

Cock Fighting: Herms vs. Studs

Roland Guiscard is © Himself, all other characters © Tetsuo

Though I may have earned the nickname "Tank" in my more proper boxing career, I've grown to love the sort of action I can get while fighting for Tetsuo's Gym. And I do mean "action." Anyone who's even remotely familiar with the place knows about the special "house rules" where winners fuck losers, losers fuck fans, and groupies fuck everyone. While a firm jaw and studly chest meant that I never really had trouble getting in with the ladies before, at the Gym, I get laid two, three times a day, all while maintaining a professional status and competing in ranked, sanctioned matches. I've even got to play a bit on both sides of the field, if you get my drift, something I wouldn't have even dreamed of back in the old days.

The best case in point is Roland, a guy who started out as a groupie, ogling the cute girls and handsome studs. I was apprehensive the first time he approached me in the locker room, but about halfway through the first blowjob I decided that I was perfectly fine with swinging both ways. Roland is nothing if not enthusiastic, and he even took up boxing just so that he could spend more time hanging out with me, Juni and the rest of the gang. He even got so good that he was on the standby list as a backup should anyone fail to show or have a scheduling conflict.

Considering every one of our matches ends in sex, the chances of Roland ever boxing in an official, sanctioned match were pretty low, or so I thought. After I let on that I was willing to take as well as give, I signed up for the "Cock Fight," a special tag-team match that needed two studs as well as two herms. After I signed up, Juni and Sam did so as well, but things came up short in terms of our final male contestant. Everyone either didn't swing that way nor had another match, leaving only Roland to be my partner. Considering he had never competed in a sanctioned match, much less won one, I was a bit concerned. Still, he had been putting up a good show boxing with me, and I knew he could take a dick as well as any the girls. Shit, as much time as he spends sucking and fucking in the locker room, he's practically considered an "honorary" girl, much to Laine's dismay. I think shi just isn't keen on losing hir position as top slut around the gym.

But I digress. When I looked over the match rules, I figured that having Roland as my tag-team partner wouldn't be too bad. The boxing part of the fight would be pretty simple, with boxers being eliminated if they tapped out to a count of five, or if they gave up, or if the ringside judge determined they should no longer fight. Fighting pairs would alternate after each round. Really, the only non-standard part of the fight was the fact that we'd be naked except for our gloves and shoes, but around our gym that's pretty standard

in and of itself. It was what our tap partners would be doing while they waited their turn in the ring.

On the side of the ring there was a mat where our teammates would be fucking hard, and anyone who came while they were on the mat would be eliminated. The whole point of having it be studs versus herms is that whoever wasn't doing so well in the match was going to get fucked up the ass, quite literally. The audience really goes for the whole sex-and-violence angle, and teaming them both onto the same "stage" was sure to get everyone going. I've had the "pleasure" of being on the receiving end of Juni and Sam before, and it is indeed quite a mixed blessing. If they want you to cum, you'll have a hard time holding out, and if they want to fuck you up, they can keep you from sitting down for weeks.

Still, I was confident, and I knew Roland was up to the task, at least in that he was practically Juni's pet and could handle hir and Sam like it was nothing. And he could top too, if he was allowed, making him at least as good at fucking as I was at fighting. The only hard part would be keeping us focused on our strengths, something that Juni and Sam were sure to try and disrupt. They knew us pretty well, and both of those vixens are definitely the crafty sort.

When the match started, we decided to put me on the canvas while Roland was on the mat, in the hopes of getting a quick victory on one tag team member or the other. Roland lost the coin toss and ended up being the bitch for the first go-round, but to be honest, I think he preferred it that way. While he certainly loves to go on top, as I learned the hard way by agreeing to indulge him, when he's on the bottom he can really give you a run for your money. If he was eliminating anyone in this tag-team tourney, it was going to be while he was on all fours. I don't know how he does it, but there's a reason none of the guys are bi-curious anymore. If Roland's butt can't get you off, then you'll just have to stick with chicks. Not like Laine minds, of course.

