Bleached Rose: The World Tournament

by Tijuanagenius

Summary

Our Shinigami joins a wrestling federation as the first male in a all-female line up. He is recruited to take on nine different female wrestlers to win the championship. But after two circuits the higher ups thought it was time for a change so they converted this circuit of the Rumble Roses into a sex tournament. Can Ichigo make past some of the sexiest warriors in history or will get left on the canvas.

Notes

Finally I get to do this story. Anyway I do not own the game nor anime and any of their characters. Only my Ocs.

See the end of the work for more notes.
A new rose is born

"Guuuuaaahh" said a thug as he was tossed to a nearby trashcan. A gang thought it would be a simple grab; just jump the teen and take anything he has that is valuable. However they didn't think that teen was an experienced fighter, and strong enough to take them all enough to fight them singlehandedly. "Bastards" said the mark which was young man with light skin, average height, and brown eyes but, the most distinguishing feature was that his hair was a bright orange. The teen was about to leave when he heard clapping from a near distance; he turned to see a man in an expensive red suit with light and spiky brown hair. "Well, well, well... and I thought there wasn't any potential in this deadweight of a town but, here you are. Good posture, balanced upper and body strength, and seemingly unlimited stamina you'll be a fine competitor, Ichigo Kurosaki" Said the mysterious man.

"And just who the hell are you?" Ichigo asked the man as he approached who only held the smirk on his face; "I'm Kevin Douglas a agent/manager of today's entertainment and I would like to present you with a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Come we can walk as we discuss your future" Kevin said as he passed by the scowling teen leaving the alleyway. Ichigo decided to follow him out of curiosity and listened to what he had to see. "You see Ichigo I'm looking for the next best thing and that's you. In today's entertainment I'm trying to get a piece of the action in the latest trend which is an all-women wrestling federation. It's big business" Kevin said. Ichigo was still confused, but his interest was piqued. "The name of the federation is RUMBLE ROSES!"

"Rumble Roses?" Ichigo repeated. It sounded bizarrely appealing.

"But that's not the half of it. My boy!" his companion said with gleaming enthusiasm. "The Rumble Roses members have started a whole new tour. They use the different venues, but these shows are only at night, and the price of a single ticket is a small fortune!" "You see, Kurosaki," Kevin gave him a impious smirk. "These exclusive shows aren't simple wrestling matches. The women still grapple, but the winner doesn't just pin her opponent." Ichigo pondered it all for a few minutes while walking before it all hits him like a bullet train off-track. "You don't actually mean-" he said incredulously; "The Rumble Roses women are sexual gladiators; the first woman to make the other girl orgasm wins! Think of it, Ichigo! Some of the world's most beautiful, athletic women doing each other in front of a cheering crowd! Don't tell me you wouldn't want to jack off just thinking about it!" Kevin explained to the orange haired teen.

"What does this have to do with me?" Ichigo gritted his teeth at the manager. You see I wanted tobring something new to the federation so, I convinced the owners of Rumble Roses to let me prove my new concept is lucrative." "New concept?" Kurosaki shook his head with irritation knowing he may not like it.

"I want Rumble Roses to interest more women." I want to introduce a male competitor to the mix. And I want you to be that male Ichigo Kurosaki!"

"What?" Ichigo gasped in shock and surprise.

"You will have brutal sex with beautiful competitors, one per round. You win the entire tournament and we both get rich. Even if you lose, well, that doesn't seem likely to me!" Kevin stopped and turned to face him with a smile on his face. "What do you say?"

"Won't People be watching? Sorry but, I have no intention of having my friends know I'm some type fighting gigolo" he said skeptically knowing for sure he will never hear the end of it from Keigo for as long as he lives. "Relax I have a solution for that so no one will know who you really are. Okay, okay think of it this way: the way the economy is you're going to never get the preferred line of work you want to do and get the pay you desired. If you do this who will be the man who finally gets his
father to retirement if he wants to, who will be the man that gets his sisters through all schools including overseas universities, who will be the guy who takes his friends to places only V.I.P can get access to, WHO WILL BE the dude that gets what his heart desires no matter what it says on the price tag. You know who that man can be Ichigo? Let me tell you…it's you, IT IS YOU!! " Kevin sermonizes in an inspirational tone you would hear in those sport movie as stood up imagining he was standing tall in space with spotlight on him.

"Wait how do you know so much about me?" the young man asked. "KnowerAPP. It gives you a basic bio on the person with their entire name in search" Kevin said reeling back from his episode. Ichigo gave it a long and thoughtful review of what was presented to him, went through the pros and cons; finally he begrudgingly accepts it. "Alright I'm in" He said accepting Kevin's hand and shaking it. "Glorious alright then go home, get packed, say your goodbyes, and meet me at the airport at the end of week at 6:00 A.M. We have a lot to do my friend" the new manager said as left the teen to get his priorities in order.

On Sunday after saying his goodbyes and cooking up some story about doing some foreign program overseas Ichigo reached the airport to see his manager waiting by the door. "Ichigo my boy good to see you" he said patting the future champ on the back. "Okay we need to make a stop somewhere before we start your training he said as he escorted him through security and onto the private jet. "Where exactly?" Ichigo asked; "Sweden, going to get what you need so nobody recognizes you" he said, then jet takes off to their next location.

The day is frosty as an Icee as the duo stopped what seems to be a medical office; entering they were me by a dashing male doctor with slicked back black hair and gorgeous teeth like something you would see out of a cheesy soap opera. "Hello I'm Doctor Studwell and you must be Mr. Kurosaki the one who Mr. Douglas said wanted his identity to be kept secret, am I correct?" the Doctor asked. "Yes, and may I ask who will that be possible?" the teen inquired. "Through an experimental surgical medical procedure known as Nanomorphing: with this you will be able to alter your features, body shape, coloring, and even voice." The manager explained as he got Ichigo set up for the procedure.

Ichigo got nervous at what the surgery might be like, even more so when he sees the menacing looking injection device. "Okay Mr. Kurosaki we are going to tranquilize you into a deep sleep so you won't feel a thing then begin the injection process which will only take a few minutes" Dr. Studwell said to Ichigo as gave him the tranq meds. The orange haired boy could only stay awake for a few seconds before dozing off; last thing he saw was the needles approaching him.

Feeling groggy Ichigo woke up to see the smiling faces of the two occupants of the room as they looked down at him, "How do you feel kid?" Kevin asked. Like someone's been using my skeleton as a musical instrument" he groaned sitting up; "that should be a normal feeling Ichigo now stand over here" the doctor recommended leading him in front of a full body mirror to which Ichigo looked the same as he did. "Don't really see a difference here" he said annoyingly. Try concentrating Mr. Kurosaki" Studwell said and so Ichigo did.

As he did he began to feel tingly all over then turned to feeling someone was crawling under his skin. As it was over Ichigo opened his eyes to see a total stranger looking back at him. His skin was chalk white and ears grew a bit sharper, his body grew little giving him some height but not as tall as Chad, his eyes had black sclera & golden irises with slit pupils, and his hair was longer being the color scarlet. "Welcome to the world of wrestling, Hichigo Shirosaki" Kevin pronounced the new ring name for his client.

Ichigo concentrated hard again and after a few moments opened his eyes to see himself back to his
original form. "Okay your payments in your account Doc thanks for everything" Kevin said shaking hands with the general practitioner; "No problem and good luck out there gentlemen" Studwell said as the two left to get on the plane and fly to their next destination for training.
Training Day

Chapter Summary

Ichigo begins his training for the tournament and it will be no easy task. Now on an isolated island he will have to certain trials and regimens to become the man Douglas needs him to be.

Chapter Notes

We now head to Tangaroa island the training site of where Ichigo is supposed to begin practicing for the tournament.1

"Alright Ichigo first you need to put this on" Kevin instructed as he gave the teen a shiny metal headband. "Alright what's this for?" he asked; "It's to scan and monitor your current sexual prowess. You will be going through a trial testing it before we can began training" Kevin said as he led the young man to a divan way out on the beach.

"Alright your first trial will be here soon I'll be at the tent monitoring your vitals" he said leaving the Orange haired teen alone as he undressed.

While waiting for it to begin he was approached by a gorgeous woman. She was 5'4 at 51kg with long blue hair and fair skin; her measurements were 82-54-85 while she was nothing in a black yellow two-piece bikini with shades on. "A-a-ah h-hello who are you?" he asked the woman who only smirked in response. "Alexandra, but my friends call me Alex, and I'm your assessment" she said approaching the nervous teen.

"Relax Ichigo were going to take this nice and slow, okay" she said getting on the bed and He hissed as he leaned in to kiss her, closing his eyes as their lips connected softly. She soon closed her eyes as their soft lips collided. The kiss was soft, but passionate as they ran through one another's hair, tongues colliding in a soft but pleasuring sending which only left increasing tingles of pleasure. He then kissed all over her face to her cheeks and then traces a mark on her neck.

"Uh Ichigo, that feels so good." She seethed in pleasure from his delicious sucking.
Her skin was so soft and she tasted and smelt like mint. "You taste like mango. I love mango." He told her as he started trailing kisses, nips, and sucks down her body, purposefully ignoring her hard pointy nipples which were begging to be freed from her swimsuit, and bit the hem of her swim bottoms down with a sexy grin.
"Oh Ichigo, you are so handsome." She complimented as she eased her legs so he can take it off in the hottest way.

He was revealed to her soaking, squinting core, which was the prettiest, hottest sight he ever saw, which only teased his hard shaft more. She was groaning from the breeze blowing on her most private part and to see his hot reaction of her core that she was too impatient to wait much more.

"P...please Ichigo. Take care of me. I need your hot tongue over there. Please." She begged in need.
He is loving seeing her so vulnerable and not so guarded like she usually is. The aroma of her womanhood was trailing his nose, so he plunges down south with kisses.
She gasped at the sensational feeling of his lips kissing her core, which caused her to buck her hips forward "Ugh...Ichigo...feels...Yes." Alex struggled to say between words. She was overfilled with
pleasure, and started tweaking her nipples.

In between kisses, he muttered "You...Taste...So...Good.", before he finally licked her outer walls, which tickled his tongue a bit, and caressed her upper thighs. Her gasps and grunts were music to his ears and made him harder, knowing how much he is pleasing her. Her body felt weaker from her tweaking her nipples and him licking and rubbing on her, making her thighs and pussy slightly numb from the pleasure. She started leaking her juices slowly from her core, trailing on his tongue and lips. He smiled deviously as he inserted 2 fingers, causing her to clench tightly around his fingers.

"Wow, you are so tight." Ichigo said as he slowly penetrated her core. The feeling of her tightening around his fingers and her pussy pulsing on his fingers was such an arousing image, making his entire body race with pleasure, sending his already hard member to grow. She shuddered as he fingered her with his smooth but manly fingers. "Unm. Yes baby. UHHHH." She screamed out as he flicked her g-spot repeatedly.

