

Coipo Commission – Let The Games Begin II

The boys didn't give her much of an opportunity to discuss the cheerleading team. Rachel wondered if they were all girls, coed, or even all boys. The school didn't pivot toward either sex. Nor anything between – progressive. The boys transported her gingerly from the locker room, but without her verbal consent. Mounted upside down on a burly man, her throat bounced off his dick with each step. His arms locked around her middle, she could practically feel the heavy volume of cum sloshing around in her womb.

God, it made her feel alive! So many virile young men found her attractive enough to pass around like a fuck toy. Her amours seemed to have no end to their stamina. And to be fair? She couldn't complain. Enjoying a bevy of partners as if she were the most appealing woman they'd ever seen gave her quite a set of warm tingles in her loins. Or was that the arousal from having been fucked so much already?

Rachel couldn't get a good look at the field until the man carrying her finished in her throat, an unusual sensation, more so as she was set down. Her stomach protested, but she ignored it, though Rachel made a point to request not to be flipped again.

The field, immaculate and pristine, would serve as their new place of play. She doubted anyone would be present other than the team, and idly wondered where the coach was. Maybe they practiced independently or the coach would show up later? Rachel mentally shrugged.

The sun hid behind a cloud, providing light looking akin to the rays of God upon them. If she needed a sign, well, there it was. Neal took her by the hand, and she smiled at him. Ryan threw an arm around her, his hand groping her chest casually, and she raised an eyebrow.

"Getting awfully familiar, are we?" she asked, the corner of her lips tugging up in a smirk. The captain gave her chest a squeeze.

"What, I can't touch your tits? We were all balls deep in you just a couple minutes ago."

Ryan grinned at her. Rachel sighed. *Boys would be boys*, she supposed. She wormed out from under Ryan's arm and gave Neal's hand a squeeze before letting go, walking out onto the field proper. She played a few sports when she was younger. Nothing she would want to necessarily relive. But here, Rachel could feel that sense of nostalgia suffusing her form alongside the sunlight.

She wondered again what her daughter might think of her antics. On some level, she knew it a bit perverse to consider such, but even so. Thankfully, while she knew her daughter's proclivities – she told Rachel about this ritual, after all – she knew the girl wouldn't judge her too harshly. It would be hard to not come across as hypocritical, given she knew her daughter did the same thing she did now, and she previously sassed her for it. But by the same token, so too her daughter would come across as hypocritical were she to criticize her mother.

"So tell me, boys... what kind of team cheerleaders do you have here at the school?"

Rachel made a point of turning toward the team, and leaned down, her breasts swaying. Gravity could be a powerful ally when needed. She could imagine how she looked. The boys' eyes would be drawn toward her bust, full and voluptuous. Would drag along their form, the perkiness of her nipples, the slightest hint of stretch marks at the point where they joined her chest and sagged ever so slightly. Natural – which she always thought men found more appealing than implants.

Ryan scratched his cheek, looking at the other men. "The cheerleaders are all girls. Bunch of hotties. I guess mostly single? There's probably a couple dating someone." One of the boys in the back raised a hand.

"I dated Charlie!"

"Are you still seeing her?" Neal asked.

“Uh, no.”

“Then nobody cares, Dave!” Ryan rubbed the bridge of his nose. “Anyway. Why ask about the cheerleaders? Something on your mind?”

Rachel let out a devilish grin. “Of course. Neal asked before, what if they show up, right? Why not call them out? I'll fuck them too.” The boys exchanged looks.

“Some of them might be a little more uptight than we are about this kind of thing. They're girls, after all...” Ryan trailed off.

“Boys, boys!” Rachel drew herself up, letting her hands trail all over her body. She made a point of tossing back her hair, and letting her hands slide down, bouncing her chest and down along her waist and thighs. “I'm a girl too. You don't think I know how to convince them?” She gave them a knowing wink, a playful expression on her face. To be fair, Rachel couldn't be sure if she would provide the women a compelling enough argument to join in the festivities. But her daughter implied the cheerleaders were sluts. Made a lot of sense to try.

It took only a couple minutes of prep to set things up. The boys, content to watch and regain their stamina, pulled out a bunch of towels and water coolers from storage, setting them up on a table. Alongside them, they set out some chairs. Apparently, they intended to make a spectacle of this. Ryan dialed the girls up on his cell phone, arranging for them to come to the field. Whatever he said to convince them, Rachel saw them filing in literally only a few minutes later, suggesting he wasn't coy about the event.

The cheer team seemed composed of around ten women, each wearing identical uniforms. Rachel found herself enamored of the fit – a tight miniskirt leaving little to the imagination with a secondary layer underneath. The waistband was cut in a downward pointed V-shape, allowing for much of the lower midriff below the navel to be exposed; Rachel wouldn't

be surprised if they didn't make a point of shaving just to avoid having visible pubic hair from how low it sat. Their tops, while long-sleeved, had a similar V-neck with a bit of cleavage exposed. Overall, with gold and green highlights, the uniforms sparkled in the sunlight and made each girl stand out as compared with the boys.

