponsor over 23 boys spread out over 7 rooms, she didn't know how she was going to ensure peace and quiet. Breaking up the party in the penthouse would be a good start. She went around shutting down the entertainment and sending the boys off with stern warnings to keep the noise down.

"It is now 10:00. I come to check rooms fifteen minutes. Then all to go in bed, ok?"

The boys had mostly learned to interpret her broken English and nodded that they understood. When they had dispersed to their various hotel rooms, the penthouse got much quieter. Johanna decided to use the down time before room check to study the roadmap for tomorrow's journey. She retired to the lounge, sat on one of the bar stools, and unfolded the map...and promptly fell asleep..

**Part: 2**

Johanna woke with a start to the sound of someone knocking on the suite door. She was lying on the floor and disoriented. Her hair had absorbed the smell of beer from a spill on the carpet. She didn't know how long she had been asleep, but she must have been pretty tired. Even the fall from the bar stool had not woken her. She stood up and brushed some peanut shells off her shirt and went to answer the door.

She and Alex reached the foyer at the same time. A hotel waiter entered wheeling in a cart loaded with covered dishes.

"Alex, what is this? It is bed time, not dinner."

"Sorry, Coach. You said you would come around for room check at 10:15. When you didn't show up, some of the guys got hungry."

Johanna looked at the clock on the wall. It was 11:30. She had been asleep for an hour and a half. She let Alex keep the food since it had already been delivered. She thanked the waiter. It kind of pissed him off that she didn't tip him. But she couldn't help it. She had given the last of her cash to the valet.

The nap had reinvigorated Johanna. She decided room check could wait a little longer. It still didn't occur to look into her own sleeping arrangement. She assumed she would have her own bedroom. But having been preoccupied by the party and focused on getting her team settled, she hadn't bothered to find her own bedroom yet. While the boys in her suite chowed down on the room service, she checked her clipboard. Among the hastily scribbled notes she had written down one which simply said "wash uniforms."

It must have been one of the more important instructions from Coach Ron, because it was underlined three times and had a star beside it. The suites had no washing machines, but the hotel should have some sort of laundry service. Johanna recruited Alex for that task. She told him to collect the swim uniforms and contact the front desk about having them washed and delivered first thing in the morning. She also gave him the clipboard so he could write down the room assignments as he went around.

Delegating that task to Alex freed her for the time being and gave her a chance to freshen up. She wasn't about to go to bed with beer-soaked hair. "You tell guys get ready to bed while I am to take shower?"

Alex took a step back and raised his empty hands. "How are we supposed to get ready for bed when we didn't bring any supplies? No toothbrushes. No pajamas. Nothing."

\*\*Oh, that's right.

And she was in worse shape. The road trip to Indy had been a last minute change of plans. The boys had changed out of their swim uniforms into street clothes before boarding the bus. At least they had shorts or boxers to sleep in. But Johanna was still wearing her coaching uniform. Her regular clothes were all the way back at Thornwood. Her purse carried a few essentials but little in the way of substantial travel supplies. She certainly didn't have a change of clothes in there.

Johanna dismissed him with an unhelpful shrug and left to commence her shower. He was smart enough to figure something out. She heard a grunt of dissatisfaction from Alex, but thought nothing of it.

The bathroom's marble surfaces and polished brass fixtures befitted a luxury suite. Johanna briefly considered using the bathtub. A relaxing soak would do her tired muscles well. But relaxation was not her main goal here. She undressed and folded her clothes on a cushioned bench with her shoes underneath before entering the shower stall.

Though comfort was secondary to washing the beer out of her hair, Johanna was pleasantly surprised to find the luxury extended to the shower area. The open step-in style space had three shower heads mounted along one wall and one on the ceiling. After adjusting the temperature, she scooted into the torrent and lathered up her hair from a little hotel shampoo bottle.

Johanna was proud of her body. Bright blue eyes and fair skin attested to her Swedish heritage. Blonde curls framed her face in a way that could certainly be described as seductive. She had long legs and nice hips that curved into a tight waist. But her upper body was her proudest feature.

She credited her strong hands and arms for landing her this job in the first place. Having been formally trained back in Sweden, she was hired on at the aquatic club in Zurich partly because of her skills as a masseuse. With professional athletes in training year-round, there was never a shortage of tight muscles that needed to be worked out.

As word of her talent spread, it became one of her primary duties at the aquatic club. She treated the athletes training there like fine-tuned sports cars; requiring a team of mechanics to keep them running in top condition. She was just part of the pit crew and willing to assist however would help the swimmers achieve peak performance.

When she found out that someone from the club had been selected to coach in America and was bringing an assistant with him, she applied at once. It was the chance of a lifetime. A promotion to assistant coach and experience with an American swim team, even at the high school level, would look great on her resume; not to mention the significant pay raise.

Her boyfriend was against it from the beginning. In retrospect, Johanna knew she had been too good for him. He hinted about wanting to get married someday, but she doubted his sincerity. He was hardly marriage material. More likely he was upset about losing his cute Swedish masseuse girlfriend.

