**Man I Love Women’s Volleyball**

by Whiskeyandbeer5754

**Part 1**

*The Team Wins the Division and I’m the Prize.*

Anyone who has ever entered a career in journalism will tell you a couple things:

First, you have to love it. The money is not great unless you're one of the few to make it big, and the hours are worse.

Second, your career will involve a lot of grunt work, and could take you to some less than desirable places and situations.

In my case, my first job was in a small town of 15,000 people. It was a four hour drive to the nearest major city. The joke in town about what to do there was drive to said city. Simply put, there wasn't much action.

My job involved doing pretty much everything at the paper. I was essentially a one person newsroom. I was covering mundane city council meetings, interviewing anyone who opened a new business in town and even having to write obituaries, which I hated. I felt very uncomfortable talking to families in their worst moments.

I also was responsible for selling advertising, which I hated worse than the obituaries. The only thing worse than talking to family members about someone who just died is having to ask them for money. I had to turn in reports each week asking who I solicited. It was painful.

I even had to manage the office, which included making sure things like the water and electric bills were paid each month. The owner of the station couldn't bother himself with it. There was always one other staff member besides me, but that spot changed so often I lost track who took a job and then left.

The only thing that kept me there was I got to cover sports. Mostly high school stuff in such a small town but there was also a junior college. I really took the men's basketball beat seriously. I hoped I would be able to build enough of a portfolio to move up to a bigger city.

Still, I often wondered if it worth it. I sometimes contemplated quitting and moving back to Denver where I grew up. I ultimately decided to stick it out. I didn't want to give up. My parents didn't get it. They couldn't understand why I was wasting my early 20s in a boring town, working my ass off for no money.

When I couldn't go to my best friend's wedding due to not being able to afford it and my asshole boss not giving me time off, I was ready to quit. I had the letter typed out and everything. I had it in hand and walked in the building to find it packed with people. Okay, there were six people, but that was packed when our staff consisted of me and one other person.

Being that it was a small town I knew right away who was there. I recognized the husband and wife who owned the local radio station, as well as the Athletic Director at the junior college.

"Ah Rick French, just the man we've been dying to see!" The AD jumped out of his chair and shook my hand vigorously. "Sit, sit! We have loads to discuss."

"Is this about one of my articles?" I asked him. "Is something wrong?" It was my instinct to think there was an issue.

"Oh heavens no. We love your work."

"Us too," the female station owner said. "That's why we're here."

To make a long story short and to set up the main, and much more interesting, part of this story, the radio station owners bought the paper, kicked my asshole boss to the curb and doubled my pay. They also gave me an opportunity that ensured the letter in my hand wouldn't see the light of day.

"We want you to be our voice," the college AD declared.

It took me a moment to realize what he was offering. "Your what?" I mustered.

"Our voice," he repeated. "And we hope you'll be so for a very long time."

The junior college games were broadcast on the radio. They don't have a football team, but I'd get to call men's and women's basketball, baseball, and women's volleyball. It was the basketball I was excited about.

"You won't have to do any of the extra stuff. You'll just call the games and cover sports," the male station owner said. "Sound like a deal?"

"But I've never done broadcasting before," I blurted out.

"That's ok we'll teach you," the female station owner said. "We know there will be a learning curve."

I still wasn't sure but I ultimately accepted the offer. I'm really glad I didn't turn in that letter. If I had, I would have missed out on a truly memorable experience. I ended up throwing it away at home.

I really wanted to jump into basketball but volleyball season was first, in the fall. It's the sport I knew least about. I tried to do some research, learn some terms, understand some strategy. I didn't feel confident, and my first few games showed it. I butchered players' names and really didn't understand what I was looking at.

I actually learned a lot watching some broadcasts that ESPNU had on. I wrote down terms they used and started to understand some of the strategy better. I also got more familiar with our roster a few games in. Knowing who the players are really helped.

It also didn't hurt that the team wasn't bad to look at, and I don't mean their performance. These were athletic 19 and 20 old chicks. They were all in great shape and they got themselves in positions during games that I got to see a lot of curves. In short I thought the women on the team were hot.

I'm not going to lie. I liked being courtside, particularly when I had such an up close view of their seemingly see through spandex shorts. I swear I got some views of lips, if you get my drift, more than once.

