

Fighting Dirty

Roland Guiscard is © Himself, all other characters © Tetsuo

I don't like to think of myself as the town tart, but when it comes to handsome, muscled boxers, that's pretty much what I am. Ever since I started going to Tetsuo's gym, "Laine" has become a byword for "slut." I was a little worried about it at first, even bashful, but anywhere and anytime quickly proved too convenient and satisfying for me to worry about. While there will always be a certain soft spot on my heart for my boy Merric, so long as he's willing to let me fool around, I'm pretty keen on doing so. I get the feeling that most of the gym members are too, especially the way they practically queue up for a chance to "interrupt" my daily training routines.

Sleeping with everyone made me pretty popular, and helped keep me at the center of attention even though I'm not much of a boxer. It's not possible for me to be good at everything, of course, so I only make sure I box enough to where I can spar and put up a good fight. After all, when I'm putting on a show, I want the crowd to get what they paid for, and the occasional from-behind wind ensures that everyone takes me seriously. I may not have ever sent Tank or Juniper down to kiss the canvas, but I've beaten girls in my own league enough to where no one makes the mistake of thinking I'm just a pretty face. I even beat Merric once, though I get a feeling he's still a little sore about how I "claimed my prize" afterward by giving him a good pegging. Still, he'll get used to it, or at least learn to keep his hands up when I'm on the attack.

My reputation was pretty secure at the gym for quite some time, since even girls who were more sex than boxing tended to avoid my level of over-indulgence. Its one thing to sleep around a bit, but to fuck with damn near every swinging dick that comes your way is another thing entirely. Like boxing, it takes training and dedication, and you go home most days bruised, sore and in need of a hot bath. As such, I felt rather secure, even proud, of my uncontested position as a tramp. There was no way that I was going to be winning any serious competitions in my boxing career, so I might as well be known as the reason morale is always so high around here. While I might not ever win a championship belt, I've felt more than one pressed firmly against my abs and lower back.

All of that changed when Roland showed up. The guy was shy and unassuming, as well as reasonably cute, with blond hair, blue eyes and an extra tail. I figured at first that he was just another rookie looking to train under Tank and Juni, and while that was partially true, I was to later find out that he was every bit the cock-craving slut that I was. Initially I thought he was just like all the other guys, a fact confirmed by the way he pounded me into the lockers at the end of his first day of training. But then I heard rumors that he had wooed Tank to try the buns across the street, so to speak.

Considering Tank's overwhelming masculinity, I never took him for a bisexual, but I figured that there were benefits to having a sparring partner that you could pound in and out of the ring, and left it at that. What with Bridget and some of the other girls training up for the fall season, a lot of guys were getting unusually randy, so I figured if Roland helped Tank and maybe even some of the others blow off steam, then maybe I'd have enough free time to get back into the ring again.

My mild interest in Roland turned into jealousy after the big "training" incident. I was at what one might call an "away game," serving as a heel intended to put up a good fight and lose to a very well-endowed and handsome wolf that was looking to grind his title and one day join the XXX Tournament. When I came back, I found out that there had been a full-on gangbang in the main exhibition ring, the first one to ever happen without me being in the center. Shortly after their sparring match, Tank had simply had his way with Roland, and by the time he was done a crowd had gathered to all take their turns. I arrived just soon enough to catch the tail end of it, which happened to be my boyfriend Merric dumping a load in Roland's already well-used and significantly stretched tailhole. While I do give my boy a long leash, and part of me thought it was kind of sexy that he was willing to go so far as to switch sides in pursuit of a new thrill, the sight of him cumming in what had clearly become my competition just filled me with rage. I stormed out, not even talking to him, while I tried to formulate a plan for my revenge.

Despite his love of the dick, Roland is a capable fighter who might end up doing well in his weight class should he ever take himself seriously. So the usual way I got my revenge, by humiliating someone in the ring with a knockout, was probably not going to work. I might have gotten lucky if I tried it, but it was much more likely that the match would end with me braced up against a corner pole while he humped me good. A satisfying, but not vengeful, ending. As such, I resolved to beat him at his own game, and make sure he understood that while slutting around was all well and good, I was queen of the cock around here and my position was not to be challenged. After all, if it got to the point where every guy and herm was banging Roland instead of me, my redundancy would leave me with a lot of nights home alone with nothing but a dildo to calm me down.

As such, I quietly began spreading it around that I wanted every swinging dick in the gym to be ready at noon on Wednesday for the biggest fuck fest they'd ever seen. I conveniently forgot to tell Roland that he was going to be my competition, or that he was even invited, and somehow I got lucky enough to tell him myself exactly one day before it started. I remember approaching him in the locker room, his fur still glistening from the shower, his gait still awkward after the pounding he'd just taken from Callum, the mink who was famous for being ever so slightly more rough than was strictly required.

