

## ***The XXX Tournament Round 1: Valerie Vs. Vance***

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Vance "Horse" Kellerman grinned and tapped his gloves together, then used his teeth to tug on the knots to ensure they were tight as possible. The fox had a very good feeling about this match, and as he ran a glove across his close-cropped black hair and grinned at his reflection in one of the gym mirrors. Though not much in terms of height, Vance had a lot of muscle on his small frame, and his extensive training had put him just under the upper weight limit for lightweight boxing. His gold-and-purple boxing shorts, which were the official Royal Rumlbers colors, made good contrast on his white and orange fur. It also matched well with his official Royal Rumlbers gloves and shoes, which were the same colors. He was very proud to be a Rumbler, not only because they treated him well, but because of the particular nature of the contest they competed in.

Henry "Bouncer" Biggens, the rabbit who was in charge of the Royal Rumlbers, came into the gym to check out his fighter. Dressed in a hoodie and jeans, he his look was more that of a trainer than a fighter, but even through the thick cotton his powerful arms and toned physique were evident. He didn't become the Team Captain of the Rumlbers purely because of his charisma. He could fight as well, or better, than every one of his teammates. He lightly tapped a manila envelope against his palm as he walked, it's contents thumping against the bottom as he did so.

Henry smirked at the fox's cockiness and sat down on the bench beside him. "So you're ready for tonight's fight, eh?" said Henry. "You DO realize that this isn't like the Lightweight Championships you're used to, right?"

"Fucking duh, they don't call it the XXX Tournament for nothing," said Vance. He had a grin from ear to ear, and was positively bouncing on the bench with eagerness. "Not only do I get a rough and tough rumble with a hot chick, but I get to tap dat ass if I win." Vance grinned and thrust his hips forward a bit in mock-fucking, pretending to slap an imaginary ass. Henry couldn't help but laugh at such antics.

"Well you might want to bother to get to know a little about the ass you might end up tapping," said Henry. "And you might want to be a bit wary of getting distracted. Just because she's a girl doesn't mean she can't fight, every girl in the Brentwood Brawlers is a champion in their respective weight class. But I digress, you'll want these." Henry opened his manila envelope and shook out several dozen large glamour shots of a sexy, sultry vixen with bright blue eyes and golden blond hair. The photos were all of her posing and prancing around a boxing gym wearing nothing more than gloves, shoes and a big smile. Vance eagerly grabbed at them, struggling to hold them in his gloved hands.

"Wow, look at those tits! That smile! Those muscles! Those tits!" Vance's tail wagged into a blur as he continued to flip through the pictures. Henry put his arm around Vance's shoulder.

"You do realize you have a boner, right?" said Henry. Vance blushed through his fur, hurriedly dropping the photos and trying to cover his crotch with his gloved hands. "Don't be so bashful, I mean, win or lose people are going to see you out there butt naked in about an hour. Anyway I wanted you to be aware of the fact that your opponent, Valerie, has gotten many a victory through distraction. Don't fall for her charms now, save it for later once you've added her to our little harem."

"Yeah, I got ya," said Vance. "Keep my arms up, defend myself, and there will be big rewards later. Don't worry boss, I won't let you down."

"I kind of figured that," said Henry, grinning. "Now lets get you out there, and you make me glad I selected you for the Rumblers this year!"

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The ring was awash with bright lights and surrounded by a gigantic cheering crowd. Strobe and spot lights danced around the crowd, filling the place with excitement. A massive set of screens was suspended above the boxing ring, allowing even those in the cheap seats to get a great view of the goings on below. Currently the ring had but one occupant, a single raccoon dressed in a referee uniform, holding a mic and addressing the crowd.

"Ladies, gentlemen, and those of you somewhere in between, welcome one and all to the XXX Tournament!" said the referee. "Where we put the hardcore in hardcore boxing! You're all here to see the ultimate tournament which not only tests a fighter's skill in the ring, but their commitment and skill in the bedroom. And you get to see it all! For those of you not familiar with our little game, the winner gets to add the loser to their harem at the end of each match. And you get to see their 'induction' right here on the canvas! Winners keep fighting until they lose, and the match goes on until every member of one gym belongs to the harem of the other. And we'll be getting lots of exclusive behind-the-scenes material of what goes on in those harems, so don't forget to check out our website every day with updates. But enough of me, you're here to see some boxing, and some fucking!"

