

Treetop Shorts Collection
Champion of the Ring
For Sled

By Smokescale Aquatos

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"If you think you can take me down with a few cheap shots, you've got another thing coming!" The tan stallion cried out as he moved in.

Fists flew with great fury back and forth. Blocks, dodges, body blows, and the like continued to rain down upon the two combatants. The gym was mostly empty, and growing more so as time passed but the two fighters didn't care. They were busy trying to best one another. They were fairly evenly matched it seemed. The feminine panda held her own well against her equine opponent, the both of them having had a great deal of practice.

"There's nothin' cheap about me honey! Everything is top dollar! Now be a good boy and kiss the canvas for momma!" Prisma leaned left to deflect a blow before swinging hard with a right hook, connecting with Sled's cheek. It sent him reeling for a moment but he quickly recovered. He snorted softly and pressed back towards the lady, not afraid to return the favor.

"This isn't one of your mind control tricks sugar! You can't just tell me to jump and I'll obey like a good little boy!" He smirked, jabbing quickly at the raised gloves, testing for an opening.

"Why don't we make this a little more interesting then!" The panda took the jabs easily enough, returning the experimental assault in kind.

"Interesting how?"

"Simple! I win, I get to hypnotize you and make you do whatever I want!" As she jabbed, Prisma quickly tapped again with a stronger surge of the retracted arm, surprising the stallion slightly.

"Yeah! If you win! Like that'll happen!" Sled took the punishment and responded with a powerful strike, landing a swift series of poundings onto the panda's gloves as she attempted to block, moving down to the body to take her by surprise, "What do I get when I win?!"

"When you win!?" She countered, "You mean if you win! You couldn't bring me down unless you had someone wear me down first!" She clocked him across the jaw again but he didn't seem fazed, "Tell you what! If you win, I'll put myself in a trance for you, let you do whatever you like for the rest of the night! No matter how nasty!"

That seemed to spur him onward, as if someone had saddled him and jabbed his flanks. Sled powered forward, landing a good solid blow to the girl's left cheek. It took her by surprise and it forced her guard down. With the opening he sought, Sled moved in for the kill, expecting to put her down for the count.

"Deal!"

The first punch struck her gut and she grinned, tensing her abdomen in anticipation. He had sacrificed his own guard to deliver the finishing blows. A red padded glove seemed to appear as if from nowhere and struck him across his jaw again. She was dangerous with that right hook! It sent Sled reeling again, but this time she didn't let up. Instead she pressed the attack, delivering a left hook and an uppercut, landing both with satisfying accuracy.

"We have an accord! Better watch out! Rope-a-dope gets you ever single time!" She cackled and powered onward, moving to the body to avoid his rising guard.

It was all Sled could do to stem the tide. He had made a fatal mistake, assuming he had her on the ropes figuratively when he had her there literally. He would catch himself before making that mistake again someday. Prisma powered onward, sock after sock to the stallion's trim stomach until finally, he could take no more, he backed away, arms crossed over his abdomen, calling out.

"Okay! Okay! I give! You win!" He lifted a hand defensively to halt her advances. He hated throwing in the towel but they had an understanding; no serious injuries, the match stops when a person is having trouble defending or takes the first truly damaging blow. Prisma giggled as she bounced on her feet, tapping her gloves together in victory.

"Yeah! I knew I'd get you! I always do!"

"Yeah, yeah, you always do. But one day I'll take you down." Sled panted, hunched over slightly, hands on his knees as he tried to regain his composure. She almost knocked the wind out of him. When he was able to breathe again, he stood upright and sighed. The fit stallion couldn't figure out how it was she could outlast him ever single time. He ran his fingers through his dark brown mane, pushing his bangs out of his eyes as he peered over at the black and white bear, studying her curiously long tail as he liked to. The lady lifted a hand to scratch at her scalp lightly, the prismatic locks befitting her name.

"I'm starting to think you're throwing the matches on purpose." She grinned slyly at him, eyeing his white and blue trunks and what they contained.

"What makes you say that?" He noticed her ogling him and returned it in kind, grinning as he stared at her chest, wrapped up in a crimson sports top that matched her own shorts.

"If people keep seeing you lose, they'll think you're a pushover. They get a betting pool going, they get you in on a match, and bam, you surprise them with how good you really are. I think you're using me to hustle people!" Prisma narrowed her eyes as she widened that smirk.

"Maybe I am, maybe I'm not. Who's to say?"

"I think that'd be me!" The panda lifted a hand, snapping her fingers as she began to claim her prize after claiming her victory. The tawny fellow, his pelt speckled with white splotches, including a rather distinctive shaped patch over his left eye, suddenly fell silent. His arms fell to his sides and a glazed expression filled his eyes. A soft, dopy grin crossed his muzzle as the panda took control of him. How she was able to do so with such speed was only a sign of her skill on the matter. That or how many times they had done something like this before.

"Ooo..."

"Shh now, you don't get to talk unless I say so." The lady tugged on the bottom of her sports bra, lifting it up over her head. Her supple breasts had filled it out quite nicely, leaving very little to the imagination, but being able to see them uncovered, that was something else entirely. They were ample but not so much so to hinder her. She was modestly proud of them. It wasn't something she gave just a great deal of thought. Her frame was slightly heavysset. It was clear she was in excellent shape, but she still possessed a curviness that some men, Sled included, found most alluring.

And she flaunted it.