"So, are you ready for the big competition tomorrow?" I said, grinning and leaning on the lockers. I knew Roland was shy around girls when he wasn't either fucking or boxing, and he didn't turn to look at me as he retrieved his street clothes and began to put them on.

"Oh, you mean the sparring match between Juni and Kim scheduled for the morning?" he asked, still clueless. "I wasn't even going to go watch that, I mean, it's not ranked, and it's going to be all body-blows, so that no one gets a concussion before the big fight on Sunday." I smirked. Clearly, Roland had not bothered to check the official calendar, no doubt because he was a rookie and therefore shouldn't be scheduled for any matches.

"No, silly, I mean the great Fuck Off between you and me." I had conveniently removed one of the many "Monthly Roster" sheets from its hanger on the wall and I presented it to him with a smirk and a flourish, pointing at his name next to mine on the roster. The print was small and standardized, as these rosters were usually nothing more than a formality, but Roland's face blanched when he saw it.

"What the hell? I never signed up for a match," said Roland, astounded. "Besides, it's not a ranked match, and I'm not even in your weight class, even if we were doing co-ed boxing. Who would organize this?"

"I would," I said, snatching away the paper and giggling. "And it's not boxing, it's fucking. You know the gym rule about how, when you knock a boxer down, you can do almost anything you like to them? Remember that time last week when Juni laid you out cold and then said she'd claim her prize later after you'd recovered? I had her sign you up instead of taking a more customary, traditional prize. So if you wanna keep training here, you'd better show up tomorrow. And if you wanna keep everybody's respect, you'd better try to win." That last bit was an exaggeration on my part, considering that no one would probably mind or care too much if Roland backed down, but I wanted to make sure his pride was offended. After all, pride is the best way to gain control of a male, even one who was so often timid like Roland.

"Well fine, but can you at least tell me what I'm supposed to do tomorrow?" he asked, mildly irritated, although since he wasn't wearing a towel I could tell that the idea of the competition excited him at least a little bit. Actually, more than that, and I was soon quickly wishing I hadn't pissed him off, since he had the sort of huge, hard shaft that drove me wild.

"Just show up and be ready to fucked for several hours," I said, nonchalantly stretching as though our conversation was as mundane as a weather report. "The rules are simple; you just keep taking loads until you've had enough. The one who can take the most loads wins. I've got every male and herm in the gym singed up, so I'd be very surprised if things don't go on for at least three or four hours, allowing for occasional breaks for water. I haven't lost yet, so let me tell you, keeping well hydrated was key to victory." Considering

how much care Roland took in keeping hydrated in boxing, I figured this last bit of information was redundant enough to not give him any more of an edge than I could handle, though of course I'd already stacked the deck in my favor. I wasn't about to lose at a game I had invented, arranged, and selected the players for. But if he knew there was no chance of winning, he might not put out enough effort to make my victory satisfying.

"Fine, I can handle that," said Roland, slamming his locker with determination. "I don't know why you felt you needed to sign me up for that behind my back, but if you're going to be so snooty and sneaky, then I'm going to make sure you know just what I'm capable of!"

"Oh I'm counting on it," I said, grinning and watching him walk away. I bit my lower lip a bit as I saw his ass, which was shapely and gently accented by both of his tails. I could see why so many of the boys were willing to make an exception for him, it was certainly the sort of thing that I'd wanna put my hands on if I could. "See you tomorrow!"

I could barely contain myself in bed that night, and I can't help but think my inability to get to sleep interfered with my performance the day after. It didn't help that I had made Merric promise not to fuck me so that I'd be good and horny for the performance, which was cute at first, but then rather agonizing. Since I came to the gym, I had barely gone more than a full day without having an orgasm, excepting a few times where I was too sick or too exhausted. Being completely healthy, and quite horny, was much more agonizing than I had anticipated. But it was all worth it when I came out onto the canvas at noon the next day ready to positively explode.

It is customary to arrive well before the fight, so I ensured that I was "fashionably late" by making a big entrance not five minutes before the fight was to be scheduled, striking poses and blowing kisses at the empty stands as I sashayed my way to the canvas. Roland was standing there, wearing only his gloves and shoes as we'd agreed, as were the many males and herms who'd be donating the spunk for our little competition. Randy was also there, the raccoon referee being the only one who was clothed for the event, and though he looked miffed as I crawled under the ropes he didn't say anything about it.

"In this corner, we have Roland, a rookie who only joined the gym last year, but who's already showing promise, especially when it comes to taking it in the end!" said Randy, using the same loud, calling voice that he did in official and sanctioned matches. His seriousness made me giggle, and a few of the males in the ring rolled their eyes at such formality. "And in this corner, the town tart, the cocksucking champion of her weight class, the most voracious of vixens, Laine!" I struck a pose as Randy called out my name, and Merric gave a little thrusting action with his hips, letting me know that, however silly, he was on my side. I smiled, knowing that at the

end of the day, whoever else he fucked, I was the one he came home to and appreciated the most. "Competitors will stay on all fours until they've had enough, and the crowd may choose as they wish. I'll be keeping score, so if you cum, make sure I know! Now get to it!"

