

[8:15 am] You: Hey Nina, it's Jamie. You still game for tussling around in the ring?

[8:17 am] Nina: Always darling :3

[8:17 am] Nina: Name the time and place

[8:19 am] You: We'll go to the gym I train at when I get off work at 2; not sure what your schedule looks like for today.

[8:20 am] You: I can pick you up if you want, considering you drove me home after we banged our heads together that one time, lol

[8:22 am] Nina: Haha! Yeah that'll work for me. I won't be available until 5ish, tho

[8:23 am] You: That's fine. Just let me know when your done and I'll come over, ok?

[8:24 am] Nina: Sure thing handsome ;3

Jamie let out a sigh, feeling his face warm as he read that last text from Nina. "I can see why Ricky has a thing for you...and I'm starting to as well." He was glad the farm had plenty of areas for him to hide from Mr. Henderson in case he needed to, especially now. After his chat with Zander about a year ago, the wooing and flirting he would receive hasn't bothered him as much anymore; however, all that came from other guys. Not since his college days had he had women swoon over him; nowadays, it's a rare case. Though when he and Nina met yesterday...something about that pony made his heart flutter. Still, he allowed it to pass and didn't dwell on those feelings, especially since he wanted to respect her marriage.

He poked his head out from between the hay bales he hid between, glancing around quick for Mr. Henderson or one of his lackeys. Once he determined it was all clear, he stood up from his squatted position and got back to work.

"Hope today goes by fast; it's been a long time since I've tussled with a girl in the ring, let alone someone as strong as her."

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After they exited his truck and made some idle chit-chat, the two hoofers made their way inside the gym he frequents. It was one that, while it appeared clean and well-maintained, many who come here train hard in hopes to become the next big wrestling superstar. Jamie was one of the few who simply enjoyed the sport and admired the amount of athleticism and showmanship required. He was also happy that Nina shared

the same viewpoint, as he found out after having their impromptu head-butting competition.

He handed the receptionist his membership card and paid for Nina's day pass. But before they would split off to their respective locker rooms, Jamie stopped the pony for a moment. "Head's up, change into whatever you feel comfortable wrestling in, even if it's your ring gear and not your training gear."

"Okay. Yeah, I did bring my ring gear since, well, it made sense to me."

He smiled. "I'm sure you've noticed everyone else sparring in the rings as we walked in, yeah?"

And it was true. Many of the attendees either wore simple, spandex wrestling gear in a variety of styles, but some wore their actual performance gear. There were also a few luchadores and luchadoras, some not wearing their full gear. All were sparring, watching others spar, or working out in general. With as much sweat and musk emanating from a variety of bodies, Nina hardly noticed the smell in the air.

She nodded in response and glanced around the old gym. "Lots of sexy bodies in here."

He chuckled. "Yeah, dress code's super lax around here; as long as your bits are covered up, you're good." He then clasped her shoulder. "Anyway, meet me over by the rings when you're all geared up," he requested, pointing to the four sparring rings.

She nodded again and smiled but didn't get a chance to respond to the goat, as he already went back into the men's room to change. She hesitated a moment, a lustful smirk formed on her face, taking in a brief moment of eye candy of the goat's well-fitted jeans showing off his toned ass. "*Fuck, you're hot.*" Hoping no one noticed her staring, she dashed into the women's room to change as well.

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Jamie was running the ropes in one of the rings by the time Nina arrived. He ran and bounced off each of the ropes, changing up his pattern between bouncing across two at a time then bouncing off all four of them in a cycle. It was a simple warmup he picked up from watching Yusufu a few times; he'll admit, it's fun to do too.

Once he noticed the light blue pony step on the ring apron by one of the corners, he stopped his tracks and met up with her. "Alright! You made it!" He looked her up and down quick, thankful that he's trained his brain to focus well when he's prepping to wrestle. "Got a good getup going on too," he said with a grin. She wore blue spandex

mini trunks that had a solid, yellow stripe on each side, and a sports bra where one half was yellow with a blue lightning bolt, and the other half was blue with a yellow lightning bolt. She also wore blue fingerless gloves but, just like Jamie, she too didn't wear any boots as her hooves sufficed enough.

