**Boxing Kira**

You are shadowboxing in your private room. You need to warm up. You are about to have a match today. The problem is that you weren’t told who was going to be your opponent tonight.

 That was the issue with underground fighting. It loved to keep surprises. The ones who decided the matches were the sponsors. It was a way to keep things interesting in the ring.

 You hop on your feet and start practicing your footwork. You need to keep yourself limber to use your best moves. The thing about fighting was about preparation. Proper warmup was a must. And there was also the training.

 Sadly, without knowing about your opponent, there was no way to know if your training was a success. All that you needed to do was trust that the sponsors were going to give you an enemy that would help you make the match more interesting.

 “Challenger!”

 You turned around to see an assistant waiting for you outside of your room.

 “What is it?” you asked politely.

 “Your fight will start in ten minutes,” the assistant informed you. “You need to get in the ring soon.”

 “Give me five more minutes,” you were now doing jumping jacks to warm up. “I’ll be ready in five minutes.”

 “Sounds better than standing on the ring and wait for your opponent to show up,” the assistant snorted.

 “Can you tell the people that I will arrive in five minutes?” you asked nicely. “I don’t want anyone to get impatient waiting for me.

 “That ain’t my job, kid,” the assistant shook his head. “But you better be ready for the incoming fight. I heard that your opponent is strong.”

 “How strong are they?” you asked.

 “Crazy strong,” he answered vaguely.

 “That’s not a good explanation,” you complained. “Anyone can refer to a fighter as strong and then they see that the fighter was not that good when they fight on the ring.”

 “That’s all the spoilers that I am allowed to give you,” the assistant shrugged his shoulders.

 Without saying anything else, he closes the door.

 “What kind of description is saying that my opponent is strong?” you rolled your eyes in annoyance at how little the assistant helped you. “I am strong. Will that mean that my opponent be equal to me or a little superior?”

 You stared at your reflection in the mirror. You were a bit smaller than the average boxer. On first sight, you looked like a beginner. In reality, you were a strong boxer. You were one of the best in this underground fighting circuit.

 You took down people who were stronger than you. You had speed, agility, technique, and experience. There was no way that you could be defeated so easily.

 “I can do this,” you said to yourself.

 You return to your shadowboxing. You work out your jabs to see how fast they are. Then you practice the one-two to ensure that your most basic combo can work properly. Then you start weaving and bobbing as you prepare to throw different attacks. You gave straights, hooks, and uppercuts.

 Using your imagination, you pictured every opponent that you ever defeated. You knew their tactics and gimmicks by observing them throughout the matches. Once you got them all figured out, victory was guaranteed.

 BAM! BAM!

 “I’m ready,” you declared.

 Now that you were warmed up, you leave the dressing room.

 You make your way into the hallway. Contrary to an underground facility, the hallway was surprisingly clean. You were surprised the first time that you walked into this hall, expecting it to be dirty like in those action moves about underground fighting.

 “Just because we have you fight in the underground, doesn’t mean that we have to be dirty about it,” the boss of the circuit told you. “Can you imagine someone going to a dirty place just to see a fight? Nobody would go there even if we had world champions duking it out for free.”

 It was a good argument. You keep shadowboxing as the hall gets darker. There is a light at the end of the hallway. That was where the boxing ring was.

 You navigate across the darkness until you reached the exit. You put one of your boxing gloves over your head to prevent the light from blinding you.

 You feel the heat of the spotlight on you. Carefully, you slowly move your glove out of the way so that your eyes can adjust to the light. Then you see your surroundings. You see a bunch of people cheering for you.

 You smiled back at them and waved happily. The audience was made of your fans. They all saw how you managed to defeat opponents despite your small size.

 “Ladies and gentlemen,” the referee called out. “Our fighter has arrived!”

 The crowd roars in approval as you walk into the ring. You raise your arms to display confidence and fighting spirit as you enjoy the cheers from the crowd.

 *This is my favorite part,* you thought happily. Somehow, the support of the audience gave you an extra boost of strength. Every bit of fighting spirit was important to win at combat sports.

 You step inside the ring and punch your boxing gloves together.

 The referee gestured at the crowd to get silent.

 “Tonight, we will have fresh meat,” the referee explained. “We have a strong new *fighter who will be making her debut.”*

 The audience booed at him.

 “We don’t want to see an amateur!”