"That feels good, doesn't it Alex." He sincerely stated. "I want to make you feel good." Ichigo muttered, as he watched her fluids leak slowly from her core, and her legs twitch. He hit the spot over and over again with force, making her body tremble uncontrollably. "UGH...ICHIGO...AHH." She screamed as she barely made words from the uncontrollable pleasure. "MORE, MORE." The beach babe demanded as she moved with his fingers. He froze for a moment as to what to do next before glistening at her lonely clit, so he lunged his tongue and teeth on it.

The rubbing, penetrating, biting, and sucking on her womanhood (all happening at once) was becoming too much. She was covered in sweat, pleasure hitting every single part of her body, and numbness was taking over as she was reaching heavenly. She muttered sexual noises, too fogged up in haze to make words, tightening around him extremely hard. He was working up a sweat from all the fingering, and felt her extremely tight grip around him.

"Cum for me Alex. For us." He hissed, and after he hit her G-Spot with one hard thrust, she squirted all over his face as she screamed. Squirt after squirt hit him straight on his face, some trailing down his neck and to his chest. They panted as they recovered from her orgasm. He shifted over to her and she turned to hold his face. "Oh Ichigo, that was excellent." She sighed in fatigue already.

He flipped her over to her side. She moaned at the thought of what he was going to do, and was so shocked when he pulled off his pants, and thrusted in her in a heartbeat. She moaned with a loud groan as he filled his long shaft in her tight whole. "Ooh that feels nice. It would have been nice if you let me see it first." She complained with a sexy tone. He lifted his leg as he held onto her to thrust back slowly into her. She turned her face to him and holds his cheek to pull in a kiss. They immediately engaged in a French kiss. She moaned in his mouth as his thrusts split her core walls repeatedly in a steady pace.

He lifted his leg above her waist to get more leverage as he pounded into her. She was squeezing his shaft, making it even more pleasurable. He wrapped his arms around her breasts, fondling them. He was enjoying the leverage and the depth of her core and her walls, grunting and putting up a bit of a sweat. She bit on his lips harder as he thrusts faster.

"Gosh Ichigo, you are so good." Alex whispered, breaking the kiss to groan loudly as his thrusts increased. She never felt so whole and filled by a man, and his thrusts were only getting faster, causing goosebumps all over her.

"Ugh." She hissed every few seconds. He grunted from the wind hitting him, and his balls slapping her ass with each quick thrust. He started biting and sucking on her ear lustfully, making her tighten
around him more from the sensation of it "Oh yes." Hissed Ichigo as he was licking her ear. Something about him licking her made her nipples extremely hard, begging to be played with more, which he felt from him holding her breasts. Her tightening around him and her fluid leaking out a bit was definitely sending signals to his testicles, tightening from the stimulation. He hissed and groaned from the pounding he is performing, growing more tired, knowing he would blow soon if he did not change things up.

He came out of her and sat down on the sand, with his legs bent upwards, and resting on his arms. He leaned his head back as his long cock lit up like a flash light. She turned to face his cock, and her eyes lit up seeing his thick cock twitch. She studied his form for a few minutes, from his chiseled face, built torso which was glistening in sweat, and the sunlight hitting him like he is a god. She was stunned at his appearance and the lighting. "Oh my gosh, you are so stunning." Alex softly stated.

"Thanks" was his only reply.

"Alright then my turn." She thought to herself before she grabbed the hem of his rod, making him grunt from the pleasure of her soft hands. She rubbed her hands up and down his pulsating member, loving the feeling of the hard, hung thing in her hand, so she put more enthusiasm in her pumping. He rolled his eyes from the great feeling she was giving him, making his lower half tingle. "Oh Alex." He called out lightly.

She wrapped her mouth around his shiny head as she pumped his base, making him shatter under her ministrations. He tensed up from the sudden feeling of her teeth in his head, to which she reacted with a devilish grin and gaze at him "A...A...Alex. That's it." The teen boy guided as she started taking more and more of him down her mouth.

She was trying to not gag on him, but he was filling up so much of her mouth that she could not help it. He heard her gag, and he patted her, signaling her to not push herself. She moved her hands to his big balls, and fondled them as she deep throated him with no mercy.

"AWW GOD." He yelled out, not caring if he was heard. She was determined to take all of his man meat, and when her nose hit his pubic hair, signaling that she took all of him, and held it down there for a few seconds, causing him to his as he sweat from the buildup she was giving him. She popped off of his shaft so quickly so she can place both of her legs beside his waist, moving up so she could wrap her arms around his neck, and rubbed her lips (southern ones) right on the tip of his base.

"Let me take control first okay. I just want you to think of the pleasure." Demanded Alex, thrusting into his cock whole. As she steadily moved up and down on him, she whispered in his ear "I bet you'll be able to fuck those women to submission in just minutes will you??", talking dirty to him. as she started riding him faster and faster.

He lent back, and he can feel her pulsing pleasure as she dug a bit of her nails in his back, trying not to lose it as she took control. Her biting his ear was really hot, and he never knew she was this dirty. He needed more power and needed more access to her, so he started thrusting with her, making her grasp onto him even more.

"Come on, you gotta do some work with me too." He said. Their hips met again and again as his upper thrusts met her lower thrusts, colliding all of their depths. They started moaning louder and louder than they ever had before, with him grasping into her harder as his cock twitched, and her leaning on the crevice of his neck. He started hitting the spot, which he quickly noticed. "That's the spot ain't it." Ichigo seductively mentioned with the hottest grin she ever saw.

She bit her lips as she thrusted down with him. "YES, YES ICHIGO...RIGHT THERE." she yelled as he started ramming into her.

His thrusts became too powerful and fast for her to keep up, and she let him take control. She did her nails into him harder and harder, and started biting his neck, trying to not blow out her concentration,
just letting the pleasure fill her. He breathed heavily as he worked into her with hard thrusts, losing all of his control to animalistic lust. Their loud breathing, clutching with hands, and bodies rubbing were getting them on, the heat coming off of their bodies were becoming a bit too much. They were both shattering uncontrollably, and both could feel the pleasure for release building up.

The couple were too far from stopping, and were extremely close to releasing, but they came extremely quickly from the intense pleasure at the moment. "Well that was...was.." he tried to say only to see his companion already asleep from the rutting. "Great...Just great!!"

Ichigo enters the tent later on to see the manager finishing up the data; "So how did I do?" he asked. "Better than expected I have to say, I've never seen someone like you with this much potential before. Shows I've got a knack for picking out the golden goose don't I?" Kevin said after getting up and walking past the teen. "Come on we've got a lot of training to do" he said; "it isn't gonna be easy and comfortable isn't it?" Ichigo said with dread. "Hahaha what do you think?"

(Play Team America montage song)

The hours approaching, just give it your best

Ichigo goes through several intensive and painstaking exercise scenarios such as:

You've got to reach your prime.

That's when you need to put yourself to the test,

And show us a passage of time,

Running on a treadmill that's dangling off a cliff at high speeds to avoid falling.

We're gonna need a montage (montage)

Oh it takes a montage (montage)

Climbing a cliff with ropes secured around his that's connected to a dangling solid anvil

Show a lot of things happing at once,

Remind everyone of what's going on (what's going on?)

And with every shot you show a little improvement

To show it all would take to long

Fight cave bears, swamp gators, and French fencers all simultaneously

That's called a montage (montage)

Oh we want montage (montage)

Punching a punching bag that is set ablaze before it burns him
And anything that we want to go from just a beginner to a pro,

Doing back bends over large stone spikes that can easily shish kabob him

You need a montage (montage)

Even Rocky had a montage (montage)

Traversing across a bottomless gorge on a tightrope without slipping

(Montage, montage)

Being tickled and electrocuted by eels routinely to build up a tolerance for pain and pleasure

Anything that we want to go from just a beginner to a pro,

Swimming away rapidly from Great White sharks

You need a montage (montage)

Oh it takes a montage (montage)

Exercising on hot burning coals for at least 30 minutes

Always fade out in a montage,

If you fade out, it seem like more time

And finally ready every known book that will help him from female physiology to carnal pleasures

Has passed in a montage,

Montage

Kevin walks up to the new and improved Ichigo Kurosaki and pats him on the back glad that they finally made it. However as soon as he was done patting the teenager fell flat on his face unconscious from the brutal training.
"Really..I mean seriously..?" was all Kevin could say.

Chapter End Notes

What a chapter, eh? Anyway still need a co-author to do the rest of the story with me. Hopefully I can find one in time or if any of you want to join let me know. Ichigo's first opponent will be Candy Cane.
White Anarchy

Chapter Summary

The first match of the tournament. The opponent: the loudmouth Candy Cane. Is Ichigo truly ready for the task? (Blowjob and exhibition)

Here it is!

Ichigo Kurosaki awoke in darkness to the sound of a knock on the door. He sat up in his bed just as blinding light filled the room. Blinking, Ichigo managed to force his eyes to focus and saw Kevin entering the luxurious bedroom. It took another moment for Ichigo to remember that this wondrously furnished room was actually part of Kevin's personal tour bus. It never failed to amaze him.

"Rise and shine, Ichigo." Kevin smiled. He wore a blue button-up top and khaki slacks. "We're here."

"I am ready." Ichigo hopped out of bed and stretched.

"It sucks that we haven't had more time to prep you for the tournament, though." Kevin's tone grew serious. He crossed her arms over her chest and tapped at her elbow nervously. "There's a lot I wanted to go over."

"Kevin, because of your suicidal training I was catatonic for nearly a week after the pilot air-lifted us off the peak." Ichigo shook his head, still mystified by their epic union atop the picturesque plateau. "We were fortunate to require only a month of bed rest."

"Good point." Kevin admitted as she folded her arms. "How are you feeling?"

"I am once again at full strength." Ichigo flexed his arms and Kevin couldn't help but whistle in awe. Kevin beamed as she walked over the room's dresser and fetched Ichigo 's costume.

"You sure you want to wear this old thing?" She asked delicately, handing the costume to Ichigo.

Ichigo dressed quickly, donning his simple black bottoms and a gray hoodie without any shirts therefore showing his torso.

"Perfect! Ok, now your first match shouldn't be too difficult. We'll go over more strategy between matches, but for now let's just cover the basics."

"Of course," Ichigo nodded and gave Kevin his full attention.

"You know the basic premise: You have to make your opponent reach orgasm before you do. Like I said, this first match probably won't be a problem considering your self-control." Kevin took a breath. "But this is important, Ichigo. They're going to have remote sensors monitoring your brain waves and life-signs at all times. Whether you internalize your orgasm or not, they'll know you had one, got it?"
"Alright." Ichigo nodded.