Once Roland and Sam were moaning and groaning on one another, Juni and I got into the ring. Despite hir dominatrix leanings, shi is every bit the boxer, and shi holds the same status in the herm league as I do in the male league. We've both got pretty admirable win/loss records, and every match between us is a toss-up. As such, I was pretty wary of how this match was going to go, especially since there was a good chance that shi might actually knock me out. With me gone, there was no way that Roland could handle both of them at once, meaning we'd both go home with nothing more than sore asses and bloody noses. I had to knock Juni out, so that Roland would have a chance against Sam, though whether he would defeat hir on the mat or off was anyone's guess.

As such, I resolved to really bring the aggression to Juni's corner. We tapped gloves, and as soon as I came out of my corner, I charged, fording Juni to block and step back as I unleashed a flurry of jabs, punches and hooks. Juni is no chump and shi had no difficulty blocking and dodging everything I threw at her, but I was

definitely able to deny hir the advantage. Our position on the mat would be determined by who landed the most punches, and seeing as Juni couldn't even take hir hands down without fear of being smashed in the face, I continued to move hir around the ring, forcing hir to change position or even run away in order to avoid being pinned in the corner. Juni is a strategic fighter who wins by out-thinking and out-maneuvering hir opponents, and shi apparently didn't count on me bringing down my fists so hard or burning up so energy early in the match. But seeing as there were only going to be ten rounds, and I'd only have to fight for five of them, I figured it was a gamble worth taking. I could fuck slowly and regain my strength between fights, leaving the actual fucking and orgasm to Roland. He had managed to photograph one of their little "turnabout" sessions where he put on hir dom outfit and shi put on the collar, and I saw how hard Juni came while Roland was pounding hir ass and pulling hir leash. All it would take would be a tap-out at the right moment and he could finish what I started. I just needed to soften hir up first.

From what I gathered after the match was over, Roland's strategy was pretty much the same. He did everything he could to shove Sam over the edge as soon as shi shoved hir dick up his ass, and if the footage is to be believed, he almost succeeded. The way they were bumping and grinding, it was no surprise that shi was weak at the knees when shi climbed up onto the canvas. I didn't know whether to envy her, what with that huge grin on hir face, or be glad that we weren't doing the fight as mixed couples! Either way, Juni seemed pretty happy to have a reprieve, and although I certainly did shove myself in and swish it around a little, I was focused more on keeping up my energy than I was getting Juni to cum. Of course, being a gentleman, I did give hir the reach-around, and as I slowly worked myself in and out of hir tight tailhole, I did my best to ensure that there were no hard feelings. Or at least none of the kind that would get hir trying to bust my balls once we got back into the ring.

This gave me plenty of opportunity to watch Roland strut his stuff in the ring, at least what I could see from my position down on the floor. Even though the fucking had clearly begun to sap his energy, he was just getting started, and had more than enough left in him for the sort of complex maneuvers and powerful punches necessary for him to make up for his lack of height and staying power. He boxed like an amateur, but an amateur who might one day be a pro, and from the looks of it he was really giving Sam a run for hir money.

I suppose it was inevitable that any sort of tag-team effort was not going to end well, and that we should have planned better. Roland wants to be a fighter, but for the time being, he's more of a lover. There's no way that he could stand for long against Juni in the ring, and as tagging out lasted until the end of the round, we should have come up with some sort of contingency plan for when Juni and Sam traded places. But I just didn't think it would go down that way, I expected Roland to tag out early, so that he could focus on the fucking that he so craved. And I definitely didn't expect him to

walloped Sam right on the nose, sending him spinning to the canvas like a top.

Had this been any other sort of match, his blow would have been as amazing as it was lucky. Sam made the mistake of trying to get in a jab just as Roland threw in a hook, allowing his fist to connect with the side of his muzzle at just the right moment. He seemed to be every bit as surprised as she was when she started stumbling and falling back, his instinct not yet honed to make him plow ahead for the knockout. As it was, Sam managed to get off to the side and tag Juni before she collapsed on the floor, thus ending the round and switching places.