I barely had time to get down on all fours before there was a crowd swarming around me, their erections bristling and eager for my attention. I could just barely see Roland through the forest of legs, and what with everyone talking and shuffling; I couldn't hear what he was up to either. As such, I resolved to get down to work, raising my tail and opening my mouth wide and inviting in whoever wanted to come first.

This was not actually my first Fuck Off, and as such I was ready to handle the initial tossing and shoving for position. At the beginning everyone is so worked up and eager that they can't wait for their turn, and of course the guys who haven't gotten any recently are particularly pushy. But I knew that if I could handle the initial onslaught, things would cool off as various males had their fun and either left to go shower or took a seat to watch while they waited for a second turn. As such, the initial loads were rough, but by around the fourth or fifth, things were getting to be pretty mellow, and I was able to really buckle down and enjoy myself.

Although I was watching Roland out of the corner of my eye, after the first hour I was mostly just focusing on having fun and keeping myself together. Their initial horniness now dissipated, the guys were fucking me softly and slowly, even going so far as to rub at my nipples and clit when they got a chance. While I'm not opposed to a bit of rough fucking, its little things like having someone lick and nip at my ear or gently massage my back while they do me from behind that makes me really feel the love. This was especially true once Merric got up behind me and began fucking me softly, with his friend Tank gently taking my other end. Knowing they had all the time they needed, they gently worked me back and forth between them, pausing to let me get water or tell them if there was any itch I needed scratched, so to speak. As such, they left me with a powerful orgasm that sent my entire body shaking and shuddering with pleasure. When I get hit by a really powerful one, my tail tenses up and I can feel the waves of pleasure going all the way up my spine and then down again. I could barely keep on all fours, and if Tank hadn't grabbed me when he did, I might have collapsed right there on the canvas.

Getting a big, powerful orgasm on a regular basis was certain to tire me out, though, and as I entered the home stretch, I began to focus more on licking and shoving, trying to get the boys and herms to cum and go as quickly as possible. This was complicated by the fact that almost all of them had already taken a turn, making them flaccid and less likely to cum at all. I know that Ian had to back up and try again at least once, rubbing himself to a conclusion on my back after he found himself not quite able to keep it hard in my mouth. Considering he'd already dumped two loads that day, I was

surprised that he kept going at all, and I was glad to see him relaxing and chugging water on the bleachers after he was finished. We might need him for a fourth round, after all, and he was no good exhausted and dehydrated.

What with the crowd clearing out, however, I could now clearly see Roland, who was currently getting it in only one end from Juni. I knew that she and he had some sort of master/sub relationship, in that she tended to wear her dominatrix outfit and send him through some rather "unconventional" training regimens. I did not know, however, that she had managed to teach him how to keep his energy up for hour after hour of fucking. Considering that we were approaching the end of the second hour, I had no idea how Roland had so much energy to keep pushing against Juni so aggressively, and had my mouth not been full of cock, it would have been gaping at the sight of him smiling and enjoying himself as he did so. Though he was visibly tired, he kept on pounding back, his own shaft bobbing and shaking beneath him as he did so. From the looks of it he had cum at least once, possibly even twice, and there was already an ample puddle of liquid drying beneath him. This wouldn't have bothered me if I couldn't also now see the scoreboard, which put us both at an even twelve, meaning he'd been able to keep up with me the whole time. Taking six loads an hour for two hours was something, and while I still wanted to win I had gained a new respect for the fox. Even with one less hole, he was able to keep pace with me, and from the looks of it he still had plenty of energy.

I growled a bit and began more aggressively sucking off the shaft in my mouth, squeezing with my hips and thighs to try and make things tighter down below. My partners were surprised at my newfound voracity and responded in kind, shoving and pushing and fucking themselves to a conclusion in short order. Considering both of them had already had at least one turn with me, this was quite a feat, and though it left me tired I was determined to carry on.

Of course, letting myself get tired was quite possibly the worst thing I could have done, and by about the time I got to load fifteen, I was really ready to quit. Most of the volunteers were now sitting in the bleachers, and some of them had even gone so far as to shower up and put on their clothes. I had mostly been kidding when I said that this might take four hours, and the competition was quickly going from "sexy" to "boring." Humping and grinding was only so interesting to look at, especially if you'd already dumped loads into each of the competitors. The cell phones were coming out, and that was pretty much always a sign that the thing was over, whether it really was or not.