"There's one more condition they've added." Kevin sighed. "Once you've made your opponent orgasm, you have to come as well. A few guest competitors were taking drugs that nullified their libidos, and Rumble Roses does not tolerate cheaters. If the winner has an orgasm, it proves that there was actually a competition going on. It's a bit more satisfying to watch, too."

"I make my opponent climax first, and then allow myself to as well." Ichigo nodded. "Ok."

"I know you're not going to like this Ichigo, but the crowd is going to want to see something." Kevin shifted uncomfortably. "If you want to win the crowd, you're going to have to let yourself ejaculate."

"LIKE HELL I WILL!!" Ichigo yelled.

"The ring is completely sanitized after every match, and all female competitors have been supplied with prototype birth control drugs. Your DNA will be safe, Ichigo. No cloning or whatever going on here." Kevin assured him.

Ichigo nodded abruptly. He was not pleased with this news.

"Ok, we've got just a few minutes before your match begins. Let's get you down there."

The stadium was immense. Thousands of people filled the seats, screaming and cheering. The roar was somewhat muffled from where Ichigo and Kevin stood behind a large curtain. Beyond lay a long ramp that led to the central ring where the contest would take place. Enormous television screens several stories tall hung all around the stadium's ceiling. Ichigo felt an uncharacteristic nervousness at the thought of seeing himself projected onto those glaring screens.

"Stay loose, Ichigo." Kevin laid a hand on his shoulder. "You are a super young adult; a true idol!"

Ichigo bobbed up and down on his feet, his mind running through the techniques his books had shown him. Through the curtain, he could see the garish blue and violet lights in the stadium begin to dim.

"Ok, Ichigo." Kevin squeezed his shoulder. "Here we go."

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen!" An enthusiastic female voice blared from unseen speakers. "Prepare for the wildest Rumble Roses XXX match yet! We've scoured the planet to find the most untamed of contestants! Our women have thrilled you! But now we introduce our first ever male contender! From out the shadows he is a sight to behold! The Mysterious Stranger, Hichigo Shirosaki!"

Ichigo stepped out into the arena, instantly overcome by the screams of thousands. He could not discern cheers from boos, but it hardly mattered. He walked straight and proud, vaguely aware that a dark choral piece of music was blaring. He suddenly realized it was meant to be his entrance song. He let his stride match the beat of the music and allowed himself to smile as he entered the ring, jumping deftly over the ropes. The ring itself was fairly large, at least a half-dozen meters to a side. Lights of countless colors played over the ring. At last the music ceased and the unseen announcer once again returned.

"From Canada! Anarchy in the RR! CANDY CANE!"

At the far opposite side of the stadium, Ichigo suddenly noticed that a small band had set up their
instruments. They began playing and Ichigo could not help but grimace. The music was not to his taste. The lead singer was a young red headed girl dressed in what appeared to be a catholic schoolgirl uniform abit similar to the ones worn at his old school. Her white blouse was tied together, exposing her midriff. Along with her strangely short plaid skirt and black leather gloves, Ichigo surmised that her uniform was not the usual attire of a common schoolgirl. Then again, Ichigo had never understood musicians. A cameraman moved closer to the singer, and Ichigo saw a close up view of the girl in the large monitors all around the arena. Her red hair was styled into two pony-tails, and she wore strangely oversized boots.

As the song continued, Ichigo looked around for his opponent. Surely she would be entering the arena soon. Ichigo was curious to see this Candy Cane, and was eager to have the lead-in band conclude their song. Suddenly the lead singer grabbed a guitar from one of the other girls and swung it down at the camera man, knocking him down. She leaned in and made a face at the camera. Ichigo noticed that even though she had dropped her microphone, he could still hear singing over the speakers. Clearly her performance was prerecorded. Ichigo groaned and silently begs that his opponent would appear soon.

The singer began skipping girlishly along the catwalk toward the ring. Ichigo frowned behind his mask. Then the girl slipped through the ropes and performed a mildly impressive cartwheel. She then kicked her foot out through the air before setting her hands on her cocked hips as the song came to an end.

Ichigo groaned. This schoolgirl was Candy Cane.

"Ha!" Candy laughed as she waved her hand dismissively toward Ichigo. "You'd think they'd come up with someone more original than a some hooded guy I mean, come on!"

"Oh sure a prissy schoolgirl how original?" Ichigo said in sarcasm.

"You're really asking for it!" Candy Cane's high voice mocked. She began circling Ichigo, sizing him up. "I hope that getup isn't supposed to make you look intimidating, because from where I'm standing, you don't look all that tough!"

He was confident in his abilities, but the teenager's attitude was getting to him all the same. "We'll see." He said with venom

"Or not all hair freak !" Candy Cane stuck out her tongue petulantly. "This 'badass' is gonna make you come so fast, you'll shoot a load into yesterday!"

"On your marks!" The announcer shouted. "FIGHT!"

Candy rushed forward and kicked high. Ichigo ducked her boot effortlessly and landed a light slap to her back side. He knew they were allowed to use a few harmless fighting moves, but he wondered how Candy Cane expected to make him climax by kicking him.

"Pretty fast, freak!" Candy spat. "Just wanted to make sure you weren't asleep! Wouldn't want you to miss this!"

Candy Cane trailed a hand down her chest to the knot holding her blouse closed. Her nimble fingers untied the white fabric. Her blouse opened slightly, the fabric hung loosely over her bosom. Ichigo heard the men in the audience whistle wildly as Candy began circling the ring again. Thousands of eyes waited for the slightest gust of wind to reveal the young wrestler's bust.

"Ready, Hichigo Shirosaki?" Candy Cane winked at Ichigo, and then whipped her blouse off with a
flourish. The stadium went wild with cheers as Candy Cane stuck out her chest proudly, her firm breasts catching the glaring lights. Cameras zoomed in, filling the enormous screens above the arena with Candy Cane's young, beautiful bosom. Candy sneered at Ichigo as the crowd continued to cheer. "I hope you haven't creamed your 'mysterious'-boxers already."

Ichigo pulled the top half of his garb of his shoulders getting rid of the only top he had on. He felt a sense of satisfaction as he saw Candy Cane's eyes widen when she saw his muscled torso ripple while he tossed the cloth aside. She walked forward slowly, reaching out as if to caress Ichigo's abs. suddenly she swept her foot out, knocking Ichigo off his feet to land on his back. Ichigo cursed himself for his gullibility.

"Let's see the little guy." Candy Cane's slender hand snaked down Ichigo's abs and grabbed his belt, pulling the fabric from his legs and tossing it away. Ichigo leapt to his feet and was met with the thunderous cheering of thousands of women as they saw his body laid bare. Candy Cane slid down on her knees and wrapped her hands around Ichigo's manhood and began jerking the organ to life. Ichigo moaned despite himself as his shaft grew stiff, drawing another gasp from the crowd. Candy grinned as her hands pumped Ichigo's rod wildly.

"just give up." Ichigo gritted through his teeth. "You're way out of your league."

Ichigo grasped Candy Cane's wrists in his hands and pried her fingers from his cock. He pulled her to her feet effortlessly. Candy's firm breasts pressed against his chiseled abs as she squirmed in his grasp. Ichigo reached down under her plaid skirt and tore Candy's undergarments from her. Ichigo's fingers began stroking the tender folds between Candy Cane's legs.

"No!" Candy shook her head, whipping Ichigo's face with her bright red ponytails. She wrapped her right leg behind Ichigo's left knee and managed to knock them both to the ground. "I'm not gonna lose to a first timer! Come here!"

The redhead straddled Ichigo's hips, and the young adult saw his cock disappear beneath Candy's skirt as she mounted him. Her nether lips enveloped him and he gasped at the tightness of her vessel.

"Let's ROCK AND ROLL!" Candy screamed as she started riding him fast and hard. Her cheeks flushed as Ichigo's shaft filled her. Her breathing became shallow and her voice thinned. "I'm gonna...gonna make you come...so...ahhh...so HARD!"

Ichigo set his jaw, determined not to let Candy Cane's incredibly tight flesh break his control. Kevin had told him that entertaining the crowd was just as vital as winning each match. Ichigo had little appetite for voyeurism, but he had a few ideas. Laying back and letting a young girl bounce on his manhood was hardly the best of them.

"You are a beautiful girl, Candy Cane. Your body is the bomb." Ichigo ran his hands over Candy Cane's firm butt, and then trailed them up over the wrestler's chest to knead her youthful bosom while she rode him. "Your breasts are very firm. And their size is impressive."

"Makes you want to come, doesn't it?" Candy Cane retorted irreverently. Her green eyes looked down on him with incredulity. Her breasts rose and fell beneath Ichigo's hands as she puffed out her chest defiantly. "You know you want to. Come on, do it!"

"Nice try, Cane." Ichigo's hand reached up and cupped Candy Cane's cheek in his palm, his thumb caressing the gratuitous eye shadow, smearing it slightly. "you look really cute when you blush."

"Do you think...uuhhh....that I've never heard that before?" Candy Cane's voice betrayed a hint of
"No." Ichigo let go of Candy's cheek. "I just wanted you to know that I like how you look."

"What are you…AHHH!" Candy Cane's question ended in a shriek as Ichigo tossed her off of him. She twisted in midair and managed to land on her hands and knees. Ichigo was behind her in an instant, driving his long hard rod of flesh beneath Candy's plaid skirt. "Oh, GOD!"

Ichigo pivoted on his knees, driving his hips forward into the wrestling schoolgirl. The crowd gasped in surprise at the sudden turn of events. Then a slow chant began building under the cheers and boos.

"Stranger! Stranger! Stranger! Stranger!"

Grasping Candy Cane's red belt with both hands, Ichigo pounded her, relentlessly driving his cock deep into her tight slit. He could feel Candy's inner muscles squeeze down on him as she attempted to counter his aggressive strategy.

"This isn't…isn't fair! Ohh!" Candy Cane squealed as she felt Ichigo's sac slap up against her clitoris. She shook her head vehemently, trying to ignore the pleasure coursing through her depths. "You can't keep this up…for…aaaaah!...for long! Damn! AH!"

"I can…nnngghaa…" Ichigo grunted, feeling sweat begin to bead along his brow. Candy Cane felt wonderful wrapped around his shaft, he could not deny that. "And I will…mmmmn…for as long as it takes."

"I ain't that easy, Hichigo! AAARGH!" Candy reared back, matching Ichigo thrust for thrust. Ichigo reached down and flipped Candy's skirt up, revealing her perfectly toned butt. The stadium's screens were soon filled with close-ups of Candy Cane's butt shaking as Ichigo ravished her from behind. The crowd ate up every second, filling the air with cheers of approval.

"Oh, do me!" Candy assumed a tone of half-false desperation. "Do me hard, you sexy stud! Do me so HARD!"