Johanna ended up getting the job; mostly because she was the only applicants who could speak even a little English. And in the matter of two weeks she had broken up with her boyfriend, packed up her meager belongings, and was on a plane for her new life.

She was still adjusting to the strange customs and dialects when school began. Coach Ron put her in charge of the boys' team. She struggled in her new leadership role and had no idea what they thought of her. She found familiar comfort at the massage table. That's where she started to win the team over.

The first day after practice, when she got out her table and supplies, the boys all stared at her like she was crazy. Most high school coaches don't give out free massages. But one brave soul stepped up. Within a week they were all hooked. They practically ran to the locker room after practice and jostled in line for their turn at the table. Besides being a morale booster, it made her feel like she was making a real contribution to the team.

Johanna finished rinsing her hair. As she grabbed the bar of soap and started to scrub her body, the image of Tyler standing nude in the hot tub popped in to her mind. A naughty thought struck her.

\*\*The party's over, but there are still seven boys in the penthouse. And Tyler's not the only stud on the team. I should go out there after my shower in just a towel and announce that I'm taking a late night dip. They would climb all over each other for the chance to join me. I might even let a few worthy candidates, but they would have to earn the right. Ooh, I could make them wrestle me for it!

For fun, she went through the list of her boys to see which, if any, could pin her. Being so deceptively strong would work to her advantage. Most would underestimate her. The rest would become mesmerized by the sight of her naked breasts. She pictured them waiting in line for their turn. And no doubt, after the first few lost so easily, some would give up trying to beat her and just go for the chance to cop a quick feel of her enticing body before she took them down.

Johanna reached up and cupped one of her tits. Though more buxom than most women her age, her breasts were especially firm. She was lucky in that respect. She guessed her strong pectoral muscles kept them from moving around too much. She didn't even need a sports bra to go jogging. They were like two perfectly round melons sitting high and stationary on her chest.

She tweaked a nipple. In her opinion, her nipples were too small for her breasts. Or maybe her breasts were too big for her nipples. Either way, she always thought they looked childish on her otherwise mature chest. She could cover one completely with a couple fingers. And they were so light pink that they barely contrasted with her creamy white skin. At least they would make a smaller target for her horny wrestling opponents.

Going down the line, each new partner was bigger than the last, but she always dispatched him anyway. Just then Johanna realized why the matches were getting tougher. The order was no accident. She had lined her team up by genital size; smallest to largest.

\*\*I've got to stop doing that! It's not professional.

But how could she? The aquatic club in Zurich had its share of male nudity. But wrinkly old men who never covered up on the way to the sauna couldn't compare to Thornwood. Naked American teenage boys were so hot. Because swimmers shaved their pubic hair, their jewels were all the more prominent.

Not only was her team generally well-endowed, but they were also constantly horny. Their erections always seemed to be on standby. She couldn't walk through the locker room without generating at least a dozen hard-ons. She had those cocks all to herself. What 22 year old girl wouldn't fantasize about it in her situation?

Her shower was done and she was dallying, but as Johanna turned around one of the sprayers hit directly between her legs. She stood there a moment as water peppered her tingling pussy. Johanna had never swum competitively. But she had adopted the habit of shaving her pubic hair; all but a little strip just above her cleft. She gave it a little pet, and then moved down for a quick stroke of her bare lips before reluctantly turning away from the sprayer.

As she rinsed the last of the soap from her body, she wrapped up her wrestling fantasy. She had saved the biggest and strongest for last. No surprise, Tyler was among them. He had probably the third or fourth largest cock on the team; an impressive specimen among an esteemed collection.

On second thought, she wasn't sure exactly where Tyler fit in the order. That's because she never saw him fully erect. As in the hot tub, he had an uncanny ability to control himself in that respect. Because he was always at half-mast, she couldn't pin him down like the other boys. If he was third biggest when half erect...who knows?

\*\*Surely he's not bigger than Tank.

Hank Harrison held the distinction of having the biggest cock on the team. Because of his bulging muscles his teammates nicknamed him "Tank". He was built more like a football player than a swimmer. But that didn't mean he wasn't fast. A freestyle specialist, his technique was more brute force than anything. He swam angry and churned up the water behind him. Coach Ron had chastised him more than once for using poor form, but no one could argue with the results.

Johanna absolutely could not stand up to Tank. He was probably twice her size and made of pure muscle. Tyler was doubtful, too, along with a few of the other seniors.

But alas, it was all just a fantasy; nothing more. Johanna thought her night was going to consist of making the rounds, doing room-check on her team, then curling up in her own bed for too few hours of much needed sleep before hitting the road again tomorrow. But it didn't quite turn out that way. For when she got out of the shower and found her clothes missing, that's when Johanna's night truly began to get interesting..

**Part: 3**

Johanna looked under and around the bench three times before admitting that someone had taken her clothes. Well, not all her clothes. The tank top remained, but her shorts, jacket and swimsuit were gone. She already had a prime suspect.

\*\*Alex!

