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Winning the Game  
by Satyr (address withheld)

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The school physical education staff arranges the best thank-you following the school rugby team's against-all-odds win against a rival school. (m+f+, teens, Mf, mF, inc, rom (cons), 1<sup>st</sup>)

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[The author acknowledges the inspiration provided for this story by 'It's How You Play The Game' by Julia, which appears in the Kirsten Archive at <http://www.asstr.org/~Kristen/36/itshow.txt>].

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It was always going to be a hard match. It was a start-of-season friendly match against a rival school, but a match that had had the element of a grudge ever since their opponent's pretty and popular Religious Studies teacher had left, with swollen belly, six months after a previous match. At the time, the finger had pointed at Taylor's predecessor as head of sport at Match End School; but Taylor himself had long suspected the First XV captain, a dark visaged saturnine youth, who had already carved a sexual swathe through the girls of the school, of having done the great deed during the half-time break. Over the Deputy Headmaster's desk no less, and all in 20 minutes – a most impressive feat, Taylor thought. The lad had later distinguished himself in a fight over a patch of sand and a few ruined buildings: evicting a much superior force of Taliban fighters from their stronghold with a ferocious night-time bayonet charge which brought the newly commissioned officer a decoration for gallantry and swift professional advancement.

Taylor dragged his wandering attention back to the present, and Latymer School's rugby pitch, which a persistent drizzle, and the churning boots of 30 youths, was turning to a quagmire to rival the Somme before his eyes. The two teams had battled hard, and now, only 20 minutes before full-time, Match End School were eight points behind. It was a tradition of the fixture that, at about this time, the substitutes went on – if they hadn't already been called because of injury. It troubled Taylor though: one of those sudden bugs that sometimes afflict a community, such as a school, had swept through Match End only a few days previously, and the team had lost several players. He'd managed to replace all of them – the school had a strong rugby ethos: all of the boys played – but had had to resort to filling the substitute's slot with Tim, a slightly-built young lad of 14 from the second XV, who showed promise, but lacked the size and experience of the senior boys of 16 and 17 who he would be playing against today. Taylor glanced up, and caught the quizzical look from the Latymer's gym master. He shrugged. Eight points behind and little chance of making them up with only 20 minutes of play left. What harm could it do, provided, of course, that the lad didn't get hurt? Taylor nodded his assent, and began to prepare his substitute for action.

Substitutions made with the referee's agreement, the game restarted. Swiftly, a ruck developed on the half-way line. Suddenly, the ball bounced clear, directly into Tim's path. Grasping the ball, he fled down the wing – it would be kinder to say ran, but the

sudden solid wall of Latymer's players developing behind him, and then bearing down on him lent wings to his feet, and turned an otherwise graceful progression into a dash for life. Cornered suddenly, Tim turned, desperately seeking a Match End player to pass the ball to. Seeing nobody, he dropped the ball. Taylor's heart sank. Tim kicked the ball on the rebound. A tremendous kick, which lifted the ball high towards the upper part of the 'H' shaped goal. It cleared the bar. Cleanly. Right through the middle of the 'H'. Taylor heard himself shouting with joy. The scoreboard confirmed it – three points. Match End were now only five points behind.

Minutes later, Taylor was yelling with excitement – again. A maul had stalled, and the referee awarded a scrum. As the ball bounced out, Latymer's made an awful tactical blunder. Maybe his smaller size, possibly still shocked over the hopeless fluke of the earlier kicked goal, but they'd left Tim unmarked. He snatched the still rolling ball nearly from under the nose of Latymer's leading player just as he stooped to retrieve it. The Latymer player, thus thwarted, bellowed in rage, turned and gave chase. Tim's run down the wing was reminiscent of the great JPR Williams at his most magnificent, and with the same result. Tim slid over the goal line for a try, closely followed by a wall of Latymer players. Five points more on the board. Match End were even. Taylor was ecstatic; all they had to do was convert in order to win. Even if they failed, the match would be a draw. In the middle of the field, Taylor could see the Match End captain, a tall handsome youth named Russ, was talking urgently with other Match End players. Suddenly, they stepped back, leaving Tim with the ball. Steadily, he advanced on the line and placed the ball, paced back, then ran to kick. Taylor's heart was in his mouth. He couldn't believe what his captain had done – allowing the inexperienced junior player to take the kick. The ball wobbled in flight, sagging, and grazing the horizontal bar, rolling over it to the ground below. Two points – and victory – to Match End. Taylor barely heard the final blast of the referee's whistle, signalling the end of the match. The ball bounced away still, unheeded, as the echo of the final whistle died away.

