

The New Guy

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Erica's fists pounded lightly against the speed bag, but her heart wasn't in it. The husky's deep violet eyes kept being drawn to the large, handsome mink on the far side of the gym. It made her long, black-furred tail twitch to see him in action. Clad only in boxer shorts, shoes and gloves, his musculature was on display, and he had the same powerful sculpting of a Greek god. Each powerful thrust of his arms sent the bag shuddering, and Erica found herself entranced by the powerful mink. His soft blond hair and his long golden tail matched his shorts, gloves and shoes. His arms bulged and flexed with each carefully placed blow. He was sexy, no doubt about it, and Erica's long hours of training had left her with painfully little time for boyfriends.

"Yeah, the new guy is pretty hot, isn't he?" Erica blushed a bit and turned to see that Laine was addressing her, the red-haired vixen smirking with delight. Erica took boxing seriously, but Laine was just here for the boys, and the two of them didn't get along so well. Laine was delighted to see Erica lusting away, especially when the husky had chided her for the same behavior not two days ago. "His name's Callum and apparently he's well respected, they think he'll go Golden Gloves in the next few years."

Erica shot Laine a "fuck you" glance and resumed punching the speed bag. "Really? Well then good for him," she said. But she was distracted, and her blows were wild and unpracticed. Laine began to giggle at Erica.

"What's gotten in to you? You're starting to punch worse than I do." Erica growled, brushing the thick brown hair out of her eyes. She wanted to wallop Laine right upside her pretty face, but that was only appropriate if they were facing one another in the ring.

"I'm just distracted by the thought of getting to fight someone every bit as good as me," said Erica. "You know that I'm #1 bitch around here since I defeated Tank in that Strip Boxing match. I'm just hungry for a challenge!"

"Well if that's the case, why don't you go challenge Callum?" said Laine, grinning. "Or maybe that's what's got you so excited, you can't wait for him to take advantage of gym rules. I saw him getting changed in the locker room, and if you think that Tank or Merric is well endowed..."

"Shut up!" said Erica. She growled and climbed into the ring. "Hey Callum! Wanna spar? I'm all warmed up and ready to go!"

Erica couldn't believe what she'd gotten herself into. Even though they were just sparring, Callum was taking the match very

seriously. The massive, muscular mink was not pulling any of his punches, and was making good use of his slight advantage in strength and reach. It was all Erica could do to keep up, and soon she found herself being pushed around the ring, her arms forced to take a defensive stance rather than attacking.

The commotion was attracting quite the crowd, and Erica could hear her friends chanting her name as she desperately struggled to bring herself back into the fight. She could sense that there had to be some sort of advantage she could pull over Callum, something she could use to catch up. She began to retreat more carefully, paying close attention to his jabs and his footwork. His technique was honed and his attacks were aggressive, leaving no doubt as to his reputation. But still, there was something wrong, there had to be. Erica had never matched a fighter who was perfect, and there just had to be something for her to exploit.

The bell rang and Erica sat in her corner, gasping and panting for breath. Laine came up, extending a water bottle and grinning a bit. Erica scowled, but she swished and spat, glad for the attention as Laine rubbed down her shoulders. It was no wonder Laine ended up being the corner girl so often, she definitely had the hands for it, and were it not for their rivalry Erica would feel content to just lean back and enjoy the shoulder massage. "You know, it's kind of odd, the way he holds up his hands while jabbing," said Laine, her voice clearly pretending not to care.

"What?" said Erica. She sat up straight and turned to face Laine, surprised that the vixen had anything at all interesting to say. She had expected Laine to comment on how Erica was getting her ass kicked, or how huge Callum's dick was, not drop an observation about Callum's boxing style. "What do you mean odd, exactly?"

"Well he really leans into his punches, putting his whole body into 'em," said Laine, idly fluffing up Erica's hair as she finished rubbing the husky's shoulders. "It kind of puts him off balance, and it totally exposes his stomach. I'm just saying..." Erica's eyes went wide. How could she not have seen it before? She must have let herself lose focus under the flurry of all his punches. Callum was leaving himself exposed with each and every strong punch, practically inviting retaliation. It was as if she were in a video game and he was lighting up with a big "PUNCH HERE!" sign every time he lunged forward.