She had told Alex to gather up all the swimsuits and send them off to be laundered. He must have come in while she was showering and taken hers as well! Did she forget to lock the bathroom door or did he break in? The shower stall itself had no door or curtain; only a separator wall. Could he have he sneaked a peek without her noticing?

The swimsuit itself was no big loss. Johanna never intended to wear that to bed. But her shorts were a different matter. A tank top was poor substitute for a proper nightgown. And without panties, she had to hold it down over her pussy to remain even marginally modest. But doing that pulled the cleavage scandalously low and caused her breasts to bulge out both arm holes. Her nipples made sharp points in the thin fabric. For once Johanna was thankful that they were so pale pink.

She was stuck using towels as a temporary substitute until she could find out what had happened to the rest of her clothes. Water drops from her hair turned the white fabric nearly transparent where they landed. She didn't have a hair dryer, so she rubbed her hair dry then wrapped one towel around her head to prevent further dripping. A second towel around her waist covered down to her knees.

She found Alex reclining in the living room along with a few other boys. The way they grinned knowingly at her made her uncomfortable. So she crossed her arms across her chest.

"Alex, I need to say to you something. In private."

Alex didn't move. "We're fine right here, Coach. The guys won't mind. What's up?"

Johanna didn't appreciate his attitude. His tone of voice conveyed no recognition that she was his superior. She did not have the same respect and authority that Coach Ron was able to demand. But a team member had never blatantly declined a request like this. The conversation had everyone's attention now as Johanna broached the sensitive subject of her missing clothing.

My...swimsuit. It is where?"

"I sent it with the rest, like you told me to."

"Everything? I didn't mean my....mine, too."

"Oh. Well, you didn't specify, so I was just being thorough."

"And when it will be to return?"

"They said the laundry service usually delivers around 5:30. Is there a problem?"

The other boys snickered at her obvious embarrassment. Finally, unable to think of the right wording in English, her frustration flared and she lost her composure. She tried to reassert her authority by yelling.

"OK! It is now to bed time. All of you! I make room check in other rooms. And all lights to be off and all boys in bed when I to return!"

She stormed out of the suite to the sound of more snickering. She had lost control of those boys and could only pray the outburst of anger would generate enough healthy respect to get them in their beds and keep them there for the night. What would she do if they simply stopped obeying her instructions? She had no idea.

The regular rooms were below the suite levels, so Johanna had to take the elevator down three floors. She convinced herself that the towel was not out of place in the hallway. She just looked like a guest on her way to the hotel pool. No one had to know she wasn't wearing a swimsuit underneath. Moving from the soft carpeted hallway into the cold, hard elevator floor, she regretted storming out without her shoes. But it was too late to go back and retrieve them now.

The boy in the first room did not answer her knocks; an inauspicious start to her rounds. When no one came to the door, she gave up and moved to the next room. It, too, was empty. Johanna double-checked her clipboard.

\*\*1821 is the right room. So where is Desmond? The penthouse is in outright revolt. The other rooms are deserted. Ugh!

She knocked a little louder, but felt silly doing it and feared attracting unwanted attention. Instead of looking like a swimmer on the way to the pool, she looked like a girl stranded outside her hotel room in inadequate clothing.

\*\*Oh, why didn't I get a master keycard?

Since all the rooms were reserved in her name, Johanna could have ordered one when she checked in. It would have made her rounds much easier. But she couldn't go down to the front desk and ask for one now. Not dressed like this.

Marking the first two rooms with an X, Johanna moved on around the corner to 1809. She was initially relieved to hear signs of life coming from within as she approached. But her heart leapt into her throat as the words became clearer.

"Oh, oh, oh! Oh, Fuck Yeah! Give it to me!"

Johanna didn't need a translator to understand those phrases. She was confused and her concern eased only slightly when she figured out that the vulgar language was coming not from the occupants of the room, but from a pornographic movie. When she knocked, the sound stopped and Sam came to the door.

"Hi, Coach." He left the door cracked and retreated back into the room.

Johanna peered in and saw the TV. Though it had been muted, the graphic scene of vigorous copulating continued on the screen. It was so intense that she had to look away. It bothered her that Sam had not turned the movie completely off before answering the door. Where was the respect?

\*\*He would not do this to Coach Ron.

Sam was a nice guy who rarely said much; the strong and silent type. She would hardly call Silent Sam a troublemaker. But then again, Alex had always acted compliant until tonight. Something about being far from home in a strange city brought out the mischief in these boys. Johanna warily entered.

Sam was shirtless and reclining in the bed with the covers pulled up to his waist. Like most high school boys, he still had some growing to do. He had been among the fittest on the team even before Coach Ron's extreme conditioning kicked in. After a few weeks everyone mirrored Sam's physique; chiseled abs and bulging muscles. But Sam had earned his muscles before Coach Ron arrived. They were the product of his first love, baseball.

Johanna checked the familiar scar on his shoulder. He had been among the first to receive a massage after practice. That's where she learned about his scar. After the injury, he couldn't play baseball anymore, so he turned to swimming.

"Lights out, Sam," Johanna said with her best effort at sounding authoritative, "time for to bed!"