'Why,' hissed the Latymer's gym master as he congratulated his opposite number, 'didn't you play the lad in your starting line-up?' Taylor could only grin idiotically and shake his head as his shaken rival stepped away, still shaking his head in amazement.

It was usual at away fixtures for the Match End team to use the host schools spare changing room, but today it was different. Taylor seemed in an unusual hurry to be away. Directly after the match, Taylor urged his charges into their tracksuits and then into the school mini-bus. It was late afternoon, he said, and he wanted to get as fast a start as was possible for the drive back across town to Match End and avoid the evening rush if he could. The Latymer's Headmaster, who faced a similar journey across town through the evening peak of traffic, nodded his understanding and bade the winning team farewell, for another year.



As the mini-bus arrived back at Match End, the last of the pupils were straggling from its gates, and the staff car-park was emptying. It had been, despite a prompt departure from Latymer's, a slow journey. Some of the older boys, who were learning to drive themselves, couldn't see why Taylor, who drove the big mini-bus, hadn't made the most of the breaks in traffic. Instead, he seemed to drive slower than usual, and was

not reluctant to be delayed. As they returned to their school, some of the boys were all for slipping away to shower at home, but Taylor persisted and herded his charges into the school changing room and the showers.

As the last of the boys emerged, naked and dripping in the steamy heat of the changing room, he called out 'Dry off quickly, lads. There's no need to dress yet – I've got a surprise, a pleasant surprise for you. It's my way of saying thanks for your efforts today, and particularly your win.' The boys were surprised, and a little embarrassed by the announcement, and a ripple of mirth and speculation ran around the room.

Taylor called again 'When you're dry, line-up here, by the door to the gym. Give the other lads room to finish drying off. Come on lads, quickly.'

The boys crowded towards the connecting door and, when the last boy dropped his towel, Taylor stepped through into the gym, beckoning the still naked boys to follow. The gym at Match End was like the gym in any other English state school that had been built in the late 60s or early 70s. It was a long rectangular room, with a pair of reinforced glass double doors at each end. One pair led to the outside world, the other into the school corridor. Tonight, both doors were curtained. The only windows were clerestory windows just below the high roof, and the walls were lined with fold-away gym equipment – ropes, climbing frames, and adjustable bars. The overhead lights were on, brightly illuminating the room, combating the dusk falling outside.

As they followed Mr Taylor into the gym, Tim, who was third behind Russ and Joshua – the only black player on the team – had only time to see that some of the large, green, padded mats that were used to cushion the floor during gymnastics had been strewn about the hall, before he cannoned into Joshua, who had stopped dead. Looking past the bigger boy's shoulder, he could see why. They were not alone. Standing in the middle of the gym was Miss Martin, the younger of the two female gym teachers. Ordinarily, she was a fearsome woman, unfriendly and aggressive, like many a gym teacher. Always shouting, always clad in a misshapen tracksuit and with her collar length, mousey-blond hair pulled back into a severe bun.

The boys hissed with embarrassment, their hands flying to protect and conceal their crotches. But there was something different tonight. Tonight, Miss Martin's hair was loose and she wore a scrape of cosmetics. Gone was the tracksuit. Instead, she wore plain black heels and what seemed to be a man's shirt, several times too big for her. The shirt was part unbuttoned and, as she moved, she displayed a generous amount of haunch at the sides, suggesting that she wore little or nothing else on her lower half. Aware of all eyes on her, and of the sudden silence, she reached up behind her, deftly twisting her hair into a pony-tail, which she secured with a clip. The shirt tightened across her bust as she moved, her nipples thrusting through the thin material. It was obvious to all who saw that, below the shirt, she was naked.

