

Borrowing the Groupie

Roland Guiscard is © Himself, all other characters © Tetsuo

Juniper closed hir locker door and looked down the row of lockers. It was late into the evening and the gym was mostly empty, but Roland was still rummaging through Tank's locker, cleaning and arranging his idol's gear and clothes. Roland wasn't really a boxer, or an employee of the gym, but after serving as Tank's "groupie" for a few weeks he had generally become an accepted part of the gym. Roland was mostly a gopher for the rest of the gym, picking up and dropping off things and doing the laundry and the cleaning, but he would sometimes spar if asked. He wasn't much of a fighter, though, and he almost always lost a match, but he made up for his lack of fighting skills elsewhere. After all, Tank was always bragging about how Roland gave Laine a run for the money when it came to slutting around.

Roland was wearing a pair of boxing trunks, as he'd been helping Tank to work out earlier. Juniper moved over to him slowly, completely naked, hir large black cock bouncing between hir legs. Juniper was far from being the only fox in the gym, but shi was the only herm, and whenever shi was in the locker room shi tended to stand out.

"Hello there," said Juniper. Roland was a bit startled, but he smiled back at Juniper. Shi was surprised to see that he was actually about hir size. Tank had almost a foot of height on Roland, and as he followed Tank around almost everywhere he had always appeared very small in comparison.

"Oh! Hi!" said Roland, who hurriedly slammed the door on Tank's locker. "I was just uh...Tidying things up for the night. Everyone's off until tomorrow, you know."

Juniper smiled warmly, brushing hir black hair out of hir eyes. "Not everyone. I came in late today and was hoping to work out a bit," said Juniper. Shi put hir hand on Roland's shoulder, making him gulp. "You think you could help me out a bit? I mean, just for awhile. Maybe a little holding the bag, maybe a little sparring..." Juniper moved up close to Roland, making sure his eyes tracked downward. Shi knew what he liked.

"I uh...Yeah, sure, I can help out," said Roland.

Juniper smiled as Roland fumbled between the ropes trying to get into the ring. The small, blonde-haired, blue-eyed fox was definitely not a boxer. He was, however, reasonably handsome, and shi could see why he was popular despite his clumsiness. Shi tapped gloves with him and he immediately put his gloves up, used to getting pounded right out of the gate. Shi knew shi didn't need to be all that aggressive

with him, and shi pulled hir punches, taking hir time and checking him out.

"You know, for a guy who doesn't fight, you're not too bad at this," said Juni. Roland nodded. Shi wasn't lying, he'd clearly paid attention, and though his punches were wild his footwork was solid and Tank's fists had taught him how to block. Juniper could still steer him though, and what little skill Roland had only served to increase the fun. Shi loved putting hir opponents right where shi wanted them, and Roland's inability to resist hir skill made him the perfect victim. After a few minutes of boxing, shi had figured him out entirely, and was steering him around the ring as if shi had a remote control. Still, he was a good sport about it, and no matter how much shi pushed him around the ring he continued to block and jab. "I like your persistence," said Juni. "But it's ultimately futile."

Juniper had steered Roland into a corner, and with no room to maneuver, shi quickly managed to get around his blocks and send a few punches straight into his face. Much to hir surprise, he didn't go right down, and Juniper found herself throwing punch after punch into his face, bloodying his nose before he finally collapsed onto the ropes, half in and half out of the ring.

Juniper panted a bit, somewhat surprised that Roland had been so hard to take down. Maybe Tank was training him during the off hours, or maybe Roland was just tough. He certainly didn't make a lot of noise when he went down the way Laine and Merric did, and now that he was laying out cold on the ropes, his ass up in the air, his body limp, shi wondered if maybe shi should have gone easy on him.

As shi moved up behind him, though, shi saw how big hir erection had grown in hir pants, and shi chuckled to herself. There was nothing that turned hir on more than controlling and pounding an opponent, and no matter how seriously shi took hir boxing there would always be this to consider. The fact that Roland had a nice ass certainly wasn't helping. Shi tentatively tugged on his shorts, half expecting him to bolt to his feet, although shi knew he was quite familiar with the house rules. Winner gets to take a prize, so don't compete if you don't want to be the prize.

Shi pulled his pants down around his ankles and examined what shi'd won. Shi cooed a bit as shi rubbed Roland's ass a bit, and then ditched hir own shorts, pressing hir length against his hole. From the feel of it, Tank had been busy earlier, and Roland was still slick, smooth and ready. Shi had no trouble sinking in, and shi moaned to herself as shi sunk down.

"Ohh fuck yeah..." said Juniper. This was, by far, hir favorite thing to do. The conquered prize, laying unconscious due to hir powerful fists, helpless before hir. Shi groaned a bit as shi picked up the pace, Roland's body swinging back and forth on the ropes as shi worked him harder and harder. Soon shi felt herself spinning towards a powerful climax, and shi almost caught herself howling as

shi blasted round after round into Roland, letting hir mess spill and splatter inside him.

When shi came down off hir orgasmic high, shi was astonished and surprised to see Tank standing at the door, wearing a T-shirt and jeans, an irritated look on his face. "Did you just knock Roland unconscious and rape him?" he said. Juniper pulled out suddenly and started backing up, not quite sure what to do in this situation. Juniper had a hard enough time beating Tank in a regular bout, now that shi was exhausted and undressed shi had no doubt that he could pound hir silly.

"No, it's ok! I let hir do it!" said Roland. Both Tank and Juniper were surprised at his sudden animation, and while he was walking a little funny, he seemed otherwise fine. "Shi was just so determined to get me down that I faked it."

"Why didn't you just stand up, then?" asked Juniper. Both shi and Tank were confused, and Juniper wasn't sure whether Tank was going to smack hir for beating up Roland or Roland for frightening him. He moved up to Roland and gently grabbed him by the muzzle, turning him this way and that and examining Juniper's handiwork.

"Jeez, shi banged you up pretty bad, didn't shi?" said Tank. He glowered at Juniper a bit. Shi felt very naked and embarrassed. "You know what the boss said about that. Take it easy when training. You wanna hurt somebody?"

"I'm not a kid, Tank. I knew what I was getting in to," said Roland. He bent over to retrieve his shorts, and Juniper caught herself staring at his ass again. Shi was pretty sure Tank did too. "Besides, you've hit me harder and I walked away from it. I'm tougher than you think."

Tank huffed at Juniper. "Well next time, have somebody hire. What if you'd given him a concussion or something?" Tank would have continued to be hard on Juniper, but Roland started dragging him towards the edge of the ring.

"Didn't you need to meet Laine and Merric somewhere?" said Roland. "Somewhere private, I mean?" Tank relented and began to make his way to the door, Roland clinging to his arm and mumbling.

Juniper looked at herself, feeling ashamed for what shi'd done, even though shi'd enjoyed it immensely at the time. Shi knew that knockout-fucking was frowned upon, but it just felt so good! Shi thought that Roland, being a known slut and not exactly a boxer, would be the perfect guy to leave dangling on the ropes. Shi looked at Roland and Tank leaving, and hoped that this wouldn't come back to haunt hir in the morning.

"Tomorrow night," mouthed Roland, smiling at Juniper from the door. "Rematch!" Juniper blushed at this, and then put up hir fists, grinning. Well, at least Roland didn't wouldn't make a big deal out of this, and maybe with a lot more practice he could start giving hir a real challenge. And why not? He was certainly the best loser in the building...