 “She’s gonna get knocked out in less than a minute!”

 “I want my money back!”

 While the audience was booing, you remain focused on what the referee was telling you about your opponent.

 So far, you only knew that the opponent was female and that this was a start in her career. You keep your body in a state of tension and relaxation.

 Underestimating someone was one of many reasons anyone can lose a match. Just because she was just starting in this circuit didn’t mean that she was weak. For all that you knew, she might have a decent record in an official boxing league.

 “I know that you guys have doubts about our next fighter,” the referee increased the volume of his microphone to make everyone shut up as they covered their ears. “However, I can assure you that Kira is a strong fighter.”

 *So, her name is Kira,* you thought as you gathered another tidbit of information. *Not enough information. I need more details.*

“Perhaps a proper introduction is in order,” the referee smiled at the crowd. “At the opposite corner, standing at a height of 7 feet and a weight of 250 pounds, we have a fox and wolf hybrid who is ready to rumble.”

 Your eyes widened at Kira’s description. That was the largest opponent that you’d ever faced. You fought against people at the 6 feet height, but you never fought someone over 7 feet tall.

 A deep breath is all that you need to calm down. Bigger didn’t’ always mean better. You were taught that boxing was about speed, precision, and strategy. And you had all of those elements in spades.

 You keep your eyes on the other corner, waiting for Kira to appear.

 “And now that I gave her a proper introduction, I want you to say hello to Kira!” the referee shouted as the spotlight focused on the other hallway.

 The first thing that you noticed about Kira was that she was tall even when seen from afar. She had brown fur that covered her upper face, ears, arms, and legs. She had a grayish shade of brown in the lower side of her face, her breasts, belly, and the underside of a bushy fox tail.

She had long brown hair that reached down her lower back. It was wavy in the front, with her face being framed with bangs, one of which was white. She had sharp red eyes and a playful smirk that revealed sharp teeth.

For her boxing attire, she wore some customized black clothing that was a mix of a tank top and a turtle neck. The top of the clothing covered her neck, then it bent in a downward slope to cover most of her breasts to leave her side doobs exposed. It then ended with a lower ring that tied up around her diaphragm. The result was that her upper clothing left her arms, belly, and part of her boobs exposed.

Her lower half clothing was just a pair of black boxing shorts that had a hole big enough to let her tail fit through. Said tail was also wearing a black piece of cloth to prevent it from moving too much during the match. The attire was finished with two black bands around her ankles.

Kira walked in holding two red boxing gloves on her large hands. They were huge and with four fingers, letting you know that she packed quite a wallop as she played with her boxing gloves.

She moved with an arrogant strut as she put on her red boxing gloves. Once she was in the ring, she smiled down at you, licking her lips in anticipation.

“Ready to rumble?” Kira asked you, flashing you her fangs as she was preparing for the fight.

“I am ready,” you said as you bravely offer your boxing gloves for her to bump.

“I like your spirit, cutie,” Kira winked at you as she bumped her boxing gloves on yours. “I’ll enjoy breaking it during the match.”

You felt the need to say something back to her. But your words were stuck inside your mouth. Without anything left to say, you return to your corner.

*I can do this,* you think.

You stared at Kira, who just licked her lips in anticipation. Your body wasn’t feeling loose anymore. It was feeling tense. Gulping, you put on a brave face and prepare for the fight.

DING! DING!

You made the first move. You were faster than Kira because of your small size. You tried a barrage of jabs. They were the weakest punches in boxing, but they were also the fastest. You needed to make a rhythm. You needed to gauge her reaction time. You needed to establish the distance while fighting.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Your glove hit Kira’s arms. But she was not affected by the jabs. In fact, she just gave you a mocking smirk.

“Is that all?” Kira teased as she absorbed the power of your jabs with her guard. “I thought that you hit harder than this.”

“You asked for it,” you dashed into Kira’s range.

BAM! BAM!

You gave her a one-two. She just kept her guard up. You expected your one-two to be successful. It was a pair of straights delivered one and after the other. It was the simplest combo in boxing, but it was still a devastating technique on its own.

“Still weak,” she threw a straight at you.

WOOSH!

You bobbed your head to the right to dodge the straight. Even though her fist didn’t hit you, there was a current of air that brushed against your head. It let you know how much power there was in that fist.

