

Laine's Lucky Day

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As Laine brought her fist into the speed bag, the leather-upon-leather smack coming with quick rapidity, something inside her just told her it would be a good day. She just felt good, and every punch seemed to fill her with energy, instead of tiring her out. She didn't know if it was a good night's sleep, a good breakfast, or just a random bit of luck, but it seemed like everything was going right for her. Every punch connected as it should. Even her sports bra managed to stay on perfectly, her tits bouncing around well within the range of comfort. Her body was filled with a sense of strength and invincibility, and she knew that, for today at least, she could do anything. She was just one big dynamo of a vixen.

As she shifted to the weighted bag, she could see Merric watching her out of the corner of her eye. The fox had always been very fond of Laine, but there was no doubting that he was a better boxer than her. She might have an edge in the bedroom, but almost every time they'd both gotten in the ring she had ended up face down on the canvas. She used to hate getting beaten in the ring, but Merric always helped her "feel better" with that massive cock of his.

"Wow, have you been practicing?" said Merric, tapping his gloves together and then idly bouncing the speedbag. Laine grinned and threw a few firm, powerful punches, the deep blows coming from the hip and striking the bag hard.

"Evenings and weekends, yeah," said Laine, grinning and stopping to catch her breath. She brushed hair and sweat out of her eyes, bouncing from heel to heel a little. "It really shows, huh? Juni and Tank have been helping me too, since the tournament season is over."

"Yeah, you're really getting better." Merric moved away from the speedbag and bounced around a bit, throwing a few punches in the air. His movement was swift and well practiced, a tribute to his years in the ring and strong fight record. Still, something inside Laine told her to take a risk. "Wanna test your skills in the ring?"

"Sure!" said Laine. Merric smiled, but he seemed a bit surprised that Laine was stepping up to the challenge. Still, he climbed into the practice ring and clapped his gloves, making it clear that he wasn't just going to lay down and let Laine beat him. She climbed into the ring as well, her tits bouncing around as she made a quick two-step, working herself up as he tried to erode Merric's confidence. He seemed more surprised than disheartened, but Laine just knew in her heart that she could beat him. She had before, in the private bouts where they practiced in his basement, but she just knew he wasn't trying his hardest down there. This one would be for real, and Laine knew her victory would be all the sweeter.

Merric tapped the electric timer on the edge of the ring and then stepped to the middle, tapping gloves with Laine as the machine

rang the bell. Laine had wondered if Merric would take his usual, casual attitude to their bout, but he was in no mood to play around. He came out of the gate strong, jabbing firmly and trying to drive Laine around the ring. Merric's small size and light build made him ideal for a swift and confident fight, and he certainly had no trouble moving swiftly

Laine had been studying Pugilism Illustrated and training with Juni and Tank, and she knew that she couldn't expect to win if she let Merric control the fight like this. She did her best to block and dodge, refusing to move backward as she kept Merric moving round and round in circles about the ring. Merric had a tendency to lean too far forward when punching, making his unprotected belly a distinct soft spot. Laine tentatively tried to strike out at his exposed stomach, trying to give Merric a good firm hit right in the breadbasket, but he wasn't about to just let her knock him down. Every time she went for it, he punished her with a firm bop to the head. Not enough to really hurt her, but enough to dissuade her from trying too many times. If she was going to get in, she'd need to make sure he was totally open, or that she could block effectively

The automated bell dinged the end of the round, and both fighters collapsed into their corner, leaning on the ropes and gasping. Without corner men or coaches they couldn't get stools to sit on or gulps of water from water bottles, and as Laine gasped for air she realized how much she missed those amenities. But if it was rough for her, it would be rough for Merric too, and she might be able to take advantage of that. He certainly had a big edge on her when it came to power and endurance, but he was doing pretty much all of the moving and punching here. If she could just conserve her energy, he might get tired and make a mistake. It was her best chance, and she had to take it.

When the bell dinged again and they came out fighting, Laine kept her blocks up and forced Merric to make every move. Her arms ached with the blocking and her ankles protested the constant quick movements, but she just knew that this was the best way to come out on top. Her hard work was rewarded when Merric overextended one of his right-hooks, causing him to stumble. Laine reacted without thinking, her right arm coming up beneath his for a powerful uppercut that sent him stumbling. Merric recovered but he was visibly stunned and so Laine charged, throwing her punches wildly and striking him as much as she could. Though her blows were less than perfect, they were strong enough to be painful and soon Merric was up against the ropes, his gloves guarding his face while Laine windmilled into his gut.

"Enough, enough!" said Merric, trying to reach out and grab Laine as she let out what she hoped was a scary roar, her gloved fists flying into him again and again. "I give up! If you keep going like that, you're gonna actually hurt me."

