The Match

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He thought he was on top of the food chain when it came to fighting.

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It was Friday night, and time for the big sexual wrestling match that would be broadcast on pay-per-view nationwide. Jordan Driller was set to face Jillian Juggs in a inter-sex match. In this company, the winner gets to fuck the loser on national television, no strings attached. Jordan went to the gym around two to prepare for the match at Seven.

He started his routine at the punching bags. He was magnificent at his kicks, with the grace of Bruce Lee as he performed them. His punches could have used some work, but they were beyond standard. He then started on the dumb bells, working on them for nearly half an hour. At that point, he figured he was ready as ever and headed to the arena.

He and Jillian barely had any contact that night, they mainly stayed to the locker rooms. As he prepared for the match, Jordan could not get his mind off of what may happen if he were to lose. Anal sex was one of his biggest fantasies. He began to stroke his meat off vigorously, and blew a massive load on the seat which he sat. He felt bad for whoever had to clean these locker rooms. Then he heard the announcement: "The next match is the main event of the evening. Wrestlers, prepare!". He hurried to the door, and made his way to the mat.

The referee went through the usual rules, and explained the stipulation. If Jordan wins, he can do whatever he wants to Jillian. If Jillian wins, she can choose to use a strap-on, or let him fuck her. The put on their gear and started the match.

Jordan quickly gained the upper hand, forcing her into a sort of a ground full-nelson on the mat. She quickly over-powered him, and forced him into a roll-over pin. He could not get up, and Jillian scored one point. Jordan became angry he had been pinned and forced her to the ground, pinning her arms to the mat with his legs. One point for The Driller. It went in this cycle till the very end. Jillian again pinned him for the final point. Juggs had beaten The Driller!

The referee brought out quite a huge strap-on, and Jillian put it on. The ref declared her the winner, and she commanded, "Jordan, get on your fucking knees, and brace yourself you fucking LOSER!".

He initially refused, but he was committed to the contract that said she had the right to do anything. He did as she ordered. She quickly began to screw his throat relentlessly. He gagged, but took it. She thrust, and as she did, she said, "You like taking this cock in your mouth you fucking dirty LOSER?! I think you wanted to lose and fell this cock!".

He said to himself, "Bitch, you are dead wrong!", but his throat was clogged. After a long period of deep-throating, she grabbed him and lay him on his neck, legs in the air, ass showing. He winced, knowing what was next.

She stood over him, pinning his legs between hers, and began to fuck his ass. She fucked him like some beast, and he began crying despite fighting the tears. He was going to be known as the wimp on national T.V. Great, he thought. He moaned softly, but intensely at the same time, this massive dyke tool in his butt. "You love having this schlong in your ass, don't you, you dirty man-whore loser?!". He had to admit, he did love the feeling of having his prostate stimulated.

All of a sudden, Jillian stopped, and ran backstage for a moment. She returned with a friend, with an even bigger toy around her. She lay Jordan down on his back, put her palms on the mat, and profusely fucked his ass. "GEEZ!" he managed to yell for a split second.

"Suck, this fucking cock clean!" Jillian ordered. Against his better judgement, he did as she ordered. He had trouble breathing, his asshole being fucked, and Jillian fucking his mouth. He had a cold at the same time. After a very long time of this, they switched places as he came.

He learned the new girl was Cynthia Sinn. She was without a doubt the most enduring woman in the company, and she fucked him relentlessly. She pumped into his mouth, and pumped and pumped. Somehow he managed not to up-chuck.

Jillian was pumping his poop chute, insulting him about losing the whole time. Finally, the girls took off their toys, and it was his turn to have some fun. He fucked Jillian first, as fast as he could. While fucking Jillian, he worked his mouth on Cynthia. After a long while, the girls cried out in orgasm, almost in unison. "That's how a fucking winner comes, you losing little punk!". The three of them took a bow in front of the camera, and went backstage to clean up.

They met outside the arena, and Jordan told Jillian he wanted a rematch sometime. "Bring it on, stud," she teased.

The three of them went to dinner, with the loser paying the tab of course. Jordan couldn't quite walk straight, but loved hanging out with the two sexy women that had just had their way with my forbidden

hole. We exchanged numbers, and began a friendship, working out together at the gym.

-THE END-

I have to admit, I'm much more a reader, not a writer. I just wanted you faithful readers to know, I tried to write you a great story.

-From Mrsubmissive.