Sam looked her up and down with an amused look on his face then reached over and tapped the power button on the remote. Though he remained silent, Johanna knew he must be laughing on the inside. How was she going to enforce lights out? He would probably turn his movie right back on as soon as she was beyond earshot.

\*\*Well, at least he's in his room and not out running around like the other boys. Have to give him credit for that.

Johanna favored Sam. He was easygoing and dependable; attractive qualities to go along with his attractive body. Among the first to shed his towel around the locker room, Johanna knew he had nothing to be ashamed of. When it came to equipment size, his was safely in the top 10. He also had the distinction of being the first erection on the team that Johanna had witnessed.

Rounding the corner of the locker room on the second week of practice, she had nearly run him over. That was back when most of the boys still wore towels. And seeing every inch of him hanging there genuinely shocked her. Johanna recalled turning bright red while Sam had shown no sign of embarrassment.

Then it happened. Her English was too weak to converse, so she spit out a few broken phrases while trying not to stare as he grew hard before her eyes. She later started taking it as a compliment that her boys got turned on when she was around. And several times since seeing Sam naked, she had pleasured herself while thinking about that encounter. Why shouldn't she? He had a great package and she was barely out of high school herself. It was a natural thing for a young lady to fantasize about.

The TV flicked off. With only a bedside lamp for light, the setting felt much more intimate. And without competition from the copulating TV couple, Sam turned his gaze completely on her making her feel self-conscious. She tried to stop thinking about his penis and say something intelligent.

"How is shoulder?"

"Sore...could use a little work." Same never said more than a few words at a time.

Johanna was much more comfortable in the support role than in that of the authority figure and gladly jumped to his aid. She couldn't have her Ferrari going to sleep with a flat tire. A tune-up was in order and she was the mechanic for the job.

Sam bore his burden solemnly. He never complained but she had noticed the knots around his scar. She always gave it extra attention whenever she massaged him and he seemed grateful. After a full day of swimming followed by a several hours' drive, she knew he must be hurting now.

She rounded and came up beside the bed. Temporarily disregarding her state of dress, she climbed up to kneel beside Sam and attacked his shoulder; kneading muscles with professional efficiency. Under her strong grip the tension melted away and Sam visibly relaxed. He said nothing and Johanna was ok with that. She just went about her work in silence. A good 10 minutes later, the knots in his right shoulder were completely gone.

"All done. Is good now?" Johanna had been up on her knees during the massage for leverage. When she sat back on her bottom, the towel parted up one side leaving most of one leg exposed. She looked down and back up just in time to see that Sam had noticed the gap, too.

"That was nice, but..." he paused as if making up his mind about something. "I could use a little more work. There's still some stiffness."..

**Part: 4**

Sam had been turned slightly away while Johanna worked on his shoulder. Now he rolled over so that he was lying flat on his back. Then, in one swift motion, he pulled the covers back to show what stiffness he meant. He was naked.

Johanna should have climbed off the bed and walked away at that point. But something kept her rooted to the bed as she watched his semi-erect member swell with anticipation. The rationalizations came fast and furious.

She was still in support mode and it certainly looked uncomfortable. How could he sleep with that swollen thing sticking out of his body? It was her job to take care of the team. Sam was one of the nice ones. Why not reward him? He would probably sleep like a baby afterward; one less boy to worry about. And a hand job is just another type of massage, right?

Before she could talk herself out of it, Johanna reached down and took Sam's cock in her right hand. Leaning over his body, she tenderly made a couple of preliminary strokes up and down the length of his shaft. Sam crossed his hands behind his head and closed his eyes with a contented smile on his face.

Despite already being large and firm, the first few strokes caused him to swell even bigger under her grip. Underneath the soft buoyant outer layer was a solid core that burned with heat. She had underestimated his size. In a matter of seconds he had grown to no less than a full 8 inches.

Johanna went to work; using a slow pace until she figured out what she was doing. She combined her massage techniques with what little cow milking experience she remembered from her village. This would be her first time milking a bull; so to speak. She settled into a routine of squeezing on the up strokes then relaxing while her hand slid back to the base of Sam's cock. When he didn't complain, she increased her pace slightly.

As a masseuse, she was no stranger to repetitive motion. So Johanna was kind of surprised when her arm started to tire. She wasn't used to that particular motion, but that wasn't the real reason for her unusual fatigue. Rather, it was because she had the wrong angle. When she stopped and let go to reposition herself, Sam's eyes shot open. He gave her a look like she had wounded him by stopping in the middle of her work. Johanna took that as a lesson that boys don't like to be teased. Once you start something, you better be prepared to follow through.

"Sorry", she said as she scooted further down on the bed and quickly reconnected with Sam's throbbing organ. In response, Sam grabbed her left hand and placed it directly on his heavy balls. Taking the cue, she began to squeeze them in turn while her other hand resumed its pumping motion. Sam melted into the mattress.

Johanna had massaged dozens of attractive guys in her line of work. Her repertoire included full body massage, but you were supposed to work around the private areas and stick to musculature. Her prude instructor in school had always complimented her technique and said she had a natural gift. He would be appalled to see her using it to such vulgar ends.