"You know what that means, what with club rules and all?" said Laine, giggling and leaning in to kiss Merric's bruised face on the

cheek. He wasn't badly hurt, but he'd been boffed around enough to where he didn't wanna play anymore.

"Yes yes, club rules, you get to fuck me," said Merric, rolling his eyes as if he was somehow not excited about the prospect. He casually pressed the thumbs of his gloves into his boxing shorts. Soon his cock flopped out, massive black and eager, his length already hardening with his closeness to Laine.

But Laine smirked and pushed herself away from Merric, leaving him hanging on the ropes. She used her teeth to untie her gloves and then climbed out of the ring and positively bounced to her gym bag. She pulled out a large purple strapon and a bottle of lube, winking at Merric and sticking out her tongue.

"Awh hell no!" He protested, but Laine just strapped herself in and bounced over to the canvas, the rubber phallus bouncing and flopping comically in front of her.

"Gym rules!" She said, kissing Merric on the cheek. "I get to FUCK you! So that means I get to have the cock this time! Now bend over!" Merric sighed and braced himself against the corner ropes, gingerly raising his tail as Laine applied great generous gobs of lube to the rubber shaft.

"At least be gentle back there!" said Merric, wincing and biting his lower lip as Laine slowly worked the length up her ass. She whimpered as she felt the warm rubber press against her clit, her own body gently stimulated as she fucked Merric up the ass.

"Oh hush, I saw Juni do this to you during the Royal Rumble!" said Laine, giggling. "Although I guess you were too unconscious to remember much." Merric groaned, and Laine leaned in close, kissing his cheeks and nuzzling them as she reached out to grab the ropes. Gently she moved the length back and forth inside him, panting and gasping with his own breath. It was slow going, but Laine was amazed at how much she was enjoying herself. No wonder Juni was every bit as eager to box the boys as she was the girls, this was one victory prize worth having.

Just as she was thinking of Juni, she heard the herm vixen's familiar harrumph coming from outside the ring. She kept her focus on Merric but looked over her shoulder, grinning a little as she saw that Juni was wearing nothing but gloves and shoes. Juni did tend to train mostly naked, and claimed that it helped her in the ring, but Laine was certain it had more to do with Juni's smug self-centeredness and love of her own body than anything else.

"So how are you enjoying your new girlfriend?" Juni teased as she came over. Laine stuck out her tongue at Juni and leaned in close, rubbing Merric's shaft as she worked his ass, making him groan and grip the ropes all the more firmly. Juni leaned on the canvas a bit, murring as she watched. "So can I have sloppy seconds?"

Normally Laine would have ignored Juni, maybe even kicked things up a notch to show how she was having too much fun to be teased and distracted, but she was having a good day today and decided maybe she could take a chance. As Merric's shaft exploded in her hand,

shuddering out onto the canvas, she pulled out slowly, letting the sloppy dick glisten in front of her. She hated to do it, as she was thus far unsatisfied, but she had a feeling that wouldn't last too long. "I'll let you have a turn on him now, if I can't knock you out with one punch," said Laine, grinning.

"Hey, don't I get a say in this?" gasped Merric as he slowly slid to the canvas, gasping for air as he turned around and sat, removing his gloves and reaching down to where the ringside water bottles rested. As he grabbed one and took a long, exhausted drink, Juni climbed up into the ring, shooting him a devilish look. Hir shaft was already half hard, the massive black length bobbing in front of Merric with painful familiarity. Juni had the second biggest package in the gym, second only to Tank, and it was not something he could take easily. After the Royal Rumble he wasn't able to sit properly for over a week!

"Sure, you get to lend me your gloves," said Laine, grinning and helping herself to Merric's gloves as he finished off the entire bottle of water. He grumbled, somewhat resolved to his fate, but clearly not liking it. How could Laine hope to knock out a professional boxer like Juni? And what did she intend to prove, putting his ass literally on the line like that?

As Laine tied herself into her gloves, Juni took a wide stance, putting hir hands on hir hips and grinning at Laine and Merric. "Take your best shot!" shi said smugly, grinning and closing her eyes as shi presented hir face to be an inviting target. "Right on the face, c'mon!" Merric grumbled, he wanted nothing more than to knock the smirk right off hir face. He wasn't sure if he was angry at Laine for putting him up like that, or Juni for taking the foolish vixen up on such a bad bet.

Laine, however, was still brimming with confidence. It had been a lucky day for her so far, and it didn't seem like her luck was about to change. She took a firm fighting stance, testing her feet and the gloves a bit as she studied Juni. After a few moments she knew exactly what to do, and without warning she lunged, putting the full force of her weight and punch into Juni's stomach. Juni hadn't anticipated a blow to the gut and was caught completely unawares, within seconds she was down on the floor gasping, coughing and panting.