Nina blushed and smiled. It was then she got a chance to take a better look at the goat, which didn't help her situation any better. "Yours is...quite nice too," she chuckled. Just looking at him intimidated her in an oddly good way, especially since his gear didn't cover much. He just wore black trunks with a light blue fire design going all around the bottom, black shin guards with light blue trim that just slipped onto his legs, and black wristbands that also had a light blue trim. If earlier didn't fluster the pony enough, what she saw now made it hard for her to keep her head in the game; even if Jamie just wanted to wrestle, Nina wouldn't deny having other plans in mind afterwards.

He grinned in response to her comment, then held the middle and top rope open for her to join him.

"What a gentleman."

He chuckled. "Won't be saying that after I'm done tossing you around the ring here."

She crossed her arms and smirked. "We'll see about that, goat boy."

"Jamie! Are you gonna be wrestling your girlfriend or something?" Asked a booming voice from outside the ring.

"She's not my--" he sighed, "Swear to God, Ozzy, you always assume that..." he murmured, rubbing his brow with his fingers in an annoyed manner.

Just outside the ring on the opposite end, a stout but pudgy buck stood with his arms crossed and a playful smirk across his face. Oscar, or Ozzy as his gym mates called him, was one of the veterans around here, and his muscle gut, greying fur around his face, and pointed rack showed his age. However, his buff arms and legs were nothing to scoff at with how well the white and blue singlet he wore accented these.

"Besides," Ozzy said as he joined them, "I'm sure you two need a ref, right?"

"Sure, if you want," replied Jamie, "Just, uh, don't get distracted, alright?" He teased, giving the older buck a wink.

Ozzy chuckled. "You...do know I swing both ways, right?"

Jamie wanted to retort, but had trouble finding the words. Somewhat frustrated and flustered, he got things going and instructed Nina to ready up in one of the corners while he made his way to the opposite one. The two combatants stretched one last time, though Jamie shot Ozzy a few dirty looks. Meanwhile, Nina had to keep her head in the game, but couldn't help but giggle at the situation. She never saw any ill in Ozzy and had gotten used to strangers ogling or catcalling her whenever she trained or fought; she was confident enough in her fighting skills to fend off anyone who'd go too far.

Ozzy made his way to the center, crouching with a hand extended. "Alright, you kids ready?" He asked, quickly checking each of them.

"Dude, I'm in my early 30s."

"So what? I still have *at least* 20 years on both of ya," the buck chuckled. "Okay, ready?"

The goat and the pony nodded, both looking like they were about to charge at each other right away.

"Wrestle!"

They charged straight at each other. Instead of a classic collar-and-elbow tie-up to start the match, they both smashed their heads together and began shoving each other back.

"Hehe, you gonna try to headbutt me to death again, pony girl?" He teased, giving a shove with his head and pushing Nina back.

"Nnngh, just want to see if you could keep up, goat boy." She shoved back, though didn't push Jamie far enough to gain ground.

"Oh! I can keep up." With a large shove, he grabbed for the back of Nina's neck and pulled downward. "But we're not headbutting, are we?" He locked her head under one arm and yanked her up by her trunks in a vertical suplex.

"Aaagghh!" Nina instantly rolled sideways and held her lower back, never expecting such a hard hit right off the bat. As she struggled to get up, Jamie was already back on his hooves and ready to dish out more punishment.

Meanwhile, Ozzy stood ringside on the edge, more just enjoying the show and not so much acting as ref. Though, for him, he'd rather not get in the way of sparring sessions and coach from the sidelines. He'd only act if there's a pin attempt, tap out, knockout, or if anyone's acting in a way that's uncalled for.