But Johanna didn't care. She was having too much fun. She fondled his ball sack with sheer giddiness. It was completely smooth; having been shaved in the swimmer's tradition. His balls were squishy but firm. Just then she felt a contraction and a bead of pre-cum appeared on the tip of his penis. She doubled her pace.

\*\*He's getting close. I can feel it.

Sam started writhing in the bed; obviously enjoying himself. His cock was rock hard now and every muscle in his body was tensed. Johanna's shirt moved back and forth across her chest turning her nipples into little points. The towel around her waist started to work itself loose and slide down her waist. Then it broke free and pooled upon the mattress leaving her exposed from the waist down. Even though her bare pussy was showing, Johanna didn't stop to pick up her towel. She didn't want to let go until he was satisfied. Besides, Sam did not notice. His eyes were clamped shut with all attention on his own release.

Down the home stretch Silent Sam started to pant. A few seconds later animal grunts filled the room as Johanna felt a sudden contraction in his ball sack. Then on the next stroke a stream of cum shot from his cock and flew straight into the air. A second followed just as the first was landing. Spurt after spurt came forth from his tip. She kept pumping until his orgasm subsided. A big squeeze of his ball sack produced one last spurt then she let go. Her bull was officially milked dry.

Sam opened his eyes his attendant was crawling off the bed. Standing up, Johanna became acutely aware of her exposed lower half and reached for her towel, but Sam nabbed it first. His orgasmic explosion had gotten everywhere; on his stomach, on the sheets, and on Johanna's arms and hands. He used the towel to wipe himself clean as his cock started to deflate. Johanna pulled her shirt hem down while she waited for her towel to be returned. But instead of giving it to her when he was finished, he wrapped it around himself and pulled up the covers.

"Thanks, Coach. Good night." And with that he flipped the lamp switch and rolled over leaving Johanna to stumble through the room toward the exit. She wiped clean with the spare towel from her head then wrapped it around her waist. On the way to the elevator, the gravity of her actions hit her.

\*\*When Coach Ron finds out what I just did, he will fire me for sure.

Though he always stressed doing whatever it took to care for the team, Johanna was pretty sure that courtesy did not extend to free hand jobs on demand. She knew she was out of line and that she probably deserved to be fired. But the more she thought about it, the more she convinced herself that the damage could be minimized. Sam was an isolated incident. No one knew about it. What possible reason would he have for telling Coach Ron?

That was a small consolation. Her job might be safe, but what about her reputation? How long before the other boys found out? Then again, the story was almost too fantastical. She fooled herself by thinking that Sam would keep such an unbelievable story to himself. She couldn't be more wrong. For the secret was out and spreading before she could board the elevator.

Johanna rode up to the 19th floor and stepped off the elevator determined to put the illicit encounter behind her. She had tarnished her reputation, but it need not prevent her from finishing room check in a professional manner. Sam's impressive display of teenage potency had invigorated her. But it was well past midnight and she had a big day tomorrow. She promised herself that she would pop in and out of these last few rooms and retire to the penthouse in short order.

The indulgence suites were one floor above her with the penthouse above that. Only one of her team's rooms was on this floor. Despite having left her clipboard in Sam's room, she remembered the number 1919. Johanna found the room, recomposed herself, straightened her posture and knocked on the door. She was not expecting a naked boy to answer. "Hi, Coach. I'm ready for my massage!"..

**Part: 5**

\*\*Why oh why did it have to be Tyler?\*\* Johanna thought as she

vigorously stroked his member.

Anybody else and she might have been able to resist. But once she saw

Tyler standing in the doorway; his magic cock swaying out in front of him

like a trained cobra, she was hypnotized and lost all willpower. She had

feigned disinterest, but entered his room nonetheless; secretly just as

eager to start the massage as he was.

Having ever only seen him partially erect in the locker room, she could

only guess how big he really was down there. Now she finally got her

chance to find out. And Tyler did not disappoint.

As soon as they were settled on the bed, she wrapped a hand around the

middle of his cock. She throttled the veins in his organ and caused the

head to bulge. If Tyler was surprised or impressed by the firm grip her

soft and feminine hands possessed, he didn't show it. Neither did he show

any sign of pleasure but kept a smug smile on his face.

Johanna relaxed her stranglehold and began to play. Leaving his cock

for the moment, she explored down to his sack which was bigger and heavier

than even Sam's had been. She could barely hold both of his balls in one

hand. They kept spilling out one side or the other whenever she tried to

grasp them. She could tell that they were capable of producing an

incredible amount of semen. When the time came, his ejaculation promised

to be a sight to behold.

But that wasn't going to happen unless she figured how to arouse him

further. Her fingers teased all over his partially inflated shaft trying

to unlock the profound potency roiling just beneath the surface.

She dragged her fingers up the underside and drew circles around the

base of his fleshy, circumcised helmet. Though already big, she sensed it

could grow even bigger with the right prodding. But Tyler frustrated her;

keeping his full potential just out of reach. In a moment of weakness she

imagined what it would feel like spreading her moist pussy...

