

Beau's Favorite Fight Club – Part 2

“Mrrmmm... that’s good shit...”

Beau still tasted Welvira’s cum on her lips. Her pink tongue reached out and licked the dew from the halfling’s pussy, savoring the taste one last time. Then, she popped the cork on a bottle and drank a position to bring herself back to full strength as a pair of helpers escorted the sexual-drained shortstack out of the battle arena.

“Let’s do this again sometime,” Beau called out, though the dazed and confused look in Welvira’s eyes suggested that the smaller girl may not have been able to process the words that the monk said. The woman with dark brown hair set in a topknot with golden-tan skin prepared for the next bout, the final one. After draining the potion, she tossed the empty bottle casually into the crowd and then began bouncing lightly on the balls of her feet. Stretching and the potion she’d just imbibed were the least she’d need to defeat her opponent.

He stood tall, easily a head taller than the athletically built woman with a smart-ass mouth like no one else. If Beau had to guess, he was even taller than the bo staff on her back was long. The setting sun made the Half-Orc’s skin look even more orange than usual. His muscles looked more like warm-colored rocks than flesh as he flexed his hands and shoulders.

‘Heh, like that’s going to help you,’ thought Beau as she cracked her knuckles and ensured her body was nice and limber as she prepared to claim victory against the warrior.

“Now, ladies and gentlemen, we come to our final battle!” the announcer coordinating the tournament shouted out. “In this corner, Beau the monk is poised and ready. Her opponent is Kiphos, the warrior! Who will win in the end! Place your bets now because we are about to begin!”

Beau continued sizing her opponent up. She wondered if he’d be terrible angry with her if she busted off one of the tusks that jutted out from his bottom lip. ‘Only one way to find out,’

With that, Beau drew her foot across the hard ground that the two were fighting and prepared to let her fists do the talking, just like she liked. The Half-Orc held a whip in one hand and a powerful-looking mace in the other. The monk made a point to not let either hit her, but she’d be lying if she said the weapon combination wasn’t a bit concerning. With those, he could engage her at long and close range.

‘I better make this quick,’ her blue eyes closed, and she drew in a nice calming breath while she solidified all of her frustrations and anger into an iron fist of focus. Her frame bent forward slightly, showing off her tightly bound bust towards her opponent. Then, her gaze turned slightly, landing on the announcer, willing him to give her the signal to show this guy that she was the best, just like she’d shown Welvira earlier.

“Prepare yourself,” Kiphos called out to her, turning his body to the side, presenting a smaller target towards the ferocious monk who always believed herself unbeatable. She ended up just scoffing at him. Two fingers rose to her forehead in a salute, but when she swiped them to the left, only one remained up while her wrist flipped around.

“Eat me!” she grunted. Soon after, the announcer finally initiated the fight.

‘Here we go!’

Beau charged forward, fists at the ready as she prepared to wallop the man for his comment. She was going to have fun beating and bruising his body. In a different light, she might have said he was adequate-looking, but her mind had room for such distraction. There was fighting to be had, and the woman of excellent skills felt a thrill run up her spine as she closed the distance with the Half-Orc.

The whip hissed out at her, unfurling like some brown snake intent to bite her right in the eye. Beau dropped to her knees, one hand unsheathing her bo staff while the other reached forward. Turning her kneeling slide into a roll, she bounced her body off of her free hand, sailed up and over another whip strike and then bound off the stone pavement. As she sailed through the air, her bo staff pulled back, held now in both hands. Gritting her teeth, Beau prepared to strike, aiming right at the Half-Orc's big stupid face!

'Klaak!!!' Beau kept from uttering a curse when she saw the mace interposed between her target's forehead and her bo staff. She knew the whip would be moving in again, even if she couldn't quite see it as her body fell back to the ground. With a burst of strength, Kiphos pushed her bo staff off of his mace and then swung for her body. The blow narrowly missed her shoulder as Beau's body rocketed away, into a backwards flip. Landing with her legs spread side and her staff forming a horizontal guard, the monk in blues and golds managed to fend off the follow-up whip strikes of her enemy.

Whenever she could, the brunette tried to push through and get into close range again, but Kiphos constantly managed to keep her at bay. When she saw her opportunity however, the woman who always had a healthy view of her confidence took the shot. The whip flew forward again, driving through the air with a loud 'crack'!

This time however, she used her bow-decorated bo staff and coiled the end of the whip's length round and round the hard wood of her weapon. Moving fast as a panther, she yanked her staff back, pulling the Half-Orc off-balance. With a snarl, Beau closed the distance. Her staff abandoned; she went into a spinning kick that delivered a blow to Kiphos' chin before he could raise his mace into a guard position again. Landing into a crouched position, the monk's brown topknot sailed through the air as she landed a series of stunning blows right into the man's chest.

"Kuhuaah!" Kiphos cried out. His legs lifted up and off of the stone pavement the two were battling on and then his larger and more muscular body came to a crash in front of her. Beau chuckled and swiftly picked up her staff once more. Moving in for the kill, she deflected a flurry of whip attacks and even sent a few back to lash at Kiphos' leather armor. With one hard 'whap' she smacked his wrist down to the ground.