As Nina struggled to at least get on a knee, she was about to stand back up fully when two hooves smacked her in the face, forcing a grunt as she was laid out on the canvas again. She immediately held her face as she tried to get back up again, though she felt dizzy. As she did, she noticed some of her blood on her palm. *"Not even a minute in and I'm already bleeding."*

Meanwhile, Jamie was already back on his feet after delivering the drop kick. He too noticed her bloody nose, making him wince. "Heh, you gonna be okay there?"

She managed to get back up fully for the first time and rubbed her head, brushing her messy, light blue hair out of her face. "I'll be fine...I've had worse injuries..." she panted.

"If you're sure," he replied as he got his arms back up, ready to go at the pony again.

"Think you should take 'er easy there, kid," the older buck instructed towards Jamie.

He nodded, though kept his focus on the spar. "Sorry, I know I tend to go too far sometimes."

Nina got in her stance as well, locking eyes with the goat as they both began to circle each other. "I can handle it; don't worry."

He smirked, his back leg twitching and ready to go at the pony again. He slowly approached and aimed a couple kicks towards Nina's shins with his lead leg to try and back her up, even if they missed. Once he saw an opportunity and seeing that they were closer to the ropes, he quickly shot out a high kick with his back leg, but nearly tripped when he found Nina caught it. "Gah! Good reaction, but you better think quick!"

And that she did. With one of Jamie's legs in possession, Nina quickly adjusted her grip and yanked as hard as she could before Jamie could counter.

"Ooof! Well that's something, but what abo--oooww!"

As soon as the goat was on his back, Nina spun around to crank that leg in a spinning toe hold. "Like that, goat boy!" Just to add more insult, she cranked his leg again in another spinning toe hold.

"Gaaah! Bitch!" He slammed his arms on the mat and gripped his head in frustration, trying to think of a way to get out of this. The first thing that came to mind was to kick at the pony's ankles with his free leg; even if those kicks were awkward, they would still be effective.

It didn't take much to force Nina to drop his leg. After a couple kicks, she backed off after letting him go, holding her battered ankle as she used the ropes for support.

Jamie tried not to put too much pressure on his bad leg, but he too had to resort to using the ropes to help him up.

"I swear, I don't know how that kid is able to still walk after all he puts himself through," Ozzy thought as he watched, "It's a shame he doesn't want to go pro, but I don't blame him for his reasons."

Nina noticed how much she slowed the goat down, at least for now. "Let me help you up," she taunted, grabbing him by the horns and tossing him in the nearest corner.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" Jamie rubbed his horns while trying to reorient himself. As tough as they are, his horns, his pride, were still sensitive when pulled.

The pony didn't let up. She then struck at his chest with a chop, forcing his hands down, but she quickly went to move them out of the way. "Oh, come now. Let's see those manly goat pecs!"

"God...dam--agggh!"

Move.

Chop.

Move.

Chop.

A painful cry and a loud **thump** followed each of those chop attacks. But Jamie began to get annoyed and grabbed at Nina's hand striking his chest. "That's enough out of--"

SMACK!

It came out of nowhere.

It left Jamie, Ozzy, and anyone within hearing range stunned.

There was a solid second or two of dead silence after that backhand's echo died out.

Jamie slowly turned toward Nina, clearly angry after what she just pulled. He still held onto her other wrist, but his grip began to get tighter and tighter. "You should not have done that..."

Nina kept up her confident, cocky attitude. "Let's be real here, you enjo--aaahhhgg!"

Getting put in an armbar instantly deflated her. She reached for her cranked arm out of instinct, trying to remain standing and not falling to a knee.

"Nope! Not letting you get out of this that easily!" He turned them around so Nina had her back to the corner, but so they were more in the center of the ring. "But I will end this quickly!" Adjusting his grip and planting his feet, he slung her into the opposite corner in an Irish whip.

She spun herself around as quick as she could, if she knew anything about bumping. Still, getting spun and thrown like that left her disoriented. Once she came to, however, it was too late.

"Gaaahh!!"