Before things got out of hand, Johanna snapped out of her fantasy and

returned to the task at hand. She encircled his shaft in a fist and began

stroking in earnest. Despite being only half erect, Tyler had plenty to

jack off; seven inches at least. She made long confident strokes

indicative of her excellent massage training. The way the elastic skin

along his shaft hung loosely bore witness that there was more growth

forthcoming.

Eventually Johanna's efforts paid off as a twinkle appeared in Tyler's

deep blue bedroom eyes. That's when the real workout began. Slowly,

gradually, his cock added girth and length. Johanna didn't dare disrupt

her methodical strokes as he passed eight, then nine inches. Her jaw

dropped when she realized he wasn't done growing even then.

She could barely wrap her hand around it at the thickest point now and

each stroke made it swell and bulge a little more. The throbbing

mushroom-shaped tip looked angry.

To Johanna's amazement he passed the one foot mark. Pushing 13 inches,

it was longer than Tank's and nearly double the team average. She had to

lean over and put her whole body into the effort to maintain her pace.

The exertion caused her normally stationary breasts to jiggle

seductively. Her nipples strained against the fabric and betrayed her own

arousal. She glanced up at Tyler to see if he noticed. His eyes were

trained on her tank top.

Tyler reached up and cradled Johanna's right breast through the thin

material of her shirt. He did not give warning or ask permission. It was

totally inappropriate. But how could she object? She was supposed to be

supervising her boys and instead she was jacking them off one at a time.

His large hand roamed all over her top and sent shivers through her body.

Johanna had to work hard to keep from losing concentration.

\*\*It's ok, as long as he doesn't...

As if reading her mind, Tyler found an opening in the tank top.

Entering through the arm hole, his hand settled on the meat of her breast.

His hand felt cold on her warm bosom; though neither compared to the

scalding hot obelisk thrusting up from between his legs. The friction from

her hand only added to the radiating heat of his poker.

Johanna suppressed a shudder as Tyler familiarized himself with her

hanging fruit. When he found her nipple, he spent some time stimulating

the tiny target. She bit her lip, but did not try to stop him. In truth,

she was extremely turned on by it.

Her ex-boyfriend had figured out early on that, despite their diminutive

size, Johanna's nipples were the key to her arousal. Whenever he wanted to

get her in the mood to fool around, he would start with those little tips.

He knew it drove her especially crazy to suckle on them. It got to the

point where, even in public, he could turn her on just by licking his lips

suggestively.

She didn't feel the need to share that information with Tyler, though.

Rather, she masked her arousal and focused on finishing the "massage". But

his continued fondling served to weaken her resolve. And with every

passing second, she grew more restless and aroused. The long sexless weeks

since moving to America were catching up to her. Her body needed it.

When the bead of pre-cum appeared on the tip of his cock, she barely

controlled the urge to lean over and lap it up with her tongue. As before,

the towel around her waist worked loose. She let it fall; let Tyler get a

good look at how wet her throbbing pussy was. She teetered on the brink of

indecision; mere heartbeats away from propositioning him. Unfortunately,

she did not get the chance.

Suddenly Tyler's cock became as straight and inflexible as a steel rod.

It took several spasms to drive the fluid up such a long distance. But

soon the pump was primed and the next spasm caused a white stream to

explode from the tip. Johanna held on for dear life as Tyler's cock threw

spurt after spurt high in to the air. She couldn't help but compare it to

her old boyfriend's pathetic emissions and stare in wonder at what she had

been missing all along.

She wanted to experience the sensation of a massive cock becoming ramrod

straight like that inside her, and to have those spasms push against the

walls of her pussy canal just before the ejaculation came. She wanted to

rewind the clock 20 minutes and do it all over again except with her pussy

in place of her hand. In short, she wanted Tyler.

But that wasn't going to happen. Her stud was satisfied...for now...and

no longer had need of her. The show was over and the old teasing Tyler

returned. He pulled the towel out from under Johanna's knees, practically

dumping her off the bed in the process, and began to clean himself up.

"Hey, Sam was right. You're not half bad." Tyler said with a sense of

finality.

"Wait, what abo-"

"Now coach. You have many rooms left to check tonight. I don't want to

be greedy. You should really get going."

Johanna persisted despite his abrupt dismissal.

"But, Tyler, I need to talk-"

"NO! The rest of the team is waiting. Now stop stalling and go do your

job."

The forceful language stunned Johanna. She might expect to hear such a

command from her boss, but not one of her students; especially one who had

been so amenable just moments before.

When Johanna was too slow to react, Tyler added "I said GO!" Then to

reinforce his words, he reached out and swatted her bare bottom. His hand

was the size of a bear paw and carried a considerable amount of force

behind it. It worked. Johanna snapped out of her trance and retreated

towards the exit; more to avoid another swat than to comply with his

orders.

It did not occur to her to stop at the bathroom and grab another towel.

She was the sponsor and had every right to be in there. But in her rush to

obey Tyler, she walked right through the door and let it lock behind her.