As the referee finished his speech, he gestured to the red corner, which was immediately hit by a spotlight. "In the red corner, representing the Royal Rumblers, it's Vance 'Horse' Kellerman!" The spotlight illuminated Vance, decked out in his purple-and-gold gloves, shorts and shoes, and he immediately struck a few poses. The crowd erupted with cheers, and someone in the audience threw their panties at him. He grinned, kissed them and then jammed them in his pants, blowing a kiss at the crowd as he marched forward. Somehow,

this riled them up even more than they already were. Vance climbed into the ring and took his seat, pounding his gloves to make it clear he was ready.

"And in the blue corner, we have Valerie 'Vixy' Jennings! Bust out those camera phones, boys, this here's a hot one!" The spotlight flew off of Vance and hit Valerie hard, bathing her in bright white light. Vance's jaw almost dropped onto the canvas. Valerie was even hotter in person than her photos! Her massive chest was jammed tightly into a much-too-small green and white top, and her short shorts hugged her ass so tight he wondered if she'd been poured into them. She blew kisses to the crowd as she sauntered towards the center ring to a cavalcade of flashing cameras and cheers, stopping from time to time to give an ass or cleavage shot to one of the many lenses pointed at her. Clearly, Valerie knew her assets, and how to use them.

"I want a clean fight, play nice, and act like athletes out there!" said the ref as he brought the two fighters together. Vance regretted jamming those panties into his pants, which were now more than a bit uncomfortable. His erection was much too big to miss, and he heard laughter coming from the audience as the camera zoomed in on his crotch. "Now tap gloves, and come out swinging!"

The moment Valerie and Vance tapped their gloves, Valerie came at Vance with a firm sucker punch, clearly intending to take advantage of his obvious distraction. Vance was almost too late in blocking it but he got his arms up, and as Valerie continued to deliver punches Vance shifted more and more into his element. As he found himself able to focus on the fighting, Valerie's massive, distracting tits became less and less of an issue, although having those huge fun bags only mere feet from his face still made things difficult. Vance made a mental note to buy bigger, looser pants for the next match, especially if the next opponent was every bit as hot as Valerie.

Valerie was swift and accurate, but her punches bounced off of Vance as though they were peas from a peashooter. Vance was small and light for a boxer, but he hadn't become a lightweight champion by being a pushover, and Valerie wasn't about to wear him down. She just didn't have the strength to force him to the defensive, and he knew it. He had a feeling she knew it too.

That didn't dissuade Valerie from bringing it hard, though. She neatly whipped around Vance again and again, forcing him to turn and defend himself as she threatened to attack him from the side. Using her small size and swift feet to her advantage, she was constantly forcing him to back up or dip down, her punches aimed towards his unprotected kidneys whenever possible.

Vance had fought nimble fighters before, though, and even as he let Valerie work herself up, he began gently guiding her towards one of the neutral corners. If he could just get her to where she couldn't move around so well, he could take advantage of the huge disparity in strength and really give her a pounding.

Just as he was about to corner her, though, the bell rang, signaling the end of the round. Vance was frustrated as he was just getting started and was in a good position, but when he sat down on his stool he realized how exhausted he was. Valerie had kept him in constant motion for the entire three minutes, and the moment he stopped moving his whole body begged for rest. He grabbed at the water bottle and filled his muzzle, racking his brains for a better strategy. Obviously if he simply let Valerie chase him around the ring he'd be so tired and dizzy by round three that she'd win on points, especially since she was the one doing all the hitting right now. He had to come at her hard, force her to react to him, and use his strength against hers. As the bell rang, he grinned, confident that he could put Valerie on the canvas by the end of this round. It was his best chance, after all.

