

Sexy Fight

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Laine tugged at the hem of her skirt, the vixen trying vainly to get it to cover her crotch. The French maid getup wasn't exactly normal boxing attire, but Laine wasn't all that great a boxer anyway. She and Heather had been tapped to be the erotic entertainment between two main matches of the night, and her attire was more geared towards pleasing the audience, and adding the "sex" to the "Sex and Violence" of the night. Considering that at least half of the crowd was showing up just to see her and Heather, she was glad she was getting paid as much as the boxers, though there was no prize for them.

"So who's idea was it to have us dress up anyway?" said Heather. The bunny was dressed in a sexy nurse outfit (complete with red-cross boxing gloves) that did little to nothing to contain her cleavage. Heather knew her tits were going to pop out at least once during the match, and she seemed to resent this. Heather wasn't that great of a boxer, but she aimed to be at some point, and she hated having to always serve as the erotic entertainment. "Just because this match is more about the show than the fight doesn't mean I'm not gonna kick your ass."

Laine stuck her tongue out at Heather. "Oh hush. You know, if you shut up and enjoyed yourself instead of pissing and moaning about it you'd have a good time out there," said Laine. Heather harrumphed and blushed a bit, but Laine just adjusted her outfit, posing in the mirror a bit. When she bent over the short skirt showed off her crotch. She grinned at herself in the mirror. The guys in the front rows were going to learn why those seats cost so damn much. She just hoped they brought camera phones.

"Laine! Heather! To your marks, we're on in five!" said the MC over the PA. Laine gave Heather one last stick of the tongue and then began walking down the hallways, bouncing and flirting all the way. As she moved to her exit, she saw Tank sitting on a bench and getting a rub-down from one of the groupies he kept around.

"Hey Laine, did you hear? I got a KO in five rounds," said Tank. He smiled at Laine and she smiled back, giving a wink and a nod to how Tank had to adjust his boxing shorts.

"Why am I not surprised?" said Laine. "You've gotta be the strongest guy in the damn gym. That guy from the Royal Rumbler's didn't stand a chance. You didn't hurt him too badly, did you?"

Tank took a big drink from his water bottle and adjusted his shorts again, which now had a visible bulge. "Ehh, he was an ass, and he needed to be put in his place. But it's not like he won't fight again," said Tank. "In fact, I hope he does. When he wasn't being cocky he was actually a nice challenging fighter. So will I be seeing you after your little bout?"

"Mmm, I dunno, you seem kinda interested in that groupie," said Laine. The groupie grinned hopefully and started rubbing a bit lower than was required, and Tank grinned.

"Ehh, there's enough of me for both of you," said Tank. "Now get out there and remember to keep your damn hands up!"

"In this corner, we have our sexy maid, come to clean up the ring and maybe a few of you dirty boys, Laine!" said the MC. Laine smiled and bounced up and down in her corner, doing her best to please the audience. She struck a few poses, letting the cameras broadcast her crotch on the big screen above the ring. She even managed to get a cleavage shot in there, grabbing her top with her boxing gloves and yanking it down a bit. It was harder than she thought to get it back up, but she managed to do so, though having adjusted it she now knew that it was going to come loose once she started running around the ring.

"In this corner, we have a little nurse who is first going to do some harm, Heather!" Heather was a lot more serious, strutting around the ring a bit and showing off a few punches. The bunny girl clearly didn't get the point of an "erotic entertainment fight" but at least she was getting lots of whistles when she bent forward.

"Fighters, come to the center!" The ref stepped into the ring and Heather and Laine moved together, Laine making sure to shake her hips a bit as she moved out. "Tap your gloves, go to your corner, then come out fighting!" Laine grinned at Heather, which seemed to only encourage and anger the bunny, who came out of her corner with a ferocity and power that belied the nature of the bout. Laine immediately found herself on the defensive, ducking and weaving in a desperate attempt to avoid the rabbit's frantic punches. At least Heather's technique wasn't very good, and Laine had no real difficulty dodging, provided she kept well out of Heather's reach.

"What are you doing?" said Laine. "It doesn't matter who wins this bout, this is all about pleasing the crowd!" As if to prove her point, Laine bent far forward to dodge a punch, giving one of the ringside cameras a good view of her crotch.

"You think I don't know that?" said Heather. "These guys came to see a pair of girls put up a good fight, and I'm gonna give 'em one!" One of Heather's hooks managed to get around Laine's upraised arms, socking the vixen hard on the jaw and sending her staggering off to the side. She growled and started throwing punches violently.

"You bitch! That really hurt!" In her frantic punching and cursing, Laine managed to actually hit Heather a few times, suddenly forcing the bunny to be on the defensive. Heather was caught off guard by Laine's aggression, and cried out in pain as the vixen pounding her again and again in the gut. "I just wanted to put on a show for the boys, and here you are trying to beat the crap out of me! What's your problem?"

"Hey, take it easy!" said Heather. "This is just an Erotic Bout, right?" Laine growled as the bunny suddenly tried to switch things up on her, and tried to throw a powerful hook to the side of Heather's head. All of a sudden, though, she felt a sharp pain her jaw and a brief moment of air time before the whole world went black.

Laine groaned and blinked, the world a mix of blurry bright lights and moving shadows. "She checks out OK," said a voice. "Either you're stronger than you thought, or Laine's got a real glass jaw. Or both." She recognized the voice as that of the ref, who was cradling her in his lap. Laine groaned and pressed lightly against her jaw with her glove.

"Whoa man...Anyone get the license plate number on that truck?" said Laine. She tried to stand, but the world was still spinning a bit and so she quickly laid back down.