I turned to look at Roland as Kim, a herm arctic fox who had mostly been staying out of the competition, dumped one last load up his ass. He was panting and gasping now, sticky cum dripping from his muzzle and tailhole as he struggled to stay upright. It was reassuring to see that he was every bit as exhausted as I was, but when I saw that our scores were tied at eighteen and we were pretty

much all but done in terms of volunteers, I blanched. We both wanted to quit, but neither one of us was content with a tie, especially since, by gym rules, that meant there would be a re-match within a month. I now regretted going through all the formal processes to arrange and set up this match, since now I was tied into finishing it, however agonizing that might be.

I looked up at Randy, who scanned the now filling bleaches as well as the mostly empty ring before smirking and pulling his pants down. In order to pay for his training as a referee, he had gone into porn for a few years, and had quite frankly the biggest piece of equipment in the building. Before coming to the gym, he had officiated for the XXX Tournament, a position he was chosen for specifically because he had the equipment necessary to join in. I remembered seeing him on TV, and exclaiming that he was even bigger than Vance Kellerman, the well-hung stud who came to national attention when he fucked Valerie better and harder than anyone in the tournament's history. I knew that Randy's only weakness is that it took him hours, if not days to reload after a good orgasm, so whoever he picked to be #19 was probably going to win, unless someone from the audience got up the guts to go in for a third or even fourth round.

"C'mon you two, get on either side of it...Only one way to break this tie, and there's more than enough for the both of you." I grinned a bit and staggered to my knees, crawling over to the enormous shaft as Roland did the same. Both of us had mouths coated in spoo, but that didn't slow us down as we worked the enormous shaft from opposite sides. I even brought up my boxing gloves as best I could, trying to work the big raccoon's balls through the soft leather. It wasn't easy, of course, but I'd done as much before, and from the way Randy was moaning, I could tell that he was quite sincerely enjoying himself.

Roland wasn't just sitting idly by and letting me win, however. His tongue seemed to be everywhere at once, and it was almost as if he was trying to push me off the shaft. Every time a drop of pre came to Randy's tip, it was almost as if he knew it was coming, since he managed to get there to lick it off just before I did. It was frustrating, but I knew I only had to be right once, and all it would take was just a few seconds on Randy's cocktip at exactly the right moment for me to suck, slurp and swallow my way to victory.

Of course, Randy went ahead and blew it, quite literally. Without warning his shaft exploded, shooting out what must have been a shot glass's worth of jizz in a long, steady rope. As it flew out, my eyes went wide, and I seriously considered leaping for it, throwing myself onto the canvas and trying to get it. But Roland had been too busy and too far from the tip to even consider making it in time, and in any event I think both of us still have enough dignity to not throw ourselves onto hot, sticky canvas just to prove that we're the biggest slut. As it hit the floor, and Randy's shaft almost instantly began to go flaccid, I realized that we'd probably have to

just live with the tie, as well as the inevitable rematch, to be organized as soon as our training and fight schedules allowed. It was annoying, but at this point, what were we going to do? We were out of volunteers, well into the fourth hour, and we all needed to go home.

Then Roland did pretty much the last thing I expected to do. More falling than pouncing, he pinned me to the floor and got over me. Before I even realized it, he was spreading his legs and clumsily trying to get inside me, his half-flaccid shaft bouncing and wobbling and bending as he shoved it in. "What the FUCK are you doing?" I asked, more surprised than angry or upset. I wasn't opposed to fucking Roland, even in my current state, but he was quite literally throwing himself into a loss, one which would not go over well on his young record.

"The 'fuck' is right," said Roland, groaning as his entire length entered me. I was so wet and loose that it was like throwing a hot dog down a greased hallway, despite the fact that Roland had more than ample size. "I've had enough. You win. Juni told me everything. I'll tone it down around here. Serves me right for getting too ambitious." He groaned and grit his teeth and began thrusting, and though he was exhausted, I could tell he had one last load in him, and it was coming very soon.

"I gotta hand it to ya," I said, groaning and closing my eyes as I felt him finish inside me. It was paltry to say the least, but considering that the both of us were just trying to bring things to an end, it was more than enough. "I didn't think you'd make it this far. And I didn't think you'd throw in the towel either."

"I thought I was gonna give out hours ago," said Roland, stumbling a bit as he pulled off of me and then helped me to my feet. "That's why I'm giving up now. If we had to go through a rematch, I might never sit down again!" Once he stood, he helped me up, and then helped me raise my fist and triumph, a roar of cheers and clapping rising from the exhausted but happy audience of volunteers.

After that, me and Roland became best of friends, although we did carve out a bit of territory to ensure that nobody stepped on anybody else's feet. There's more than enough for the two of us, after all, and he's even been so nice as to let me peg him whenever nobody else is in need. Considering I kept my "crown" and gained a friend, the only way this could have turned out better would be if he brought along more of the family. I've always wanted to meet his sister Alex, or that herm cousin of his, Sandy..