When they tapped gloves, Vance immediately went on the offensive, forcing Valerie to keep up her arms, which he began to punish. He hated to attack so beautiful and sexy a creature, but he knew that he had to in order to win, and he showed her no mercy. Though he was nowhere near as swift and agile as she was, he had a slight advantage in reach and he pushed it to the fullest, driving his gloves home again and again. Valerie was too smart to be driven into a corner, but after a couple of particularly debilitating blows Vance managed to work her up against the ropes, pounding at her mercilessly until she managed to crab-walk to the side.

He tried to force her into the blue corner once she found herself free but was unsuccessful. Still she was weak in the knees, and Vance pushed his advantage hard. His persistence was rewarded when she dipped her hand for a second to try and land a weak punch, making herself vulnerable to a strong right hook. The punch connected, and Valerie went sprawling out onto the canvas. She was still staggering on her elbows and knees, but before the ref could come over, her corner man threw in the towel, ending the match.

Vance stood to his feet and cheered, bouncing up and down a bit on his feet as Valerie was helped off the canvas. He was a bit worried at first, but when he saw her blowing kisses at the crowd, he knew she wasn't hurt that bad. He cheered and let the ref help him hold up his hand as the crowd went wild. "Let's see if he can fuck as well as he can fight!" said the ref. Vance just grinned, eager to prove himself in the ring yet again.

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Though he'd only had an hour to recover, Vance was bouncing on his stool with excitement. The only thing he had on were his shoes and Valerie's gloves, which he'd been given to wear as a sign of his triumph. They would hang on the wall at the Royal Rumlbers gym as a testament to his skill and prowess in the tournament, as well as to remind the Brawlers who had won first blood.

The thought of getting to bang Valerie already had Vance rather hard, and as the audience murmured in anticipation he idly worked himself a bit, his large black shaft dripping onto the canvas a little. Vance's nickname "horse" was apt, seeing as he was exceedingly well endowed for a fox, and he winked at a few of the hot femmes in the audience as he waited for Valerie. Cameras were brought in to capture every angle for both the crowd and the DVD, and he took pride in showing off to them while everyone waited. He was quite the looker, after all!

After what seemed like an eternity the spotlight shone on Valerie's corner, and she gently climbed into the ring. Dressed in only a gold and purple collar, signifying that she was part of the Rumbler's harem until the conclusion of the tournament, Valerie struck pose after pose for the crowd and the cameras. She jiggled her tits and shook her ass, making it clear to everyone that Vance hadn't knocked her around too hard and she was very much ready to be claimed as a prize. She sauntered over to Vance, her hips shaking wide with each step as she grew closer and closer. She kissed him on the nose then pulled him to his feet, making it clear that she was more than good to go.

"Looks like Valerie wants something!" said the referee, who was standing off to the side and smirking. "Let's hope Vance is up to the task!" Knowing he had a show to do, Vance wrapped his arms around Valerie and pushed his muzzle to hers, flipping her down and sweeping her off her feet in a massive kiss. She was caught off guard at first, but she quickly kissed him back, wrapping her arms around him and pulling him in close. Vance's strong arms were tired but he didn't dare let go, and as he slowly righted her he gave her ass a firm spank.

"Boxing makes me hungry, mind if I get a bit of a snack?" shouted Valerie, making sure that the ref's microphone picked up her words. The crowd cheered and she slowly dropped to her knees, dragging her hands across Vance's chest and sides as she descended. He groaned, gently gripping her head as she slurped at the tip of his shaft. She knew exactly what she was doing, pleasing both Vance and the crowd. He groaned as she slowly worked his length into her muzzle, panting and whimpering lightly. Henry had mentioned that Valerie was a porn star before taking up boxing, and Vance could feel it in her every stroke and motion.

Vance groaned and pushed forward, gently guiding Valerie down as she took more and more of his enormous length into her maw. He was amazed how much he could shove in there. Could she deep-throat him to the hilt? He pressed a bit, hoping she would pick up on his curiosity, groaning and panting as she worked more and more of his length into her. Vance whimpered and wagged his tail into a blur as he felt her cold vulpine nose pressed against his crotch, his balls resting on her chin. The whole room was lit with camera flashes as everyone strained to take a picture, the cameras zooming in to capture Valerie's achievement.

