

Danger and Fang were almost constant friends. The commando was as skilled at fighting as she was at looking beautiful. So, since there wasn't any big save the world missions to embark on, or a perilous quest to find her beloved, the same night that Lightning and her sister were having fun, Fang decided to go have some fun of her own. Her wife was out on a tedious shopping trip, likely looking for new baby clothes while also finding some outfits of her own. Fang loved Vanille but the woman with loose chaotic long hair could care less about shopping for outfits, even for their child. So she wandered around town for a few hours, messing with those foolish enough to warn her of going to the 'bad' areas and even helping some people out when she came upon an attempted robbery. It felt good to be useful, but it felt even better for her to fight people who truly deserved it.

When she let the would-be thief out of an armbar, she made sure to give him a kick in the ass for good measure. It wasn't an especially powerful kick, but either the man was clumsy or weak because he ended up falling face first into the mud covering the alley floor.

"Kuraahh! You bitch. I just got this suit."

"The mud is the cleanest thing it is attached to. Scum like you don't deserve suits, let alone clothing. Now get out of here."

The man wiped the mud off his lips and tried to get a bit off of his shirt and jacket. Finding there was little purpose to his actions, he jammed out a muddy finger towards Fang. "This isn't over!" He shouted at her and then quickly departed from the alley.

After a few more minutes of travel, Fang's eyes looked up at the neon light fixture above a classical looking door painted silver in some vain attempt to make it look metallic. The sign above had an intricately decorated Plate that arced up and down depending on when the neon tubes were lit up. The bar was called the Silver Plate Hangout, and it was Fang's favorite among the very seedy bars in the part of the city she had ventured into.

"Finally." Fang declared as she made her way into the bar. As soon as Fang got inside, she gestured to Avery, the old bartender. "Sazerac." Her dark, confident tone cutting through the casual conversation of many other late night drinking patrons.

Avery nodded and set to work pouring whiskey and absinthe. In her experience, Avery was the second best hand at making the drink just the way she liked it. The plus side was that in this place, the powerful drink came pretty cheap which allowed Fang to drink more of them if she fancied it.

"Evening Fang. Hope this is an improvement on the last one."

"Let's see." The dark-haired gorgeous woman took a drink. After a moment she gave him the briefest of smiles. "That is something."

Avery's face turned into a wide grin and he tossed a dish towel over his shoulder. "Don't worry. I know you're just being kind. Every time I get a little bit closer."

"Sometimes life is just focusing on simple pleasure."

"Not when I have a lady like you to impress. Let me know when you need another one. The second one is always better, hahaha." Avery said before focusing in on another customer.

Fang's smile receded, and she enjoyed another sip of the drink. A lazy country song was playing over the speakers and she enjoyed the dull tones and the alto voice of the singer as she let the drink warm her heart and relax her mind. Even once she was halfway done with the drink, it still felt so strange, just sitting there. She was a commando, taught not just to fight, but to ravage her enemies. She was starting to realize that cutting loose was so much easier with Vanille than it was just on her own. Right around the time she was finishing her first Sazerac, the door to the Silver Plate Hangout opened up. Three young men, probably just past twenty-one walked in. Normally Fang would have ignored them entirely, but the way they walked and composed themselves had her on alert. They were each trained fighters, and... she thought she recognized one of them.

"Can we get some beers?" The leader asked and sat down in the seat nearby her. "Actually, switch that, I'll have what she's having."

When Avery went off to get the beers, Fang kept looking forward and tipped the glass back to finish the last of her drink. "You'll regret it. It's stronger than it looks." She said before she let the taste of whiskey and absinthe slide deep along her throat.

The man chuckled and shook his head. "I'll be fine. Thanks for looking out."

"I wasn't. Avery has a bad back, he'd probably ask me to carry your drunk ass out of here."

"You think you could carry me?"

"I've carried plenty of men who thought they were fighters. Wait. I know you."

"Heh, I was beginning to think you didn't remember."

"You were with Weaver at the club."

"Yes, we made an 'intimate' connection."

"Hah. We fucked, don't make more of it than that."

"Fair enough."

"It is Fang, isn't it?" One of the other Guardians said as he moved within striking distance. "This is great. How about after a couple more drinks we head over to the Shigamora's Love hotel? I know the owner and its just down the-"

Fang didn't even think of smashing his face with her fist, yet somehow her hand snapped up from her drink, formed a fist, and bashed the Guardian's right cheek. She heard and also felt another strike, this one apparently from Malcolm. His had been open palmed, likely aiming to not hurt his companion. Fang had held no such consideration. The man crashed back onto the ground, not dead but very much knocked out. For a moment, Fang thought things would devolve into a bar fight, but Malcolm's other companion decided to be smart.