"You bitch!" shi said, coughing and sputtering. Shi tried to get up, or at least get on all fours, but the wind was completely knocked out of hir and all she could do was lay down on the canvas and gasp for breath. "You were supposed to punch me in the face!"

"I said I was going to knock you out," said Laine, grinning as she towered over her opponent. A single solitary drop of lube dripped off the tip of her strapon, landing squarely in the middle of Juni's forehead. "And if I recall, in boxing, ten seconds on the floor is considered a technical knockout. So that means I win our little bet." Juni growled, grumbled and cursed under hir breath, but shi knew that shi'd been beaten and that there was no point in fighting back. Best

to give in, enjoy himself, and seek revenge another day. "Hey Merric, you wanna help me with this? I figure you've earned it, putting your ass on the line and all."

Soon all three of them were all over one another, Merric lying down and taking Juni's puss while Laine helped herself to Juni's tight rump, both of them reaching down from time to time to give the herm a bit of a stroke. They moaned, they whimpered, and they all pushed and bucked against one another, sliding and moving with soft deliberateness. Laine whimpered as she reached up and rubbed Juni's breasts, giving the herm a bit of a hard time, making sure shi was trapped in pleasure between herself and Merric. The three of them giggled and squirmed between one another, both Merric and Laine laughing as Juni gave in to their combined efforts and shot out in big, thick gobs of cum.

"Phwaw! Some of it got on my face, eeecch!" said Merric, rubbing the cum off his cheek and smearing it onto the blushing Juni. Laine just cooed, leaning into and hugging her rival-turned-partner as she rode out her orgasm. It was long and slow, a deep run that filled her with a soft, light tingling that danced from her toes to the tips of her ears. When the pleasure finally subsided, she gently extracted herself and stood up, stretching a bit and cracking her back as she stretched.

"Well I dunno about you two, but I could use a good shower!" said Laine as she extracted herself from the ring and walked over to her bag, stowing her strapon and stuffing in the rest of her gear. Since nudity in the gym wasn't much of an issue she even stuffed her top, shoes and shorts into the bag before heading into the locker room. "Want me to save a shower for ya?"

"Nah, I think I've got a bit more revenge to work out on Juni here," said Merric. He grinned and kissed hir on the face before flipping her over and plopping his fat shaft between hir tits. Juni, now given in to the spirit, sucked and lapped happily on his tip while shi worked the remainder of his length with her tits. "It's good to not be the bitch for once!" Laine grinned as she headed out towards the showers, glad to see such a big smile on Merric's face. If she'd known he wanted a bit of turnabout on Juni so bad, she'd have tricked the herm months ago!

As Laine entered the big co-ed shower she quickly realized something was amiss. Being hot, wet and naked, the showers were invariably filled with the sort of bump-and-grind that one would expect in a place like Tetsuo's gym. But instead there was just a group of guys crowded around the lockers and grumbling. Laine walked over to them, tossing her bag in the locker and then giving Tank a big smile.

"What's wrong?" she asked. Tank huffed. It had been a rough year for him, especially since he had just barely lost the championship, and he was more glum and gruff than usual.

"See, normally there's a bunch of groupies waiting for me in the locker room," said Tank. "And, you know, I'm not greedy so I let the

other guys have turns too." He gestured to the half-dozen other guys milling around near the exit. They all boxed at the gym from time to time, and Laine knew all their names, but she knew Tank was the only one who took boxing seriously enough to be training on a Saturday afternoon. She grinned and kissed Tank on the cheek, swaying her hips as she walked towards the showers, turning sharply to face the boys just as her feet touched the tile.

"Well then how about I solve all your problems?" she said.

"There's what, seven of you, and one of me? That sounds like a good ratio by my reckoning." There was some murmuring among the boys at first, but when Tank strode forward and kissed Laine the rest strung along. Laine grinned and knelt down on a nice, soft patch of linoleum and gave Tank a big long lick. The large fox groaned with delight, his shaft quickly and eagerly standing at attention. The other boys crowded around her and soon Laine was rubbing and sucking in all directions at once, grinning as she got each boy moaning and groaning in turn. Laine cooed with pleasure as she went from one to the next to the next, giving each boy a turn in her mouth and hands.

Soon they were cumming and shooting and splurting all over her face and chest. As she found herself in the midst of the bukkake, she grinned and closed her eyes, taking in the sex and the glory of the day. She'd won a fight, a bet, and would probably be spending the rest of the evening taking it every which-way she could, until all seven guys had had their turn. If there was ever a lucky day for Laine, it was today. Indeed, it was the best day since yesterday, and now all she had to do is make it happen again tomorrow.