

Turnabout is Fair Play

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Roland just narrowly dodged one of Tank's powerful punches, ducking smoothly out of the way and shifting towards the right. A full year of painful practice had taught him to keep his distance from the powerful fox. Though Roland was much stronger and tougher than he had been, Tank's name suited his punches well. Even if he managed to block them, such punches set his arms stinging painfully, and one or two blows to the head was enough to end the match.

Roland and Tank were alone in the ring, practicing during off-hours. Through rigorous training Roland had ascended from being one of Tank's many fans to being his sparring partner, and Roland was honored to be able to give his idol such a workout. He harbored his own dreams of possibly entering the ring for his own benefit, possibly even getting to fight in the local middleweight championships. That would have to be on hold for now, though, as Tank's heavyweight season was about to begin. Tank needed every opportunity he could get to build himself up, and Roland made an ideally speedy-yet-durable opponent.

Tank pressed the advantage on Roland, working to force Roland on the defensive by virtue of his superior reach. But the smaller, two-tailed fox wasn't about to give in, and he kept Tank moving around the ring, forcing the bigger boxer to wear himself out in the chase. Both of them were gasping for breath and waiting for the automated bell to ring, exhausted after only a few minutes of fighting. But neither of them gave an inch, and as they drove one another back and forth across the ring, their punches grew vicious and desperate.

Finally the timer on the bell struck and they retreated to their respective corners, gasping for breath and swishing water around in their mouth. Roland was visibly dizzy from all the running and dodging, but he clearly had a lot of fight left in him. Tank eyed him curiously. "You're not thinking of hitting back, are you?" he said. "I mean, it feels like all you wanna do is have me chase you around. Not that I mind chasing an ass like yours."

"I'll punch you when I know I won't break my fist doing so," said Roland. "And as for my ass, I'm sick of just giving it away, I'm gonna make you earn it!" They both chuckled at this. Roland's submissive nature, and his tendency to lose, had made him something of a bitch for Tank and Juniper to play with. He was gaining skill and strength, though, and everyone knew it was just a matter of time before he got lucky and defeated them.

When the bell rang, they came out fighting with renewed vigor. Tank was surprised by Roland's tenacity, and though he could not match Tank punch-for-punch, he was able to bring jabs into Tank's stomach and sides, slowly wearing down the larger opponent. Tank was still able to steer Roland, but he found himself much more tired and

slow moving than his small, nimble opponent did, and his punches were going wide. Roland gleefully exploited the openings created by Tank's wide, powerful blows, lightly striking and tapping at Tank's chest and face.

Frustrated and determined to end the match before he became too tired to continue, Tank began to put extra force into his punches, intending to drive through Roland's defense and send the smaller fox sprawling on the canvas. Tank certainly had the force to do so, and several times he'd sent Roland spinning or even knocked him out with a single punch. Roland desperately ducked and sidestepped these powerful punches, knowing that any one of them could mean a quick and painful end.

One of the blows struck Roland sharply on the shoulder and he stumbled back up against the ropes, bouncing off them as he steadied himself. Tank grinned and lunged forward, putting every ounce of his force into the blow. It was a strong, deep uppercut, guaranteed to knock Roland's lights right out.

But right before it connected, Roland instinctively dodged to the side, sending his own strong right arm out into the charging Tank. The force of the blow, combined with that from Tank's own charge, sent shock waves down Roland's arm and across Tank's face. Roland winced, closing his eyes momentarily. He opened them when he heard the sharp thud of body hitting canvas and, to his surprise, saw that Tank was knocked out cold on the mat.

Roland's jaw dropped. He'd seen Tank knocked down before, once he was even brought to lying on the canvas, struggling but unable to get back to his feet. But he'd never seen Tank knocked out cold, even in the Heavyweight Championship. He knelt down, carefully inspecting the big boxer for damage. Excepting that he was unconscious, he seemed perfectly fine. His breathing was normal and regular, he wasn't bleeding anywhere, and he even had a slight smile on his face. He seemed to be more napping peacefully than he was knocked out cold, something that gave Roland a deep sense of relief.

Roland knelt there by the passed-out Tank for a few moments, unsure exactly as to what he should do next. The gym's rules were clear, he was free to "claim his prize" now, but he'd never done so with Tank. Heck, he'd barely done so at all, most of the time he got at the gym was what was simply being passed around, usually Laine. Still, he'd always fanaticized about having his way with Tank, and he wasn't about to let this opportunity pass him by.

Gently, he flipped Tank over and maneuvered the big fox such that his knees and shoulders were on the canvas, leaving his big, muscled ass high up in the air. Roland's breath came in quick, gasping shorts as he gently pulled down Tank's boxing pants, exposing the unconscious fighter. It wasn't anything Roland hadn't seen hundreds of times before, but as he slowly worked his own pants down and rubbed his length with his glove, it certainly felt different. Things were backward, and he wasn't entirely ready for this change, though he certainly wanted it.