"You're supposed to be Guardians?"

"We are Guardians, just doesn't mean we can take a suckerpunch from a Commando that well, least some of us."

Fang and Malcolm both smack him. Malcolm mentions that the guy makes a good Guardian but has no brains for talking to beautiful dames.

Fang is like, I could handle him in a heartbeat.

“What about me? Think you’ve got enough power to take on me?” Malcolm asked her, a dark grin forming on his lips. Fang rolled her eyes at the man with the five o’clock shadow on his cheeks.

“That night at the club was fun. But I don’t fuck amateur fighters, least not if I’m not humoring Lightning.”

“I get it. You don’t think you could really handle us. Makes sense.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, once Ben wakes up, that would be three on one.”

“Avery, kick out these rats and then lock the door. Go read a book in the back.”

“Now Fang I-“

“You’ll be compensated. I have some fools to put in their place.”

“Alright.”

“Before you go, pour me another drink. Maybe if I drink that it will be a fair match.” Fang said, a dark smile forming on her lips. She was more than confident that even if she drank two more of the potent drinks, she could easily outmatch the willful Guardians.

“Stay strong buddy. It’s going to be a long night.” Malcolm said as he ripped open Fang’s top and grabbed a handful of her peerless breasts.

“You better hope you can pay for ripping my dress. My wife bought it for me. She loves when I wear it.” Fang declared sharply, doing her best to focus on her anger while Malcolm’s fingers made an attack on her nipple and the sensitive flesh of areola.

“I’m sure we can make a deal. Besides, you didn’t say we were playing fair.” Right as he finished, Malcolm heard a rip as Fang tore at the fabric of both his and Crandon’s pants. The woman with Fang cut through both their pants and their underwear as effortlessly as a hawk ripping apart a rabbit. The next instant, both let out a quick sigh as her hands locked back around their growing erections.

“Get your head in the game Crandon!” Malcolm shouted, wiling his colleague to grab Fang’s other exposed breast while the leader leaned in and bit down on her ear.

At the beginning of the man’s rough play, Fang felt a sliver of arousal coursing gently into her sex. She didn’t think he would be so aggressive, and she was even more with her body. ‘I will not abide such weakness.’ She thought privately, locking down the door of her lust and using her thumb and forefinger to boost the desires of both men. The faster she made both cum, the faster she could kick both of them out on their asses for such a foolish endeavor.

But Malcolm wasn’t one to give in either. His right hand tensed behind Fang’s back, preparing for a hard battle before he started in with a second attack. As he yanked on her bare nipple, his right hand slapped

down hard on the tight fabric covering up Fang's ass. She didn't let out a sound as he groped the tight curve of her rear. After Malcolm enjoyed the feeling for of her bottom bouncing, he tore away at even more of her dress. Under his assault, Fang soon had her tits out and more than half of her asscheeks showing while she continued her work with the two Guardians.

An invisible cloud soon seemed to settle on the commando. She focused on using her fingers to skillfully bring both men to full strength. Fang's mind recalled all the little tricks she would use on Hope to not only make him hard and ready, but to make him beg and plead to finally be given release. Both of the cocks that she was pulling on were getting incredibly warm and Fang knew that soon, very soon, both men would be begging for her pussy, or at least for release.

Malcolm heard a groan snake out from his lips. The pronouncement of his weakening strength annoyed him. His fingers searched down along Fang's warming flesh until he found her underwear. The Guardian found a relatively simple pair of panties under such a lavish if short cut dress. Fang's underwear was easy to bypass and quickly. Once his fingers were in position, Malcolm hooked his fore and middle finger in between the tight lips of the charcoal-haired woman's pussy.

With that move, Fang did make a sound, the barest of pleasure filled notes, but a sure sign that what he had done had felt good. Her dark eyes narrowed, a plan quickly forming in her mind.

"Let's change things up. This amateur business is getting boring." With that, Fang released her grip on both dicks and then quickly pushed Malcolm to the ground. His was the biggest cock and she was confident she could make him cum rather easily thanks to the tightness of her inner passage.

As Malcolm lay on his back, he looked up and saw Fang rubbing her clit before settling into position. Her fingers moved down from the hardened rosebud that was at the center of her arousal. As they slid lower, she opened up her lower moist lips and allowed the Guardian's member to start pushing up inside of her.

"Mrrmmmm... well, I thought that you would crumble as soon as I let you in. It seems like you're not completely useless." Fang said, doing her best to disguise a quiver in her tone as she leaned forward and played her fingers gently along the male's nipples.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," Malcolm replied before he let out a groan. The bitch's cunt felt even tighter than it had at the club. He figured he had either been drunk, or she hadn't been focusing so much when he'd got his turn. Undeterred, he grabbed her hips and started pumping his own lower body upward to fill all of Fang's wet confines with his long thick cock.

