

Beauregard Lionett, commonly known as Beau, rolled her neck before rubbing and loosening up her knuckles. Away from the Mighty Nein for the time being, the brown-haired woman with an undercut and a budding ponytail closed her blue eyes and prepared for a battle. Trained in the advanced martial training by the Cobalt Soul felt and heard a light crack from her neck before she bounced on the balls of her feet and continued preparing to mete out a little pain, and hopefully a lot of fun.

The figure with dark-golden flesh and an appetite for simple pleasures had seen the signs in town of a fighting tournament and found that she couldn't resist. Beau decided to join in for sure once she learned that if you lost to your opponent, they had complete freedom to do whatever floated their boat with you for a good five minutes. Provided you were conscious, of course. That wager added a new level of interest to the fighter. Few enough were the fights that she hadn't come out on top of. So, she entered the tournament without reservation and quickly started preparing for her first bout.

Welvira Lightvale stood in front of her. A halfling woman with medium-length blonde hair, light armor with a sword on her back and a buckler on her left arm. Beau had to admit, she looked positively cute, especially when she gave Beau a rugged look that promised a fight that would be well worth the entrée free. Beau didn't say anything, of course. Well, she didn't say anything nice.

"Just bow out now. No shame. I'm pretty good with this Bo staff..."

"If you're trying to be intimidating, you're going to have to try a lot harder than that," Welvira replied as she stood her ground about ten feet from her opponent.

"I wasn't trying to... nevermind," Beau sighed and shook out her hands while looking over to the person in charge of running the fight. She gave him a nod, signaling that she was ready. Once the man got the same signal from Welvira, he raised a hand. The crowd assembled around the fighting circle started to quiet down. Their eyes glanced at the man's upraised arms, but naturally, their main focus became the two women preparing to compete for a purse and potentially more.

Beau liked the attention. She remembered the first time Caleb had called her a badass. She breathed out through her nose, double-checking that all her airways were clear, which they were. Even when her mind got distracted, her body was generally well-trained enough to balance things out.

To say the woman with a brown-topknot atop her bronze skin was arrogant would be an understatement. It was just how she was. Beau moved forward when the man overseeing the bout raised his hand. Determination formed across her face while her hands pumped with eagerness and a readiness to pummel.

The martial artist started things off pretty simply. All she wanted to do was land one blow on the Halfling, more to take the measure of Welvira first. They met in the center, and when she saw the warrior suddenly charge in sword at the ready, Beau realized she probably should have pulled out her bo staff.

"Oh shit!"

The staff barely came into place in front of her as Welvira's sword came flashing down. Wood and blade danced as both women moved around inside of the fighting pit. Beau allowed herself a small smile in between parrying one strike and then swinging her weapon at her opponent with a swinging two-handed strike.

'This is going to be fun,'

Welvira surprised her with many rolls and became even more dangerous when she began trying to attack Beau's legs with her sword. The agile fighter trained by the Cobalt Sol danced her feet back two steps before turning her acrobatic feat into a backward cartwheel. Beau focused all of her attention on the Halfling's blade when the two opponents met once more. Giving her body over to her training and imbuing her strike with her energy, Beau committed to a powerful spinning kick. Her foot connected.

Beau heard a low, pained grunt and saw that she'd managed to dislodge Welvira's sword from her hand. The monk swept in to finish things with a grin and only then noticed the Halfling was running away from her to get some space between them.

"Fight me!" Beau shouted out angrily. Her feet stormed across the sand of the small arena. Her anger pulsed through her eyes, and her gaze narrowed on her opponent. Unfortunately for Beau, she learned a little too late that Welvira had a trick up her sleeve. The smaller woman dove between Beau's legs and then raced over, plucked up her sword again, and then ended up putting Beau on the defensive.

"Okay I'm really starting to regret saying you should just, you know... bow out. I'm thinking... you took that... huraah... a little personally,"

"I don't... know... what... you... mean!" Welvira thrust and slashed her sword in the middle of every word. She was on the attack now, always preparing to land another strike at her lippy opponent. An eagerness to 'thwap' Beau's mouth was spelled out in her eyes, and the monk had to remain constantly in moment. The Human woman decided to stop underestimating Welvira Lightvale's swordplay.

The melee intensified when Welvira got past Beau's defense. The sword made a shallow cut on Beau's arm, and the pain threatened to break her focus. She then twisted her body to the side and slammed out her hand with a flat palm to deflect the blade away.

"Hiiiaahh..." Beau called out, her topknot bouncing to the movement of her sharp and flexible movements and attacks. The Halfling never faltered and suddenly swung her shield around and tried to smash Beau in her side. The monk tumbled forward, narrowly avoiding the strike and picking up a handful of sand as he slid across the ground.

After turning around, Beau's arm coiled and then flung forward. The sand nestled in her hand flew off and caught Welvira's left eye.

"Oh, that's gotta sting..." Beau commented dryly with a tinge of regret as she watched the smaller person in front of her cursing and slamming her blade in the ground as she worked to clean the pebbles from her eye.

"You bitch!"