One nice perk was the team warmed up in one set of jerseys, then stripped them off right there on the court and changed into their game jerseys. They were all wearing sports bras of course, but I made sure not to miss that.

While my play-by-play improved during the course of the season, I was still shy in terms of my personality. I only talked to the players when I had to interview them. I was too nervous to engage when I rode the bus with the team our otherwise crossed paths with anyone at the hotel or at meals. I kept my distance and focused on my job.

Occasionally the players would giggle when they were around me, but I figured it was regular college girl stuff. My first hint that it wasn't was on the bus as we pulled up to a road game. The coach had gone in to get everyone's hotel keys. The players were all seated on the bus. I was in my customary assigned seat toward the front.

I heard a LOT of giggling after the coach left. Then a "shhhh!"

"I'll do it. Watch this," I heard from several rows behind me. More giggling.

One of the players, Brittany, a tiny (for volleyball) 5'10" blonde setter walked to the front of the bus. (For reference I'm 5'7" and consider myself average height). Without a word she stripped off her shirt right in front of me and lifted up her sports bra to reveal her bare breasts. I was so shocked I stared right at them without blinking. I would say they were Bs, maybe Cs. I couldn't tell. To be honest I hadn't seen very many.

Because I was staring at her boobs I didn't see her smiling wide. "Hey dude are you catatonic?" I looked up as she spoke and she burst out laughing. "Okay how long?" She yelled toward the back.

"Twelve seconds!"

She pulled down the sports bra and put her shirt back on. Then she shook her head and walked back to her seat, smiling at me as she did so. "You're a shy one. We're going to have some fun with you."

The entire bus laughed. I was mortified. I also realized I was getting hard in my jeans. I whacked off as soon as I got in my room. It had dawned on me that Brittany voluntarily showed me her boobs and they were, well nice to look at for sure.

At the next home game another player, Kayla, who I thought happened to be hottest player on the team, a 6'4" blonde who also happened to be the team's best player, came to my broadcast table while the team was warming up. I hadn't started our pregame show yet, which only started 10 minutes before game time.

"Did you like seeing Brittany's tits?" She playfully punched me in my arm.

"Uhhh..." I stammered.

"I think you'll like mine better," she said before returning to the court to continue warming up. No one else could hear what she said with the arena music blaring.

It was like the ultimate tease. I was about to broadcast a game and I was thinking about what the hottest girl on the team said to me. I thought about it all game and into postgame.

I next saw her when she was waiting by my car after the game. Most everyone else had cleared out by the time I was done with our postgame show.

"Here, look at these," she said without warning as she lifted up her shirt. "Am I right? Do you like these better?"

Truth be told I did, they were certainly bigger for sure, I definitely thought these were Cs. She definitely had bigger nipples anyway. I tried to talk but I couldn't string any words together. "Errrr.." I mustered.

"Come on Brittany's can't be better than mine!" She was smiling and without warning her hand found my crotch. My dick was getting hard.

"I think I have my answer. I don't think that's your wallet." She smiled but before I knew it she pulled her shirt back down, told me to have a nice night and stride away.

I raced home to once again take care of my problem in my pants. It may have been a tease and I maybe thought they were fucking with me somehow but I sure didn't object.

The next road trip, I arranged for a pregame interview with Sarah, one of the better players on the team who was having a great year. She was maybe the best server on the team. I suppose it should have set off alarm bells when she asked me to come to her room. I didn't think anything of it because I had interviewed players in their room many times before. It was quiet and logistically easy for them.

When I knocked on the door Kayla answered it. Apparently they were rooming together. "Come in Rick," she said with a sly smile. She looked sexy in a thin white t-shirt, which extended almost to her knees. She wasn't wearing pants.

I stepped in the room and stopped dead in my tracks when I saw Sarah laying on the bed in her birthday suit. Her boobs were smaller than the other two but no less impressive. Her nipples were pointed straight at the ceiling. Her long black hair fell around them. Her legs were spread wide and I saw her entire, and I mean entire pussy, which was clearly shaved.

"Oh I'm so sorry!" I instinctively covered my eyes and turned away. Kayla turned me back around and moved my hands back away from my eyes.

