**In The Ring**

by MrDawnFluffles

*Hannah's new job turns out to be more sexual than expected.*

"So you'll do it?" Hannah asked, fiddling with her straw.

"I didn't say that. I said that I'll consider it." I leaned back in my chair and popped a french fry in my mouth.

"What's there to consider, Lia? You need the money, I can offer it. Throughout all of our years, there've only been two serious injuries. I have a feeling you'll be a big hit with the audience."

"Yeah, maybe. But isn't it basically a porn industry? Like a strip club?"

"The Ring is nothing like that." She paused. "Okay, it's a little like that, but c'mon. You can make thousands if you put your heart into it. I've already got your competition lined up."

I shook my head. "You're putting me on the spot. Can I at least meet this girl before I say yes?"

"Sorry, the surprise is part of the allure. The audience doesn't even know who goes up against who until the tournament has started."

"I can't just sign off on it, you know that. You've gotta throw me a bone, Han."

She shook her head. "All I can tell you is that the last girl we signed made fifteen thousand on her first night."

"That's a lie. On her first night?"

"I mean, she knocked one of our champs to the dirt. The audience loves it when the underdog takes over."

She looked at me, forcing me to maintain eye contact. "And sometimes they love it when the underdog gets pummeled. If you're willing to take a beating, sign this form and meet me at 310 South Van Ness Avenue."

"Why does that address sound familiar?"

Without a word, she got up and left. I finished my fries and shake and headed home, sifting through the form as I did. It seemed pretty standard, by signing this form, the competitor releases The Ring and any of its affiliates from any liability involved in an injury, blah blah blah.

I sat down on a park bench and skimmed through the rest of the form. Seems like more of the same. I pulled out my favourite pink pen and signed my name on all of the lines. I really need that money. Fifteen thousand? Hell, even five hundred bucks would save my ass.

I pulled out my phone and plotted out the bus route. Okay, got the forms. Now I just have to wait.

I killed some time by browsing the web, looking for info on Hannah's company. But there was nothing. The Ring didn't have a website, nor any fan pages, nor any information at all.

Eventually, the bus came and I put away my phone and hopped on. After a few transfers I got out right in front of a huge church. So that's why the name was familiar. Hannah decided to use one of the filming locations for the movie.

I put my hand on my hip and laughed before heading inside. A wave of heat battered my face as I opened the door, and I could see a few people milling about. Hannah ran up to me, wearing the most egregious eye-sore of an outfit I'd ever seen. It did nothing to disguise her beautiful curves, though, and I was glad for that at least.

"Hey, eyes up here, dummy." She grabbed my hand and pulled me off to the side. I could see they had removed the pews from the church and set up several bleachers and a large boxing ring. She grabbed the forms from under my arm and skimmed them, making sure I signed everything. "Perfect."

She smiled. "Here's your uniform. There's a change room over there, meet me right here in five minutes."

She handed me a bright pink... piece of clothing. Can you even call that clothes?

I headed over to where she'd pointed and got undressed, folding my clothes up in a neat pile, before putting on the clothes.

It was like something a Barbie mercenary would wear at a strip club. It barely covered anything, leaving only my nipples technically covered, and the skirt didn't come with panties... at least it goes with my hair.

As I finished tightening the straps, another woman entered the room. She was much taller than me and wore baggy jeans and a t-shirt. "'Sup," she said, pulling off her shirt shamelessly. "You new?"

I nodded. "Yep, my first match tonight."

She smiled. "Hey, don't worry. It's pretty easy to get the audience going, and the others I've seen today are pretty good with newbies."

"I'm Lia," I said, extending my hand.

"Amy," she said, shaking my hand. "Though we don't really do outside names here. I'm sure the Narrator's got a creative and wicked title thought up for you."

I looked at myself in the dirty mirror. "Not bad Lia. It actually kind of suits you."

Amy pulled off her pants, and I couldn't help but stare at her ass. "I agree. You're pretty hot, Lia."

I left, walking barefoot through the church under the scornful gaze of JC himself to where Hannah was standing. "OMG, you look so good in that. Okay, I made the right call for the colour.

"Okay, okay. You can go stand over there, and I'll get this show on the road."