Her long tail swished behind her as she looked over the stallion before her, crossing her arms as she considered the possibilities. There were so many things she could do to him, or make him do to her. Since they were in a public place, it might be best to keep it limited to something fairly quick. They were the only two in the room currently, but that wouldn't last. The beginner's boxing class would begin in about fifteen minutes.

"Mmm, why don't you pull those tight, confining trunks down for me sweetie... I'm sure there's something in there that would like to come out."

Sled complied, his eyes still glazed over as he grinned goofily. He pulled on his shorts, dragging them down just enough to let a thick, pink, rigid spire flop out, standing erect in the air conditioned environment outside his pants. Prisma licked her lips eyeing his manhood. It was tempting but no, she would have to hold that for another time. She had something better in store.

A pair of red-gloved hands pulled on the elastic waist of her own trunks, sliding them down ever so slowly across her generous thighs, letting the garment fall all the way to her ankles before stepping out of them with one foot and using the other to kick them just to one side. Her legs spread in a moderately wide stance, the plump bear grinned as she gazed over her lover's form. The scent of arousal was beginning to hang heavy in the air, both his and hers.

"Mmm, you smell that sweetie?" She paused to let him answer. Sled sniffed softly at the air, licking his lips as he detected what she was on about.

"Mmm hmm, I smell you."

"Yeah you do, just looking at you has me bothered. Why don't you just help clean me up before I get too messy." The panda stepped backwards and hung her arms over the ropes, dipping down

to let her weight be born by the padded lines. Without hesitation, the stallion pressed forward, dropping down onto his knees.

"Yes ma'am." Two strong arms reached down between the girl's legs and pushed them apart only to lift them up. She was now relying on him and the ring for support. Prisma giggled and grinned, her eyes half lidded as she savored the anticipation.

Warm, moist breath washed over her delicate petals, the horse's breath only adding to the heat building inside her. His lips reached hers, squeezing tightly against them as if he were kissing her properly. A soft moan rose up from the ursine, her toes beginning to splay slightly. Oh this was going to be so much fun. Sled knelt there, his own arousal painfully apparent, bobbing away in the air as he held his beloved where she was.

The kiss was finally broken as he pulled away for just a moment to take a breath, then his lips met with her flesh again, this time nibbling harmlessly at the little orb adorning her entryway. He pinched it in his dexterous lips, rolling it about this way and that much to her delight. Prisma tilted her head back and sighed blissfully, wiggling her hips back and forth to add a subtle degree of difficulty for him. Still he continued on, fondling the lady's delicate little nub.

"Ooo that's a good boy, you know just what to do, don't you? Mmm, but don't be shy now, you get right on in there and do what you're there to do!"

A muffled 'yes ma'am' was all she heard out of him before he pressed in against her warm petals, sealing his lips around the mound and dragging his tongue slowly across the whole of the velvety entryway. A shudder raced up her spine as he began, making her coo. Her legs spread wider in response and he delved into her. The wide, broad, slick tongue waggled its way between the supple folds, parting them after a bit of effort only to find the treasure trove of honey he sought hidden just beyond.

Short, shallow laps dug into her at a steady pace, slow but not too slow. Every nerve-ending in reach of the intruding organ was lit up like a series of Christmas lights in wave after wave of gentle stimulation. He certainly wasn't shy, and nor should he be while under her power. The pace quickened as his shallow licking hastened, almost as though he were a cat drinking from a saucer of milk. At this point he might as well have been. His mind was putty in her hands as she was quickly melting in his.

Her moans thankfully drew no attention from passers-by out in the hall. It would be rather awkward to have someone walk in on them right now. Such thoughts seemed quite distant though, what with Sled working as carefully and thoroughly as he was. Every lap saw him inch his way just ever so slightly deeper, nudging his way nearer the goal she urged him towards. Prisma's breath was slow and steady, a practiced form of self control so she could drink in every sensation, every sight in a less clouded mind. She gazed down at her pony and grinned knowingly, wagging her hips and pushing up against his nose.

"Mmm good honey, you just keep that up. I'm almost there." Her calm demeanor suggested otherwise but she was indeed nearing the point of no return.

Deeper she felt that slick tongue plunge into her depths, stroking across the sensitive flesh within. And then it hit her like an electric shock. He brushed across the single most tender spot she could hope for him to find. Her entire body flinched visibly and she inhaled sharply. He was there. Her legs parted wider still, toes curling even further.

"Yes! Right there! Right there! That's the spot!"

It was as if someone had removed his restraints, as if he had been muzzled and suddenly freed. With great verve and gusto, the stallion slammed home against that rough patch, driving his lover wild with an intensity of passion she longed for. Her tail slipped up about his neck, tugging him in closer to force him against her g-spot all the harder. He didn't recoil in the slightest. He would drink her dry, drawing away mouthfuls of her nectar and swallowing it down without a second thought.

Prisma knew she couldn't hold out for long, arching her back and tilting her head to look at the ceiling as she cried out. Her entire body quivered. Her toes splayed apart. Her vision began to blur.

The wave crashed down upon her.

A scream of passion filled the room as she was struck by climax, a sudden gush of honey flowing freely from her, soaking Sled's nose and cheeks. He didn't care. He simply licked away, dragging away every drop he could get. Her writhes and cries only served to remind him he was doing what his mistress demanded.

As the panda began to drift down, she lowered a hand to his head, running her fingers, still gloved, through his mane.

"Mmm, guess I win."