

Mini Story - Bare Knuckle Stripping

ByTheSpiralledEye

It was the match of the year; both Jake and Cash had been preparing for it for weeks. The tickets had sold out in seconds online and the MMA scene was buzzing with excitement. Both Jake and Cash had taken home championship belts in previous years but never had they fought one another.

The betting pools were neck and neck; Jake was the bigger of the two, more muscle bound and broad with a solid build that barely anybody could knock off balance but Cash had the speed advantage, his muscular build was lean and agile. Either way, nobody could be a hundred percent sure which peak of masculinity would win out; it was going to be a sight to behold.

The dimly lit arena was filled with the pulse-pounding energy of the crowd, their cheers reverberating through the air as the anticipation grew. The scent of sweat and adrenaline hung heavy, swirling around the hexagonal cage that stood at the centre of the spotlight.

The referee signalled for both fighters to step forward, and the tension in the arena grew, you could hear a pin drop. The bell rang, and the battle was on.

Jake lunged forward with raw power, his massive fists swinging like sledgehammers. Cash's agility came into play as he swayed, ducked, and weaved, avoiding the onslaught of blows with a dancer's grace. His quick footwork allowed him to circle around Jake, landing stinging jabs and lightning-fast kicks to Jake's midsection. Each strike landed with precision, causing Jake's muscles to ripple upon impact. Cash's dancer-like movements were even more fluid than usual, almost sensual. He found himself bending at the hips in a way he never had before, balancing on the tips of his toes and leaning back far more than was strictly necessary. Before he could stop himself he kicked his leg out, toes pointed like a ballerina.

A thunderous cheer erupted from the crowd as Jake managed to catch one of Cash's kicks, his fingers wrapping around Cash's ankle like a vice. With a twist of his body, Jake sent Cash crashing to the mat. The arena seemed to vibrate as Jake moved in, his fists raised for a finishing blow. But Cash was far from defeated. As Jake's fist descended like a meteor, Cash executed a lightning-quick roll, narrowly escaping the devastating blow. In a fluid motion, he sprang back to his feet and with grace nobody thought Jake capable of, he spun, moving in perfect tandem to reset their positions.

For a moment the two seemed confused, their bodies were moving in ways they never had before and yet, they kept moving, jabs and kicks becoming less forceful yet even more graceful.

With newfound ferocity, Cash surged forward, his movements a blur of speed. He darted in and out of Jake's range, his strikes finding their mark with a precision. Yet, they were open palms now, Jake's skin rippled, the solid muscle having given way to softer, looser skin that jiggled as he made contact. Jake's grunts of pain turned to moans hinted with pleasure.

Jake grabbed hold of Cash's long blonde hair and tossed him against the cage; causing him to grunt as his breasts pressed against the metal cage. For a moment he was confused, breasts? Since when did he have breasts? But then Jake distracted his thoughts by landing a firm flap to his peachy ass and it was his turn to moan. He barely had time to dodge when another blow came his way but he did with the aid of the pole to his right.

Ham had his own, on the other side of the stage and he ran for it, his voluptuous, heavy set frame doing nothing to slow him down as he spun around it; much to the delight of the crowd. His dark skin was painted with glitter swirls that caught the light and Cash cursed; he was stealing the spotlight! Not on his watch!

He sauntered across the stage, lifting his perfectly manicured fingers to wave flirtatiously at the crowd. He let his hips sway smoothly and his long hair fell slightly over his face, so much that it caught in his long eyelashes. He took hold of his pole slowly, flexing his leaner frame and jumping up to wrap his legs around it, balancing with ease as his hands let go entirely. His breasts arched out under the lights and the crowd went ballistic; now he was their favourite again.

Jake slid down his pole with a pout, moving toward the front of the stage and beginning a solo dance, slow and sensual before getting more and more aggressive, humming the air and pressing his palms against his large curves. He had much more to shake than Cash did. Suddenly he felt fingers at his back, his bikini top ties unravelled and he was suddenly topless on stage. E cup breasts bare for the world to see.

Cash grinned as she came to stand beside her companion and joined her dance, bearing her back and inviting Jake to do the same. Soon they were both stripping off what little clothing they had put on before the show. Their naked bodies on show under the bright lights as the crowd continued to whoop and whistle.

It was time for the finale; Cash took the back of Jake's head in her palm and forced their lips together, their naked bodies pressed together on stage as they made out for the whole world to see. The crowd was going wild and who could blame them? It was a show between the two most talented strippers on the Vegas strip; together, one night only, tickets had sold out in seconds, naturally.