I waited by the side of the ring as Hannah stepped up to the Narrator's desk. She sat behind it and spoke into the microphone. "Welcome, ladies and... ladies!" I cast a glance around the audience, only realising then that it was purely women.

"As usual, we will start by thanking our gracious founder and sponsor, Michelle Walker!" A cheer shot through the crowd. "Unfortunately, she is unable to attend our newest recruit's first match, but they'll get a chance to meet later."

"As always, I am your Narrator, and let's give a warm welcome to our newest contestant, Hurricane!"

Someone pushed me up onto the stage, and I slipped into the ring. My face glowed red as dozens of beautiful women's gazes coated my skin, admiring every inch of my body that wasn't covered by the obnoxious outfit I wore.

"And her competition, Virginkiller!"

The noise from the crowd drowned my thoughts as a tall ginger with bustling muscles stepped into the ring. She wore a tight red sweater that accentuated her ample bust. Her smile warmed my heart, though my brain snapped back into gear as she cracked her fingers. Okay, Lia, you've never been in a fight before, but that's fine... just... uh, don't die?

With the sound of the bell, she was on me. I managed to duck her first swing, but she caught me in a chokehold right afterwards.

I coughed as she held onto my windpipe, and I felt her rummaging around my back. With a tear, my clothes broke away, leaving me naked. I covered myself as she let me go. "Don't worry," she said. "You won't be the only one... wait."

She put a T sign up and headed over to Hannah. They whispered for a bit before Virginkiller shrugged and came back.

Hannah's voice boomed over the PA. "Well, ladies, it seems we have quite the surprise in store for you."

My opponent tore off her clothes, revealing her beautiful breasts and amazing abs, but below her waist... a cock?

She had a huge penis, easily eight or nine inches, and it was flaccid. She turned to face the crowd. "Hurricane's not a Futa!" she shouted, to which the crowd responded with hesitant cheers. "Don't worry. I've been assured she is the only one for the time being. Let's see how she holds out, shall we?"

Her words lulled the crowd into a chant, saying "Break that slut! Break that slut!" over and over. I could feel a tiny dribble run down my thigh as I got incredibly horny from their words.

Virginkiller charged at me, her cock flailing wildly. I was hypnotised by her huge helicopter, and she tackled me to the ground. She leaned in and whispered in my ear. "Did Han at least explain the rules?"

"No..."

"Well, winner is the first to make the opponent cum twice. That's pretty much it. I'll go easy on you since she tricked you, but you should've read the forms."

"It looks like Virginkiller has Hurricane on the ropes already! Our new recruit wasn't expecting a Futanari opponent!"

She turned me around and laid her cock on my face. It was almost fully hard and more than a foot long as it dribbled precum into my hair.

She propped open my mouth and placed her head inside. I ran my tongue over it as the crowd cheered. Grabbing Virginkiller's hands, I placed them on the back of my head, bobbing as far as I could go before choking.

She got my message and started humping my face, slamming my nose into her pelvis with each thrust. I could feel my pussy aching for release, but I clenched my hands onto her ass cheeks and fully throated her cock.

"And our long-time recruit buster is fucking Hurricane's face with abandon! Will she be able to hold on, or will she succumb to the Pink Princess's charms?" Pink Princess? God, Hannah.

She moaned as she rested in my mouth, before pulling out a few seconds later. I spat up on myself, rubbing her precum and my own spit into my pussy. "You want me, bitch?" I said.

She flipped me onto my stomach and lined her cock up with my ass. "Wait!" I shouted, but she slammed into me.

"Ooh! That's gotta hurt, ladies. Virginkiller's bitch-breaker is all the way inside Hurricane's tight chocolate starfish. Who's going to cum first?"

I scrunched up my face and started slamming my hips into hers, tightening my asshole to milk her for all she's worth.

I could hear her moan as she leaned in, grabbing my throat with one hand and cutting off my air supply. Her other hand delved into my greedy pussy as she rocked my ass with each thrust.

"VK's going in with the double hand blaster while she wrecks her opponent's asshole. Hurricane won't be able to hold on long!"