After that, the monk got what she wanted, an aggravated opponent, hopefully, one that would continue making more mistakes so that she would whittle her down and claim victory!

The anger fuming from the warrior eventually led to Welvira's defeat. As strong as her shield arm was, she missed again when she tried to smash Beau's face in. The monk sidestepped the blow and then narrowly managed to grab the lip of the shield as her opponent pulled back. Then, the monk yanked the shield back towards the sky.

Welvira didn't predict the strange attack, and before she realized what happened, her reflexes to pull her arm back caused her shield to go 'Thunk!' against her face.

'Bloody... cheating... monk...' Welvira thought as her lips blubbered through the sudden pain after Beau caused her to ring her bell. Stumbling back, she slashed her sword through the air to try to keep the warrior in blues and golds back, but her training was in full force now.

When the perfect opening in the fighter's guard presented itself, Beau crouched and coiled up her body and then launched herself into a move called the 'Spinning Cobra'. She flew and spun through the air, and then both of her fists connected.

"Whuuhf!" was all she heard as her strike pushed out all the air from the Halfling's body. Welvira continued being utterly confused by everything happening, especially as she found herself flying through the air and then coming to a painful crash soon after. Her sword fell from her grip, and she let out an annoyed grunt. Finding her way to her feet, the Halfling prepared to look for her sword, and then Beau disarmed her shield and shoved her onto the ground. Just as Welvira struggled to catch her breath, Beau pushed her foot down on the halfling babe's stomach.

"Sorry about that. Sometimes I forget how powerful my Ki is," Beau said, her tone apologetic but with that thin veil of arrogance in her tones. She might not always remember how strong she was, but she did tend to enjoy it when she saw her capacity for violence.

Still, it was not like she wanted to hurt or embarrass the other woman anymore at that moment.

"Her So... you can j-just submit now..."

The girl shook her head and tried to break the grip of Beau's leg on her chest. The woman with skin the color of a warm-brown with her hair down up in an elaborate topknot couldn't help but flash a grin. The way that Welvira smacked away at her foot was unbelievably adorable.

Beau blew out a raspberry and then leaned down, removed her foot from Welvira's stomach, and then hoisted up the Halfling's body. That put them both at eye level.

"Hey, just w-what... what do you think you're doing?" Welvira asked out nervously. She'd only been held like that by a taller person before, and she suddenly blushed as she found herself looking at the taut and tanned body of her opponent. More than a bit of her fighting focus vanished from her mind in almost an instant. Her mixed feelings of fear and arousal got even more confusing when she felt Beau's fingers reaching along her flesh.

'What is she doing? Gods... she's pretty... but she's a big butthead. And she embarrassed me with defeat... I can't... I can't just give in... No!'

Beau pulled the material of her panties aside and revealed a cute little clam. Earlier, Beau's sharp senses noted the musk of sweat on the girl's panties. That, in turn, made the fighter even hornier. She focused on her task and casually set each of the Halfling's legs over her shoulders to bring her head in between Welvira's legs. Ignoring the cheering crowd, Beau just brought her tongue closer and closer towards the other woman's heat. Her own spittle dripped off the tip of her pink flesh as she reached the end of her tongue closer and closer. Finally, she hit the mark and began slowly licking up and down her opponent's naked outer folds.

“Wow. You get really wet when you fight,” This time, it was Beau’s turn to blush.

“Sometimes that happens to me,”

“W-whaaaauah... what... what is this? Why are you doing that?”

“Just tap out, and you’ll be fine...” Beau said. Silence hung between them for a while, and then Beau moved in again, flashing her tongue all over the Halfling’s tasty lower lips when she refused to give Beau a win. Naturally, if Welvira’s plan was built around Beau being uncomfortable with what she was doing, the short fighter had a lot to learn about the monk. Beyond becoming acclimated with Welvira’s natural sweaty taste, it was fun to lick the girl and feel her body shiver with bits of panicky excitement. Beau didn’t think she was being mean; the rules of the match allowed her to get as wet and wild as she wanted until Welvira submitted. So, for now, she just kept nuzzling the poor girl while Welvira’s words continued bubbling out in a nonsensical manner as more and more arousal pumped its way through her veins.

“You... Ohhuaah... bitch... you... oh gods... fuck... no... you can’t... I’m...” The halfling fighter’s fingers traced up and began scratching through her hair as the explosion of bliss billowed up through her while the monk ate out her pussy. The final straw came as Beau began probing her tongue in and out of Welvira’s actual pussy. The moment she felt the other woman’s flesh wiggle and pushing along her most sensitive spots, Welvira found herself grasping the back of Beau’s head and pulling her in even more firmly so that she could feel Beau’s tongue just a little bit deeper inside of her horny snatch.

“Fuuuahua... huaaah... huuuahak!” Every part of the delicious-looking fighter began convulsing as fires burned across her body. Everything within her being just felt like it was becoming a nexus point of sheer delight, and if she hadn’t been held up in the monk’s powerful fingers, Welvira felt sure she would have gone tumbling backward and crashed to the ground beneath her body.