Johanna used a hand to steady herself against the wall while she figured

out what to do next. Her bottom stung from where Tyler had spanked her and

her breast still buzzed from his manipulations. She was lightheaded and

still horny. What else was there to do but finish her rounds as Tyler had

suggested? She could take care of her own arousal later in the privacy of

her own bedroom.

Unfortunately, Tyler had taken her spare towel and left her with nothing

but a too-short tank top. She pulled the hem down over the pretty cleft

between her legs and headed toward the elevators. She couldn't do anything

about her bare bottom hanging out the back. Encountering a hotel guest in

this state of dress would be incredibly embarrassing. She could only hope

that they were all asleep at this late hour..

**Part: 6**

Johanna knelt on the bed with her knees spread to maintain balance. It

gave the two boys beside her a perfect view right between her legs.

Johanna blushed but let them look. After all, they were all naked and had

nothing to hide. Why should she?

She had approached the first indulgence suite with trepidation. But Sam

or Tyler must have given them a heads-up, because they were waiting for her

to arrive. The six boys welcomed her kindly and were eager to get the

"massages" started.

It had been Mike's idea for her to kneel in the middle of the bed to

give them their massages. That way she could service two boys at once.

More efficient that way! But with both of her hands occupied, she could

hardly hold her top down. So it slid up to her waist and exposed her

swollen mound to their hungry eyes.

Once the first two boys were in position, she grabbed on and started

stroking. Mike soon grew to a respectable size; though nowhere near as big

as Sam. She estimated it at around 8 inches. He was relaxed and clearly

enjoying himself.

As a sophomore, Robbie had plenty of growing left to do. But despite

being smaller than the other boys, his cock was cute nonetheless. And he

made up for his lack of size with considerable enthusiasm. He met her

strokes with little thrusts of his own. He seemed determined to get the

most out of Johanna's hand job as possible.

Johanna found it difficult to establish a rhythm with such a large

disparity in size. Fortunately, Robbie came quickly and was replaced by

the more mature senior, Marcus. Marcus was slightly smaller than Mike, but

big enough that she could alternate her strokes and find a pretty good

rhythm.

"You having fun, coach?" someone called out from behind her.

"Of course she's having fun! Just look at how wet her pussy is. She's

practically dripping."

Johanna did not have to answer. They were obviously right. Bringing

all these naked boys to orgasm in turn was making her incredibly hot.

Like everything teenage boys do, Mike and Marcus turned it into a

competition; to see who could last the longest before cumming. Even though

Mike had been going for several minutes, he swore that he could outlast his

friend. A few rules were quickly established. They had to keep their

hands behind their heads so as not to interfere. And any attempt to get

away from Coach Johanna would be deemed a forfeit. There would be no

breaks until somebody came. The race was on.

While Johanna did all the work, the other boys gathered around to watch

the half-naked chick jack off their teammates for sport. Seconds turned

into minutes. Secretly Johanna wanted to see Mike win. He had already

outlasted Robbie and shown incredible self-control so far. In her

experience so far, the big boys required more foreplay but made for a more

impressive climax show.

Marcus was the first one to exhibit signs of building orgasm. He

started to squirm in the bed and closed his eyes tightly. Mike showed no

outward sign of weakness, but Johanna felt his cock swelling. He was

getting close, too, but bluffing in the hopes that Marcus would fail first.

Egged on by the spectators, Johanna quickened her pace. Both boys in

her grasp tensed visibly. It was going to be a photo finish. The pressure

was building in Mike's pipes, but Marcus faltered first. After a series of

ecstatic grunts, semen spewed forth from his turgid member. Mike's came a

few seconds later to create dueling fountains of orgasmic joy.

Johanna was emotionally spent and physically drained as Marcus and Mike

rolled off the bed. She didn't get a break because two more boys

immediately took their place. And just like that she was pumping the new

pair toward climax. Only her body's hormonal response to the boys' potent

displays kept her going.

After finishing off the next two boys, there was only one remaining in

that suite. Since that left an open spot, Robbie announced that he was

taking another turn and lay down for his second hand job. Johanna was

doubtful he had anything left. But after the short break, the youngster

was more than ready to go again. He met her strokes with all the

enthusiasm of the first time around.

Counting Sam and Tyler, she had now milked eight of her bulls, and one

twice. This was certainly not what she had in mind for room check; walking

bottomless from room to room around the hotel gratifying her boys sexually.

But she couldn't stop now. Word had spread and everyone expected the same

treatment Sam had received. At least Johanna couldn't deny that she was

enjoying it. She grew less self-conscious with every new boy she serviced.

Johanna yawned as she knocked at the second and final indulgence suite.

After this, she could retire to the penthouse. Despite all the excitement,

the sleep deprivation was catching up to her again. Rapid stroking was a

different motion than deep tissue massage and her arms muscles were tiring.

But when Tank came to the door with his giant manhood hanging down, she

realized her endurance was about to be tested like never before.

As a captain, Donald got the privilege of going first alongside Tank.

