

I Can't Stop Cumming!
= Part 2 =
Attack of The Dickgirl Cheerleaders
By Razmagurk

I couldn't stop cumming.

Even now, as I was sent tumbling, end over end through the air, a thick rope of creamy white jizz oozed its way out of the tip of my dick.

I tucked to guide the spin, but that sent my knees squishing into my stupid hypersensitive tits. A moments pressure was all it took to leave me awash in an all-too familiar glow of raunchy hormonal pleasure.

I gasped at the accompanying surge of fresh jizz spraying into my condom, causing it to balloon up cartoonishly as it slid an inch closer to sliding off completely.

Oh my god, I blushed, not again! Had anyone seen that?

This wasn't normally a problem, was it? Why was I having so much trouble keeping my cock under control today? Not even the snug fit of the extra tight condom was going to help as the centripetal force of my spin threatened to tear it off completely, exposing all those inches of creamy girl-cock flesh for all to see.

Despite everything that had happened today, I was too juicy, too heavy. Physics would not be denied.

And then I hit the apex of the ascent, and suddenly I was weightless. I unrolled my body, leaning against the direction of the spin, holding out my arms and legs and dick in what I tried to make look to my onlookers like a confident gesture.

But it was sloppy - my balls and my tits were flopping around everywhere and if I was wearing the actual performance uniform, this spray of jizsm would have blown my cock-stocking clean off. For now, by some miracle, the condom held.

I spread my arms eagle, legs together, and crashed back down into the waiting arms of my team.

Derick stood up to clap as we finished our run-through of the routine, setting down for what seemed like the first time that weird idol he'd been carrying all day. Not that there was anything strange about that. It was perfectly normal. I furrowed my brow. Why wouldn't it be?

"That was amazing!" he beamed.

My heart fluttered at the commendation. Our regular coach was never so complimentary, and to hear it from Derrick of all people sent my girlish blood racing. Not only was he totally the cutest guy in school, and the chief Girldick Inspector to boot, but he was also a apparently a regional cheerleading official, too.

I bit my lip as I looked at the phallic little badge pinned to his shirt. God, what a man.

He had been so gracious as to take over when Coach Denvers had to head home sick. She must have had an allergic reaction to something because her butt kept swelling up bigger and rounder and hornier, poor thing. But Derrick had been there ready to fill in in more ways than one. It's almost like he'd been expecting it.

And sure, some of his ideas were a little unorthodox - normally we wore sports bras and athletic gear to keep us from jiggling out all over the place - but we couldn't argue that not wearing any underwear sure made things more breathable!

"Amazingly sloppy, more like!" Dakota rolled her eyes as she once again tugged her miniskirt back down over her perfect little bubble-butt. "Geeze Delilah, if you're getting off on it so much why don't you just start fucking masturbating while you're up there?"

My face turned red. I guess they had noticed after all. I crossed my hands over my chest as we moved into position for the next set, but all that did was call attention to my tingling unrestrained melons.

It was Dakota's job as team captain to be a harsh critic, but today she was being especially brutal. Without Coach Denvers here to yell at us she'd taken it upon herself to point out every little flaw.

And if there was one person who could make a girl painfully aware of her flaws, it was Dakota. She had the face of a model and - unlike me with my enormous hypersensitive tits - a body actually built for acrobatics.

She was lithe and athletic with small perky breasts and a tall proud cock that made mine look positively chubby by comparison. She came in a slow even trickle and never needed to worry about leaking. Hell, she probably didn't even need to jack off three times a day just to keep her balls from swelling.

I self-consciously crossed my arms tighter over my chest, but the tingling horny pressure as my arms squeezed against my stupid sensitive titties was exactly what got me into this mess in the first place.

"Hey, she's doing her best!" Danielle cautioned. "It's just practice."

"No, she's right." countered Debby, slapping my ass with her dick as she turned around too quickly. "What, you couldn't have emptied out before practice like the rest of us? It's bad enough you keep making googly eyes at the coach."