After the Halfling’s moans came to a slow stop, the monk began to move again. Beau gently pulled Welvira’s naked pussy back from her lips and then set about lowering her opponent back to the ground. Then, the powerfully built woman with a hot, taut body looked down at Welvira. Nowhere in all of her moans and blubbering did Beau ever hear the other woman submit. So, all things being fair, Beau decided that it was her turn to enjoy some pussy licking action. Loosening up some of her sashes, she lowered her pants and showed off her own sex.

Welvira’s eyes got wide, and she blinked in surprise as she saw the smooth as silver vagina looking out at her. This time, Welvira didn’t need to be told anything. She didn’t care about the stakes of losing at that time. In her mind, she’d already won something exceptional, so after she smacked her lips hungrily, the smaller woman simply stood back up, placed her hands on Beau’s legs to open them up a smidge, then she leaned in nice and close.

“Oohuh... yes... yes yes yes... That tongue is... oh... fuck!” It seemed almost immediately to Beau that the other girl had a sweet tooth for pussy that may have excited Beau’s own appetite. On and on, Welvira whipped the wet and perverted point of her tongue against Beau’s clit. The small nub of flesh tensed and thickened with rampant arousal. Each woman’s body burned now, and their breathing came out in shallow and rapid spurts as both of their pussies dripped out a constant stream of their naughty juices. In time, their roles became mirrored once again, and the monk stubbornly latched her fingers around Welvira’s head to keep her lips pressed right up against Beau’s juicy cunny lips.

“Oh fuck... Yes... Yeauaah! Keep going... that’s it, little bitch... I know you want to... to make me... Ohouaaaah FUUUCK!” Beau screamed out. Her eyes snapped open, and her pupils easily rolled up and out of sight while her breasts heaved and labored to break free of her clothes while her pussy squirted wildly and painted Welvira’s lips with her womanly nectar. While the monk continued cumming, Welvira pressed forward, lapping away like a greedy slut to give the other woman some payback for embarrassing her.

‘Gods... she tastes good. Why... why have I never tried this before?’ Welvira thought erratically before closing her eyes once more and digging her tongue even deeper within the sensitive and spasming confines of Beau’s sex.

When the monk finally recovered from her orgasm, she decided to take back momentum from her new halfling friend. Settling down onto her butt, she pulled Welvira down onto her lap. In her hands, the half-alert and still half-dazed form of the fighter was moved with ease. Beau turned Welvira around so that the entirety of her naked body got put on display for the crowd. From there, Beau swathed her fingers around Welvira’s ear and cheek and pulled her into a wet sloppy kiss. Each woman tasted their own essence on the other’s lips. That encouraged the wild beast inside of Beau. Usually, it shined brightly in the middle of battle, but right now, she could think of nothing else more fun than showing the stubborn fighter one last use of her fingers. Beyond being lots of fun, Beau knew it would make sure Welvira had an apparent understanding of who was the best between them.

As Welvira started moaning and flailing again, the crowd began getting louder and louder. “Make her cum! Make her CUM!”

The chant embarrassed her, but only for a minute as she turned her head back once again and managed to kiss up Beau’s neck and cheeks before finally finding the taciturn and sometimes psychotic monk. As they kissed one another, the monk panicked slightly, feeling that it was part of a trick. So, to strike back, she immediately began slapping Welvira’s pussy instead of simply massaging and teasing it.

‘Lap...laap....laap-pa...lap’ The wet-cracking sound filled Welvira’s ears while her body’s resistance continued to crumble. In fighting and in sex, Beau was just far too much for her to tango with, and she started feeling another orgasm building up from deep within her naughty folds. The monk didn’t just attack with her fingers either. Beau began French-kissing her opponent as the two women’s bodies became soaked in sweat and the constant releases of their essence. The two started moaning together as Beau’s agile tongue wormed its way in and then around Welvira’s. Being dominated in yet another fashion finally broke through all the last bit of energy the Halfling had to hold back her second violent eruption of bliss and pleasure.

The cute halfling girl’s teeth clattered together as she started riding out the sweeping orgasm. There was nothing slow and tender about Beau’s treatment of her. Everything felt lightning-fast and viciously strong. As the monk stopped spanking the smaller woman’s voracious folds and pushed her fingers inside Welvira again, the Halfling couldn’t stop moaning and muttering.

“Oh fuck... B-Beau... there... there!” Adrift in hazy clouds of scintillating pleasure, Welvira could do nothing but undulate as the savory storm washed over her body again and again. Her eyes blinked, and her lips fell off from Beau’s as she cried out to the heavens. This time, when she erupted, Welvira’s release was much more noticeable. All around, the crowd let out an even heartier cheer as she started

squirting. The whizzing shot of her orgasm quickly touched down about a foot from her, and she let out low, animalistic breathes as she struggled to get back to any sense of reality. The first actual thing she felt was when Beau slowly set her body down and looked over the twice-defeated Halfling.

“Maybe next time, Welvira...”

“Yes... Perhaps...” The sweet-looking woman said before lowering her head back to the ground. Shakily, Beau rose up to her feet and shot out both of her hands towards the sky.

“Alright! Who’s next punks? I’m ready for anything!”