"Thanks Laine, I owe ya one!" said Erica. She stood up and pounded her gloves together, filled with renewed vigor and enthusiasm. Laine grinned, blowing Erica a kiss.

"Consider it repayment for all that teasing earlier," said the vixen. "Now get out there and knock 'im down!" Erica moved forward and tapped gloves as the bell rung from the ringside, and soon the pair of them were swinging again. Erica moved carefully and slowly, sizing up her opponent and forcing him to keep moving. Already his bulky size was revealing it's lack of maneuverability, and though Erica wasn't used to forcing her opponent to chase her, she did the

best she could. It had been a long time since she last played defensively, but she did her best, leading him around the ring and forcing him to overextend with each thrust.

Things seemed to be working great at first. By dodging at the last minute, she was able to catch Callum on the side, digging her fists into his gut. But years of training had given him abs of iron, and Erica had a feeling that she wasn't really getting much done. She began to growl with frustration as her punches bounced off of him, like she was hitting an iron plate rather than a stomach. Clearly, her lack of training and inability to find tough opponents were a bigger problem than she'd thought. She had gotten complacent, allowing herself to rest on her laurels. Callum had just come off of the circuit, and was in prime fighting condition. He was barely tired, and even though Erica forced him to do all of the work, whenever one of his punches connected she could feel how energized he still was.

Summoning up the last of her strength, she brought her fists hard into Callum's stomach. The effect was clearly felt. He stumbled a bit, straining to withstand the force of her blows. But she was tiring herself out, and Callum's reserves were not breaking. Frustrated, she lunged hard, hoping to catch the side of his face as he prepared to hook. But she had miscalculated, and the hook connected hard with her face. The world spun, and the next thing she knew, she was crashing flat on her back onto the canvas. She whimpered, and held up her hands in surrender. There was no point in dragging this out, she'd lost, and she was going to need to spend a lot more time working her arms and getting her footwork back into shape if she intended to take on Callum again.

Laine pranced out onto the ring and held up Callum's hand, giggling. "The WINNER!" She declared, eliciting applause from the other boxers. Her tits bounced wildly with every step, and her infectious happiness made Erica just want to smack her. How dare she gloat at a time like this? Even if Erica was only mildly wounded, her pride was badly bruised, and it was quite humiliating for someone supposedly on the top of her game to be so roundly defeated. As if to rub salt into the wounds, Laine bent far over, grinning and making sure Erica could see plenty of the vixen's ample cleavage. "Just so you know, I knew that going for Callum's gut wouldn't help. He told me he was going to try to lure you in there. But I had no idea you'd just lean right into one of his hooks! It's like you wanted to be knocked down!" Erica growled and struggled to sit up on her elbows. The entire left side of her face was still stinging.

"Just you wait until the all-girl promotional fight next month!" threatened Erica. "You are going to get SUCH a pounding!" But Laine showed no interest or concern, and instead bounced out of the ring, pausing only to kiss Callum on the cheek. For his part, Callum seemed to be a good winner, smiling almost apologetically at Erica from his vantage point high above her.

"Never mind her," said Callum. He was apparently well versed in gym rules and intended to take advantage of them pulling down and stepping out of his boxing shorts. As he smiled at Erica she found herself minding the loss less and less. He certainly seemed sweet, and a little sex would help to mend her damaged ego. "I thought you fought really well. We should do this again sometime, I need all the sparring I can get if I'm going to earn those golden gloves."

"Thanks, I guess I just let myself get a little rusty," said Erica. She blushed a bit, then began to untie her gloves with her teeth. But Callum grabbed his length in his own glove and leaned over her, the pre already glistening from his tip.