"You were going so wild out there you were gonna hurt yourself," said Heather. "So I decided to get you to slow down by giving you a little bump to the jaw. I just wanted to get your attention, I didn't mean to floor you like that."

Laine's vision was slowly clearing up, and other than the fact she'd been knocked out she was doing rather well. There was the usual throbbing headache, of course, but it would soon pass, and the ref was giving her aspirin and water in generous quantities. Laine looked around a bit, taking deep breaths. Her eyes locked on Heather rather quickly, though. "Why are you...Naked? And wearing a strapon?"

"We've got thirty minutes to fill, and they want us to stretch a bit, but after a knockout like that you shouldn't fight anymore," said Heather. "They thought this would be a great way to fill time without adding to your injuries."

Laine gulped a bit as she saw how big the purple strapon was. "I uhh...Don't know about not adding to my injuries part..." said Laine. Heather laughed.

"Oh don't worry your little head, vix. Nurse Heather is gonna take real good care of you..." Heather got down on her knees and picked up Laine's legs, spreading her wide. The audience was in an uproar, with everyone yelling in excitement and flashing their cameras. Laine groaned a bit, trying to grab onto the canvas through her gloves as Heather pushed slowly into her. "Damn, you're tight..."

"You say that like you expected something else," said Laine.

"Well you DO spend a lot of time with Tank..." said Heather. "And we both know he's hung like a horse." Heather was now pushing in a slow, even rhythm, moving the big strapon back and forth inside Laine, sending the vixen sprawling and her tail wagging.

"Like you don't visit his locker room from time to time!" said Laine. She wanted to shove in a bit more, but Heather was intending for this to be much more than a mere performance. She was really giving it to Laine, working the strapon expertly and putting lots of

force on the vixen's most sensitive spots. "Dammit Heather, I thought we were AH! We were gonna have to drag this out thirty minutes!"

Heather grinned. "Oh we are. But I'm gonna tamp down that big libido of yours a bit!" said Heather. Laine groaned and arched her back as she felt her whole body break out in an exploding, tingling orgasm that seemed to rocket from her toes to her nose and back again. Heather chuckled "Jeez, so soon? You've got a very long twenty-five minutes to kill, I'm afraid..."

Laine stumbled down the hallway, her body still tingly and unstable after her post-match fucking. Heather was getting almost too good with that strapon, and Laine was considering the virtues of giving up without a fight next time. She could give Tank a run for his money with that thing, and it would be nice to get something other than a punch in the face from that bunny from time to time.

Laine knocked on the door to Tank's private training and relaxing area, then let herself in. Tank had his own boxing ring and training equipment for when he was working out, but he also had a pool table and widescreen TV with various consoles plugged into it for relaxation. Tank was idly shooting pool and occasionally watching the fight on the monitor, but it was clear he wasn't interested. The second proper fight of the night was sub-par, both of the competitors being unknowns who still had a lot to learn. Tank sunk the 9-ball and then looked up to see Laine, and he grinned.

"Well hello there Laine, I was beginning to worry," said Tank. "I saw how you got hit pretty hard in the middle of the match there. You ok?"

"Yeah, just a little tired," said Laine. To be truthful, she was downright exhausted, and barely able to keep on her feet, but she'd been looking forward to some alone-time with Tank in her new maid outfit since she put it on earlier this evening. "I presume you saw me get fucked too, hmm?"

Tank walked out from behind the pool table to reveal that he had discarded his boxing shorts and had a massive, dripping erection. Laine was amazed he was able to play pool with that thing. He certainly couldn't stand too close to the table with it. "Actually, yeah. I was gonna blow off some steam but I had a feeling you'd come down," said Tank. "Damn do you look good in that getup."

Laine smiled and bounced a bit, setting her tits jiggling. "I'm glad you think so..." She walked forward and gently gave Tank's length a rub, sending shivers up and down the big fox's spine. She clambered halfway up onto the pool table, bending herself over it and hiking up her skirt. "Why don't you just put that big thing where it belongs, and get yourself a little relief, hmmm?"

Tank needed no more encouragement and moved up behind Laine, lining himself up and then gently pushing in. Laine moaned as the big shaft slid into her, whimpering and biting her lower lip. Tank was

definitely bigger than Heather's strapon, but he also had that warmth and feel that hard rubber just couldn't pull off. Laine grabbed at the felt and one of the pool cues as she tried to adjust herself, pulling up a leg onto the table as she strained to get into the proper position.

Tank kept it slow and steady, moving with firm, deep thrusts as Laine whimpered and her juice dripped down his shaft and over his balls. Despite all the action heather had given her earlier, it felt like nothing but a warm-up compared to Tank's slow yet powerful technique, sending shivers up and down Laine's spine. He slowly picked up the pace, going faster and faster until she was bouncing around wildly, her whole body rocked with pleasure.

"Oh fuck yes Tank, oh yes, oh...GOD TANK YES!" said Laine. She felt herself explode around him, sending blasts of her juice all over his crotch. Tank grunted and unloaded himself into her in a series of large, hard blasts, not pulling out until he was absolutely certain he was done. Laine let out a contented sigh, and then staggered off to one of the nearby couches, throwing down a towel before she collapsed into the plush leather seat. She didn't wanna ruin it, after all. "So you know, they said I could keep this outfit after the match," said Laine.

"Oh really now?" said Tank. "You know, I was going to spend the rest of the weekend at home cleaning up the place, but I could use the help of a sexy French maid vixen who likes to bend over a lot..."

Laine giggled. "You do realize that if I come over, we won't get a single bit of cleaning done, right?" Tank smirked at Laine's words.

"And you realize my place is neat as a pin already, right?" said Tank. "So how about it? We go home together in a few hours?" Laine grinned.