

It's a Knockout

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The tale of a boxer, his girl, and one lucky son of a bitch.

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I had lost everything, but the clothes on my back. I watched as several diverse groups of tourists and locals passed by the bench I was slouching on. I wondered what great things awaited them tonight. The flickering candle of the desert was filled with more opportunities than usual tonight. A large neon sign towering over the Las Vegas strip boasted the boxing match of the century set to go down that night. Heavyweight champion Carlson Fedder and 'Russian Revolver' Miak Slovak were ready to collide at the behemoth of a new hotel and casino located at the top of the Las Vegas strip. I was hired to work security at the gates, but was quickly dismissed after my new boss found out I placed a bet on the match which was strictly prohibited by the security firm. I was tossed out of the building by my coworkers, but was lucky enough to keep the three piece suit the hotel had provided me. The pockets were empty, but the suit would soon give me an advantage I hadn't anticipated. I surveyed more and more people strolling by, heading toward the front entrance of the Markson where the fight was set to begin soon. Suddenly, I noticed a motorcade of black Escalades begin to pull in front of the Markson. I quickly bounced off of the bench and darted across the busy street, getting honked at by several cars whizzing by. I saw what seemed to be dozens of well-dressed gentleman pour out of the Escalades, followed by several women in short sparkling dresses. I made it across the street and continued to watch the passengers exit the four different SUVs. Just when it seemed like the vehicles had completely emptied out, Carlson Fedder stepped out in an expensive polo and sunglasses. He seemed larger than life as the paparazzi's camera flashes lit him up. His entourage formed a large circle of protection around him as they all headed for the side entrance of the Markson. Without hesitation, I pushed myself up against the back of the entourage circle, my head dipped down behind my collar hiding. My feet scuffed along the granite pavement as I tried to cling on to the entourage chain without being noticed. As I moved in through the entrance with the rest of the group, I noticed one of the security guards that had thrown me out earlier. I continued to hide my face behind my collar and narrowly escaped being recognized by him. The side entrance led to a private lobby area in front of the boxing arena. Multiple chandeliers swung from the ceiling and a Greek figurine shot out water from its mouth into a fountain. I quickly dipped my hand into the fountain and brushed the water through my hair, giving my messy hair an instant suave makeover. The entourage spread out and filled the lobby with the noise of conversation. I noticed the godlike Carlson strut over to a tall young

brunette. He ran his fingers through her hair and I saw a gorgeous white smile spread across her face. I carefully moved to give myself a better angle of this mystery girl. Her face was soon revealed to me and I instantly recognized her from my dreams. She was model Victoria Selman. I had seen her many times in various beauty and sex magazines. She was considered one of the most beautiful people in the world and Carlson was lucky enough to have tamed her. Her dark brown hair stretched all the way down to her shoulder blades and her light blue eyes lit up the room even from a distance. She wore a silky red dress that flaunted both her long tan legs and cleavage that teased to the point of no return. My eyes ran all the way up from her matching bright red heels to the red rose decorating her hair. I had never seen anything or anyone more beautiful in my life. The smile from Victoria's face faded and she pushed Carlson's hand away from her hair. The discussion they were having was inaudible, but seemed to have turned sour. Victoria's face turned red with anger and she slapped Carlson right across the face. The bodyguards from Carlson's entourage bolted over to where they were standing to aid him, but Victoria had already stormed away from Carlson. Carlson smiled, rubbing his palm over his freshly slapped face. Carlson lifted up his right hand and waved his middle finger at the exiting Victoria. Victoria left the lobby out of another side entrance. My gut instinct was to follow her and I did. "Excuse me, Miss?" I asked. Victoria was turned away from me, but I could see her try to rub tears off her face. I approached her from behind and lightly touched her bare shoulder. "Hey, are you o.k.?" I asked. She turned towards me and we locked eyes. Her eyes were even more spectacular from up close. "Um, yes thank you," she replied. I wiped my knuckle over her soft wet cheek to scoop up her tears. "You know, I'm sure you get this all the time, but you are the most stunningly gorgeous person," I confessed. I was rewarded with another sweet smile and an enchanting giggle. "I do get that sometimes, but it's still very sweet of you to say," she gleefully answered. "So what exactly happened in there? Are you really alright?" I asked. "Oh, it's not your problem. Don't worry about it," she reasoned. "Well, it may not be my problem, but I do have a problem with seeing the most beautiful girl in the world upset. I can't stand it. No one should ever bring a tear or a frown to that face. It should be a crime," I said. "You really are sweet. Would you like to come with me?" she asked. "I would go anywhere with you. Yes, of course." I quickly answered. "Come with me then," she whispered in my ear. She grabbed my hand and led me around to the front entrance of the hotel. This time the security guard that threw me out earlier saw me. "Hey asshole! I thought I told you to never come back here!" the security guard belted at me. The security guard sprung at me, but was halted by Victoria. "Hey! He's with me!" Victoria snapped. The security guard instantly recognized Victoria and backed off. "Sorry Ms. Selman. Have a good night," the guard uttered. Victoria and I headed in to the hotel lobby and towards the silver plated elevator in the corner. She pressed the elevator's call button, still holding onto me with her other hand. The elevator's doors quickly opened and Victoria led me in. She pulled out a key card from her tiny purse and swiped it through the card reader. "Penthouse Master Suite, going up," an electronic voice echoed throughout the elevator. I could feel the elevator rising up rapidly, and within 10 seconds, I heard a beep signaling that we had arrived. The elevator doors swung open and I was immediately taken in by the upscale atmosphere of the penthouse. A black leather couch sat in front of a 100 inch