Donald was well hung in every respect. But his 8 inches were dwarfed by

Tank's enormity. And while Tank came up short of Tyler's record setting 13

inch schlong, he made up for it in girth. The man had a sapling growing

straight out from his crotch. Thickest at the base, it narrowed into a

strong trunk. His helmet was the size of Johanna's fist.

Johanna did her best with one hand, but really needed two to do him

justice. Her inadequacy showed when, after several minutes of vigorous

pumping, she started to lag. Tank was grinning. He knew how much of a

workout it could be. "She's slowing down" he announced.

The other boys stepped in to cheer her on. A whispered voice spoke only

inches from her ear causing Johanna to jump. "Come on, Coach. We don't

quit on you in the pool. You can do better than this."

It was one of the other boys. She couldn't tell who. When his arms

snaked around and squeezed her boobs through her shirt, Johanna nearly

fainted.

"Remember, we're a team. And teammates take care of each other. You

help us..." He grabbed her shirt and started sliding it up her torso.

"...and we help you. And everybody wins."

Johanna didn't stop him from pulling her shirt up over her breasts.

After bunching the tank top under her arms, his hands returned to her chest

and resumed massaging her breasts from behind. The motivation worked as

Johanna, flush with erotic stimulation, quickly returned to and surpassed

her previous pace.

"That's more like it."

And the stimulation on her breasts drove Johanna into a frenzy of need.

She was really in a rhythm now. She stroked her boys along as her own body

commenced an inevitable march to orgasm. The last thing she expected to

hear at that moment was Alex's voice interrupting the fun.

"Well, what do we have here?"

Johanna froze. Alex was several years her junior, but somehow she felt

guilty to be in such a compromising position in his presence. This was way

more than a simple penis massage. She felt like a horny co-ed who was

caught by her father right in the middle of jacking off a whole fraternity.

"I knew you fantasized about us, Coach. And that you masturbate in the

shower after practice when you think you're alone. But I had no idea you

were this hot for our cocks."

That made her blush. She had underestimated the lengths to which horny

American boys will go to see the hot young Swedish assistant coach naked.

They must have been spying on her all along.

Johanna tugged her shirt down over her chest as Alex continued, "You

seem to be having fun, but somebody has to be responsible around here. And

it's way past your bedtime. Party's over, guys. Sorry."

He took Johanna by the hand and helped her off the bed. Tank, along

with the other boys who were still waiting their turn, grumbled in dissent.

But no one challenged the authority of their Senior captain.

Alex saw the guys were not happy with him. But he knew how to smooth

things over. "Don't worry, guys, I understand your frustration. I won't

forget about you. How about a peace offering? Coach, give them your

shirt."

Johanna stared at Alex. That shirt was her last bit of clothing and it

was not his to give away. But Alex insisted it was the only fair way to

compensate them for their interrupted massages.

"Hurry up, Coach. We're just going to bed. Come on, do you really need

it right now?"

Johanna reluctantly complied. She told herself it was nothing they

hadn't all seen before. Pulling it over her head, she tossed the souvenir

to Hank who deemed it satisfactory. The boys got a good look at her naked

body as Alex led her out the door. He held her hand tightly like she was

some naughty child being punished.

She wouldn't miss her shirt much while sleeping. But she sure wished

she had something for cover while waiting in the hallway for the hotel

elevator. Her free hand was clamped tightly over her pussy just in case

they happened to meet someone on the elevator; like that would have done

much good. Fortunately it was empty.

The penthouse suite was dark and silent when they arrived. The other

residents had all gone to bed. Though she was suspicious of Alex's motives

and angry that he had given her shirt away, she was also thankful. Without

his intervention, she would still be downstairs giving hand jobs to the

long line of eager athletes.

She yawned when she saw her bed. Alex was right about one thing. In

the privacy of the penthouse, her missing shirt was less of an issue. She

was tired enough to sleep fine even without any pj's; after a quick massage

session to satisfy her own body, of course. She could worry about clothes

in the morning.

But Alex had one more surprise in store for her. Wishing her a good

night, he went around to the other side of the bed and began stripping.

"Alex!" she exclaimed. She got a passing glimpse of his premium schlong

as he pulled his underwear off and climbed into bed. "You can not to sleep

here. Go to your bed!"

"This is my bed," he casually replied.

That's when it dawned on her. Alex wasn't going anywhere. He intended

to sleep in here. How convenient for him that she was naked and just

happened to be bunking with him. She saw right through his ploy and wasn't

falling for it.

"No...No no."

"Relax, Coach," Alex reassured her. "It's not like that. This is the

only bed left. But look. It's a king bed; more than enough room for both

of us. You stay on your side and I'll stay on mine. You don't have

anything to worry about, I promise."

Johanna doubted his sincerity, but was out of options. The penthouse

only had four bedrooms. And the other three were similarly occupied. She

had to admit that the bed was big enough to contain them both with plenty

of space in between. Alex's sober face indicated his serious commitment to

the promise and her fatigue made an equally strong case for giving in.

"OK, but stay on your side."

"I will be a perfect gentleman."

Once in bed, her reservations melted into the soft pillow. She fell

fast asleep only to awake mere moments later on top of Alex...just as he

entered her..