'Heh. Too easy!'

As the woman towered over him, Kiphos prepared for the knock-out blow. Strangely enough, it did not come. His eyes opened and he saw Beau looking at him. Well, not at his face, at something else actually. "What?"

Beau did not reply. The woman, who so recently had feasted on the supple and delicious folds of the Halfling girl, found herself locked in place after making a discovery. It appeared that some of Kiphos' leather armor had been damaged when she redirected the crackling slashes of his whip. Her keen blue eyes noticed his cock, and now she couldn't look away. The azure orbs set amid her lovely dark-golden features brightened up and Beau felt her heart flutter while her breasts swelled with deeper breaths

slipping free from her lips. Finally coming to her senses, the monk felt a measure of uncommon fear race through her beating heart. Swallowing back the sensation, she raised a leg to sweep it down and knock out her opponent once for all.

The woman struggling with her closeted cock hunger should have moved faster. During her confusion, Kiphos managed to grip the end of his mace. As Beau prepared to dropkick him and knock him the fuck out, he gently tossed the mace up from the ground on a direct path with the monk. Acting on reflex, Beau stopped bringing her foot down and caught the mace. Before she could finish off Kiphos, he retaliated with his whip and created several cuts along her tight-fitting robes and attire.

The gashes soon revealed more than just a little of her skin. Beau found wind on her nipples and quickly realized that they and parts of her areola and breasts were on display for everyone attending the fight to see. Having her nipples out in public sent a thrill up from Beau's toes to her spine. She tried to continue the battle, but it was already over by that point. Despite her usual behavior, she became too concerned with trying to cover up her nakedness. This allowed Kiphos to constantly batter down her defenses. Sometimes, he even swooped in and got behind her, and groped and pinched her nipples. Each time Beau tried to elbow him in the face, he would simply dodge out of the way, or slap her ass with his coiled-up whip, infuriating and embarrassing the woman even more.

"It's over, Beau. Give up now and hold onto a little shred of honor..."

This time during the fighting tournament, it ended up being Beau's turn to be stubborn. She did her best, trying to smack the shit-eating grin off of the male with his thick hair, rugged good looks, and thick tusks. The more she fought, the more he toyed with her, stripping more and more clothing of her back and soon, even her pussy was partially visible. Then, he used his lengthy weapon to trip up the monk and sent her to the ground with a hard 'thud'.

"You've got to be kidding me!" Beau growled out and pounded the rocky surface she'd fallen onto. The sudden pain to her fist made her instantly regret the choice, but she still did not give up.

Showing off his greater strength, the Half-Orc dragged the hard-bodied woman up on to her knees. "Ah look at this everyone. That face isn't looking so smug and proud now is it. Show me your true nature, Beau. I know you want to suck on my cock!"

"Fuck. You. I'd never do such- whup!" Kiphos shoved every inch of his orangish, thick cock into her mouth. Beau winced, feeling her lips being pushed out to accommodate for the huge shaft.

'This isn't a Half-Orc cock! This is a Half-Ogre cock! Maybe even... full Ogre!' Her tongue smacked at the throbbing length, trying to dislodge him, but soon enough, she began tearing up from the intense pressure as Kiphos began dominating her. His fingers pulled on her topknot, forcing her lips so slide further along his hardness.

"Klrrffpph!" Beau knew the rules, but she still could not believe that the crowd was just going to let him continue stuffing her mouth with his cock. Soon though, she found herself distracted by the sensations of pleasure flitting along her nipples, and the new source of liquid pouring out from her mouth. It took her a moment to realize where it was coming from me.

'It's me! I'm... I'm drooling all over his cock. This big... tasty slab... fucking my throat!' The Half-Orc yanked on her thick brown hair again, forcing her to deep-throat him while she struggled to not choke and gag on the lumbering shaft making itself at home in the back of her throat.

'Fuck Oh fuck me. This is bad. This cock is amazing. You... you don't need to throttle me asshole!' Of course, she couldn't say anything of the kind. Her knees ground against her pavement while thunderous sparks of pleasure continued ripping through every measure and wall she put up to shield herself. Her body trembled, weak before the onslaught of pleasure and Beau realized just how long it had been since someone had defeated her and then claimed her body. The closeted sluttiness slumbering inside of her had awoken during the battle. Now it was jumping around, eagerly hoping that just forcing her to take his length down her throat wouldn't be the end of her humiliation.

'I need more... so much more!' Unabashedly, Beau began rubbing her hands all over her tight frame while Kiphos continued plundering her orifice with each hammering thrust of his hips. When his balls slapped against her, Beau blushed like a wanton slut, and it made her fingers pull even harder on her nipples. When she started tapping and slapping her pussy through her clothes, she quickly realized that was not enough. She tore the blue material away and immediately began teasing her clit while the male who had defeated her continued freely using her to his own pleasure.