"It's a good thing that Vance already won, I think a blowjob that hard would be a technical knockout otherwise!" said the ref, grinning at the pair. Vance considered humping things to a finish right then and there, but when he saw Valerie reaching down between her legs to rub herself on one of the big screens above the ring, he grinned and helped her to her feet.

Helping her brace herself against the ropes, Vance gently thwapped his large, wet meat against Valerie's ass, making her moan. He gently slid it back and forth across her dripping slit, teasing her a bit before stuffing it in. As loose and accepting as Valerie was he could have easily jammed it in to the hilt in one strong, smooth motion, but it was a lot more fun to tease the vixen and work it in slowly. Valerie moaned and gripped the ropes, pushing back against Vance in desperate need. Vance was tempted to hold out a bit more, but it was hard to resist the opportunity to give Valerie the pounding she so desired.

Though he was tired from the fighting and fucking up until now, Vance had more than enough stamina to bring everything to a big messy finish. Working Valerie hard with his shaft, pulling it almost all the way out with each forward jab, he pounded her again and again. Each forward thrust came down so hard that there was an audible smack of hips against ass, making Valerie shudder. Her tits were bounding wildly now, and as Vance worked her wetter and wetter he knew he was near a messy and delicious conclusion.

Valerie moaned and gripped the ropes in front of her as her sex exploded around Vance, making her shudder with the immense force of her pleasure. Racing his own orgasm, Vance pulled out and laid his shaft between Valerie's ample cheeks, groaning and panting as he shot out across her back. The crowd cheered as he left a white "skunk stripe" from her tail to the back of her neck, just barely grazing her cheek with his last high arc.

"Well that's all for now," said the ref. "But don't worry, we'll catch all the hot harem action down at the Royal Rumlbers gym, so don't think you've seen the last of Valerie in this year's match!"

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Valerie cooed and relaxed on the big pile of pillows that made up the Royal Rumlbers's "trophy room." The place was full of soft, plush things, from mattresses to floor pillows to bean bag chairs to soft carpeting, designed to allow the boxers to do as they wished, all under the vigilant eye of web cams stationed behind the room's two-way mirrors. Vance was washing up, but Valerie knew that he'd be back for seconds as soon as he was up to it. He might have won the fight, but she had him wrapped around her little finger now. He just liked pussy much too much.

A cell phone rang, and Valerie began digging through the pillows to retrieve it. She might be confined to the Royal Rumlbers's gym until the tournament was over, but there was no separating her from

her phone. Or her conditioner, fur treater and makeup, for that matter. She put the phone to her ear and answered in her most pleasant voice. "Hello?"

"That was a good fight today, wasn't it?" It was Raven, the black panther who led the Brentwood Brawlers. "It's too bad you lost, I've never seen you move like that."

"Well I had no intention of throwing the match, despite what you might have thought considering Vance's equipment," said Valerie. "It's divine, by the way, you've GOT to try it. He can hit spots most guys don't even know you have."

"Oh, I'll get my chance," said Raven, giggling into the phone a little. "Don't you worry. But it's time for you to focus on plan B now. He's up against Katrina tomorrow evening, and it would certainly help her out if he had other things on his mind. Not to mention if he failed to get a good night's sleep."

"Listen, as deprived as Vance has been during his training, 'plan B' as you call it would happen whether I wanted it to or not." Valerie sighed and stretched out her arms and legs, her body a mass of relaxation and comfort. "Besides, that cheetah gal is no pushover. She's every bit as fast as me and at least twice as strong. So don't you worry about Katrina."

"I'll stop worrying once we get that championship belt," said Raven. "It's been three years since the Brawlers beat the Rumlbers. Three years! You wanna make it for?"

"Who you talking to, babe?" said Vance. He had just come from the showers and had a towel around his neck, his erect shaft bobbing in front of him. He thrust his hips a bit, making it bounce and ensuring it would catch her eye.

"No one important," said Valerie, grinning and hanging up her phone. "Now how's about you bring that over here, and we can get started on round 2, hmm?"