The girls seemed a bit surprised at seeing the boys all in towels (with one or two still nude), casually getting drinks while Rachel basked naked in the sun. One, a prissy-looking blonde with purple eye shadow, stormed up to her.

“Um, lady, who the fuck are you?”

“Call me Rachel, I'm the team's good luck charm for next match. Hopefully for a few more, too,” she said, licking her lips.

The blonde seemed to short-circuit, as if trying to figure out a way to respond. She gestured to herself, then the other cheerleaders, and then stopped. “Alright, look. It's our job to pep the team up. Do you even go to this school?” the blonde asked.

Rachel came closer to her, putting a hand on the girl's shoulder. “Oh, honey, you're so sweet. But no, I'm a bit older. What's your name?” she asked, tilting the girl's chin up.

“I – uh, um.” A blush came across the blonde's face, even as she stammered. “Stacy. I'm cheer captain. We were going to practice our routine today before the boys got out here, and surprise them, but...”

“Want to practice a new routine with me? The little good luck ritual doesn't just have to be for them. I'm quite flexible,” Rachel said, leaning in and sliding a hand to Stacy's waist. Even though the air was cool and crisp, she could feel a hint of perspiration on the girl's body. No doubt from trepidation and excitement. Good.

Rachel traced lines and hearts along Stacy's midriff. No words, now. The goal would be

to convince the captain to join in the fun, and then the rest would likely follow suit. Stacy pushed against her ever so slightly, but her hands offered only the most token of resistances. As Rachel pushed forward again, she pecked the girl on the cheek.

“Pretty please?” Rachel said, batting her eyelashes. The motion would look a bit comical, disarming, coming from a MILF like her. But she banked on that feeling. Stacy's lip trembled for a minute, and then she grabbed Rachel's waist, pulling her closer. The two connected at the bust, Stacy's smaller chest squishing against Rachel's massive one, and the two kissed. *Hook, line, and sinker*, Rachel thought to herself. She let the smaller woman explore her body, hands roaming around, enjoying the physical attention.

The other girls seemed to chatter amongst themselves, and Ryan egged them on, saying something she couldn't fully hear about joining in – and it didn't take long until they did. Rachel expected more resistance, or fewer girls with bi or lesbian tendencies. Instead, it seemed the entire cheer team wanted to get in on this, each bouncing over with an eagerness she found surprising.

Each of the girls surrounded her, the boys whooping it up. She found a number of hands all over her body, and Rachel felt a thrill rush through her body. Much as with the boys before them, these girls didn't seem to any qualms about invading her space and doing what they wanted. She closed her eyes, enjoying as two sets of hands groped her chest, squishing and squeezing the soft flesh. Comparing it to their own busts, perhaps? She would have to do a quick perusal of the girls when she could for comparison's sake. Rachel did have her pride, after all.

One slapped her ass, and she bit her lip. Oh, these girls *knew* what to do, how to get her engine running. Sluts just like her, no doubt. Opening her eyes again, she found a girl kneeling in front of her, mouth an inch from her exposed crotch.

“Well, *hello*.” Rachel let a warm, motherly tone flow into her voice, the better to reassure the girl about to eat her out. The girl between her legs, a brunette with a star-shaped hair clip, leaned in and ran her tongue along Rachel's clit. Rachel moaned in pleasure, spreading her legs wider. Two of the squad grabbed her thighs, and a third tilted her back, the trio holding her in the air with ease. They kept her spread open, and the brunette dove into eating her out. That long tongue which snaked around her clit only seconds ago now delved into her sex, and found the waiting cum from the boys inside. She let out a happy murmur, and slurped noisily at Rachel's entrance.

Rachel put a hand on the girl's head, gripping her hair and keeping her pinned to her pussy. Stacy, standing to her side, smirked. “Looks like you're enjoying Britney, huh? She's pretty good at eating cunt. Practices on me and Jess all the time,” the girl said.

Rachel found it difficult to reply. “Is – is that so?” she managed. While she was no stranger to lesbian sex, something about Britney's skill went beyond the norm. The girl's tongue explored her in ways a penis couldn't, actively running its tip along each part of her walls. With expert precision, she tucked it into every nook and cranny of her folds, all the ribbing and bumps meant to massage a thicker, more aggressive member. But along with that precision came a feminine understanding, laser-focused, on how to tease out further pleasure.

Her hips shook and thighs quivered as Rachel reached an orgasm, the squad holding tight onto her. Being suspended in the air lent a new kind of exotic nature to the act. Britney didn't stop, even as the young woman felt the convulsion of Rachel's vaginal walls upon her tongue; instead, she moved her tongue in tandem with them, extending the orgasm and making Rachel squirm more.