"Uh, yeah? Can you blame her?" Daisy giggled and gave a little wave over to where Derrick was sitting watching. We all swooned as he smiled back, the raunchy leer on his bespeached face so totally the cutest thing ever.

It was just the five of us left now. He'd sent the male half of the team and everybody under 18 home early. It was just us senior girls now, the best the team had to offer ready for a private practice.

It had been a rough one - condoms kept threatened to slip off, we kept bumping and rubbing our tits and dicks together by accident, and at one point Daisy had just spontaneously climaxed for like, five minutes straight - but he just laughed it all off. What a good spirit.

Now we were finishing the practice with a runthrough of our motions set: arms thrusting, legs kicking and pom-pons shaking.

I bit my lip, trying to stay focused, trying to lose myself in the rote athleticism of the performance, but it was no good.

"Give me a C!" we yelled, "Give me an O! Give me a C, K, Go!"

"What do we love?"

"Cocks!"

"What do we want?"

"Cocks!"

We linked our arms together to form the image of our mascot, the Hemmingway High Hencock. We all agreed it looked more like a dick than a duck, but Coach Denvers had been very precise when she laid down the routine.

Derrick, giggling, rubbed the idol. The world pulsed. Now it was time for the tricky bit. I pulled my top up over my raunchy tits.

Music shifting, we formed an inward-facing circle as we segued into the most technically demanding portion. I reached out and grabbed the dicks of the girl to my left and the girl to my right, fingers unable to fully reach around their girth, but joined by another hand from the other side.

I tried not to shiver as I felt my neighbors grab my trembling dick in turn, the heavy thing twitching as a fresh surge of ropey cum accompanied the sublime sensation of those delicate hands. I had to struggle to breathe without gasping. God, keep it together.

We started bouncing on our toes. It was no simple task in those stiletto practice heels, but it had the desired effect. Tits, dicks and balls, all hanging out for everybody to see, all bouncing and swinging in time with the music.

Dakota started us off, thrusting her hips in and out dramatically so that her turgid dick pumped furiously through the tight, gripping hands of her neighbors. Then Debby went, and Danielle, and so on counter-clockwise around the circle, alternating in-and-out as best we were able with an odd number.

It was an incredibly precise routine - one wrong move and it would look like we were jacking each other off, but that was ridiculous. There was nothing sexual about it. It may have been a little suggestive, sure, but this was cheerleading for god's sake!

Its mundanity did little, however, to ease the flood of pleasure washing through me as my dick pulsed and bulged in those soft hands, spraying with greater urgency into the rapidly filling reservoir of my condom with every thrust. I struggled for focus even as my legs threatened to buckle out beneath me.

And then the music increased in intensity and so did our actions, driving and pounding to the beat. An intensity that left even straight-lace Dakota red of face and dripping.

I bit my lip as stars slowly filled my vision and tingled against every nerve. We were so close, I didn't know how much longer I could hold out. I didn't know how much longer I could hold myself back, before I couldn't help but give into my desire and throw my cock between my tits and jack it off right here and now in front of everybody

Oh god.

There was another soft pulse

The other girls were mewling, they too were so close. But this was it! This was the finale.

We doubled tempo, hands and hips working in tandem, the low-key day-long orgasms that every girl suffers through were now building up to screaming climax!

We cried out in bliss as our dicks crashed together in the center of the circle, backs arched, hips bucking, we thrust and rubbed in a wild frenzy of desperate girlish frothing. Cum erupted as hot climax lead to more hotter climax.

Mine was the first condom to slip, spraying all over Dakota, but it wasn't the last, the girls fell in quick succession, one by one, counterclockwise, popping off like jizz rockets and splattering like a half-full balloon against the flesh of the girls opposite.

Five cocks, a tower of flesh, naked and rubbing and dripping, cum splashing everywhere as we giggled and grinned and bounced still on our heels, eking out every last second of cum-blasting bliss.

The music had stopped. The smell was the first thing that pulled me out of my drizzly haze. Like the girl's locker room on steroids. Fresh and potent, I had hot cheerleader girl-cum splattering down my face and onto my tits. Wet patches on my practice uniform stuck to my skin as it rapidly cooled like only cum could.