"Yllrrrph! Mrrrlph!"

'I'm going to cum soon. I'm going to squirt while he pounds my throat. Everyone is watching. Oh fuck... it's so hot... it's-'

Kiphos yanked his thick sausage from her cocksleeve of a frantic mouth and then roughly slapped Beau. For a moment, the pain returned her mind to a more stubborn and combative mindset. She chuckled dryly and then glared at him, even while her breasts heaved, and her clit stood at attention from his rough sexual advances earlier.

"Peh. Is that all you got?"

The Half-Orc got her on her back immediately after that. She squealed as his cock drove into her with all the subtlety of a hammer smashing away at glowing iron in a forge. "Fuck yes. Yeah... is this how you get your rocks off? Tickling my pussy. Go on! Fuh-ah! Deeper. You can do it... even with that... cute little dick... of... oh god! Fuckkkah!"

As much as Beau wanted to direct him, to be in control, each thunderous thrust caused her pussy to cream. Gushes of her juices constantly stained Kiphos' length and pulsing balls as he pounded her. Eventually, he even pulled her lower body up and used the monk's natural flexibility to bend her lower body upwards. He crouched over her and began slamming his cock inside of her all over again. Beau's eyes winced and blinked. She saw stars while her fingers scrambled to grab something, but there was nothing to hold onto as her body continued being utterly dominated by the man she'd underestimated.

She did the only thing she could think of, vainly attempting to hold control over a beast that she couldn't even hold a candle to any longer. "Oh yeah! You like that? You like the way my pussy strangles your dick. I can feel it... you're going to lose to me... there is... fuahh... there is no way, I'll let you win again!"

Of course, when Kiphos finally came, Beau's body had already exploded twice before then. But this time, when she felt the scalding-hot blasts of his seed pour out inside of her, it was just like the slap that he'd

delivered to the proud woman's cheek. It centered her, back to reality, if only for a moment. A moment that she could have spent trying to escape, but instead, she simply mouthed off against the man who still had his huge, pulsing cock wedged inside of her needy cunt.

Her face took on a furious fervor. Beau scowled up at him and slapped his legs while her eyes couldn't look away from the two slow lines of cum dribbling out of her pussy as he continued shooting his load deep into her horny opening.

"Idiot! what if I become pregnant? What kind of shit-head are you? Oh fuck... what are you- No... oh fuck! This can't be... yessuaah!"

When Kiphos picked up speed again, every part of Beau's mind centered on the blistering heat of his dick carving its way against her tender, raw walls. He made a mess of her pussy, and more and more of his first load splashed out, splattering all over her bare nipples, hard abs, and constantly moaning lips. The monk's vaginal lips struggled against the onslaught, hoping to swaddle the thick spear driving against her womb. She needed to slow him down. Right? If she continued being fucked in this way, she'd be reduced to little more than a naked slut begging for him to fuck her again and again.

But that was the problem for her, the one she didn't truly appreciate. She had already lost and now, this... this was just fun... for both of them. Beau's body reacted before her mind, drawing her hands up to her nipples and pinching and harassing her dark-pink nubs while her tits constantly bounced from the almost violent momentum of the man pounding his hips down to meet her own.

Eventually, Beau's brain caught up to her body. It sailed through the oozing overflow of pleasure. With her last bit of effort, Beau reached out, locked her hands around the man's neck and then begged him to hoist her up.

In the new position, the monk's sweaty legs worked themselves tightly around Kiphos' back, which helped make his cock penetrate even deeper against her ravenous womb. She bit his shoulder, but it was a meek and disjointed effort. All that she wanted, was to feel the pleasure of his cock flushing throughout her hole once again.

"Come on go harder. I know you can do it. Breed me. Breed me like I'm your horny little bitch... oh fuck! That's it... that's the... money shot... goouuaah!" Every last damn holding back Beau's mind from complete and total submission broke apart at that point. She constantly bounced through the air one moment, only to come crashing down against the Half-Orc's powerful, broad chest the next. Each time, she felt her pussy become skewered by his pistoning heat. She forgot all about the crowd in that moment, and only focused on willing her slutty pussy to coil and squeeze harder around the shaft that had turned her mind into so much useless mush.

What wasn't useless, was the thick, goeey ribbons of cum that Kiphos began shooting up against the walls of her cervix once more.

"Yessusaah! Oh fuck... your warm cum... it's everywhere... keep going... fuuaaahk... yes... Ooouhaa-waaah-huaah!"

Kiphos' immense shaft went even deeper this time, and the alarming warmth and pleasure had Beau howling like a banshee as she was bred in the public space. Viscous ribbons of precum and excess cum leaked out from the small breaks in the seal of her taut lips. In her cum-fueled haze, she believed it was

wasteful, but her thoughts were slowly starting to build themselves back into a coherent thought. This man... this great warrior, obviously had a thing or two that she could learn. Beau decided that once he was finally done with her (however long that might be) she would eagerly ask him for some additional training, and some additional breeding, if he was open to it.