Miss Martin broke the stunned and embarrassed silence, 'Mr Taylor and I think that you've all done very well, and that, like all good rugby players, you deserve a special treat for what you've done today. I know that some of the girls representing the school netball and hockey teams would like to join us in doing just that.' With that, she raised her voice slightly, 'Ladies,' she said.

Tim was aware of a slight draught from the rear and sensed, rather than saw, movement behind him. He turned, his jaw gaping and cock hardening. From the corner of his eye, he could see Joshua's cock standing proud from his belly. From the direction of the girls changing rooms came eight of the girls from the senior netball and hockey teams. They were led by Ellie, a tall, striking, redhead, who captained the netball team. Her hair hung loose to her shoulders and, below the hem of her striped T-shirt, she was naked, her pussy showing through the thin ginger patch at the top of her thighs. Anjeela Kaur, a slender Sikh girl stood just behind her, magnificently naked, her long black hair loose and swinging as she gently swayed her hips. The 14-year-old Asher twins, identical strawberry-blondes, stood either side of her, eyes downcast, not meeting the shocked eyes of their older brother, standing naked with his team mates. As the last of the girls came into line, Ellie grasped the hem of her shirt and, in one swift movement, pulled it over her head and cast it aside. She had a full figure, with wide hips and a pale skin, slightly freckled. Her full breasts swayed deliciously either side of her chest, the nipples an engorged and excited pink, as she stood waiting.

Tim could hear the excitement. 'God,' he heard someone mumble, 'that's Jenny.' 'Fuck,' said another, 'that's Jo.' One by one, the boys recognised their classmates. Their eyes were glued to their young, perfect, bodies, caressing them with their eyes, as the girls stood, displaying their nakedness unashamedly for all to see.

'Gentlemen.' The voice was tinged with authority, and cut through the murmur. It came from behind. The boys fell silent and swung back to Miss Martin. Tim felt light-headed as he saw that she now stood close beside him, looking his way. He could feel the cool breeze on his swelling cock and pushed his hands tighter into his groin to hide it. Miss Martin looked towards Taylor, 'Your nomination for man-of-the-match?' she said, quizzically. Tim could see the tops of Miss Martin's tits through the front of her shirt. He was sure he could see the top of her belly-button, and the hint of darkness below.

'Tim,' said Taylor without hesitation. 'He won it for us.' A murmur of agreement went up from the rest of the team.

'Then it's Tim that I ask to open proceedings.' Miss Martin stepped closer. 'Tim, you may take your pick of the girls . . .,' she checked herself suddenly and smiled 'ladies . . .' she corrected and, by glancing down, included herself in the offer, 'and you may ask anything of them.' She stopped. 'Anything,' she added with emphasis.

Tim glanced back, his mouth dry, cock throbbing, and conscious of every eye on him. Time stood still. He couldn't tell how it happened, but he moved slightly towards Ellie and with that, his decision was made.

'An excellent choice,' said Miss Martin, as Ellie led Tim towards one of the mats. Swiftly, the other girls moved over to the spare mats, the Asher twins taking adjoining ones in the corner. Mr Taylor clapped his hands.

'Now for the fun part lads,' he said 'form five queues. We'll leave the man-of-the-match to take his reward uninterrupted. Don't worry,' he continued, quelling a

murmur of disappointment, 'Ellie will join you all shortly. Now, pick your favourite girl and line up by her. You're about to get the opportunity to fuck her, or anything you want her to do for you or with you, as many times as you want – and are able – to do it.'