We were a dripping pile, dicks still leaking as we all stood stunned in the aftershocks.

And then there was another pulse and a look of hunger came over us.

Fuck, that smell. As though I needed another distraction. My mouth watered. Was there a girl alive who could resist it?

Routine done, the five of us fell on each other, pulling each other close as we eagerly licked each other's mostly-naked bodies clean of all that delicious girly cum.

"Oh my god," Dakota rolled her eyes again, slurping a handful of my pungent girl-cream off her perky breasts. "I still can't believe I get stuck opposite miss drippy dick over here. Christ, Delilah, if I didn't know better, I'd say you enjoyed that."

"Come on Dakota," Danielle once again rose to my defence. "Leave her alone! You know she can't help it."

I was too embarrassed to say anything. The truth was, she was right. I had enjoyed it. But who wouldn't enjoy performing like that? Moving and stretching, heartbeat pounding. I loved every second of it. This was why I was a cheerleader!

Okay fine - I blushed again at the sight of exactly how much cum was oozing off her body, how much was even now sloughing out of my dick, rope after thick rope onto the mat below - maybe I had gotten a little turned on, but it wasn't my fault! Sometimes it seemed like this stupid body of mine was made specifically for sex.

God, I ran my tongue around Danielle's milky areola's. Leave it to Dakota to ruin a mid-practice snack.

"She's right though!" grumbled Debby. "Is this going to be a problem?"

I shot a glare at the girl. She was just bitchy because she had small balls.

"Daisy, a little help?"

But Daisy just fell into a fit of giggles as Debby lapped at her thighs. The poor girl suffered from Bimbobecumbus disease. Her ability to focus went out the window after cumming. She'd be useless for the rest of the day.

"Amazing work, girls! Amazing!" Derrick laughed, dick in hand.

Dakota just shook her head though, a stern reminder that Coach Denver would have had a fit if she'd seen us fuck up the timings like that.

"Now who wants to give me a private show?" Derrick continued.

A private show? During cheer practice? What was he talking about? We looked at him confused, but he just wagged his eyebrows and rubbed the idol.

My hand shot up, though not as fast as the others. Of course! Someone had to give the coach a lapdance! It was the most important part of the whole routine! Normally it was such a chore, especially with the way Coach Denver's foot-long girl-schlong kept getting in the way, but with Derrick here - we were all giggling at just the thought of pressing our hot sweaty bodies against a man like him.

We stood at attention as he looked us over one by one, hemming and hawing as he evaluated our every curve, trying to decide which of us deserved the honor. He winked as he got to me. I blushed. Was he thinking about the time we'd spent in the girl's bathroom earlier as I drained my balls all over the wall of that stall?

“Delilah. I think you’ve proven time and again that you’ve got what it takes.”

Oh my god. I blinked in disbelief. He picked me. He’d actually picked me?

“Wait hold on!” Dakota’s hand shot up. “That’s not fair! Delilah’s been slutting it up all practice. She hasn’t been taking this seriously at all! I should be the one to do it!”

Oh my god, that bitch. I wanted to yell, I wanted to scream, I wanted to come at her cat-claws blazing, but all I could do was glow red in sheer humiliation.

“Oh?” Derrick raised an eyebrow as he walked over once again to Dakota’s athletic form. “Do you really think you have what it takes?” Her cum-stained top was diaphanous as it clung to her small perky breasts. Her dick, jutting out unrestrained from her miniskirt tall and proud, twitched as Derrick leaned in for a closer look.

“I do!” Her balls clenched as she stood at attention.

“We’ll see about that.” Derrick’s gaze fell politely to her tits as he stood back and started rubbing the idol again.

He gestured for her to step forward. Dakota arched her back to show off her assets. Of course she had what it took, she had the biggest tits in school - and the biggest dick to boot - god, I’d always been so jealous. Much like her huge balls, they were these perfect perky spheres that bounced so lusciously at even the smallest motion. It was like, the perfect body for cheerleading. My tits and dick were huge don’t get me wrong, and sensitive and jiggly to boot, but how could I ever compete with that?