"Please I've seen better acting in pre-school plays." Ichigo took hold of Candy Cane's hips in both hands, getting a firm grip. "But hey if you really want it."

Ichigo got to his feet and lifted Candy along with him, still impaled on his solid length of hot flesh. Candy screamed in surprise as she found herself several feet above the canvas, her arms dangling beneath her.

"No way!" She shook her head in disbelief. "You can't! No one could…oh…my…GOD!"

Ichigo's muscular arms bulged as he bodily pulled Candy Cane onto his thrusting cock again and again. The stadium went crazy as they watched the young adult handle the young girl's body effortlessly. Ichigo turned around in a slow circle, his hips pounding into Candy's lithe body.

"So deep! Oh my god! Oh MY GOD!" Candy Cane's voice lost all of its teenage petulance. "So GOOD! It's so BIG!"

"Come." Ichigo's voice was deep and husky. Candy's vessel began to constrict around his shaft. He knew the time was at hand. "Relish this pleasure. Life is meant to be savored! Savor this!"

"SHIROSAKI! SHIROSAKI! SHIROSAKI!" The crowd roared. They sense the approaching
climax as well.

"No! No, I won't!" Candy shook her head. "I won't lose! I...Oh, DAMN IT! I'm...I'm...AAAAAAHHHHH!"

Ichigo slammed himself deep into Candy Cane's hot vessel, feeling her spasm around him as she came. Candy's voice squealed with ecstasy, her arms flailing around wildly as she rode out her orgasm.

Sighing with relief, Ichigo dropped to his knees and set Candy Cane gently down on the canvas. She spun around, her green eyes wild and feral. Ichigo wondered if he had pushed the young girl too far. Then Candy lunged toward his loins.

"Wait, you..." Ichigo's words became meaningless as he felt Candy Cane's lips close around his manhood. Her warm, moist mouth consumed inch after inch of his throbbing flesh. Ichigo could only stare down in surprised wonder at Candy Cane's red hair as her head bobbed up and down at his loins. "Ooohh...That feels...AH!"

Ichigo knew what was required of him. He reached down and grabbed Candy's ponytails, one in either hand and began thrusting his hips up into her wonderfully warm mouth. Candy Cane moaned around his cock as she sucked with a growing urgency. Ichigo could feel her tongue sliding around his length, tasting him like a fine wine. With a great deal of willpower, Ichigo allowed his instincts to take control. With five more thrusts, Ichigo came.

Candy Cane's lips closed fast around him as she consumed his seed. Volley after volley of his hot essence flowed from his pulsating shaft and Candy Cane drank greedily. Ichigo arched his back, letting himself go as he felt Candy Cane's hungry mouth ravish his cock.

When it finally ended, Ichigo fell back onto the canvas and Candy Cane crawled on top of him, her slender young body still shivering in the wake of her climax. Ichigo looked down at her, his green eyes meeting hers. Candy Cane stared back at him, her face a study in dumb-struck awe.

"I guess you win." Candy licked her lips suggestively.

"Of course." Ichigo assured her. The crowd continued to cheer, but he did not hear them. "Candy Cane I-.

"My name is Rebecca Welsh." The redhead gave him an uncharacteristically genuine grin. "But please call me Becky."

"Becky, then." Ichigo nodded, keeping his voice low. "My name is Ichigo Kurosaki."

"I'd like to see you again out of the ring, Ichigo." Becky snuggled up to him. "I think we could have some fun together. Lotsa fun."

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

"Mmmm...yeah, Ichigo!" Rebecca Welsh, formerly Candy Cane, and Becky to her dearest friends, sat in Ichigo's lap facing away from him, churning her hips against his groin as he sat on the bed in Kevin's tour bus.
“Wha…aaargh…what?” Ichigo asked, surprised. His hands roamed up Becky’s torso to knead her breasts. “What went wrong?”

“He’s right, Ichigo.” Becky interjected. She laid her hands over Ichigo’s, encouraging him to continue massaging her perky breasts. “I hate to admit it, but you made me come way too fast.”

“The crowd wants a quality show, which you gave them.” Kevin explained. “But they also want an evening’s worth of entertainment.

Becky began bouncing more forcefully, drawing a breathy grunt from Ichigo.

“Gggaaggh! Take my time…got it!” Ichigo nodded, nibbling at Becky’s earlobe and eliciting a delighted giggle from her. “Are all the women in Rumble Roses as vivacious as Ms. Welsh?”

“Ha!” Becky laughed. “They wish!”

“There’s no way to know who you’ll be matched against tomorrow night, Ichigo.” Kevin dismissed Becky’s boast with a wave of his hand. “But there are some tigers in the league, Ichigo.”

“Doggy-style, Ichigo!” Becky squealed excitedly. “Teach this bad girl some discipline!”
Chapter Summary

Next is Aisha the superstar however wrestling and dancing isn't the only moves she wants to try on the on the male rose.(stimuli, pole-dancing, threesome, foursome, and exotic dancing.)

"So who I am up against this time?" Ichigo asked his manager. "A celebrity both off and on the ring, off she's a famous music artist and superstar so she be easy to handle" Kevin then patted hi client's back in assurance.

"You've seen him in action once! Now marvel again at the Sensei of sway! The hurricane of bliss! Hichigo Shirosaki!"

The lights dimmed and Ichigo leapt into the spotlight in the center of the ring. As he did a series of flips and cartwheels at an accelerated pace all around the ring. The crowd cheered eagerly. Ichigo allowed himself a small grin. He was becoming accustomed to the excited screams of the females in the vast audience.

"From the USA! Goddess of DANCE!"
"Goddess of dance?" Ichigo blinked. A for originality but F for intimidation ?
"AISHA!" The announcer cried out.
A driving pop song blasted form the speakers. A trio of women began dancing at the opposite end of the stadium. The two furthest back wore extremely short black denim shorts and silver sports bras. Black baseball caps were pulled low over their brows, and they wore large reflective shades, obscuring their faces. The one front and center, Ichigo was certain, was Aisha. Like the other two women, her skin was a rich, dark and flawless auburn.
She was tall, with strikingly unusual glimmering golden-brown hair. She wore a pair of shiny white/pale-blue form-fitting ("hip-huggers") pants with a low waistline that exposes the straps of a white thong-like undergarment. She wears a large jewel-studded necklace around her neck, complete with jeweled strands that loop down, and a large narrow locket at the center that hangs down just above her cleavage that barely covered her incredible figure. Her full breasts and curvaceous butt were finely balanced on her tall frame. She and her back up dancers went through a perfectly synchronized routine as the song played, bodies undulating with sublime grace.
Aisha finally broke off from the other two and strutted down the walkway, her shapely hips swiveling back and forth. She strode confidently into the ring, slipping under the ropes with ease. She walked straight up to Ichigo, setting her hands on her hips and giving him a dazzling smile.
"Yo, Shirosaki dude!" Aisha nodded at him. Her voice was thick with an accent from the deep south of America. "Let's see the goods!"
Ichigo spun in a blur of motion, his entire attire flying off of him in seconds. "Damn, son!" Aisha looked down at Ichigo's manhood. "You ain't even hard yet, and just look at that thing! Oh, we are gonna have a hot time in the 'ole town tonight!"
"This is normally the part where you try to intimidate me, right?" Ichigo asked recklessly.
"Honey, listen." Aisha lowered her voice. "I take the wrestling very serious, but I'm just doing these sex match shows because it'll shoot my latest record's sales into orbit!"

"Another musician?!" Ichigo shook his head. How many wrestlers were doubling as pop stars anyway? "Like Candy Cane?"

"That babe ain't got half the awards this star does!" Aisha laughed. "I'm just here to enjoy myself and catch the public eye. And this body of mine catches eyes like nobody's business!" Aisha unhooked her bra, letting her full breasts burst free of constraint. Men went wild in the audience, whistling and howling. "You got any idea how much people will pay to see me gettin' it on with a hunk like you? I'm gonna clean up with video sales alone! Who knows how many albums I'll sell! So long as you don't choke, that is."

"Don't bet on it sista." Ichigo scowled at the smirking woman. "So how about you and me have some fun? I ain't gonna try nothin' so let's just enjoy a good recording session." Aisha reached down and pulled the intruding pants and skimpy lingerie from her hips, sliding the material down over her legs and tossing it away into the crowd. Aisha ran her hands up the silky length of her athletic thighs and up over the swell of her breasts. He stepped forward and wrapped his arms around Aisha, pulling her against him and covering her lips with his own. Aisha moaned, returning his kiss with passion and sending her tongue to wrestle with his. Ichigo's shaft hardened as their kiss deepened, pressing against Aisha's toned abs.

"Mmmm…oh!" Aisha pulled back from their kiss and looked down at his arousal. "Oh, DAMN! Look at that monster! Yeah, this is what I'm talkin' about!"

Ichigo lowered himself down onto the canvas, pulling Aisha along with him. She wrapped a hand around his long, hard cock and stroked him gently. Despite the lack of apparent urgency to the match, the audience seemed rapt at attention, watching as Aisha pumped Ichigo's shaft slowly, caressing the hard pillar of his manhood.

"Oh, I gotta have this thing inside me!" Aisha licked her lips. "I haven't seen a cock like this for years! Hot damn! I am gonna ride you raw, honey!"

"well...what are you waiting for?." Ichigo spoke decisively. Aisha straddled his hips, and slowly descended on his twitching rod. The tip slipped between her rich nether lips, sinking inch after inch into her hot confines as she lowered herself. "Oh, it's goin' in! Hell yeah!" Aisha's golden eyes fluttered closed. "Oh, let's do this thing!"

"your wish is my command." Ichigo nodded and bucked his hips up into Aisha, driving his cock to the hilt within her vessel.

"YES!" Aisha began churning on Ichigo's loins with a sublime rhythm. Her dancing talents were immediately apparent in the dexterity of her hips. "Come on, baby. Yeah! Oh, yeah!"

"Aaaggh!" Ichigo let his hands run over Aisha's smooth thighs as she rode him smoothly. "You move so gracefully!"

"Thanks, honey!" Aisha grinned. She leaned back and twisted her hips, pulling Ichigo's cock this way and that. "My dance floor moves do me fine in the bedroom too!"

"Oh! Yes!" Ichigo nodded in agreement. He reached up and groped Aisha's supple breasts. They were warm and soft under his fingers, completely natural. "And you have been blessed with a fine physique."

"My ass ain't bad neither, baby." Aisha twisted around in an amazing display of flexibility and began riding Ichigo in a reversed position. She leaned down, grasping his knees for support, and set her butt bouncing wildly atop Ichigo's cock, their flesh slapping together loudly. "Oh, take it! TAKE IT!" Ichigo dug his fingers into Aisha's impressive buttocks, unable to resist her ample russet butt bouncing up and down in front of him. His strong hands kneaded her finely muscled glutes as they flexed, pumping his manhood.