Russ was the first to recover his wits and move. He hadn't taken his eyes off Anjeela since she'd stepped from behind Ellie in the line-up. She was a tall, slender, 16-year-old Sikh girl, with a dusky skin and long black hair which fell almost to her waist. Her titties were small, but perfectly shaped: capped with dark nipples which tilted upward appealingly. She had stood unashamedly, her ankles crossed and showing a thin triangle of hair at the juncture of her thighs. Russ was a brawny lad, at 17-years-of-age, just short of six feet tall, and built in proportion. He'd captained the rugger team since the previous September and, if all went well, was tipped for Captain of the School for the next year. To Anjeela, his uncircumcised cock looked huge, bigger than others she'd seen. He was already at half-mast, his foreskin starting to pull back, exposing the deepening pink head. He knelt by her, raising her chin and caressing her lips with his. His free hand stroked her shoulder, sliding down slowly towards her tits. As the kiss broke, Anjeela reached forward, stroking his tightening bollocks and his shaft.

Adjacent, Joshua, a shaven headed, powerfully built lad of 16, had selected Jo, a slender brunette from the netball team. She'd always secretly admired him, and had wasted no time in falling onto her knees, and was already caressing his engorged dick with her mouth. Kneeling beside her, another player already suckled her erecting nipples while stroking his cock.

Tim was in a whirl. He was 14, and had never been with a girl before. Sure, he'd seen the magazines and, when his older brother was out, had seen bits of his secret DVD collection, but he'd never seen, or done, anything like this before. He could feel Ellie's tongue probing his mouth, and her strong cool hand languorously stroking him. He was thankful that she hadn't played much with his cock yet – he feared that he might lose his composure all too easily if she did! As they stroked and kissed, Ellie slightly above him, Tim's spare hand stroked and kneaded her full, firm, tit. He could feel her bush against the top of his leg, and his cock swelling more and more, the foreskin rapidly retracting.

Taylor looked around the gym with satisfaction. It was going well. He noticed with amusement that some of the girls had only one admirer, others had two or more. Until Ellie finished giving Tim his special treat, the male to female ratio would be below 2:1, which Taylor reckoned to be the optimum for this sort of fun. He noticed Jenny, a chunky brunette from the hockey team, on her knees, tending to two boys with her hands and another – the Asher brother – who seemed to have got over his shock at seeing his sisters naked and 'on offer' – with her mouth. Taylor could see her head bobbing slowly back and forth, the head and shaft of Asher's cock glistening with her saliva. She was such a quiet girl usually, pleasant to enough talk to, but shy. Taylor was unsurprised though, in his experience, it was usually the quiet ones that were the 'goers'.

The original plan had been to match-up the rugger team with the netball team but, as Tina Martin pointed out, when you had a group of young, fertile, women, it was a

sure-fire thing that some of them would be on-the-rag at any one time. So, the conspirators had decided to invite a few of the 'game for it' girls from the school hockey team to make-up numbers.

Tina Martin had done her bit well and now, as Taylor watched, she discarded her shirt. Feeling his eyes on her, she turned to face him and stood, hands on hips, legs akimbo. She was a tall, slender woman, nicely toned, with small firm tits set high on her chest; tip-tilted and surmounted by small, crinkled, pink aureola. Her pussy fur was neatly trimmed in a narrow strip, and the lips of her cleft showed plainly below. Her tongue flicked out, wetting her lips. Taylor stepped past an oblivious couple. 'Well?' asked Tina, invitationally.

'I thought you liked younger lads,' replied Taylor, glancing significantly at Joshua as he positioned himself over Jo's spread thighs, his spare hand steering his engorged purple knob into the brunette's waiting cunt.

'Oh come on,' she replied with a hint of further mischief in her smile, 'there's plenty of time for that yet, or I'll be very disappointed in the rugger team, and plenty of time for you to sample what else is on offer.' She glanced over towards Jenny and her party. Her eyes conveyed her challenge as she looked back. Taylor smiled and, as they kissed, eased his trousers down, freeing his cock for her willing hands and mouth.