Roland gently pressed his tip against Tank's tailhole, grunting as he found himself forcing and shoving his way in. Tank was not one to go down often, and so he wasn't as "ready" as Roland might be, forcing the smaller fox to take things slow and steady. Roland was enjoying it immensely though, and as he gently worked his length deeper and deeper into Tank.

Once he felt comfortable, Roland gripped Tank firmly by the waist and began thrusting with increasing vigor. He almost wished that Tank was awake now, the thrill of getting to be on top for once was almost overwhelming. He wanted Tank to know how much fun he was having, how he was reveling on the chance to "subdue" the bigger and more powerful male, regardless of the huge amount of luck that was involved. A little humiliation would be good for Tank, especially right before the Regional Championship. Hubris had cost him the belt last year; he needed to learn the price of pride.

Roland grunted as he drove himself towards orgasm, an easy feat in the rush of new experiences and the tightness of Tank's near-virginal tailhole. He huffed and whimpered, folding his ears back as he felt his balls tighten and his shaft explode. He'd been so busy training and fighting that he'd never had an opportunity to release himself, and as he bit his lower lip he shot out stream after stream deep into Tank's ass.

As he huffed and puffed in the throws of post-orgasm, he heard the distinctive click of a camera. Turning to his right, he saw Juniper, dressed in hir standard boxing gear, holding up one of the club cameras and taking a quick snapshot. Roland's face was a mixture of surprise and embarrassment, as though he'd just been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "Sorry, but if I didn't take a photo, no one would believe me," said Juniper. "Fuck, even I've never taken out Tank before. What did you do, dip your gloves in chloroform before getting in the ring?"

"It was a lucky punch, that's all," said Roland. "He leaned too far into his uppercut and when he whiffed I took advantage of the situation."

"Yeah I can see that," said Juniper, grinning and climbing into the ring, hir boxing gloves still draped around hir neck. "I'll fight you for sloppy seconds." Shi grinned and took up a fighting pose. She'd defeated Roland countless times by now, and really, any fight between them would be no contest, considering how utterly exhausted he was.

"C'mon Juni, you know I'm in no condition to fight," he said, extracting himself from the dozing Tank and making his way toward one of the neutral corners, leaving his pants on the canvas, his dick bobbing comically out in front of him. Juniper quickly slipped hir gloves on, neglecting to tie them as shi struck out at Roland.

"Oh hush, just a quick fight, I can't take something I don't deserve," said Juniper. Shi threw a few light punches at him, making him wince as they bounced off his bruised shoulders. Irritated and exhausted, he wheeled suddenly and put his full force into a right

hook, leaning heavily into the punch and connecting solidly with Juni's left jaw.

Juniper was caught completely off guard, as shi had expected the exhausted and well-worn Roland to simply roll over and let himself be beaten and fucked, as normal. Shi went spinning onto the ropes, out cold before shi even rested on them, hir unconscious form draped across them. Shi was thus hanging half in, half out of the ring, hir ass and tail up high in the air, inviting.

Still worked up from Juni's advances and his most previous bit of tail, he eagerly moved over to Juni and yanked hir pants down, exposing hir sex. Being a herm shi had both sets of bits, but Roland went straight for hir tight pink pucker, jamming his length right up hir tailhole. It was supremely satisfying, a rough bit of revenge on someone who'd been teasing and taunting him for months. Though he was not mean or excessive, he lost no time driving his length home, moaning and groaning as he gripped onto hir with his gloved hands.

"Mmm how do you like that, Juni? Turnabout's fair play, bitch!" muttered Roland as he jammed his length again and again into the unconscious herm, his balls smacking roughly against hir sex as he drove himself. His dick was half-hard and he was still coming down off his hump session with Tank, but he was determined to bring things to a messy conclusion one way or another. It was a surefire way to remind Juni not to push him too much. After all, even he had limits!

As Roland felt himself empty into Juni's ass, his whole body shuddering from the effort, there was a groan from behind him. Tank was getting up now, whimpering and rubbing his sore rear end. "Why the fuck am I on the canvas, and why does my ass hurt so much?" he asked, blinking a bit as his head slowly stopped spinning.

Roland grinned and pulled out slowly, making sure that Tank could see the wet and messy hole he was leaving behind on Juni. "You made a mistake, I took advantage of it, and when Juni snapped a photo, I took advantage of that too." Roland grinned, filled with pride, even as he stood there near to naked with a messy, half-erect cock flopping around in front of him. "I beat you both fair and square, you messed up and I got lucky. Just remember that next time you decide to push me around."

Tank chuckled and made his way to his feet, still visibly unsteady but looking to be mostly recovered from his experience. "Mind if I help myself to some sloppy seconds?" said Tank, wobbling over towards the unconscious Juniper. Roland grinned and grabbed his shorts before slipping out between the ropes.

"Okay, but that's how shi ended up the way shi did," said Roland. Tank just smiled and moved up behind her, groaning as he gently sunk his length into hir sex.

"You'll take care of that picture shi took, right?" asked Tank. Roland grinned and picked up the camera. He'd take care of it all right. He'd take care of it in the club's private photo site right now!