Ozzy winced a moment as he watched what just happened. "I *still* can't get used to seeing that finisher," he murmured.

Nina wheezed as she held her chest, slowly sliding to the canvas and using the turnbuckle as support. Surprisingly enough, her breasts hurt much more than her ribs or pec muscles, but she did need time to breath properly again.

Jamie got on both knees and noticed Nina's condition. He panted hard, but the tension he had earlier subsided a little after realizing he may have gone too far. "Hey...you okay?"

She let out a wheeze and a cough, getting her breathing more normalized now. "I'll be okay...I can keep going."

"You sure? I don't want you to overextend yourself."

"Yes, I'm sure...I just need a second or two."

He nodded. "You're doing great, by the way," he complimented, giving a wink, rubbing the sting in his cheek from earlier.

She smiled as she attempted to get up, but the soreness from their match so far began to catch up with her.

"Here," he said, getting in a crouch and extending a hand out to her, which she instantly took. He hoisted her up, using his other hand to support her while she used the nearby ropes as aid. Eventually they were both standing, and Nina could already get her breath back much easier. She gave Jamie a quick, but tight hug to thank him and lightly placed a hand on his chest.

"So...round two?"

He grinned, playfully nudging her head with his, though also a sign of accepting a challenge. "You know it," he replied with a hint of flirtatiousness.

They then backed up into opposite corners as Jamie mentioned to Ozzy about having a second round of sorts, to which the old buck climbed back in the ring and motioned for both wrestlers to meet in the middle. Like before, he leaned inward between the two, his hand extended, and looking to his left and right to make sure they were both ready.

Nina went back to her stance like before, an upright, tight boxing stance. However, Jamie decided to crouch low and streamline in a wrestling stance, planning to go the more traditional route this time.

"Ready?" The buck asked, checking the two again one last time.

They both nodded, though still kept their eyes locked on each other.

"Wrestle!"

The two charged at each other right away; Nina shuffling forward while Jamie shooting in for a takedown. He grabbed both her legs and slammed her on the canvas and tried to pin her right away. This proved difficult as Nina turned and batted at his hands to prevent him, while also trying to get her legs free from under him.

Jamie kept trying to pin the pony. But during their struggle, he took the weight off her legs, which Nina quickly took advantage of and wrap them around his waist.

"Goddammi--mmphh!"

She also just managed to get him in a guillotine choke, keeping it locked tight despite the goat's protests.

"I bet you'd look so cute passed out, darling."

He flailed his arms to find anywhere he could grab or punch his way out of this. Anytime he felt Nina's body, he threw a punch as hard as he could to break free.

"Ggghh!" She could feel her grip weakening with each punch, though tried to keep the hold as long as she could. "Come on, now! We both know you're enjo--oh geeze!" A hint of blush formed on her face after a sudden grope, followed by a punch to her breast. "Goodness, dear, save that for later."

Jamie felt embarrassed as well from that, despite the blood draining from his head. Eventually, Nina gave in to the punches and couldn't hold him any longer. He yanked his head out from under her pit and let out a gasp.

He tried to stand up, but Nina's legs wouldn't give. He yanked and yanked upward, but those strong pony legs would not let him go.

"I hate to do this to ya, but..." He reached under her and snapped backwards, tossing her up and over him with his ab strength.

She screamed and flailed as she flew through the air, landing hard and awkward on the canvas, bouncing a little against the ropes.

Once Jamie straightened back up and stood, he yanked Nina by the ankles to get her away from the ropes, but she quickly gripped them with both her hands.

"Aggh! Let go!"

"Rope break!" Ozzy shouted.

He dropped her legs and snorted, giving the stout buck a glare as he stepped back. The whole match had proved difficult for him, since he tried to hold back on Nina as best as he could; after all, he knew wrestling wasn't her forte. He had to admit, though, she seemed damn good at it.

Nina got up, thankful that the ropes were there for support. Ozzy made his way over by her as quick as he could to check on her, to which she told him she could keep going. Still, the aches and pains she already had wouldn't keep quiet, but she wanted to press on.