Fang fought through the pleasure, determined not to let any more moans come from her mouth. Unfortunately, not only did Malcolm seem to have great reserves of strength, he was soon joined by reinforcements. While she slid and bounced her body on his fulfilling manhood, his partner Crandon arrived, guiding Fang's mouth to his cockhead and jamming more than half of his prick into her throat.

"Mrrwarruumpph." Fang's words were stifled and soon, Malcolm's friend was pumping nearly every inch into the tight warm hole that was the commando's throat.

"Guardians never fight alone," Malcolm said, as if to reinforce his statement, the door to the Silver Plate's hangout opened up, revealing four more of his comrades. "Come on in guys. She's doing her best, but I think she's already close to cumming on my cock." Fang's eyes widened slightly, not in alarm,

but in anger that Malcolm had led her to an encounter and was now pushing the odds towards his favor. The new development steeled her resolve, but even Fang, one of the greatest fighters in the world, only had so much resistance where large and incredible feeling dicks were concerned.

Her legs moved up as Fang was quickly able to lock her legs snuggling around Malcolm's back. His cock immediately started digging in even deeper into her quivering cunny. The heat was starting to race all over her naked flesh, teasing her heart and her mind while making her toes and fingers feel weak in the onslaught of pleasure that Malcolm was giving her. Through it all, Crandon made sure not to let her lips fall from his dick. As he thrust his hips forward and made the tanned beauty choke on his prodigious manhood, Fang felt other cocks being shoved into her hands while she contended with lengths already.

"Be a good slut now. Weaver wouldn't want you to leave us out of the fun." One said with a rumbling deep laugh. Fang wasn't concerned with what Weaver wanted, but she was still determined not to let Malcolm win.

"I will show you no mercy!" Fang growled, further focusing the minute muscles inside of her pussy to wriggle and then tighten up every time Malcolm tried to pump her full of his cock. If her eyes hadn't been turned to focus on Crandon, she would have taken supreme satisfaction as she saw beads of sweat starting to pour down Malcolm's brow. Instead, she soldiered on, her fingers keeping a firm but occasionally relaxing the grip on the two cocks who had joined. Contending with four incredible cocks now, the charcoal-haired goddess did her best to make sure new breathes of oxygen made it into her nose as Malcolm continued blocking her throat with new and violent thrusts. Unfortunately, just when Fang thought she was getting the upper hand, Malcolm showed he was a man without honor. One hand reached down and began savagely thrumming her clit. As heat billowed up from her pussy, his other hand moved forward and pulled on her nipple. The two fingers working separately would have been something she could defeat, but the speed and force behind both of his extra actions started slicing through Fang's resistance like a knife through butter.

"Niaaahrhhh... I ... I will watch you squirm!" Fang retorted, or at least attempted to. The pleasure was so intense now that the only noises she made were a continuous stream of dark sultry moans. Each new wave of sensations clouded her mind, crashing all thoughts into a boiling cauldron of lust and joy while her mouth and hands continued pleasing the other dicks within reach. When the damn finally broke, Fang's hands clenched around the cocks in her hands, jolting the two guardians to their own release just as Fang reached hers.

"Come on... thenuaahhh... no... I... I'm cumiiiiingguraah!" The defeated commando cried out, her mind delirious from the onslaught while her hips continued bouncing and sliding down Malcolm's incredible pole. As Fang climaxed, the two guardians in her hands let out groans of pleasure as well. Each of their cocks straightened before launching the first steaming hot ribbons of their cum. As the first loads splattered all over Fang's breasts, Crandon gave her a cocktail of sweet-salty nutjuice. The solution streamed down her throat and Fang quickly chocked and gagged on the load while Malcolm himself joined in the celebration.

Fang's cum-glazed breasts bounced as Malcolm let out a roar of achievement and pleasure. His prick fired out two shots directly into her womb before he yanked out his cock and poured the rest of his load out all over her pussy and her stomach. Fang fell back, her entire front burning from all of the cum that

had been deposited inside and out of her body. When her head fell back from Crandon, the guardian made sure to let the last bolt of his semen splash onto her lips and cheeks.

“Man her throat got so warm I thought my dick would melt.”

“It just might. We have a long night ahead of us, and I think Fang is realizing just how bad she wanted a night like this.”

Fang made no reply. Instead, the incredible beauty stood up, cum still leaking down her naked flesh and out of her soiled pussy. Her mind wasn't fully recovered, but she could focus enough to make one challenge. “I hope you don't think I'm already done. Her dark eyes looked expectantly at some of the Guardians who had just arrived. Fang put her hands on her hips and let out a scoff as she took in the new men.

“Gimme your best shot..”