“The fight started with our small fighter throwing jabs followed by a one-two,” the referee commented on all of the moves that were happening right now. “However, Kira only keeps her guard up. She takes the jabs and the one-two like they were nothing. And then she throws a straight that nearly knocks the head off of her rival.”

*That’s one powerful straight,* you thought as you dodged another punch. *As expected of someone that tall and heavy.*

Her straight was powerful but slow. Even your uppercut, the slowest punch in your repertoire, was faster than her punches. But you needed to find the proper moment to use it against her.

You used your footwork to try to fight back and attack her from all angles. You throw a punch for each time that your feet move. To your dismay, she just swiftly turns around with no problem, using her size as a way to cover more ground.

“Running circles around me won’t work,” she decided to throw jabs instead, making you stop on your tracks and dodge.

Even if Kira’s jabs were her weakest punches, she had enough mass to make her jabs as strong as your straights. You couldn’t let your guard down as you dodged her jabs.

“Kira is now changing tactics. Rather than just guarding to show how tough she is, she is now using jabs to corral her enemy. Her attacks are easily dodged, but you can see that they pack a wallop even when she sacrifices power for speed.”

*I can’t let her hit me or everything will end badly for me,* you thought as you were kept on the evasive.

You tried to use your superior speed to escape her jabs, but you were surprised that Kira was already there. You moved to the left and she was there. You moved to the right and she was also there to stop you. It was as if she was predicting your movements and intercepting you when she needed to keep you from moving.

“You think that you are the first midget that I fought?” Kira asked you with a sadistic smirk. “Not really. You may be small and fast. But I know how to use my big space better than you.”

She was right. Because of her width, you need to do a lot of steps to get on her blind side. This worked for her benefit as she only needed to pivot on her feet or give a couple of steps to catch you.

You started to panic as you moved left and then right. She didn’t fell for your feints. Or maybe she did fell for them, but it didn’t’ matter because she could easily fix her position with the movement of her feet.

“Kira is countering her enemy’s footwork with a little bit of her own footwork and some quick waist turns. Now she’s trapped her rival in the corner.”
 You gasped as you realized that you were unable to escape her.

“I got you!” Kira yelled with a feral expression. She pulled back her arm and threw a straight at you.

*I need to guard,* you thought as you raised your arms to block the punch.

WHAM!

The punch that Kira gave you blew your guard away.

WHAM!

A second punch was thrown. This time she aimed at your stomach. You felt the air being knocked out of you.

POW!

She threw an uppercut that you launched you into the air.

WRAP!

And then she trapped you in her arms.

“What are you doing?” you asked as you protested. “Clinching is not allowed to be used like this. You have to let go and continue fighting with your fists.”

“Kira made a comeback. She trapped her prey and gave it a combo of guard-breaking punches. She’s now enjoying herself as she squeezes her prey.”

WHAM!

Kira slammed you down into the mat by falling on top of you. The pressure is crushing you. From above, you can see Kira smiling down at you.

“Do you like my breasts?” she taunted as your head was sticking out of them.

“What are you doing?” you asked her with red cheeks. “You are not supposed to fight like this. We are boxing each other.”

“This is underground boxing,” Kira taunted as she stood up. “Everything goes in the ring as long as there’s a bit of punching.”

“WHOOO!”

“You’re the best, Kira!”

You feel shocked upon hearing the entire audience cheering for Kira. It was as if you were just a punk that was meant to be defeated by her.

“What’s the matter, little fella?” Kira taunted. “Are you sad because I stole your fans.”

You shouted angrily as you charged at Kira. You threw hooks to her liver and ribs, then you threw straights at her stomach. The size difference worked against you. There was fat covering her sides to protect her ribs. And here belly had muscle hidden under the fat and the fur.

“Kira is a mountain of defense. No matter what her adversary is throwing at her, the attacks are repelled without her having to do anything.”

The referee’s words increase your desperation. You looked at the spots where you attacked her and then raised your head to see if she was being affected. To your horror, she was snoring with boredom.

WRAP!

She grabbed you by the shoulders and slammed you down by the mat again. You grunted I pain as the air was knocked out of your lungs.

“Let me show you where you belong,” Kira boasted as she jumped and slammed her butt into your torso.

WHAM!

The impact of her butt in your torso made you realize how heavy Kira truly was. Having 250 pounds of weight forced into your tiny frame rendered you immobile.