Sam seemed extremely glad to be down on the mat, where she could trade pain for pleasure, but Roland was beyond nervous. Not only was Juni a generally superior boxer compared to Roland, but she was his "mistress," meaning that most of the time he was her bitch and had to do just about anything he asked. While that didn't mean he would stand there and let her hit him if she asked, it did mean that he was a bit shy about fighting back, something that Juni was likely to exploit.

What ensued was the boxing match version of a bloodbath. Roland did his best to dodge and put up a stern defense, dodging wildly and throwing punches whenever it was safe, he was no match for Juni's precision hits. She would throw a punch rarely, waiting for Roland to make a mistake, and ensuring that his fist connected with his face each and every time. Thousands of sit-ups have given Roland a stomach that's too firm to be easily knocked out, but it's not really possible to toughen up a face. As such, every time he let his guard down, even for only a fraction of a second, Juni walloped him good.

I had hoped that Roland might make it until the end of the round, especially seeing as we could tag out as soon as the bell rang, but Juni just wouldn't let him. I don't want to give the impression that she doesn't like Roland; if anything she's the first to train him and the first to come to his defense in an argument. I also know that she gave him some pretty substantial presents on his birthday last year, and however unconventional their relationship is, they are fast friends on a very deep level. But that didn't stop him from walloping his ass in the boxing ring. Boxing is like that. You can respect someone totally, yet still feel fine with smashing their face until they literally pass out from the pain. I've never understood it, but that's just the way it is.

As such, it was no surprise to me when I saw Juni connect with Roland's face hard enough to send him spinning end over end. I winced when I saw him hit the floor all at once, his entire body landing hard and flat as a board. He was out well before his ass touched the canvas, and even Juni was concerned enough to get down on his hands and knees and check on him, making sure that she hadn't just killed the one guy in the gym who would drop the soap in his presence.

Once she was certain that he was just drifting off into la-la land, as evidenced by his happy smile and absence of a concussion-

like limpness, shi was all too happy to let hir sadistic side show. In Tetsuo's gym, once you defeat someone, they're pretty much "yours" during what might be called the "victory lap." While there's a certain air of implied consent, since no one gets in the ring without knowing damn well what they might have to do should they lose, I sometimes think Juni takes it a bit too far. Sure, Roland claims to enjoy it, and being the slut that he is, he just might. But as shi bent him over the ropes and tied his gloves to his shoes, was Juni really considering his feelings when shi shoved hir dick up his ass and let the crowd know that he would be open for "audience participation" once the match was over. Still, it's not like I could intervene, and it's not like Juni would ever do anything that would really get the fox hurt.

Juni fucked Roland quickly and intensely, ensuring that shi would bust a nut before the round shifted up and shi would have to spend hir time on the mat. If shi came in the ring, shi would likely be too drained to cum on the mat, giving hir a decided advantage in the "fucking" portion of the fight. As such, shi worked herself on Roland's ass relentlessly, hir massive chest bucking and heaving as shi worked hir length back and forth inside of him. I could hear hir balls smacking against his with each and every thrust, and even though Roland was out cold, his entire body groaned and bounced with each powerful thrust from Juni's hips. It certainly made the crowd go wild, and the entire stadium lit up with camera flashes as everyone did their best to capture the action for themselves. There were even a few guys, and at least one herm, sitting in the front row and warming themselves up for when they'd get a turn, even though that wouldn't be for a good thirty minutes at least. I didn't envy Roland, although I had a feeling he wouldn't mind as much as I might.