"Uh-huh! Yeah, that's mo'like it!" The pop star diva looked back over her shoulder, giving Ichigo a sweaty grin of approval. "Squeeze that fine ass of mine! Yeah!"

Ichigo could feel his body responding to Aisha's raw sexuality. She was enjoying the sex for its own sake, and Ichigo found her all the more seductive for that reason. Ichigo wanted to pleasure her as much as he could, and lying on his back was hardly the extent of Ichigo's sexual ability. Fortunately,
Aisha was thinking along the same lines.  
"Oh, baby! Let's mix things up!" Aisha shouted over the roar of the crowd, her breathing deep. She stood; sweat beginning to run down her back as she dismounted Ichigo's manhood. She shouted to the unseen technicians monitoring the ring. "Lay down a tune!"  
As Ichigo got to his feet, Aisha's theme song began playing through the stadium's speakers once again. The bass line thumped with impressive strength, Ichigo could feel the low-end sound waves beating against his chest. Aisha began dancing to her music, her gorgeous body undulating in all her naked splendor.  

"Hey, everybody it's Aisha!" The song declared.  
"Dontcha worry, she's gonna be here for us!" Aisha shook her body, setting her breasts jostling with undeniable allure.  
"Save the world, because you only got one! Here we go, yo, c'mon!"  

Aisha turned and faced Ichigo directly, locking gazes with him, and began to sing.  
"Before the sunrise, I close my eyes..." She ran her hands down her breasts and over her tight abs.  
"Hope to see your smile again so I can! I never knew, until I met you, I could be a special somebody!"  

Aisha strode boldly toward Ichigo, her ebony skin glistening with sweat in the bright stadium lights. She reached down to begin pumping Ichigo's cock as the song continued.  

"Have you ever needed love until you can't even breathe? Have you ever wanted love til the world just fell apart?" She yanked hard on him, coaxing a pleasured moan from Ichigo's throat.  

"Need to, gotta have you!" Aisha suddenly let go and turned her back to him, setting her hands on her butt, wiggling it enticingly. "You're the one man that I need inside me!"  

Ichigo took a step toward her, shaking his head in amusement at the slightly altered lyrics, his manhood hard and twitching with anticipation.  

"Need to, gotta have you! I can be strong if you are INSIDE me!"  
Ichigo placed his hands on her shapely hips, feeling the rhythm as Aisha's body gyrated to the beat, her voice filling the air with music.  

"Come to me, you'll be okay!" Aisha licked her lips and took a deep breath, preparing to belt out the finale.  
"I'll dry your tears of sorrow softly!"  

Ichigo's cock pressed lightly against the glistening wet entrance between Aisha's restless legs. The audience was on the edge of its seat in a rapt silence with the music crescendo.  
"Need to, gotta have you!" Aisha bent over, resting her hands on her knees. "Don't you save
Ichigo slammed his cock deep into Aisha's waiting vessel as the song ended. The music transitioned into a driving bass-heavy dance club techno piece, and Ichigo pounded into Aisha in time with the heavy thunderous beat.

"Ahhhh! Ah YEAH! Uh-huh! Oh DAMN!" Aisha moaned as she churned her round butt against Ichigo's demanding hips. Her full, rich chocolate hue breasts shook beneath her as her spine undulated with each of Ichigo's driving thrusts. "Wax my ass 'till it shines, baby!"

"Nnngghhhaaa!" Ichigo's powerful legs rippled with pure muscle as he slammed his cock into Aisha's tight sheath over and over again. "Good, Aisha! It's so hot inside you! You feel so good!"

"Damn straight I do…Ooooh! Aaarrgh!" Aisha's smirk turned into wide-eyed shock as she felt Ichigo's testicles swing up against her clitoris, sending pure streaks of pleasure like lighting through her very core. Aisha reared back into him, grinding her supple butt against Ichigo's relentless hips. "Harder! Harder!"

The music sped up its tempo, and Ichigo took it as a cue to change tactics again. He withdrew from Aisha and grabbed her elbow, turning her around to face him. Aisha caught on immediately and jumped into his arms, wrapping her long legs around Ichigo's hips and clasping her hands behind his strong neck. Ichigo gripped the singer's amazing butt in his hands, digging his fingers into her thick cheeks. His pelvis reared up, plunging his hard shaft up into Aisha's wet folds.

"Ain't nothin' wrong with that! Uuuunngghhhaa! We got the beat, baby! Oh we got the beat!" Aisha gave him a strained smile that soon gave way to a scream of delight. Her full lips quivered as Ichigo bucked up into her. "Awwww, YEAH! Gimme that thick cock! Suck my titties! C'mon! Do it! C'mon!"

Ichigo complied without a moment's hesitation as Aisha arched her back, presenting her generous orbs. Ichigo's mouth worked over the soft mounds of warm flesh, licking and suckling the hardened tips of her russet nipples. A pleasant saltiness greeted Ichigo's tongue as he lapped at her sweaty breasts.

"Oh that's it!" Aisha moaned and whipped her head back in ecstasy, tossing her long gold-brown hair around as Ichigo bucked between her legs while his mouth mauled her bosom. She gripped the back of Ichigo's head in her hands, pulling his face even tighter against her heaving breasts. "Dig in, boy, and taste those melons! You know this booty is a one-in-a-lifetime! Aaaah!"

Ichigo moaned into Aisha's succulent bosom and began kneading her butt with his strong hands, working her flesh. Their bodies undulated against each other to the relentless beat of the music.

"Baby, I'm gonna come soon!" Aisha gasped and bit down on her lip, closing her eyes. "Aaaah! I know I gotta come first if you're gonna win…Mmmmmm! But don't leave me hangin' too long, babe!"

"As if, Aisha! Nnnngghhhaa!" Ichigo grunted. He could feel Aisha's inner muscles begin to constrict around his thrusting manhood; she was not attempting to deceive him.

"I…I…Oh, BABY! Oh, here it comes! Oh YEAH! Hell YES!" Aisha's eyes went wide with shock as a tidal wave of pleasure flooded her body. Her long legs shot out straight on either side of Ichigo's thrusting hips as her body went rigid, her senses overloaded by an orgasm more intense than she had ever known. Aisha's head flew back and she screamed at the top of her lungs, her hands clawing the back of Ichigo's strong neck. "I'm COMIN'! I ain't never had a….AAAAAHHHH! Ooooh! GOD! YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!"

"I'm coming, Aisha!" Ichigo gritted his teeth, trying to hold off for a few seconds as Aisha's womanhood crushed down on his cock like a vice. "AISHA! Oh, AISHA!"

Ichigo's loins erupted, pouring his seed up into Aisha's inner depths. The diva's cries of ecstasy grew louder as she felt Ichigo's hard member fire shot after shot of his hot essence deep inside her convulsing canal.

"It's so hot, baby!" Aisha squealed with delight as her orgasm continued to tear through her. "So much! Keep comin', baby! Keep comin'!"
"Aaaaarrgh!" Ichigo moaned. He tilted Aisha toward him, covering her lips with his in a deep kiss even as her sheath continued to milk seed from his pulsating cock. Their lips worked against each other as the last of their orgasms diffused through their bodies. At long last, Aisha pulled back from their kiss.

"Oh…baby…" Aisha blinked away a tear.

"Man…that was…was-." Ichigo said briskly, his breathing labored.

Ichigo's image filled the displays as his victory was confirmed by the judges, but the two opponents simply continued to stare into each other's eyes. Ichigo's member continued to pulse inside Aisha's dripping vessel, still hard and ready.

"Encore!" A man yelled from beside the ring. Several more voices began echoing him and soon the entire stadium was cheering. "ENCORE! ENCORE! ENCORE!"

"How 'bout it, baby?" Aisha leaned in and licked Ichigo's lips. "Does the Shirosaki have any more bite?"

"I would not deny the people satisfaction." Ichigo held her gaze as he lowered her onto her feet, letting his hard organ slip out from between Aisha's legs.

"Then HIT IT!" Aisha yelled.

A gold plated pole shot up from the center of the ring just a few feet away. The lights dimmed slightly and a lone spotlight swung over the pole. Ichigo saw the two women from Aisha's dance introduction enter the ring. Their caps and shades were more than enough to direct a man's attention down to their nicely filled glistening silver bras and tight black-denim shorts.

"My squad is my family." Aisha turned to the two women.

"I feel that way with my friends as well." Ichigo nodded sympathetically.

"That wasn't no poetry, dear." Aisha shook her head. "These are my sisters; Tasha and Riana." She pointed to each in turn.

The two women pulled off their caps and shades in perfect sync, tossing them away with a flourish. Ichigo felt his stomach flip as he gazed at their faces. The two women shared the same face and, were it not for the minor difference of their hairstyles; they were both a mirror image of Aisha.

"We're identical triplets." Aisha puffed out her chest proudly. "That's super rare! Like five-hundred-thousand-to-one rare. I managed to break into music, but I'd never leave my sisters behind!"

"And we can dance your ass off, girl!" Tasha huffed. Her gold-brown hair was far shorter than Aisha's, not even reaching as far as her neck.

"You want a piece of this Stranger or not?" Aisha shot back.

"Course she does," Riana slapped Tasha on the shoulder. Her hair was pulled back in a long ponytail. "Now let's get down to it!"

Aisha's sisters walked up to Ichigo, coming to a stop within a foot of him. They simply stood in front of him, looking up and down his naked body as another song began playing through the loudspeakers. The new piece was far more rebellious, with distorted guitars and synthetic horns playing beneath haughty lyrics.

Tasha and Riana both placed a hand on Ichigo's chest as if to hold him back. Aisha moved to the pole in the center of the ring and began an incredibly exotic dance routine. She twisted and twirled around with effortless grace.

A young teenager responded immediately, grasping each girl's shorts and pulling them down, exposing the smooth curves of their silky butts. The two sisters kicked away their shorts and turned
back around to face Ichigo once again, dropping to their knees in front of his pulsating length of hard flesh. Riana let her tongue tickle the tip of Ichigo's cock, sending a shiver down the competitor's spine.

Tasha smirked at the effect her sister's tongue was having on Ichigo while she crawled around behind him. The short-haired sister came up on her knees and leaned into Ichigo, pressing her large breasts against the solid muscle of Ichigo's buttocks. She began moving up and down, rubbing her erect nipples over his taut butt.

"Some girls like a big dick." Tasha cooed as she continued rubbing herself against Ichigo. "Ain't that right, Riana?"

"Mmmm…" Riana's reply was muffled as she took Ichigo's cock deep into her mouth. Her ponytail swung freely as her head began pumping the Shirosaki's solid shaft.