"I have one condition for doing this interview," Sarah told me. "I don't feel like getting dressed. You'll have to interview me like this. Is that a problem for you?"

Kayla smirked next to me and laid on the other bed. I could see she not only wasn't wearing pants but also no panties. I saw what can only be described as a perfect butt when she rolled on her stomach.

I involuntarily adjusted myself through my pants. "Ummm....if that's what you want," I stammered. This would be challenging. This interview would air on the radio. It had to sound good. I couldn't stumble and stammer. I had to sound smooth.

'Focus on the task at hand', I told myself.

"Okay make it quick," Sarah said in a very businesslike tone. She didn't move and was still laying down. I knelt by the side of the bed and started my recorder. It would air later but we would talk as if it was live. 'Look at her eyes the entire time' I told myself.

"Back here in Salida as the Cougars have a big one tonight, kicking off this road trip against Salida College. Here with Sarah Fuller, who set a career high in aces last game with 9. Sarah, what was the key to your performance?"

She gave me a good answer, but I couldn't tell you what it was because I felt hands on my hair, then what felt like some other skin. I looked up briefly to see that Kayla had laid her bare breast on top of my head. I couldn't move without moving the recorder. I tried to listen to Sarah but had no idea what she said.

After I realized she stopped talking, and had no idea how many seconds had elapsed, I stammered into my next question but recovered quickly.

"Um, so.....what is the key for keeping the momentum going tonight?"

"Well as I just said..." (Great, I thought to myself). "We've got to stay consistent. This team is a lot better than the one we just played..." Kayla had moved to my side and grabbed my hand not holding the recorder. I turned my head as she directed it onto her nipple and moved it around. I got veeeerrry uncomfortable in my pants.

I forced my gaze back into Sarah's eyes and this time was aware when she wrapped her answer, but was distracted by Kayla and her nipple. I can't say I didn't enjoy what she was doing.

I know this time there was silence for several seconds. "Well, um...." Shit, I forgot my next question! Sarah raised her eyebrows at me.

"Kayla's playing well too right now huh?" was all I could muster.

Sarah smiled. "Yes she is." I think she said something about Kayla being a great teammate but now I was completely distracted because Kayla positioned her head between Sarah's legs and started kicking her right in front of me. I couldn't help it. I watched.

"She's the BEST!" Then she moaned right into the recorder.

"Well, um, yes...." I looked back to Kayla licking Sarah, and then back to Sarah who looked like she wouldn't be paying attention to me much longer.

"Do you guys think you have what it takes it win tonight?" I got out the question but wasn't sure how well it sounded.

"YES! YES!"

"Okay thank you for your time," I mustered. I wasn't sure it would be airable and hoped I could edit it. I'm not sure the girls noticed me get up and walk out of the room. I ran down the hall to mine. After I took care of myself I tried to edit the interview as best I could. I elected not to use it.

There were other incidents from there. Kelley sat next to me on the bus on the way to a close road game and asked me where was the strangest place I had masturbated. No hello, no how you doing, just right into the crazy inquiry. I stammered some nonsense before she said "Mine is on this bus." She then went back to her seat without another word.

The capper was after the final home game of the season. The team had won the regional title for the first time in years and it was a fun game with a sellout crowd. As I was packing up (well after the arena had emptied out), Kayla came running up to me. "Phew you're here! We have an emergency and need your help, come quick!" I left my gear and followed her down to the locker room.

When I got there she led me to Cassie, the Libero (a defensive specialist), who was laying on the floor motionless in her uniform.

"She needs CPR! I'm not strong enough!" Kayla roared.

I had taken a class within the past year. I jumped into action, starting chest compressions and mouth to mouth. After a couple rounds nothing happened. Cassie was still motionless. I started to panic.

"Rip off her shirt! There's no time!" Kayla roared.

I obeyed and started to tear at her shirt (which we were taught to do in class). Kayla helped me get it off. "Here I'll pull her bra down for you!"

I did more chest compressions and more mouth to mouth. I was shocked when Cassie kissed me intensely and wrapped her arms around me. The kissing lasted a while as she made out with me. Then she pushed at me with a maniacal smile. "Gotcha!" Cassie stood up and left her bra dangling below her boobs, giving me a good look. She and Kayla were laughing hysterically.