Once I heard Juni groaning and gasping as shi came up Roland's ass, I resolved to bring this down to a fair fight here and now. Sam might not be anywhere near as good at fighting as Juni was, but the only reason I wasn't cumming buckets right now was that shi was too out of it from that punch to the nose to give me what-for. I needed to finish hir off now if I was going to win. I growled and buckled down, rubbing hir shaft aggressively and pounding away at hir with all my might. Spending as much time as I have with Roland has let me know that finesse and force are every bit as important in the bedroom as they are on the canvas, and thanks to his willingness to give me pointers, I've really gotten the hang of ass-fucking. My girlfriend Bridget used to complain that taking me up hir butt was a chore, something shi would only let me do on special occasions, but ever since Roland tipped me off she's been a three-hole girl every time we get behind closed doors. As such, I knew that if I brought everything I'd learned to the mat, I could get Sam cumming. I just had to try.

Slowly, but as intensely as I could manage, I worked on Sam from both front and back. I had precious little time before the end of the round, but I kept my focus and didn't try to simply throw myself on hir and hope that I could get hir going using speed as opposed to

skill. I rubbed hir shaft intensely, moving my hand up and down, working it every bit as intensely and carefully as I would my own. And speaking of that rather impressive member, I worked it inside hir deeply and firmly, seeking out hir sweet spots and carefully listening to hir moans. I even dared to move my free hand to hir tits, groping and squeezing eagerly, my thumb and index finger working hir nipples whenever I could.

I was hoping to finish with some extra time so that I could cool off and focus, but as it was, I was rushing to just try and get things done before the closing bell. And I just barely made it, too. Almost as soon as Sam's jizz hit the mat, the bell rang, letting me know that I'd need to haul my exhausted ass, and fully erect cock, into the ring with Juni. It was just me versus hir now, and as Sam crawled over to the bench to recuperate, I knew I was fucked, one way or another. Juni was limp as could be, hir still-dripping shaft completely drained in Roland's ass. Hir movements were swift and energetic, the rush of endorphins she'd gotten during orgasm making hir eager and ready for the fight. I might as well be facing a fresh opponent, which was absolutely the last thing I wanted to do after just coming into what would effectively be my fifth round, especially since both the fighting and the sex had gotten intense lately. Still, I had a lot of fight left in me, and I was determined to bring it to Juni, one way or another.

I was too tired to keep up the aggressive flurry of punches I had been using before, but that didn't mean I was just going to stand there and let hir hit me. I was determined to win this match, not only for the prize money and the trophy, but because of what she'd just done to Roland, and the way that made me want to remind hir why we play nice in this gym. I focused on quality over quantity, passing up simple hits and jabs in favor of the most powerful hits I could manage. The way Juni stumbled I could tell that this was the way to go, even though hir resolve never crumbled. Every time I hit her, it seemed like all I would need was just one more punch, one more hit to the stomach, one more hook to hir jaw in order to take hir down. But somehow, shi persisted.

The only problem with the quality versus quantity strategy was that when we went to the mat, the top position went to whoever connected the most punches, not who hit the hardest. As such, I was about to be the bitch of a very angry, very punch-drunk Juni, who not ten minutes ago had tied my tag-team partner to the side of the ring and encouraged horny fans to come up on the canvas and fuck him while he was unconscious. Either this was going to be a decidedly unpleasant experience, or I was about to lose the match. Possibly both.

Juni took hir sweet time lubing up and pressing in, relishing every moment as shi towered over me. I could feel hir tits against my back, hir nipples erect as shi slowly began to fuck my ass. It was an odd mixture of pleasure and pain, to be sure, and I was glad that I had stretched things out in preparation for such an event. Still, the

sort of gusto shi showed when pounding away at me let me know one key fact that shi would probably have not given up if shi had the chance. Namely, that shi still had another blast of jizz in her, and that the round she'd given Roland was nothing more than a warm-up.

I don't know if shi expected that shi might cum, or that I might know how to work it out with her, but I'd "indulged" Roland's tendency to be a switch enough times to know how to take it, even if I know damn well that the top is where I belong. I don't think Juni knew that though, especially considering hir gasp of surprise as I clenched down on hir shaft, then reached back to work hir tits as best I could with my gloved hands. Waves of pleasure soon reverberated through hir body, and hir desire to win drove hir to try and slow things down, but I knew better than to let hir do what shi wanted. I worked hir hard, shoving and bucking when shi tried to slow down, and reaching back to fondle hir balls with my glove as best I could.