Russ was massively hard now, as Anjeela stroked his shaft. His foreskin had retracted, exposing the angry-red bulbous head of his cock. Anjeela rolled his length between her hands and edged forward, her tongue flickering along the base of his shaft to tickle his balls. Drawing back, she kissed his length again, this time, along the top. She opened her mouth wide and, holding eye-contact with him, took his helmet into her mouth. Slowly, she drew his length into her mouth, bobbing back and forward slowly. Looking down, Russ could see her saliva glistening on his engorged rod. His breath started to come in shorter gasps, his buttocks starting to twitch. Anjeela took him from her mouth and, still holding him, rose gracefully from the mat. She turned and bent forward at the waist, grasping the climbing frame before her, presenting her wet cunt to his gaze. She looked back over her shoulder, waiting. Russ needed no further invitation, presenting his dick to her pussy and thrusting into her wetness, grasped her lithe hips and began to pump. Anjeela gasped in time with his thrusts; feeling the full length of his hot cock, his hands moving forwards to cup her titties.

Tim too was embedded in a cunt. Ellie had stroked him hard with her mouth before straddling him. Now, she used her powerful thigh muscles to raise and lower herself over the prone boy, her magnificent titties bobbing enticingly before him. Tim could feel himself tensing; he tried to hold back. Ellie dropped her hands to his shoulders, lowering her nipples to his mouth. 'I'm going to make you shoot,' she whispered, and began to work his cock with her muscles. Tim couldn't hold back. With a cry, he arched his back, his hand grasping Ellie's firm round tits, his buttocks clenching as he shot his hot load into the girl's belly.

Ellie grinned in satisfaction. 'That was good,' she said, 'Go for a rest then you can have another go.' With that, she rose from him, his cock making a soft plopping noise as it pulled from her wet pussy. Ellie smiled over her shoulder as she stepped towards

the next waiting youth, reaching for his tumescent cock and raising her lips for his kiss.

By now, most of the girls were servicing their second lad. Taylor, having emptied his load into Tina Martin's mouth, stood on the sideline and looked around. In the far corner, the Asher twins knelt, back-to-back, sucking cock and surrounded by a gaggle of boys. Taylor was amused to see their brother on the sidelines, slowly masturbating his cock as he watched his sisters. As Taylor watched, one of the sisters released the cock she was toying with to signal her brother to her. As he approached, she ran her fingers along his length before gripping his shaft. She released the cock she was sucking and spoke to her brother. Taylor couldn't hear what was said, but didn't need to, as the girl took her brother in her mouth.

On the opposite side of the gym, Russ had finished with Anjeela, who now thrashed under the pumping hips of another youth while she serviced another with her mouth. Russ stood on the sidelines now, idly stroking himself and watching.

The only girl still being fucked by her first player was Jo. Joshua was mounted on top of the brunette, his weight on his elbows, legs spread wide for leverage, his massive thighs driving his cock into the girl's slender belly, as she writhed sensuously beneath him, her long hair splayed in a fan across the mat. Taylor could see the girl's cuntlips gripping the thick, black shaft as the youth rode her. As Taylor watched, Joshua threw his head back in a wordless cry of pleasure, his buttocks clenching as he shot his load deep into the girl.

Slowly, slowly, each boy finished; even Asher, who'd had his cock sucked by each of his sisters. Taylor wasn't certain, but it was possible that he'd briefly mounted one of them as well. Uncertain now, the boys began to congregate around the sides of the room, trying to get themselves hard again, as their team mates finished with their respective girls. As the last youth finished and afraid that the party would end early, Taylor gathered the girls and players in the centre of the room, where Miss Martin whispered in Ellie's ear. She nodded enthusiastically, 'Sure,' she replied, 'several times'. With that, she stepped over to a mat and knelt on it, her bottom raised high and her magnificent boobs flat on the mat.

'Ok guys,' said Taylor, 'first a little demo, then it's your turn.' He gestured to the Asher twins, 'Would you do the fluffing girls?' he asked. As the Asher girls knelt before Taylor, Miss Martin spread Ellie's buttocks, exposing the crinkled ring of her anus. Out of nowhere she produced a small jar and taking a dollop of Vaseline and began to spread it on the girl's ass, finally finishing by plunging her greasy finger into Ellie's asshole. As Tina Martin finished, Taylor, now massively erect from the twins' ministrations, positioned himself behind the girl and presented his knob to her asshole. He paused a moment.

'Ready?' he asked.

Ellie nodded, and Taylor began to slide into her. Finally embedded, he reached under her chest and cupped her titties as he began to thrust in and out. 'Watch this guys,' he grated, 'it's the tightest hole you'll ever fuck.'