I stood there dumbfounded. Before I knew it, Cassie and Kayla steered me further into the locker room toward the shower. At this point I didn't resist. I couldn't believe my eyes as the rest of the team was in there naked, all showering. I was looking at everyone's back, a lot of sexy bare asses. My jeans were getting quite uncomfortable indeed.

"This your reward for saving my life," Cassie winked at me. "He saved me ladies, let's turn around for him and thank him!"

The players all obeyed, as they all shut their water off and turned to face me. My eyes went wide as I stared at a line of beautiful tits and pussies. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed Cassie and Kayla had stripped down too and went to join the line.

"What do you think sir? Is this the sexiest team you've ever covered?" I was so entranced I didn't notice who said it.

"Who's your favorite? And be honest!"

"Which one of us would you most want to fuck?"

I was dumbfounded and just kind of stared. I tried to talk but no words came out. I'm pretty sure my mouth started to open and close a couple times.

"You know what I think?" It was Kayla now, in the nude like the rest of them, coming right up to me and rubbing my back, standing so close to me her boobs were rubbing against me. "I think he's too shy to tell us. I think he needs to show us."

She rubbed my pants in the crotch. "Oh yes I think he should show us. How about it Rick, you've seen all of us naked. Can we see your penis?"

"I think it's only fair," I heard Sarah say as she came up to me too. She stood right in front of me and looked down at my crotch, where she could plainly see my dick was getting harder by the second, even in my jeans.

I stood even more frozen than I walked into the shower. I couldn't believe what I was being asked to do. Even more so, I was getting incredibly turned on by the idea. My dick was dying to come out of those jeans.

"I want to see it," Brittany declared as she came to the other side of me, licking her lips as she too looked down at my crotch.

"Come on be a man. Show us your cock!" A voice declared as Cassie and Kayla positioned themselves behind me. Sarah stayed to the front and was joined by Kelley.

"Okay NOW!" Kayla declared.

Before I could react, Kayla and Cassie grabbed my arms while Sarah and Kelley took my legs. The four women had no problem lifting me up and carrying me to the center of the locker room. The rest of the team cheered as they followed us.

My arms and legs were spread as the four girls held me. The rest of the team gathered around in a circle. I watched helpless as an excited Brittany undid my belt and then my button, before she pulled down my zipper and then my pants. The women all cheered as my blue boxers came into view.

To be perfectly honest I didn't hate what was happening, as evidenced by my rock hard dick threatening to pop out. (Remember the women were all still naked.)

Brittany then took my one leg as Kelley pulled the one pants leg completely off. Kelley then switched with Sarah for the other leg. Sarah tossed my jeans aside before she grabbed my shirt and quickly pulled it over my head. More cheering and hollering.

I felt different hands grab my arms as my shirt joined the pants in the pile.

I was now only in my boxers with my dick continuing to want to break out. The women in the circle around us started clapping in unison. I watched as Kayla positioned herself to my side with a wide smile. I could see Brittany and Kelley holding my legs. From the corners of my eyes I could make out Sarah and Cassie holding my arms.

"Okay ladies it's time for the grand reveal! Can I get a drumroll please!" Kayla bellowed.

"Pull down his boxers!" The women declared in unison. "Pull down his boxers!" The girls clapped as they said each word.

The chant got louder and faster.

"PULL DOWN HIS BOXERS!"

I can't lie. I was turned on by the entire thing. The naked women. Them wanting to strip me. Seeing them get excited to get my clothes off. All of it. They had teased me throughout the season and it seemed it was building up to this.

"Come on Kayla do it already!"

"Okay are you ready for that cock ladies?"

There was incoherent yelling and screaming.

"Okay on three!

"ONE!"

The women counted in unison.

"TWO!"

I actually held my breath in anticipation.

"THREE!"

I watched transfixed as Kayla grabbed the waist of my boxers and yanked them down to loud cheering and whopping. She grabbed my leg and one of the other players grabbed the other leg as Brittany and Kelley pulled the boxers completely off and tossed them away. My cock was pointing toward my stomach, rock hard and throbbing. I'm not very big flaccid but I get up to seven inches fully hard.

I continued to held by four women, one taking each leg and arm, as the remaining women gathered close.