plasma TV. The kitchen was filled with new stainless steel appliances and granite countertops. A pool table sat in one corner and a Jacuzzi in another. Most impressive of all, the main wall of the room was made of glass, and overlooked the glowing Las Vegas strip. Victoria led me to the couch and playfully shoved me onto it. "So here's the deal honey," Victoria told me as she put her hand gently on my thigh. "My boyfriend Carlson just admitted he cheated on me with my best friend. As a result, I'm a little upset, as you saw. Now, I'm going to have sex with you for the sole purpose of revenge." "That sounds amazing to me, but don't you want to at least know my name?" I asked. "Your name doesn't matter. You were the first one to consul me, so you win the lottery darling. Now, no more talking," Victoria commanded me. Victoria dropped to her knees and unbuttoned and unzipped my pants. I looked up at the ceiling in disbelief of the wonderful thing that was happening to me. I felt my pants slip off down my legs, and then my boxers followed. I felt her cool wet tongue run up and down my shaft. I gained composure and looked back down at her. She was now running her tongue around my pulsating head and I could feel myself about ready to explode already. I had to avoid doing this, so I calmly pushed her head away from my member and bent over to kiss her. Her lips were soft and luscious pressed up against mine. Our mouths opened in tandem and our tongues began massaging each other. I reached around her and unclipped her red dress, making it fall to the ground. Her glorious perfect breasts were revealed to me and I couldn't help but dive into them right away. I caressed her perky pink nipples and the flesh surrounding them and began kissing and licking them. I felt like a kid at an all you can eat chocolate factory. Her skin tasted sweet. There was a slight hint of blueberry and vanilla. I continued to lick and nibble at her nipples, as I moved my hand down to her soft, clean shaven pussy. I dipped my fingers into her wet paradise and she let out a surprised, yet delighted moan. She shoved me back onto the couch and began bobbing her head up and down on my cock. She looked up at me and our eyes locked once again. At this point, I knew this would be the greatest moment of my life. Just as I was about to climax, Victoria pulled her head up and leaped on me to straddle me and my cock. She grasped my bulging erection and began flicking the head of it on her clit. She then slipped it into her tight wet pink pussy and began bouncing on it ferociously. She dug her nails into my chest as she continued to ride me like a merry-go-round. It was one of those rare circumstances where the pain felt wonderful and welcome. Victoria could see I was close and began moving up and down faster and faster. We rolled over on the couch so that I was lying down while she was riding me. I could feel a plastic object digging into my back as the plasma TV turned itself on, the audio blaring. "A left hook right to the face, I don't know how much longer he can hold out," the ringside broadcaster shouted on the TV. I couldn't hold out much longer either. I gripped Victoria's tight little ass as I thrust deep into her. I let out an uncontrollable moan as I came inside her, experiencing the most intense orgasm of my life. "It's a knockout! It's over! Carlson Fedder has been defeated! His winning streak has come to an end!" the ringside broadcaster excitedly screamed. Completely exhausted and empty, I glanced over to the TV to see Carlson lying face down on the hard, cold ring floor. The 'Russian Revolver' was standing over him in victory. Victoria got up off me and began putting her dress back on while watching the TV. "Looks like that bastard got what was coming to him in more ways than one," Victoria bragged. "Oh shit, I put all my money on him," I

admitted. Victoria walked over to a large nude painting by the TV and removed it from the wall, revealing a hidden safe. She quickly typed in the pass code on the digital pad and the safe creaked open. Victoria reached in and grabbed several stacks of hundred dollar bills wrapped in bank bands. She came back over to me and handed me the large stack of bills. "That should cover it. I think it's about 500 grand," Victoria announced flatly. "Oh my god. But, but, won't he notice it's gone?" I asked shocked. "That money's just a penny in the fountain to that son of a bitch. Take it and enjoy. Let's call it part of my settlement," Victoria assured me. "Well, I guess I better go before he gets back, huh?" I suggested. "Yeah, that'd be a good idea," she agreed. I got up from the couch, money in hand, and started heading toward the elevator. Victoria smiled and winked at me as I left. As I pressed the elevator call button, I wondered how life would be after reaching the top of the mountain.