I tried to force her off of me, but she was much too large. Her finger brushed my clit and I jerked my hips, slamming onto her and throwing her off with my orgasm. I squirted all over her as she caught her breath, but even before I could finish my orgasm she took me in her mouth and was coaxing my clit to the next one.

I heard the bell ding, and she backed away. "Loser of the first round is Hurricane! You'd better take it easy, babe, or I'll be carrying you home!"

I caught my breath and just managed to regain my footing as the bell rang again. With a punch to the gut, I was back on the mat and she had her cock lined up with my pussy.

I rolled over, spreading my legs wide. "I don't care anymore." I pushed myself up so I could catch her gaze. "Break me."

She sheathed her sword all the way inside me with a single thrust, and I fell back, gasping for air through my moans. She started moving, her hips slowly building up the pace. She didn't even have to touch my clit for me to reach the edge.

She leaned in, grabbed me by my hair, and shoved her tongue down my throat. As her saliva coated my face, she slammed her hips into me and I squirted again, this one much more meagre.

She pulled back, leaving only the tip inside. The crowd was a mixture of cheering and boos.

"We've got an astonishing 22-second knockout from Virginkiller in the second round! I have been granted permission to fully broadcast the post-game festivities in lieu of a longer second round. Give it up for our champ!"

The girl, with me still firmly impaled on her rod, stood up, and waved to the crowd as the boos ceased. I was in a haze of pleasure as I dripped all over the mat. She planted me back into the ground and started hammering my cervix with all her might, as the crowd chanted her name.

I could feel my pussy going numb as she finally put all of her weight on me and came. I could feel her cock pulsating inside me as her thick cum filled me up. It seeped into my womb, and I reached around, stroking her balls.

"Normally, this sort of thing would happen in the locker room after the game. The winner would take her prize... but you get to see it happen, live, thanks to Hurricane! Now, who wants to see her take on another challenger?"

The crowd erupted in cheers as the cock splurted out of my pussy. I rolled over, my consciousness fading. The last thing I remembered was being picked up and carried out of the ring.

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I awoke in a warm bed, wearing thick pyjamas that barely fit me. I rolled over to see Virginkiller standing naked and wiping herself with a towel.

"Hey," I said, sitting up.

She turned to me, her now-flaccid cock still magnificent in the evening glow.

"Hey. Gotta say, you were a damn good snack. I hope we get to fight again, though you should probably take lessons."

"Yeah, probably." I stretched and yawned. "Where am I?"

"My place. I live just down the street, so I carried you home, put on some of my pyjamas, though I absolutely had some fun with you while you were out."

I smiled. "Sounds good. I'm Lia by the way."

"I go by MJ."

"Cool. Virginkiller is a mouthful."

"I'm down to call you Hurricane if you want."

"Nah, Lia's fine." I stood up and walked over to her. I took her cock in one hand, fondling her balls with the other. She moaned. "You were a pretty good snack yourself."

She looked down. "I'm your first Futa, aren't I?"

I nodded. "Yeah, but I gotta say, I prefer flesh and blood to the strapons my girlfriends usually use."

"Well, you'll get used to it, if you stick around. Not sure if you want to keep participating after how badly you lost last night."

"Are you kidding me? I haven't cum that hard in years. Plus, I'm supposed to get paid?"

She sighed, cupping one of my tits with her hand. "Yeah, it's a pretty nice gig, isn't it."

"Oh, right. Han dropped off your check."

She turned around and rifled through her dresser, pulling out a small slip of paper. "I present, the winnings from your first match. It may be pretty meagre, but winnings usually grow as you go through the ranks. You don't usually have to win matches to move on, just provide the best entertainment."

She handed it to me, and my jaw dropped. "Eight thousand, six hundred and eleven dollars?"

"Wow, you're pretty popular. I only made six gs on my first day. I guess the crowd came around to the idea of a pussy cat."

"Guess so. So, you in?"

I nodded.

"I'll let Han know later. For now, let's start your training."

She grabbed my hands and pinned me to the wall. My pyjamas were off in a flash, and she entered me.

She fucked me for so long that I lost track of time. When we were done, Hannah had already set up my next match. "See you tonight!" her text read.

"Fuck," I moaned into MJ's chest.

"Welcome to your new life, Lia."