"Leave 'em on, I kind of like the way they look," said Callum. "Black is definitely your color. Now if you don't mind..." Erica grinned a bit, and hoisted herself up on to her feet. She took a deep whiff of Callum's scent, drinking it in before licking on him lightly. How long had it been since she last indulged herself in such a fashion? Weeks? Months? However long it was, it had been much, much too long, and she eagerly sucked on him, twisting her head this way and that as she worked to get his length hard. She braced her gloved hands on his thighs, bobbing herself with greater and greater gusto as her tail wagged to a blur behind her. Already she was losing herself in the sex, overwhelmed by feelings of lust and longing.

"Whoa now, I heard that the girls here were enthusiastic, but I thought that was in reference to boxing!" said Callum. Erica blushed, sliding back and working Callum lightly in her gloved hand. He was glowing with excitement, and Erica felt herself begin to grow wet and eager as well.

"I've been busy, what with the female tourney circuit putting bouts through most of last month," replied Erica. "I haven't gotten a lot of time off to relax, if you catch my drift."

"Well I think I can handle that," said Callum. He reached down and helped Erica to her feet, then gave her ass a firm grope. She blushed. "You don't mind the fact that everyone's watching? A few of 'em are even taking photos." It was only now that Erica realized how many of her friends were staring at her, some grinning, others pleading with their eyes that they might get sloppy seconds. She blushed a bit, but didn't feel the need to do much else. She grabbed her top with the thumbs of her gloves, pulling it up and off with a grin.

"It's nothing they haven't seen before," said Erica. "I mean, what do you think it's like, what with the special rules around here and all? Hell, most of 'em have tapped this ass already, although only because I like to ride a boy when I win." She tried to spank her ass to punctuate her sentence, but her gloved fist made a dull thud instead of a satisfying smack. But that didn't stop Callum grabbing at her shorts, his whole body jittering with excitement as he braced Erica against a corner post and grabbed his length in his hand.

"I'll hold you to that, you know," said Callum. "I love to see a girl's titties bounce while she rides me." He gently pressed his

length against Erica's eager slit, making them both gasp as he slid in. Erica's body drank in the warmth and the filling, making her groan with excitement. It had been much, much too long, and she was overwhelmed with good feelings. She grabbed at the ropes and planted her heels firmly. She pushed back on Callum, squeezing his length as best she could. He was deliciously thick and delightfully long, and he had no trouble pleasing her.

Callum moved slowly but firmly, making the most of it in light of how tired they both were. He groped her gently with his big gloved hands, which were clumsy and slow. The caresses, and the feel of leather on her soft bits, made Erica whimper and moan aloud. She pressed back with enthusiasm, doing her best to meet his thrusts and encourage him to move faster and faster. Taking the hint, Callum slowly increased the rate of his thrusts, grunting and grabbing at Erica's ass as best he could.

The encouragement and deprivation sent Erica's libido flying, and it wasn't long before she was gasping with the release. Her sex exploded on Callum, making her writhe and whimper with the force of the sensation. Though she was tired, Callum's size and skill had pushed her to the highest of heights, and she found herself grabbing at the ropes for support. Her weak knees wobbled, and it was all she could do to keep herself upright, her tongue lolling out and her eyes rolling back in the excitement.

Callum pulled out and let his shaft erupt across Erica's back, leaving long white trails on her thick black fur. She blushed a bit, but she loved the sensation, the hot sticky cum sinking lightly into the fur. "You know, I'd always thought that the rumors had no truth behind them," said Callum. "Or that everyone was, you know, hideous or something. I can't believe someone as talented and sexy as you would be fighting out of here."

"Well I'm glad I could give you a bit of a surprise," said Erica. She grinned and got to her feet, giving him a wink and taking up a fighting pose. "But don't think I'll give it up so easily next time! I'm gonna hold you to your promise on a ride, next time we fight, you're going down!"

"And I imagine you'll be going up and down!" said Callum, grinning and kissing Erica on the cheek. She found herself highly charmed by her new "rival," and she looked forward to getting what she could from him both in and outside the ring. Not only would her training and technique improve, she'd finally be getting the sort of attention she deserved in the bedroom as well. "Now let's go wash up, I've got a sneaking suspicion that we can get a second round all to ourselves if we hurry..."