A familiar shame flashed through me. I wasn’t good enough. How could I be, next to her?

And yet... and yet he’d chosen me, hadn’t he? He picked me over her.

“Wait, coach!” I stepped forward despite myself. “I can do it! I’ll make you proud, I promise! Put me in.”

Dakota scowled, but I didn’t back down.

“Clearly,” Derrick laughed, “We’ll need a way of deciding. How about I have the two of you compete for it?”

“Great idea!” Dakota beamed.

Oh no.

“And I know just the thing. Why don’t we see which of you can cum harder?”

“Wait, what?” I blushed, but my heart pounded as well. What was this feeling? Hope? Even after my fifth climax today, my cock was still leaking like a faucet. Oh my god, I might actually have a chance. An especially thick rope oozed down my naked shaft at just the thought.

“I don’t get it.” Dakota furrowed her brow, “what does that have to do with cheerleading?”

“Isn’t that how girls normally settle disputes?” He rubbed the idol. This time the pulse came so strong I almost reacted.

Well, he wasn’t wrong. Girls have been solving things through dick and cum measuring contests since ancient greece, but that was normally a private thing behind closed doors or settled by big-dick lawyers in the court of law. This was hardly the time or place for something so formal.

“Oh, I know!” This time his laugh was darker, almost sinister. “Why don’t I have one of the boys help out?”

He giggled to himself, eyes closed as he rubbed the idol some more. The five of us just looked back and forth between each other confused.

An awkward moment later the door opened and Dylan, one of the runners from the football team, walked in.

“Dylan?” the girls quickly tried to make themselves more presentable. Dylan was one of the alpha males at school, popular, athletic, and built like an action movie star. He was wearing a grass-stained padded shirt and athletic pants, complete with generous cup. The team must have been running drills out on the field.

“Uh, I got a call?” he looked around unsure. “I heard you girls needed me?”

“You know girls,” Derrick added, “Dylan here’s been something of a thorn in my side.”

“Huh?”

“Ever since sophomore year, he’s bullied me, insulted me, made me feel like utter shit because I couldn’t get a date and he was so fucking popular.”

“Dude,” he raised an eyebrow, “what are you talking about?”

That couldn’t be right. Derrick was the hottest guy in school. He’d always been the hottest guy in school. Girls oozed at the thought of him. Who would be bullying him? God, the thought made me bristle.

“But I suppose now that’s all in the past, isn’t it? After all,” Derrick was stroking the idol now, petting it like he was some kind of cartoon villain. “We all know that the real reason Dylan tries to make others feel bad is because he’s got the smallest dick in school.”

Dylan blushed. But it was nothing we didn’t already know.

“That’s why he’s so jealous of you girls, isn’t that right, Dylan? With their great big cocks. It entrances you, doesn’t it? You wish you had a dick that big.”

He swallowed, his eyes helplessly forlorn as he stared at our throbbing feminine members.

“And so you’ve always done everything you could to be like them. Dressed like them, acted like them. You’ve done everything you could to get as close to those great big dicks as possible. That’s why you’re so happy being a cum receptacle for these girls, isn’t it? That’s why you train yourself to be able to take load after hot girl-load deep in your ass and throat. It makes you feel good and used and it brings you closer to the cocks you wish you had. That’s why you practice so hard every day with your dildos isn’t it?”

I furrowed my brow. Derrick was saying it like it was some profound revelation, some divine proclamation, but come on, everybody knew Dylan was like that.

“Mm, yes sir!” Dylan bounced forward on his teetering heels, his short skirt riding just up enough over the generous swell of his juicy little bubble butt to show off the base of the plug he had nestled between his cheeks. He twiddled a finger around a lock of long strawberry-pink hair hanging just low enough to call attention to his fake cleavage. Between the diet and the cosmetics and raw genetics he looked as feminine as any of us. In fact, the only thing keeping him from passing as a girl entirely was the lifelessness of his enormous silicone strap on.

Derrick snickered, then fell over backwards laughing.