Jamie dropped in his low stance again, and Nina got in her boxing stance. They circled each other for a good while, flinching and faking each other.

"Gonna come at me or what?" He teased.

"Why don't you come at me instead?" She teased back, "I know you love getting your hands all over me."

He blushed, but grinned. "That I do," he said, going for another takedown.

However, rather than getting her grounded again, he was met with a powerful high kick to the chin.

"Aggh!"

"Oooo..." Ozzy winced.

He stumbled and shook his head, though his mouth and skull stung. He went after Nina again, to which she threw another high kick. However, this time, he grabbed it by the ankle and yanked hard enough to force Nina on the canvas again, quickly transitioning into an ankle lock.

"Gggrrr! Nooo!" She kicked at him with his free leg. He'll admit, her kicks *were* powerful, even the sloppy ones to break a hold.

He stomped down at that leg, sometimes hitting it, mostly missing. He then threw the leg in his grasp hard enough to turn her on her stomach, then quickly grabbed both her legs under his armpits.

"Agggh! Let me go!" She shook and clawed at the canvas.

"Nope. Not a chance." He taunted as he cranked her back in his finisher: The Billy Goat's Curse (a.k.a. a reverse Boston crab).

"Gahh! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"You give?" Jamie asked as he watched Nina squirm.

"N-N-Never!"

Ozzy then climbed in the ring. He knew this finisher, and he knew it well. And he knew not all wrestlers can handle being in this for too long before tapping out.

"Well, too bad! I ain't letting go!" He felt his face warm once he realized his position.
"Damn, you look amazing. I really...really admire your legs, pony girl...fuck, they look so amazing and strong."

"Owwww! Ow! Ow!" She clenched her teeth and snorted, balling up her fists and trying hard not to give in and tap.

"Give up?" Ozzy asked.

She snorted over and over, then just couldn't take it anymore and screamed, slapping her palm on the canvas.

Jamie immediately let go and took a moment to relax himself before checking on Nina. Ozzy did as well before they all cleared out of the ring. They leaned her against the side of the ring with Jamie supporting her so she wouldn't slump.

"She gonna be okay?" The buck asked.

"Yeah, she will. She's been through worse...much worse," he replied, feeling sorrowful remembering the tragedy from Nina's past, "Thanks, coach."

"Anytime, Kid. You take care of her, alright?" He said. He snorted as a thought came to him. "I think it's time you should find someone to settle down with, and I'm looking *right* at her." He crossed his arms and nodded towards Nina, who was still in a daze.

"It's...it's complicated."

"Love's complicated, Kid; hell, life's complicated. But I'm sure you already figured out that one."

"Heh, trust me, I have."

The buck let out a snort. "Well, I'll leave you two lovebirds be; I gotta see what everyone else is up to," he said as he left.

Jamie smirked as the buck left, then focused his attention on Nina. "How you feeling?"

She groaned as she tried to stretch out the kinks in her back. "Sore. Tired. Hurtin' everywhere." She then touched her nose, "Still bleeding a little."

He chuckled as he rubbed his chin. "Me too, except for the bleeding part." He then put a hand on her shoulder. "You think you'll be fine changing out of your gear on your own?"

She nodded. "Might take me a bit, but...I've been through worse."

"I know...I know."

With that, he hugged her, tight enough to comfort her, but not so tight to break her back even more. She immediately hugged him back and didn't let go after a few moments, not caring who was staring at them. She then kissed him on the cheek, which made him both wince and blush.

"Nina, not here," he whined.

She giggled and blushed. "Sorry, you're just...mmmm, so handsome and cute."

He chuckled and put his hand on her back, leading them to the locker rooms. "Just get changed and get that nose plugged up and meet me out front, then you can flirt with me some more, alright?"

She gave a soft whinny, to which he replied with a soft bleat, before they parted ways to their respective locker rooms.