Juni's biggest weakness when it comes to sex is how aroused shi gets when she's in control. Shi should have known shi was setting herself up when shi got to pound away at me and then be on top. The dizziness of fighting, combined with hir dominant position, meant that shi was going to blow a second load unless shi calmed down or I just sat there like a dead fish. Of course, maybe shi hadn't counted on me realizing it, or maybe shi was just so caught up in hir own pleasure that shi didn't care. Either way, once I seized the initiative, there was no going back. Juni whimpered and almost cried as shi jizzed up my ass, hir cum so substantial that you could even see it on the highlight reel later on.

Once shi was done, shi crawled off me and lay on the mat, gasping. I could have sat down and joined her, but as I saw crowd members climbing into the ring for their turn on the now fully conscious Roland, I had an idea. "Get up," I said. "I wanna take my prize before I go get my championship belt."

"You sure you don't wanna wait?" said Juni, grinning a bit and getting to hir knees as I stood up. Shi grabbed my still erect shaft in hir gloved hand, working it softly and grinning. I stiffened a bit, wincing as I realized exactly how close I was to cumming. I'd need to play my cards right if I was going to get Juni into this trap, even though shi was as compliant as I'd ever seen her.

"You can tell right now by the way I'm throbbing that waiting isn't an option," I said as I grinned and hoisted myself onto the canvas. Juni grinned a bit as I helped hir up, and then proudly presented hir ass, lifting hir tail proudly. I slid up behind hir and worked myself in slowly, moaning as I did so. Juni was also usually one to go on top, but like me, shi knew how to take it as well, and was how to get me going. Shi wanted me to finish soon, so that shi could go shower up, and I was much too tired to try and drag things out. As such, I just moved gently and enjoyed myself, letting my orgasm build as it may.

Like most people in the gym, I tend to fuck with my gloves on. Once you get used to it, it's actually kind of sexy, especially if you love the feel of hot leather like I do. It's also damned convenient, since it means I don't have to undress to take my prize at the end of a match. As such, one would think that Juni would have been suspicious when I untied my gloves and then hung them around my neck, or that shi would have at least caught on when my fingers fiddled with hir own glove strings, binding them tight around hir wrist even as I undid and redid them. Admittedly, I was pretty distracted at several points there, and after I let myself finish, I couldn't help but give hir a little grope and cuddle. Maybe shi thought that when I was kissing hir on the cheek, I couldn't possibly be tying hir gloves to the ropes, and therefore trapping hir in a ring with dozens of horny fans all eager for a little of the "audience participation" she'd offered them earlier.

Shi realized it pretty quickly when I pulled out and nonchalantly made my way towards the winner's circle, where Bridget waited with my victory belt and an incurable case of the giggles. Juni yanked lightly at first, smiling meekly, then gulped in fear and realization as a tall and well-endowed buck walked up behind her. "H-hey now, just a minute," said Juni, pleading at me with hir eyes and a worried smile. "Aren't you going to make me join you in the winner's circle?"

"Well, with Sam and Bridget in there, I don't think there would be enough room for all of us," I said as the buck shoved his length in. He was substantial, even compared to me, and Juni let out a yelp of pain, pleasure and surprise that I had never heard come from hir lips before. "Don't worry; I'll come back in a few hours to let you loose. And Roland too."

"You get used to it after the fourth or fifth one," said Roland, his wagging tails smacking the face of a rather cute-looking hyena herm in a short skirt. Shi growled and grabbed at his tails playfully while Juni let out another yelp and began to bemoan hir bad luck.

"Just you wait until next time!" said Juni. But I didn't care. I'd beaten Juni in boxing and fucking, both fields where we were supposed to be equal. If shi expected things to go differently, then she'd need to spend more time training, and less time fucking in the showers!