After what felt like an eternity of suffering gleefully at the whim of the girl, she finally

stood, and crossed over to Rachel's flushed face. She leaned over, and opened her mouth, cum dripping down in a gooey runner. Were she less aroused, Rachel might question such behavior, but she instead gratefully accepted it, leaning up and meeting the girl in a kiss. She could taste herself on Britney's lips, a heady aroma of her own arousal combined with the thick scent of cum. It made her shiver again, this time in anticipation. *If this is what one of these girls is into, how raunchy are the rest of them?*

The cheerleaders set her down, and while she stumbled, they helped support her until she gained her bearings. Britney beamed at her, but another girl slid into view. This one made her gape in surprise. She thought previously she might be the most stacked among the women here. This notion now dispelled, she looked at a young woman who dwarfed her in both hip width and bust size. A bit taller, her red hair was braided in two lengths cascaded over her shoulders while the rest hung loosely, giving her a vaguely Scandinavian look.

“Hi. I'm Jess.”

“R-Rachel,” the MILF managed, still struck by the sheer heft of the woman in front of her.

“What say we get you under my skirt?”

Rachel had no reply. She acquiesced, kneeling down, but was surprised to see Jess coming down as well, leaning back. With her legs spread, she lifted her skirt, leaving her underwear (a very cute set of pink panties with a red ribbon) exposed. Rachel slunk forward, and as she pushed herself down to slide between Jess's thighs, another girl raised her hips, a hand pressed to the small of her back to keep the rest of her lower. *Oh? They want to eat me out while I eat her out? I'm not going to complain*, she thought to herself.

Rachel refocused, shifting closer to Jess. The girl's muscular thighs drew in her gaze,

supple and with little freckles here and there. Planting soft kisses along each, Jess seemed aroused already, a wet spot on her panties. Rachel pulled them aside, rewarded with sticky strands of fluid connecting the fabric to Jess's lips. Licking her own, Rachel leaned in and planted a soft kiss between Jess's legs. The musk of the girl in front of her, long aroused, made her loins twinge in further excitement. The cheerleader's inner lips were thin, flanked by a thick, heavy mount, and her clit, colossal and heavy, practically throbbed as Rachel pecked it.

She could feel the girls starting to gather around her raised behind, one sliding beneath her and another rubbing her thighs. The intent was obvious: to eat both her pussy and ass at the same time. Rachel would enjoy; Defrost often subjected her to this kind of treatment, if not demanded the same of her in turn.

But it wouldn't do to focus on the girls behind her when Rachel lay between another's legs, and she refocused. She took the heavy clit in her mouth, sucking on it. Rolling her tongue around its circumference, Rachel made a point to wet it further, enjoying how it glistened. The petals of Jess's pussy opened further, as if hungry, and Rachel was happy to oblige. She leaned down further, slathering them with her saliva and stroking in and around each with her tongue. One needed to please a partner properly, after all.

Rachel couldn't help but sharply exhale as she felt twin tongues upon her person. She expected them to take turns, but why would they? The boys didn't. The girl beneath her offered her no mercy, much like Britney; she orally attacked Rachel's clitoris while fingering her, a steady alternating pace. But the one atop her spread her ass wide, tongue lapping at her entrance, and Rachel found herself struggling to maintain composure. Normally, it would be no problem. Currently, having been the focus of a gangbang orgy and already been made to cum multiple times, her ability to concentrate seemed lessened.

She pushed her tongue into Jess's pussy. The tightness shocked her – like a vise! Despite the young woman's buxom form, it seemed she might be one of the more muscular on the team, her body tight in more than one way. Resting her hands on either of those huge thighs (which she couldn't help but admire), Rachel pushed her tongue deeper, with some difficulty. Despite the soaking wet nature of the hole into which she licked, Rachel could feel its insides pressing back against her. Offering so much resistance she struggled to properly plumb Jess's depths, the MILF pondered, and then realized an easier approach lay in plain sight.

She returned her attentions to Jess's huge clit, licking it before sucking it once again, this time with greater fervor. Jess began to moan, so she took it as a positive sign to continue, and replaced her tongue in the young woman's pussy instead with one of her fingers. At the same time, she felt her body quiver in starved ecstasy as her other partners increased the pace of their own amours.

A wet splash arrived in her face without warning, and Rachel realized Jess squirted upon her. She didn't hesitate, fingering the girl faster while keeping her lips fastened to the clit and sucking even harder, trying to draw out more of an orgasm. For her own part, it seemed she would repeat the feat; she could feel an orgasm welling up, and this one violently sprayed the girl beneath her with her own love juices. Despite this, the girl licking at her asshole offered no respite, continuing to tongue her and extend Rachel's own orgasm in turn.

Rachel kept going as long as she could, though she lost steam quickly, her legs shaking until she collapsed, sitting on the face of the girl underneath her – who squirmed free fast. The one eating her ass finally stopped, seemingly satisfied, and as Rachel snuck out from underneath Jess's skirt, she saw Stacy was the one in question.

“How'd we do? Better than the boys?” she said, panting.

Rachel could offer no reply. It tempted her to reference her daughter, see how she stacked up against her progeny, but she needn't be too competitive. She laid back on the grass, looking up at the sky, and smiled.