“In fact! In fact!” he tittered, “The whole football team is like that, aren’t they? You lot are all total giggling femboy jizz-rags for any girl that wants to use you, and especially the cheerteam, isn’t that right?”

I frowned. Was he teasing one of our boys?

Dylan though just giggled along, nodding enthusiastically, eager to show off what a good little bitch he was.

“Is that why you need me, sir? Have you girls run out of condoms? Oh wow!” He licked his lips as he stepped over to us, sliding to his knees to take Daisy’s oozing dick into his mouth before it could leak any further. “Here,” he slurped “I’ll be happy to help!”

Daisy just giggled and cooed contently, cum sloughing noisily into Dylan’s eager mouth.

“Actually,” Derrick corrected, “I was hoping I could have you help settle a dispute between these two. We need to see who can cum more.”

“Oh my gosh!” he leapt up, “I haven’t officiated in ages! I’d be totally honored!”

Daisy groaned in disappointment as Dylan pulled away, rising up to stand before Dakota and I. He shook both our dicks by way of formal greeting. The thin trickle of cum coming from both our dicks intensified, splashing gently to the floor.

Oh my god, were we really doing this?

“Okay girls,” he pulled out a coin and flipped it into the air. “Heads or tails?”

“What?”

"Heads!" Dakota crossed her hands over her enormous chest.

"Heads it is!" he confirmed the results. "You get first pick. Do you want my head or my tail?" he turned and gave the ripe swell of his peach-perfect butt a playful slap.

I swallowed awkwardly. Look, I knew that there was nothing sexual about this. This was just one of our cute little jizzrag boytoys from the football team offering to help us settle a dispute. So why was it that seeing this boy's perfect butt and puckering dick-hole was getting me all worked up?

Maybe Dakota was right. Maybe I was a slut after all.

"I'll take your ass."

Wait, shit, what? That's not fair! How was I supposed to compete on equal footing when she had the better hole?

But it was too late. He'd already fallen to his knees, plump rump waving invitingly in front of Dakota's virile crotch as he brought his perfectly made-up face to my pulsing rod.

His eyes danced a complex rhythm of emotions - jealousy, admiration, lust. He inhaled deeply, as though trying to memorize the nuanced scent of this constantly oozing lady-boner that was driving him so wild.

I could feel his hot breath chilling the still cum-wet head of my leaky shaft. He pulled out a fresh dry condom, put it between his lips, and rolled it down past the head of my cock with his mouth, unfurrowing the massive thing as far down my throbbing lady meat as he could before he was forced to come up for air.

Ah fuck - I shuddered - his throat was so hot, so tight!

Already I could feel the pressure building up inside me, already I could feel the cum churning from my balls and through my seminal vesicle into the thick shaft buried down his hole. By the time he'd come away for his first breath the condom was already starting to fill.

But Dakota wouldn't be denied. Condom on, she had removed the small eight-inch plug he'd been wearing and was prepared to show him what a real cock felt like.

She dove into him fast and hard and deep. The force of her hips sent him forward, groaning into my dick, stomach distending from the girth of the school's biggest dick. He had stars in his eyes.

Dylan pulled off my cock with a pop, panting, fists tight, abs twitching at the deep primal pleasure washing over him. In exactly the kind of trouble I knew all too well, for all his practice, he struggled for focus as his body betrayed him.

Damnit, not only did she have the better hole, but her big stupid boy-breaker was keeping him so distracted that he was struggling to give me good head.

"Come on, Dylan!" I gently slapped his face with my cock a few times to bring him back to the moment. "I don't want to lose to her!"

His eyes swam with each of Dakota's thrusts but soon enough I was able to get him to focus on the long schlong swinging before his face. He blushed in embarrassment and held his drooling tongue out past his plump cherry-red lips, a perfect inviting hole for my throbbing fuckstick.

I wanted to be gentle. I liked Dylan, I didn't want to hurt him. But Dakota was winning and I had to catch up.

I grabbed the back of his head, my hand tightening around his pigtailed like handlebars. I pushed his face right down to my crotch.