Almost immediately, the boys began to stiffen. Miss Martin glanced significantly at the remaining girls, two of whom, Jo and Jenny, knelt on mats adjacent to Ellie. 'Form three queues,' called Miss Martin. 'Line up behind your favourite and she'll take your cock and load in her ass.'

Anjeela and the remaining girls joined the Asher twins kneeling on the floor, and began to fluff the first boy in line. Soon, each of the girls had a hard cock embedded in her sphincter, and hot jizz spurting into her bowels.

Finished now, Taylor watched Joshua begin to slide his cock into Ellie's ass. From the corner of his eye, he could see Tim standing, slightly remote, watching proceedings. Every now and then, his eyes went to Tina Martin before flicking back to the tableau before him. Taylor had an idea. A quick word in Tina's ear, and he stepped back to watch developments.

Tina – still naked – walked over to the boy, her hips swaying. Almost as soon as she reached him, she leant forwards, stroking his cock. She knelt before him, cupping his testicles and planted a kiss on his glans. She looked Tim in the eye, 'Would you like to do that with me?' she asked, glancing towards the mats.

Tim swallowed, suddenly wordless.

'Your cock says you would,' observed Miss Martin, looking at his swelling dick. 'I'd like you to fuck me in the ass,' she said.

Tim nodded, and Tina Martin led him to a nearby mat. She sucked him into her mouth, and then flipped onto her belly, spreading her asscheeks for him. She looked back over her shoulder, 'Come on then,' she said, 'stick it in me, just like Mr Taylor demonstrated with Ellie.' She closed her eyes as Tim positioned himself over her, guiding his swollen cock into her ass. He began to pump in and out, in unpractised, jerky strokes, surprised by the tightness of her ass. Tina reached behind, cupping his buttocks with both hands, drawing him inwards to the hilt. Then drew him slowly backward. 'Slowly and gently,' she murmured, 'and again, slowly and gently.'

Tim got the idea quickly, slowly sliding almost his full length in and out of the woman's ass. He reached forwards and down to cup her tits, feeling the hot points of her engorged nipples in his palms. He could feel the sensation building, and suddenly, without warning, he was there – shooting a final load, really little more than a serious twitch and a thin ejaculate, into Tina's ass. He rolled off her back, lying gasping beside her, as she turned to kiss him.

As the last of the youths rolled off the girls, Taylor rallied his team. 'Ok lads,' he said, 'that's probably about the end unless, of course ...' he eyed Russ and Joshua significantly, 'some of you can carry on?'

Most of the boys shook their heads. 'Ok,' said Taylor, 'those of you who've done, go get showered. Those for the last lap, step over here.' He gestured towards the cluster of naked girls.

He was left with just Russ, Joshua, and the Asher boy. 'Ok lads,' he said, 'you've got the choice of all eight girls – oops, sorry!' He glanced at Tina Martin, 'nine women. Can we send a couple of the girls to the showers, or do you want them all?'

It was Joshua who answered first, 'I'd like a suck off Miss Martin and a fuck with one of the Asher's.'

'I'll fuck the other Asher,' said Russ, 'and I'd like Ellie to fluff for me.'

'Ok,' said Taylor, 'sounds fine to me. How 'bout you?' he asked Asher.

'Anjeela,' he replied, glancing at the lithe Indian girl.

'Ok, any fluffer?'

Asher shook his head. Tina Martin nodded; she'd joined the huddle unseen and in time to hear the boys selections. She stepped towards the girls and clapped her hands to get attention. 'Right,' she said, addressing the group 'Ellie, you'll fluff for Joshua – I'll do Russ, then they'll fuck you two Asher's.' She glanced towards them as she spoke. 'Go get yourselves well lubed-up.' She turned to Anjeela, 'you too Anjeela, you're with young Asher, suck and fuck.'

As the nominated girls began to move, Tina sent the rest off to the changing rooms and well deserved hot showers.