"You have really nice penis Rick," I heard Cassie yell behind me.

"I don't know who's enjoying this more him or us!" Kayla declared. "Look at that thing!"

"I sure wouldn't mind a ride," I couldn't tell who said it.

"I dunno I think it would be fun to make him jack off for us!" I think that was Kelley but I wasn't sure.

"Here I was thinking I want to make him cum all over my tits," Brittany declared.

"Hey I'm the Coach and it's my call!" The players' heads all turned toward the door as the team's Coach, who always insisted I call her Coach Pedersen and never by her first name, which I think was Jen, seemed to be coming our way. I was shocked as she joined the group and players made way for her.

"Well well," Coach said with a wide grin as she took in the scene, her eyes going right to my rock hard cock now pointing more in the air. "This is quite the celebration ladies. You said you would have some fun with him but this is well done!"

"We told you we would get him naked Coach!" one of the players I couldn't see shouted.

"Well bravo. This looks like a nice reward for a fine season indeed. Those are all fine suggestions for the celebration. I say we do as many as we can and see how much he can do for us!"

There was loud cheering. I couldn't believe the coach was in on this. She was younger than most coaches, I'd say maybe late 30s, and still quite attractive. She was a former player herself at the school.

"First I think the entire team should get to enjoy this. Rick, you're going to put on a show for us!"

The players clapped and screamed. There were some high fives exchanged.

"Stand him up and gather around," Coach declared. "Make sure everyone has a good view."

I felt myself get oriented to stand on the carpet and the women gathered in a U shape around me. I stood transfixed. Could I really do this in front of so many gorgeous women? They all looked so hot. Being a volleyball team they all had fantastic bodies.

"Wait Rick before you start I should be part of this too!" I watched as Coach Pedersen undid her dress and slid it down to reveal a black bra and matching panties. She walked right up to my front and turned around.

"Be a dear and unhook this for me Rick," Coach declared. I almost mindlessly obeyed. After I did so she slid the bra down, then I watched as she removed her panties. She had a great butt.

She turned around to face me. "I know I'm not as young as these ladies, but be honest Rick do I still have it?" She stood with her hands on her hips. Her boobs looked just as good as those of all the players. Her body was in just as good a shape.

"Yes ma'am," I mumbled.

"Yes COACH!" She bellowed.

"Yes Coach," I mumbled again.

"I can't hear you!" She bellowed again.

"Yes Coach!" I said much more forcefully.

"That's better. Just because you don't play for me doesn't mean you don't answer to me."

She stepped back and joined the players, who were all watching me eagerly. Kayla played with her own nipples.

"Well Rick I gave you an instruction," Coach said calmly.

I stood there for a moment then awkwardly moved my hand toward my dick in slow motion.

"I think this might help," Cassie fired up some music on the locker room speaker. I didn't recognize the hip hop song. I watched as some of the women danced, all staring at me.

I gulped and grabbed hold of my hard cock, then started moving my hand up and down it. Looking at all the gorgeous naked women meant I had no problem staying rock hard. Looking at the expressions on their faces was what made me get into it though. I found myself loving that they were loving it.

I don't think it took long. It felt like it didn't. In reality I'm not sure. I just remember feeling close and closing my eyes. It seemed the women could tell. "Make sure everyone has a good view!" I heard the coach yell.

I felt the liquid leave my body and heard a surge of shouting. I kept stroking and felt the liquid keep coming. I made sure there was nothing left when I stopped. I opened my eyes to see more high fives and hear more yelling.

I felt a tongue on my dick and looked to see it belonged to Cassie. "You were still dripping. I thought I'd take care of that for you," she said with a sly smile.

Normally I think I would have shrunk down to my much smaller regular size, which to be honest these women probably would have laughed at. With all them still naked though, that didn't seem to be a problem. They were all hot and I kept checking out them all.

A couple girls pulled me in to dance. I enjoyed Kelley wanting to grind on my cock and being sandwiched between Sarah and a bench player whose name I couldn't recall.

It didn't take the players long to realize I was still hard. I felt several hands grab my cock. Someone gently rubbed my balls.

"Hey Coach he's still hard!" I couldn't tell who yelled it over the music.