He gargled in bliss, his own cum dribbling out of his extra-small chastity cage - each full-blown climax rocking through the boy yielding barely a few watery drops, not even a tiny portion of the spray of thick cum unloading into the expanding reservoir of my condom with every thrust.

Fuck, it felt so damn good. I was catching up fast. All day, every day, I struggled to deal with the constant low-level buzz of my luridly dripping dick, and now - now my high flow was actually good for something! I stroked faster, stoking the fire in my loins to a blazing tempest, surges of climax washing over me as I pounded this wet fuckable hole.

Not that - ah - not that this potential torrent of pleasure was ever truly far away, but it was times like this that I could really appreciate having a warm hole to stick it in. Dylan and the football team could be real lifesavers.

I had to be careful though. It was a delicate game. If I went out too hard now, I'd cum my brains out, sure, but I'd be done. This was a marathon to get as much hot sticky pleasure flowing from the fountain of my cock as possible. The longer I kept that up before hitting my peak, the fuller my condom would be. And besides, I'd climax all the harder for the foreplay.

I just - fuck - I just had to hold on.

I just had to hold out while Dylan worked his tongue along my balls every time he bottomed out.

Shit.

My hips rolled of their own volition as Dylan reached around to massage my heavy baby-makers, one in each hand. My knees trembled, threatening to buckle out beneath me. Between the vacuum seal of his throat and these skilled ministrations, this boy knew what he was doing. He'd plugged in the amp my electric guitar; my every nerve was left shuddering with blind-eyed thunderous bliss.

Oh god. I threw my head back and gasped.

No no no. It was happening too fast. I could feel it building already, I could feel the reasonable part of my brain start to give away, my hips dancing to a tune beyond my control. My grip around the boy's hair tightened but I was far from the one in control.

The first climax slammed into me so hard the world gave way beneath my feat - a moment of sublime weightlessness before I came crashing down into a roaring ocean of pleasure. Surge after thick bulbous surge pulsed their way through my dick, the wet heat of my cum catching in my condom, the latex reservoir holding it tight against me.

Fuck, no, no! I grit my teeth through the mindless rapture. Hold on. Keep it together!

But it was no good. I could do nothing but scream out as the second wave plowed into me and then the third, battered by that ocean of ball-draining bliss, thick geysers of cum pulsing out my dick like the beating of a heart.

"You see?" laughed Dakota, still thrusting into Dylan's trembling ass with barely a sweat. "I win!"

And like that I went from awash upon the sea of sublime sensation to slamming face first into the rocky shore of humiliation.

She was right. I'd failed. I'd made a fool of myself in front of everybody. In front of Derrick. I'd let him down. I'd let myself down.

I looked up, through the tears already starting to well in my eyes, at Derrick's shining face. He was smiling, dick in hand, grinning as he saw my condom swell and expand. He wasn't counting me out yet. What did he know that I didn't?

Of course. Oh my god of course.

"No!" I pulled back, dick freeing from Dylan's tight throat with a sloppy slurp. "It's not over yet."

For most girls this would be it. My condom was full, already overflowing, juices dribbling out around the edge, drizzling along my slobbery balls and down my creamy thighs. But I wasn't most girls, was I?

"What are you talking about? You just climaxed. You're already out of the race."

"No." I gave my cock another pump. A shiver ran through me as a fresh load surged forth. "This isn't over until the fat lady cums. Don't you get it? I'm still cumming!"

I may not have been good for much. I may not have been the best student or the most attentive cheerleader. My body might have been a hair-trigger oversensitive drippy nightmare. But if there was one thing I had going for me, by god, it was that the cum never stopped. Hadn't I bemoaned this curse time and time again? And now... now it was a blessing!

I rose shakily to one foot.

"Oh my god."

"What? You just came! How are you still leaking so heavily? You freak!"

If only she knew.

“Fine!” she pulled out of Dylan’s juicy ass with a pop and a force that sent him tumbling. “You want to keep going? Round two bitch. And I won’t have you bitching about not getting a fair fight. We do this by hand!”

We tore off our condoms. As full and as bloated with cum as our balls still were, as fast and as flowing as our dicks had become, there was no time for replacements.