"Me. I like a fine ass." Tasha clawed her fingernails over the sides of Ichigo's cheeks while she steadily massaged them with her soft breasts. Her right hand went down between her own legs, pleasuring herself. "Ah…And you got the finest ass I ever did see, Hichigo Shirosaki. I could do this all day."

Tasha leaned in and trailed her tongue up Ichigo's lower back. Ichigo moaned with pleasant surprise and arched his back; this forced his manhood deeper into Riana's hungry mouth. She moaned into his loins excitedly and reached up to cup his sac in her hand, rolling his testicles with her slender fingers, causing him even more pleasure. Riana's free hand slipped between her thighs, working into her wet nether lips.

Ichigo clenched and unclenched his fists as he tried to steady his breath. He looked over at Aisha, her body still gyrating around the pole. She returned Ichigo's lustful gaze with her own as her sisters pleased the lone male with growing urgency, the music pulsing in time with their bodies' movements.

Aisha finally let go of the pole and walked over to Ichigo, circling him as if inspecting her sisters' efforts. She trailed a hand around Ichigo's chest and shoulders as she continued her circuit, her hips swaying majestically to the music.

"C'mon, baby." Aisha urged in a low voice. "Let it out! Riana's a thirsty girl, ain't ya?"

"Mmmm…hhhhmmmm" Riana moaned around Ichigo's cock. She opened her eyes, giving Ichigo a pleading look as her lips and tongue caressed his throbbing manhood. Her own fingers were bringing her close to climax. "Mmmmm!

"Oh…fffuuuuuucccckkkk!" Ichigo set his jaw. Between Riana's warm mouth around his shaft and Tasha's soft bosom massaging his tense butt, Ichigo's body was beginning to succumb. He hardly had reason to resist it, however. "Oh, yes! I will….come…Aaaaah!"

Riana and Tasha both brought themselves to orgasm just as Ichigo let himself climax. As she came, Riana felt Ichigo's testicles rise in her grasp and she eagerly took the hot seed that flowed from the male's delicious cock. Tasha felt Ichigo's buttocks tense as he came and she savored the feel of his perfectly formed butt against her bosom as she rode out her own orgasm. She licked madly at Ichigo's muscular lower back, smashing her breasts against his hard glutes.

"Aaaaah! Riana! Nnghhaa! Oh, Tasha!" Ichigo roared, pouring himself into Riana's mouth while Tasha's soft mounds of flesh pressed against him. Aisha simply smiled with satisfaction as she watched her sisters come with the Mysterious Stranger.

While their bodies began to recover, Aisha signaled her sisters to stand. Without a word to Ichigo the three sisters left the ring, walking along the raised platform that led to their side of the stadium where they had performed Aisha's introductory dance; Aisha in the middle with Tasha on her left and Riana on her right. Ichigo watched from the ring, his mind still reeling. How could they leave so suddenly? His rod twitched in frustration as the three sisters walked away, timing their steps to the music as always.

At last the girls reached one of the large projection screens that served as a backdrop for their dance. Aisha and her sisters all leaned over, pressing their hands against the dazzlingly bright screen, and began shaking their bare buttocks with the same uncanny coordination they had displayed while dancing. Back and forth, their gorgeous cheeks swayed alluringly to the beat of the music.
Realization dawned on Ichigo's face and he ran, leaping over the ropes and charging toward the three sisters.

"Go, Hichigo Shirosaki!" A woman screamed as he passed by.

"Tea'rem up, dude!" A man hollered, pumping his fist in the air.

Without slowing down, Ichigo plunged his hard length of flesh deep into Aisha's waiting nether lips. The singer screamed with pleasure, her hips continuing to gyrate, now with Ichigo's cock churning inside her. Ichigo's arms shot out, sinking his fingers into Tasha and Riana's nether lips and eliciting excited squeals from Aisha's sisters. Ichigo thrust his hips and wriggled his fingers inside the three sisters, sending pleasure coursing through their amazing bodies.

Ichigo worked the voluptuous trio with the finesse of a true expert ace, conducting their gorgeous naked bodies with flawless accuracy. The young rose paid close attention to each woman, carefully balancing them together so that each one received her ideal ecstasy.

"That's right, baby…uh-huh…YEAH!" Aisha enjoyed steady rhythmic thrusts from his hard cock, churning her hips against his groin to the beat of the music.

"Oooo…aaahh…" Riana responded best to gentle, passionate ministrations; so Ichigo's fingers caressed her inner flesh with delicate care, deriving breathless cries of pleasure from the pony-tail sporting sister.

"C'mon! Harder! Do it!" Tasha's body responded best to brutal sex, and Ichigo's fingers drove deep and hard into her slick sheath, making the short-haired sister gasp for breath between screams for more.

Ichigo could feel Riana begin to spasm. He withdrew from Aisha and plunged his thick shaft into Riana's nether lips, giving her several long, gentle and lingering strokes.

"I'm comin'! Oh, yes, I'm comin'! Ah, GOD!" Riana clamped down on Ichigo's rod, pushing him over the edge with her.

"Aaah! Riana!" Ichigo moaned as his seed flowed into her. In the midst of his orgasm, Ichigo pulled out and drove his throbbing manhood into Aisha just as the music hit a downbeat.

"Damn! I feel that! Oh, I feel you comin'!" Aisha's tunnel convulsed as she came, milking Ichigo's hard length. "Aaaaah! YEAH!"

Still coming, Ichigo withdrew and slammed his erupting cock into Tasha's quivering slit. Ichigo pounded into her with brutal strength, his clenching testicles swinging up to slap against Tasha's clit, driving her to a toe-curling climax that made her eyes roll back in her head.

"You're hittin' it so hard! YES! TAKE ME! GOD! AAAAAAHHH!"

Ichigo and the three sisters collapsed to the ground in a sweaty heap of flesh. The crowd leapt to their feet in ovation. After a few moments, Ichigo managed to sit up. Aisha and her sisters just stared at him with eyes full of awe.

"Where ya stayin' tonight, baby?" Aisha licked her lips, gasping for breath.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

"One more condition!" Kevin hollered back, throwing Aisha a paper and pen. "Here, sign this!"

"Honey…whatever…" Aisha quickly scribble her signature on the paper and tossed it back before she cast herself down on Ichigo’s shaft, sending ecstasy shooting up her body. "YEAH! You can have anything you want! Ahhh! Nnnghhaa! Just let me ride this cock!"

Aisha bounced on top of Ichigo while her sisters began fooling around with each other. "Come on, Aisha! gods, Teisha! Yes, Ryhana!" Ichigo grunted and moaned as he contorted in wild sex with the three sisters. He would have been hard-pressed to think of a complaint himself.
A Lesson in Pleasure

Chapter Summary

Final match of the round Ichigo takes on the experienced teacher Miss Spencer; however she fights for a different reason. (Fisting, upsidedown, and anal)

"Okay last match of the Qualification rounds you must absolutely win this to pass into the main circuit Ichigo if you... talk about no pressure" Ichigo said. "Oh I assure there is pressure now go on and get out there!" his manager ordered.

After his intro was done and over Hichigo waited for his opponent to appear wondering who it is he will be:

"FROM CANADA" The taskmaster... MISS SPENCER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Turning to face the crowd holding a clipboard with hearts on it was a mature woman tall and fair-skinned, with bright green eyes and shoulder-length blond hair. She's also fairly busty, with ample hips. Notably, she has a small 'beauty-mark' to the left of her lips, as well as somewhat pronounced cheekbones. Her hair is somewhat darker shad liner and eye-shadow, along with pale pink lipstick and blusher.

She wears an off-white ruffled dress shirt with the sleeves folded up past her elbows and the collar upturned. The front of the brown skirt, that's split in the front over both thighs, with a pair of of black workout shorts underneath. She wears dark stockings and red and black knee pads, and high-heeled wrestling boots that come up to her knees.

"Wow, really a teacher theme! What kind of fetish will they think up of next?" he asked himself disbelievingly

"Aaahhh, is there something I can help you help you with ma'am?" he asked only for the teacher's glare to č

"Help?" The bespectacled woman scoffed. "You, sir, are the very culprit here! You have corrupted an alrea "Candy?" Ichigo asked and immediately winced. At some level, Becky would always be Candy Cane to hi "You see?" The woman pointed an accusatory finger at Ichigo. "You even encourage the use of her lascivic "Madam, how do you know Becky?" Ichigo asked. "Who are you, if I may ask?"

"You may call me Miss Spencer." The blond woman adjusted her red glasses. "I am a private school Englis "Candy is old enough to make her own decisions!" he shot back at her. "You're talking like she's some little "I will not stand by while Miss Welsh throws her life away! The wrestling was bad enough, but now she is "I have no authority over Becky." Ichigo scowl deepened some more. "She is her own woman."

"No, it is not that simple." Miss Spencer shook her head. "In her misguided search for a proper man in her li "Really?"Ichigo said in shock of the revelation I mean I know I'm good-looking but not that good to make young girls fall head over heels for me?" he joked.

"This is not a joking matter!" Miss Spencer began to shake with fury. "She is abandoning a bright future so
with…" She waved a finger vaguely at Ichigo.

He disagreed with Miss Spencer's conclusions, but he could sense that her motives were wholesome and respectable. "Miss Welsh should not live an unfulfilled life!" Miss Spencer remained adamant. "She deserves the finest thing you have to offer her."

"You are quite certain?" Ichigo arched an eyebrow.

"A lady does not speak of such things…" Miss Spencer lowered her voice. "But I know fakery when I see it."

"You think I don't have what it takes?"

"I have my doubts." Miss Spencer shrugged defiantly.

"Oh, I get it." he nodded. "You must be jealous of your student getting the action!"

"What?" Miss Spencer gasped in shock, adjusting her glasses. "That is outrageous!"

"Oh really?" he smirked. "how will you know if I'm right for becky if you don't see for yourself if you know what I mean?"

"Well, that is nonsense…I…" Miss Spencer swallowed hard. "I do not think I could…it would be highly improper."

"Well, If you bed me, and can look Candy Cane square in the eye and tell her he's not worth it; there's no way she will stick around."

"I…I will do it then." Miss Spencer nodded slowly. "But I may leave at any time, understood?"

"Alright then, let's start" Ichigo reached out and slipped the red sweater from Miss Spencer's shoulders, letting it join her cardigan on the carpet at her feet.

He then proceeds to take him by surprise by grabbing his shoulders and tossing him onto the canvas. The teacher straddles Ichigo, suppressing a grin reached out and lightly trailed the fingers of his right hand over Miss Spencer's left breast, down her abdomen, through her sweater and skirt, to her panties. He then started moving to her slit brushing against the pink lips with precision as she continues to moan under pleasure.