While the three girls lubed-up, Ellie, Taylor, and Tina pulled three of the mats into a row. The Asher sisters took adjacent ones and reclined on them, leaving the third for Anjeela, who knelt, waiting.

'Are you ready, Joshua?' asked Tina, who stood ready beside Ellie.

He nodded and stepped forwards. Tina dropped to her knees at his approach, seeing Ellie follow suit beside her, as Russ presented his cock to her mouth. At the far end of the row, the Asher boy made appreciative sounds in his throat as Anjeela took his cock in her mouth, gently stroking his balls with her hands as her lips slid along his shaft. Despite his earlier efforts, the boy stiffened quickly, his foreskin peeling back to reveal an engorged red head, the single eye weeping slightly. Anjeela took him from her mouth and stroked his length gently.

'I think you're ready.' She said, and then paused. 'How would you like me?'

The youth gestured to the mat. 'On your back,' he replied.

Anjeela rolled backwards, splaying her legs, her wet pink cunt clearly visible to the boy. Asher knelt between her thighs and positioned his knob at her dripping hole, rubbing it over her outer lips and clit. She gasped. Asher pushed the head into her, then thrust his full length, to his balls, and began to fuck her. Anjeela raised her legs, crossing her slender ankles at the small of his back, pulling him deeper into her. As Asher got into his rhythm, the girl began to pant in unison with his thrusts.

Almost as one, Russ and Joshua broke away from Tina and Ellie, their cocks rigid again, glans glistening with a mix of pre-cum and saliva. The Asher twins, who'd been fingering their pussies while watching Ellie and Tina suck cock, rolled onto their backs and pulled their knees back, their thighs spread wide. The lads knelt between the girls thighs almost together, presenting their swollen knobs to the girls glistening cunts. Slowly, the engorged heads disappeared into the girl's bellies, and the boys began to fuck, their buttocks clenching, thighs and back muscles rippling.

Taylor looked on, satisfied with his team's reward. He gestured gathered Ellie and Tina to him with a glance, inviting the women to share his cock with their mouths. They knelt between him, and began to caress his dick. Taylor grinned to himself as he watched Russ and Joshua with the Asher twins, their brother saddled between Anjeela's thighs beside them, her elegantly turned ankles clasped behind his back. Taylor could see her tits bouncing in time with Asher's thrusts, and hear her gasps of pleasure mingling with those of the Asher twins.

Taylor gave himself over to the glorious sensation of having his cock sucked by two gorgeous women. As he looked up again, he saw Asher's buttocks tightening as he shot his last load. As the boy pulled out, his cock made a soft plopping noise and Taylor could see a dribble of spunk ooze from the girl's reddened pussy. 'Go on,' said Tina following his gaze, 'you want to fuck Anjeela?' Taylor nodded and moved over to the girl, his cock massively engorged and purple. The girl smiled a welcome and Taylor fell on his knees between her outspread thighs. He reached forwards and tweaked her dark brown nipples, rolling the rubbery teats between his fingers. The girl moaned softly in the back of her throat.

Taylor positioned himself over the girl, guiding himself into her. As he slipped in, he felt the warmth of the other boy's spunk. It excited him, and he began to fuck the girl like a man possessed, drawing his cock out until only the head remained in her, then ramming it back into her tight sheath until his balls slapped against her ass. Dimly, he felt her clasp her legs around his back, her ankles crossed above him. He could hear her breath in his ear and could feel himself coming. Suddenly, he was there, the blessed moment of relief as he shot his load deep into her belly. Taylor kissed the girl, a long, deep, probing kiss and rolled off, to find himself the centre of attention.

The Asher twins stood shyly with their brother, one of the girls stroking his flaccid cock, the other with her hand on his shoulder and cupping his balls. He'll be playing 'hunt the sausage' with them henceforth, thought Taylor wryly. Next to them, Joshua and Russ stood with Ellie and Tina Martin, who pressed her titties against the black youth's muscular back. There was no hope of another fuck for either woman, but Taylor couldn't help admire their optimism. It had been a magnificent 'thank-you' to the team, and just the start of what Taylor hoped would be exciting times at Match End!

**The End**