Dylan scampered over, falling to his knees between the drizzling flesh-blades that were our cocks. His grip was tight and gentle and hot, but he couldn’t fit his hand around either of our shafts, and soon our own hands were making up for it.

Dakota’s cum sprayed out in sharp regular bursts as mine oozed and sloughed at random. We were both panting wetly, every thrust and pump milking out more girl juice, priming the pump from the deep well of femininity churning in our womanly balls. Her gasps were an echo of my own, adding in harmony to the all too familiar concerto of my masturbatorial soundscape.

Already primed to the bitter horny edge from Dylan’s fuckholes, it was only a matter of time before one of us gave way. Riding high as I was though on my second wind, Dakota was the first to buckle. She swooned as a particularly aggressive rope shot out of her, the trembling of her body and the ensuing sway of her dick - a rare moment of weakness. Her cum splashed playfully on my hot heaving tits.

She knew the score. If I was going to go two rounds, then so would she. Hell, more maybe. As many as it would take. She fell into me, our dicks touching, the heat and the pressure rising as we went head to head, cum mingling as it oozed out onto the floor.

And soon, the touching, the rubbing, the grinding of heads had led to so much more. Raunchy primal forces sent us bucking and rutting closer and closer, dickflesh scraping against quivering dickflesh.

I tried to hold back, I tried to relax and remove myself from the sensation, but I wasn’t nearly so stoic as this girl before me.

Dakota was determined and she was proud and damint, she was good. A moment’s quiver saw her pressing the advantage. I fell back, knees buckling, and suddenly she was ontop of me, the heavy weight of her balls enveloping my shaft as one fell to either side of it. God, I could feel them churning hotly, as her hips bucked, stroking my cock with her massive balls.

But the heat of my shaft wouldn’t be denied. I rolled my trembling hips into them, pressing, squeezing. There was another crack in her stoic resolve and a groaning cry. She shuddered in pleasure. Wait, was this bitch getting off on this? After all the shit she had given me?

I squirmed for position as the two of us rolled - dick-against-dick - on the cum stained mat below. Dylan’s ministrations had fallen away as we wrestled. Now were competing for real, girl on girl.

Fine. She was enjoying this? She was getting off on this? Then I would too! I pulled a hand from my shaft and reached up to grope at one of my great big hypersensitive titties - those milky mounds I’d spent the whole practice trying not to accidentally climax from touching. My whole adult life I’d had to be careful, one wrong step, one errant bump, and they’d have me lying on the ground shooting loads. But now. Now it was time for them to shine! This bitch didn’t know who she was messing with.

Dakota however, saw me going for it and knocked my hand away instead, tumbling us off balance and sending us crashing into each other.

Oh fuck. Stars exploded behind my eyes as my tits slammed hard into her heaving, cum-stained bosom. Our raunchy tits mashing together, as our dicks quickly enveloped in the soft heat of that tender girlflesh, lubricated by our mutual drippings into a slippery mess of toe-curling sensation.

Had she planned that? She bit her lip as her diamond-hard nipples thumbed aggressively at my own needy areolas.

Already I could feel my next climax building, orgasm building up to climax as my loads grew larger and more urgent. Again, I was knocked over by the sheer force of the sensation, a firehose of cum erupting from my dick between our tits and onto her face.

“What!?” she balked, cum dripping down her eyes. “Again!?”

I smirked, but it was drowned out in the keening wail of my rising climax.

I had her two to one. And this? This was only the beginning.

“Come on, Delilah, show that bitch who’s boss!”

“Oh my god, Dakota. You’re not going to lose to someone like her, are you?”

A giggle.

The world pulsed. The rest of the team was gathered around us in a circle now - leaving a little gap for Darren to see, of course, stroking their dicks and fondling their balls and tits as they cheered raunchily for us.

Even Darrick had his cock pounding away in his fist in support, eyes carefully evaluating our contest. My heart thundered. As the Girl-Dick Inspector he had a keen eye and I had to make sure I was able to impress.