He then started moving to her slit brushing against the pink lips with precision as she continues to moan under pleasure. Ichigo smiled as he noticed Miss Spencer was still wearing her red glasses. He reached up to remove them, but Miss Spencer intercepted his hand with hers.

"I would rather see everything clearly." Miss Spencer said with faltering authority as her eyes continued dropping down Ichigo's body. "It will better serve my evaluation."

"Then we shall begin." Ichigo said.

Suddenly Miss Spencer felt her feet leave the ground as Ichigo swept her off her feet, making stand upside down on her back. Ichigo smiled as he noticed Miss Spencer was still wearing her red glasses. He reached up to remove them, but Miss Spencer intercepted his hand with hers.

"Sorry didn't mean to be offensive ." Ichigo withdrew his fingers and noted the momentary flash of disappointment in Miss Spencer's eyes.
The young Shirosaki's manhood stood tall and proud; pulsing to the steady rhythm of Ichigo's heart. Miss Spencer's eyes were glued to the long, thick shaft of flesh as it moved ever closer to her now dripping wet entrance. "This is… this is…” Miss Spencer shook her head vaguely, but it was not a plea for Ichigo to stop. As the head of Ichigo's rod parted Miss Spencer's nether lips, she shook her head in rapturous awe. "This is… ohh…LORD!"

Ichigo surged forward with his hips, rising slightly bending over the woman and sinking his cock deep into the teenager watched silently as Miss Spencer writhed with pleasure as he pumped her, noting her subtle gasp of ecstasy allowed himself a moment to enjoy the feeling of Miss Spencer's impressive breasts pressing against his bare chest. "Is… aaahh… That… mmm… all you got?" Miss Spencer asked both unacceptably and dreamily as Ichigo's smooth thrusts continued filling her depths with pleasure. "Far from it." Ichigo smiled and kissed her full on the lips. "Prepare yourself."

Ichigo's gpt his rear in gear remembering everything he did in training and begin driving his manhood to the hilt inside Miss Spencer's hot flesh at high speed. "AAAAHHH!" Miss Spencer screamed at the top of her lungs. "YES! YES! LORD! Oh, YES!"

"Graaagh!" Ichigo growled as he rutted into Miss Spencer. The teacher's tight sheath squeezed down on his Miss Spencer's long legs wrapped around Ichigo's muscled waist and her arms crossed over his back in a total embrace. She... thrust on determinedly. Miss Spencer simply clung to Ichigo, holding onto him as their bodies were joined together. Ichigo continued at a steady, forceful pace. Despite her somewhat strict and proper behavior she seemed to be very loose... He thought of something good. Ichigo repositioned Miss Spencer so that she was bending over standing up. He entered her... keep going" Miss Spencer answered back. Ichigo didn't know how much longer he could take before he reached his climax.

Ichigo kept thrusting in and out her tight ass, he had never experienced anything like this with a woman. Mi Ichigo couldn't go on any longer. "Miss Spencer I'm going to cum!" Ichigo yelled. "Cum inside please! I ne " he tried to say when he was corrected by the Canadian veteran; "Muriel, I think we're past formality Hichi Later at the hotel Muriel was enjoying a nice soak in the tub relaxing after such an intense when Ichigo entered as his clothes... that silly disguise on" the teacher said with a slight smirk on her face as the teenager sat on the edge of the tub.

"Well it is just for show and I only want those I care about to see the true me.”

“Does that include me as well Ichigo?” she asked cutely as the male wrestler just chuckled and hopped into the bath tub with his clothes on. Not caring if they get soaked and starts assualting her neck with kisses.

“Oh Ichigo you are so naughty!!!” Muriel Spencer giggled at the boy’s antics.

“Guess you better teach me a lesson” he retorted before locking lips with the blonde.

They continued exchanging saliva as Muriel helped Ichigo out of his clothes tossing them into a wet pile; he...
Soon the sounds of two in love and in heat carried on throughout the night.
Reaper Vs. Ninja

Chapter Summary

Alright here we go the next chapter of our glorious series continues and we shall see how our protagonist does against a much serious and deadlier opponent.

We now head to the Venue on the island as the crowd cheered for the next rounds of wrestling shall begin with our protagonist preparing for his entrance. “How are you feeling, Ichigo?” Kevin asked eagerly as he twiddled with the young man’s attire, smoothing. The rumble of the stadium sifted in through the abundant shade as the next competition grew closer. “I’m a’ight.” Ichigo bobbed back self-assuredly. “Stay motivated, however. We’re now taking on some powerful ladies now boy. Candy Cane, Aisha, and Miss Spencer are animals in bed, sure, but don’t let yourself get smug.” “Smugness is a person’s inner flaw.” Ichigo said with a stoic face.

“Ladies and gentlemen!” The announcer declared. “Good luck, Ichigo let’s make some money!” Kevin gave the wrestler a quick pat on the shoulder and disappeared backstage. “The rising star you’ve all developed to admire has returned!” The female announcer’s voice gave a spectacular knack that Ichigo found entertaining. “The Superman of Hormones! The Virtuoso of Various Climaxes! HICHIGO SHIROSAKI!!!” He soon turned backwards waving to the crowd while maneuvering around the ring with ease and grace. Soon he grabbed on to one of the ropes and pulled himself to the air as he landed on the canvas and posed for the roaring crowd. Now it was time to see who his opponent was.

“Origin Unknown!” The announcer broadcast as the lights darkened unexpectedly. “Kunoichi!” “Say What?” Ichigo jeered Are they a bit clichéd nowadays? Though he wasn’t worried he knew he could probably handle her. “BENIKAGE!!!!” There was a flash of light and smoke from the opposite entrance ramp. A massive toad appeared, nearly the size of a large tool shed. Ichigo’s educated eye could discern that this was no mere firecrackers and computer graphics show. Another flash of art glimmered high above and a woman appeared out of the smoke, diving through the air and landing precisely above the toad. Ichigo gazed at Benikage, his adversary.

A beautiful woman who appears to be in her mid-to-late twenties. She is clearly of Japanese origins, she has long dark brown/black hair that comes mid-way down her back (with bangs in the front and long forelocks), and brown eyes. She has a well-toned but surprisingly voluptuous figure. She wears a black headband with a white shuriken emblem on it. The lower half of her face is concealed under a protective menpo-style half-mask. The mask shows the snarling jaws of a Japanese Ogre, or Oni. She also wears a long red scarf around her neck with the ends hanging down her back. She’s dressed in a swimsuit-style mesh garment- with red and black segments visible underneath (similar to how a bikini is worn). Benikage also has a prominent tattoo of a red rose in bloom, covering the area between her navel and right hip. She wears shiny metal Samurai-style suneate arm guards over her forearms and hands. The black and red guards on her hands have the same white shuriken emblem on them as her headband. She also wears similar metal-plated suneata guards over her knees and lower legs. She wears black tabi socks and straw sandals with Kôgake armor covering them. The metal plates that cover her knees have the Kanji for "nin" (hidden), the first half of Nin-ja.Benikage executed a dignified fight Practice. Ichigo marveled at her precision. Another flame burst to life and the toad ceased to exist. Benikage dashed to the ring, running with true kounichi refinement. She
leapt up into the air with simplicity, rotating lethargically and landing in a low crouch.

“You do not want to be here, young man.” Benikage spoke. Her voice was illustriously deep, yet still irresistibly womanlike. Her tone was short and lethal somber, and in an instant Ichigo perceived that Benikage was no ordinary shinobi. “But my assignment here is of dreadful prominence. It would be best if you would, leave this tournament.” “Nope sorry can’t do that, I have my own reasons for staying.” Ichigo spoke boldly “Do not take your early success lead you to think you can win against me, young man.” Benikage scolded him, crossing her arms over her chest. Though her mouth was hidden by her mask, Ichigo could perceive a mock in Benikage’s voice. “I am a kunoichi; a true assassin.”

Before Ichigo could reply, Benikage lunged toward him with blinding speed. Her foot volley out and Ichigo barely managed to dodge it in time. “Alright let’s get started” Ichigo taunted the kounichi as she kept her steely gaze on him; “If you insist” she responded. Then, without another word, they began steadily stripping. Benikage’s body was toned to model criteria; supple and flexible. Her breasts were meek, yet packed and well-proportioned to her svelte body. She tossed her clothing aside and watched as Ichigo finished removed the last of his Reaper apparel. The two glanced up and down each others stark-naked bodies, their eyes intense and cunning.

They did not gawk at one another, but evaluating. Benikage once again leapt at him, Ichigo caught her shin in both hands, falling for the kunoichi’s maneuver. With his hands full, he was high and dry as Benikage’s lean fingers enveloped around his shaft, swiftly wheedling him to life. Turning her gambit against her, Ichigo held Benikage’s ankle up high with one hand and dawdled the digits of his unrestricted hand down the distance of Benikage’s charming limb to her uncovered gap. Ichigo smoothly teased her, trailing his digits around her erogenous zones with masterful tenderness. “I can’t believe someone…ahhh…would be this…oooh…skilled.” Benikage’s gasp came thin as she felt his fingers stroke her tantalizing petals. She wrapped her fingers around his shaft and began winding and heaving the firm flesh in an intricate form. “Yeeaaagghhh!” Ichigo groaned as Benikage’s hand operated his cock. The kunoichi tightened her eyes while Ichigo’s fingers immersed into her opening. “Ooooohhh…” As Benikage began to soak around his fingers, he knew that the time to act was now. Ichigo pulled Benikage’s veracious thigh against his chest, adorning her knee over his opposite shoulder.

Now standing on just her left foot, Benikage’s wet gleaming opening was in picture-perfect location. Ichigo moved his hips onward; sinking his firm shaft into the kunoichi’s waiting nether lips. “Aaaargh!” Ichigo huffed, taken by shock. Benikage’s pussy was extremely skintight, and he could feel her bear down on him as he sank inch after inch of his extensive solid member into her. “Nnnnghhaa!” Benikage groaned as Ichigo held Benikage’s ankle up high with one hand and dawdled the digits of his unrestricted hand down the distance of Benikage’s charming limb to her uncovered gap. Ichigo smoothly teased her, trailing his digits around her erogenous zones with masterful tenderness.