"Oh really?" She came over to inspect herself and rubbed her hand on it. "Oh yes. Ladies your attention!"

The music stopped and everyone stopped and turned to listen.

"If I do say so myself I think this should be a merit based award. I'm going to name our most improved player, who will get the honor of getting him off for us!"

There was much excited murmuring. "Our most improved player this year, who really turned her skill level around....is Brittany!"

There was much cheering. "Get Rick on the couch over there, and again make sure everyone has a good view!"

I was steered to the couch where I laid down. My dick rose toward my stomach. I watched as a smiling Brittany straddled me and took my dick in her hand. It felt nice as she rubbed it up and down. She was gentle and slow. I didn't mind at all. I was glad she wasn't going too hard.

I felt her pussy get wet on my legs. It was so gratifying I felt myself get even harder. I stared at her boobs that I was so shocked to see earlier in the season on the bus.

"Coach I'm sorry but I have to climb on!" She declared.

She didn't wait for an answer. There was a lot of shouting as she moved her body forward. She rubbed her wet clit up and down on my dick, then grabbed it with her hand and slid it inside her.

"Oh this feels good!" She declared. Since I had already come once, I didn't feel I was super close. I let her take the lead on pace. I think I blocked out the crowd around us. I wasn't really sure what was happening there.

It felt pretty quickly that I heard her moan. I can't really describe it only to say I could tell it was good for her. Before I could come she slid off me.

"Who else wants on?"

"Kayla is our MVP she should be next!" the Coach shouted. "It was my intention for her to get this prize if she wanted it!"

I was barely aware of Kayla swapping in for Brittany. I didn't have a chance to think about what was happening, or that I was getting my now wet and hard penis slid into the hottest girl on the volleyball team (which was saying something). Honestly I'm not sure I could have told you it felt like a different girl if I was pressed for an answer.

"Ooh yeah," I heard her say. "You're hot and shy. That's my type right there."

She grabbed both my hands and put them on her nipples. She directed my hands playing with them both.

I'm not sure how much time elapsed but I do remember a "ahhhhh!"

I still hadn't climaxed when she too climbed off. "I think we can get one more. Who wants his finish?"

I recall a great surge in noise at that point. "It should be someone clear on the birth control front!"

I was too stunned trying to follow along I wasn't even frustrated.

"Aw shit!"

"Damn i can't!"

"Well I can!"

"Me too!"

"No fuck it I want him in my mouth!"

Next thing I knew Sarah had crouched next to me and immediately took me in her mouth. After being inside the other women it felt, well to be honest better than that did. I'm not really sure why, but the sequence of events felt wild. I wanted to watch Sarah's mouth move up and down on my cock but I closed my eyes and just felt the sensation.

I felt myself explode in her mouth like I never had before. I felt my body release in a way I hadn't felt before or since. I might have yelled something but I'm not sure. When I was done I relaxed and I felt the lips leave my dick. I caught some blurs of excited yelling. Then I passed out.

I'm not sure if I came to seconds or minutes later but the room was still buzzing. I looked and saw three players crouched next to the couch and another sitting with my legs on her lap. I'm pretty sure it was Cassie but my memory is hazy. She was rubbing my penis which was still hard. "Hello there, mighty impressive how quick you can get back to this. Isn't it ladies?"

"Oh yeah, my guy takes hours. That is impressive."

"So who's ready for another round?" Another declared.

I can't say I remember much after that. I really wish I could. I do know I exploded inside someone, but I really don't remember who. I just remember it as an unforgettable night (understatement of the year I know).

I vaguely remember Kayla and Brittany cornering me to find out who I thought was better. I don't remember what I said but I don't think it matters. I think maybe someone took a picture of the three of us in the nude. I never got a copy and I'm not sure if one still exists somewhere.

I was still extremely shy around the team even after that night so I haven't asked anyone about any of it. Most of the players graduated after the season and I never saw them again.

I am forever grateful I didn't turn in that resignation letter. I even turned down a job in a bigger market to come back for another season. It's mostly new players but there are a few returners. I've already gotten a couple of winks at practice. One of the players came up to me, slapped my ass and whispered, "I hear your cock is legendary. I would like to put in a request to see it on our first road trip please."

I remember thinking I guess I should buckle up.