Every stroke of our onlooker’s naked cocks splashed more cum onto the floor, a fresh bouquet adding itself to the delicious, heady aroma pooling beneath us as we rolled on the ground, grinding into each other as tight as we could, desperately struggling to extract every little advantage we could.

But it was such a struggle now to even form coherent thoughts. My entire body was light and dizzy and buzzing in lusty orgasmic bliss, and while I had her inch to inch, she was rapidly gaining ground.

I wanted so badly to just fall over and pass out in the post-orgasmic haze, but - I looked over at Derrick’s learing face - I couldn’t give up. Not while he was watching. Not while he still believed in me!

I needed to end this, now, while I still had a chance! I grabbed her dick with both hands and took it in my mouth. She may have had stamina but she was on the edge and I was in the lead. I licked around the head of her dick and flickered my tongue along the bottom where it met the shaft, slurping hungrily at

our mingled juices as I went. As a girl I knew damn well just how good that tiny inch of flesh could be. It was an attack at her most vulnerable spot and normally it wouldn't be enough, but here and now? So close to the edge?

Sure enough, a great big glob of pearly Dakota-flavored cream blasted onto my face. I grinned as I doubled down, rubbing along the ring of her head while I sucked and flicked at that most tender spot.

"No!" she cried out "You - bitch!"

It wasn't much, but it was enough to put her over. And girl - I know full well how hard it was to pull back from that point.

With the last of her strength Dakota pulled me in, body against body, her trembling lips kissing the taste of my creamy cum into my own mouth, hot and dirty. Eagerly, I returned the favor.

Derrick's stroking of his own dick intensified, his cheering growing louder. He reached over to rub the idol. There was one final pulse.

And then, hips bucking and abs clenching, her whole body shook with toe-curling, eye-rolling dick-exploding climax.

She shot hard and she shot fast. And god help me, so did I.

Jets of cum like fountains, jets of cum like geysers. So high it almost hit the ceiling. A pungent sticky flood bowling us over. The girls were cumming too, and Darren, and even Dylan, all covering our hot juice-drenched forms with one final splashed layer of cum.

And with that we fell back spent. Sweaty matted hair meeting the pool of cum below.

Thank god we had the mats down.

"Great job girls!" Derrick rubbed the idol anew. "This new routine is really going to kill out on the field!"

"Huh?" my head swam, exhausted. Wasn't this about...?

Right! This was our new cheer routine. We'd been practicing it all month piece by piece and now we finally put it all together! Sure, it was a little argumentative, but it would have the judges stroking their dicks in appreciation for sure!

We'd have to find someone to replace Dylan's' role, of course, at least when performing in front of the football team - he'd be out on the field with the rest of them in their skimpy lingerie, competing to see which school could suck the most dicks - but I'm sure we could find plenty of boys willing to take his place.

"Oh, thank you!" The six of us ran over to hug Derrick. He was so humble, he blushed as all our naked girly cocks rubbed into his for the group hug and make out session.

"Delilah?" he took me aside "I think you were definitely the one cumming the hardest. Good job out there. I think we'll have to save that lapdance for later though. Maybe over dinner some time?"

"Eee!" The girls squealed.

"I- I'd love to!" I nodded. Was he actually asking me out? Oh my god oh my god oh my god. He could have had any girl in the school and he was asking *me* out! Not Dakota or Debby, but me!

"Oh my god, look at the time!" barked Debby, changing the subject.

"Shit!" Danielle jumped, checking her phone, "practice should have been over twenty minutes ago! My boyfriend's been waiting to pick me up! God I'm going to give him such a pounding when we get home."

"Time to hit the showers." grinned Derrick.

Daisy giggled as she grabbed a handful of Dylan's prodigious ass and guided him over to the locker room. He giggled along too, eager to be included in all the girly fun. We weren't done with him yet.

I stood before the changeroom door, last one to leave. I turned to give one final look at Derrick. There was so much I wanted to say. How grateful I was for him believing in me, how great this day had become because of him.

Instead, red-faced, I just gave a little wave.

He winked then laughed. I'd be seeing more of him soon enough.

There was a pulse as I stepped into showers.

Alright! Time to lick each other clean!

The End.