He watched Benikage’s remarkably well-defined abs surge as she rode his cock. Benikage’s eyes were slim nicks of blackness, her brow creased with focus as her hips thrust the young Reaper’s manhood. Her thighs and arms stretched as she upraised and dropped herself on top of Ichigo’s rock-solid length of flesh. “It seems that both our physiques react alike to this…aaahhh…this pleasure… Mmmmnna…’” “Indeed, Benikage.” Ichigo nodded steadfastly, appreciating the kunoichi’s principle. Ichigo flexed his arms, pulling his wrists out from beneath Benikage’s feet. He quickly clutched the kunoichi’s ankles and sat up, pushing Benikage off him and onto her back against the
Benikage, deadly kunoichi, lay flat on her stomach on the lush sheets of Ichigo’s bed. He was lying on top of the prone kunoichi, moderately thrusting into her as Benikage explained her assignment. “Mmmmm…” Benikage flapped as Ichigo’s taut abs skidded over her firm butt. The man’s hard span of flesh descended into her leisurely. “I can feel you so deep…it’s unbelievable!” “Ah, YES! Great practice, Benikage!” Ichigo declared as the kunoichi twisted beneath him, churning her body against him.
Chapter Summary

Wow I did not know I didn't update this story in a couple of years. But I am sorry and am now working hard to finish it. Anyway Next opponent the Incredible Aigle, can our boy take on the determined and fierce nomad. read and find out.

"Here we go kid. Win this and we'll be moving on to the qualifier for the championship. You better not lose this or I'll be one pissed off manger" the man said.

"Hey you brought me onboard and sweet talking me into this deal" Ichigo said as he was in his disguise waiting to be called.

"Hey it's not everyday you take on a Mongolian and from hat I heard about her she one tough lady to beat" Kevin replied as he took a look at the bets taking place on his phone.

"A Mongolian?" the young teen asked.

"Yeah came from some village to prove herself or something. Honestly I think she's just bored from herding sheep most of the time" the manager said as it was time for the match to start.

"Break a leg kid, though I don't mean that literally" he said.

"The Solo Aficionado! The Pale in the Moon! HICHIGO! SHIROSAKI!"

Hichigo leaped into the ring with a flourish, landing in a low crouch that his fans loved. As women and men cheered his entrance, Hichigo waited anxiously for his opponent to enter. He was eager to see what Kevin had described to him.

"From Mongolia, Nomad...AIGLE!" The announcer woman declared. Hichigo shook his head; what a weird name!(yeah you're one to talk Strawberry)

Luckily, Kevin had given him a short briefing on the girl.

A youthful-looking young woman, with fair skin and dark eyes. Unlike most of the other girls, she doesn't appear to wear any make up. Her dark brown hair is brushed into a wide part in the front, while the rest is pulled into two braided ponytails in the back (that are tied up with bright red ribbons.) Her outfit is based on traditional Mongolian Wrestling attire, with a predominantly bright red, blue, and brown/black color scheme. Aigle wears a bright red long-sleeved jacket-like garment with blue and white trim- a Mongolian wrestling top. The heart-shaped emblem on her clothes is a variation of the Mongolian Ölzii.

Aigle also wears a white bra-like garment with fur lining. Unlike other fighters, she does not wear gloves or knee pads when in matches. She wears a pair of traditional Mongolian wrestling briefs with a pair a black and white belts around her waist a traditional pare of leather boots with upturned toes.
"Shirosaki not defeat me!" Aigle spoke up. Her voice was harsh and unrefined, but Hichigo heard the courage ring clear despite her simple speech. "Aigle make Shirosaki come!"

Aigle ripped her meager clothing from her lithe body, sticking out her chest defiantly. The audience applauded her. Her body was a perfect match to one of the female soul reapers, save for her much deeper tan. Hichigo noted the complete absence of tanning lines around Aigle's breasts and pelvis. He wondered absently about the practicality of herding sheep in the nude.

"Shirosaki must be naked!" Aigle shouted boldly at Hichigo, pointing at him.

Hichigo nodded and flung his clothes off in the blink of an eye.

"Hichigo Shirosaki have strong body!" Aigle's eyes were wide with awe. "Big muscles!"

"Thank you, Aigle." Hichigo complimented to her as well. You're not so bad yourself. I don't know how you Mongolians work out, but whatever it is, it's working."

"Shirosaki not ready." Aigle trailed off, pointing at Hichigo's flaccid member.

"Well-"

"No words!" Aigle cut off her opponent's statement. "Sex!"

Aigle suddenly leapt at Hichigo, ponytails whipping through the air, and knocked him off his feet. Hichigo blinked the stars from his eyes in time to see Aigle wrapping both hands around his lax rod. Aigle shook her head in amazement as she realized that, even with both hands, she could not hold the entire length of Hichigo's shaft. She began caressing the soft organ, determined to awaken the Shirosaki's groin.

Hichigo grinned with amusement as he watched the Mongolian girl knead his groin. Pleasure wafted up through his body, but Hichigo dissipated it easily enough to deter an erection. He was not going to let his opponent set the pace of the match.

"Oh!" Aigle gasped as Hichigo's shaft rose up in her grasp. "Shirosaki have meat staff; more magnificent than my cattle!"

"Shirosaki not win match!" Aigle growled and began pumping Hichigo's hard shaft heatedly. "Aigle make Shirosaki come!"

"Nnnghaa!" Hichigo moaned. The Mongolian girl's hands were unbelievably strong and wondrously soft as she throttled his long pole of flesh.

"Aigle make Shirosaki come so much, Shirosaki not want to mate with next opponent!" Aigle shouted.

"Aigle milk Shirosaki's meat staff very good!" Aigle's wiry arms knotted with muscle as she yanked at Hichigo's cock with all her strength. "Aigle"s hands all Shirosaki can take!

"You got good hands, Aigle! Ggrragh!" Hichigo breathed deep, controlling the pleasure coursing through his groin.

"Aigle make Shirosaki crazy!"
With a determined gleam in her eye, Aigle laid down flat on the canvas between Hichigo's legs. Suddenly the pleasure in Hichigo's loins doubled as he felt Aigle's warm lips envelope his sac. Aigle's slick tongue lapped at him, rolling his testicles around inside the hot, wet confines of the Mongolian girl's mouth.

"Ah! Aigle!" Hichigo growled.

Hichigo was positive that Aigle would come first, but he had not expected the raw skill of Aigle as her mouth worked over his sac.

He reached down and grasped her pigtails in each hand and pulled her head up so that he caught her eyes.

"Shirosaki do Aigle now?" Aigle licked her lips.

"Yes." Hichigo nodded.

"Shirosaki do Aigle!" The Mongolian girl growled and pounced on Hichigo, slamming his back down on the canvas once more. Aigle's eyes were wild as a feral panther as she straddled Hichigo's hips.

"Aigle ride Shirosaki!" Aigle's slim hips came down as she skewered herself on Hichigo's erect staff.

"Oooh! Aaah!" Hichigo huffed with pleasure. Aigle's vessel was every bit as tight as with the other Roses. Neither of them had ever been with a man before, Hichigo was certain. Aigle did not drift into a pleasured trance like her other competitors, however. The young Mongolian girl's face twisted with concentration, and her toned butt slapped against Hichigo's loins with a feral aggression.

"Rrrroowwr!" Aigle mewed like a cat, bouncing on Hichigo's shaft. She set her arms on Hichigo's chiseled abs to steady herself as her legs flexed, pumping Hichigo's manhood earnestly.

Hichigo merely needed to concentrate on Aigle. Hichigo groped Aigle's firm butt, squeezing her defined glutes, digging his fingers into her toned flesh.

"Aaaagh!" Aigle cried out. "Shirosaki's hands very strong!"

"Aigle's body very beautiful!" Hichigo mimicked her rudimentary dialogue, trying to get a rise out of her. It worked.

"Ooooh! Shirosaki come hard in Aigle!" Aigle hissed. Her hips began pumping furiously as she maintained her desperate bear pace, her strong arms braced against Hichigo's hard chest. "Aigle ride Shirosaki good!"

"Yes! Very good!" Hichigo nodded, trying to steady his breath. His hands kneaded Aigle's firm butt. She was in remarkable shape. Hichigo was enjoying this match immensely, and he was confident that he could be victorious and still give this girl the pleasure they deserved. "You sure a wild thing, Aigle! Aaah!"

"Wild?" Aigle's frowned in thought, her hips still bouncing crazily. Suddenly her face lit up like the sun. "Yes! Wild! We do it wild!"

Aigle rolled off Hichigo onto her hands and knees. Hichigo was behind her instantly, mounting the Mongolian girl and setting his hips thrusting. Aigle reared back, slamming her toned butt against Hichigo's driving cock, slamming the long hard length of his flesh deep inside her. Hichigo reached out and took Aigle's pigtails in either hand, pulling her head back firmly as he took her from behind.
"YES! Shirosaki ride Aigle!" Aigle squealed as she looked up at the garish lights of the arena. "Like animal! Hard! Do Aigle HARD!"

Hichigo pound furiously into the tanned mongolian's lithe naked body.

"Good, good, Aaaaah!" Aigle screamed suddenly, fastening down on Hichigo's thrusting cock as she came. "AIGLE COME!"

Hichigo set his jaw, concentrating with all his might, holding back his orgasm as Aigle's vessel shook around his shaft. "Not- yet-I!"

Aigle lay flat on her stomach a few feet away, still quivering in the wake of her orgasm. Her face was blank, her mind was clouded by the sheer power of her climax. Soon she was able to recover and went onto the pale teen.

There, Aigle glided her palms onto his crown so she could slather his precum onto her hand. This feeling made Hichigo slowly blink and groan as a wave of pleasure shot down from the top of his cock. Aigle then brought this hand up to her mouth and took a long lick. The fluids were watery and bitter, but she liked how they tingled her tongue. Aigle coated her palm with thick, warm spit and then brought it down to the boy's cock. Hichigo closed his eyes and stiffened up his body, grunting as his sensitive penis was stroked and twisted by Aigle's soft, wet fingers. Her hands went back and forth along his penis, squeezing him or relaxing their grip so she could slide her wet palms and fingers over the skin and head of his penis. Aigle stared into Hichigo's face as she stroked him. Aigle held onto his cock with both hands, teasing the tip of his sensitive head with her fingertips while holding the bottom of his cock like a handle.

Aigle slid her hand up and down Hichigo's penis as she sucked his balls, moving her hand in a twisting fashion. She stopped this and began to lick the underside of his scrotum. Soon, Aigle was gliding her palm against the slippery tip of his head while slowly rubbing the top of her wrist against his shaft's underbelly with her other hand.

He tries to resist but, however with barely any restraint left and Aigle already cummed, Hichigo lets go.

"AARRGGHH!" he grunted as his cum jetted to the air like a fountain as it comes back down to the canvas with some of it landing onto the mongolian's face and hair.

The crowds cheered as the match finally came to an end and the announcer declared Ichigo the winner. Both contestants laid on the mat exhausted from the bout but were in bliss as they laid with each other.

"Hichigo Shirosaki very smart!" Aigle nodded seriously as she inspected Hichigo's powerful biceps. "Hichigo Shirosaki very strong! Aigle mate with Shirosaki again soon!"

"Can't wait" Ichigo said and thought to himself.

'If this was just a regular match what will the next match be like!?" the teen dreaded on the inside but that was for another time.

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