“I can do whatever I want with you from this position,” Kira looked down from above you with a playful smirk.

“Kira is showing how her weight makes her the worst enemy to have in this place. She is sitting into her opponent without a care in the world.”

You realized that this was a losing battle. You wanted to tap out to give up. You wanted to shout out your surrender. But you couldn’t move your arms. And there was not enough air in your lungs to say anything.

PRESS!

Kira sits on your face. You grunt in pain as your face sink into her shorts. The brown canine hums to herself as she’s shifting her weight left and right to suffocate you.

*Need air,* you thought desperately. *I have to escape! I need to slither out of her ass.*

You couldn’t lift her off you. She was too heavy to lift and you didn’t have the proper leverage to carry such a big load anyway. If you were going to escape, you needed to slide off her.

With a grunt of effort, you tried to slide off of her. You feel your body moving. You repeat the motion many more times until you escape her bottom.

“Ugh,” you moaned as you were left exhausted from the experience.

“Our veteran is ready to fight,” the referee announced. “Kira was right in that the fight should go on.”

“The fight should go on?” you repeated groggily.

“They wanted to end the fight as soon as I sat on you,” Kira explained to you as she licked her lips. “But I didn’t want the fun to get over so soon.”

You reluctantly take your boxing stance to fight. But you lacked the energy to fight back.

WHAM! BAM! POW! CRACK!

The giant gloves of Kira were pummeling you back and forth. Now that you couldn’t run away, you could see that she was trained in boxing. She used jabs to push you in the corner, sealing your escape options. Then she wailed on you with hooks across the face and then the rips. She startled you with an uppercut to the stomach.

“Kira is showing that she does possess boxing prowess. Look at the way that she’s applying her combos right there.”

WHAM!

You saw a giant foot approaching you. It was brown with a lighter shade on the sole. A lazy kick pinned you down as Kira’s toes grind on your face. Her toes hooked on your skull as she ground back and forth.

“You are nothing more than a toy for me,” Kira taunted as she lifted her foot and repeated the stomp.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

Kira stomped on your face and body with her right foot.

“Let’s try the left one,” Kira grinned.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

You were subjected to another stomping.

“Now let’s play footsies!” she declared.

SMACK!

Kira’s feet clamped on your face and smothered you. Each ounce of pressure made you feel like your skull was going to break. Each time her soles pressed on your face you felt your lungs ready to burst from the lack of oxygen.

You could hear the audience pointing their fingers and laughing at you.

WRAP!

The last thing that you felt were Kira’s legs wrapping around your neck and squeezing as hard as she could. You were choking. You wanted to protest to this treatment. But you didn’t have the energy to fight back.

Finally, exhaustion reaches you. And then you fall asleep.

The last thing that you heard was the ringing of the bell declaring the match was over with your defeat.

You woke up at the infirmary. Your vision was blurry. You were too tired to feel anything at the moment.

*What happened to me?*

The question echoed inside of your head. That wasn’t a good sign. Boxers should always remember their matches. If you had amnesia, then that mean that you had brain damage.

You closed your eyes and tried to remember what happened. You focused on what happened since you entered to the arena tonight. You remember shadowboxing. You remembered warming up. You remembered talking with an assistant.

*So far so good,* you thought as you dug deeper into your memory.

You remembered walking to the hall. You remember going to the ring with the crowd cheering for you. Then you remembered waiting for your opponent.

As you dug deeper into your memory, your head started to hurt.

The name of your opponent was Kira. She was larger and stronger than any opponent that you ever faced before. And that’s when the rest of the match rushed to your face.

You remembered every punch that you got. Your body sent pain signals to you as if remembering the punches made you feel like you were getting hit again. Then you remember the smothering. The way her legs squeezed your neck. Her breasts smothered you so hard that you felt like your burns were lunging. And then you remember the pale underside of her paw as she stepped on your face.

Each second that you relived that match made your body and spirit hurt twice as bad as it already was. You remember the helplessness and the humiliation.

“Glad to see that you are awake.”

You grunted in pain as you recognized the owner of the underground arena.

“You set me up,” you spat at him.

“I did,” the man admitted shamelessly.

“But why would you do that to me?” you asked angrily. “I’ve been giving you nothing but wonderful matches.”

“A wonderful match is a subjective term,” the man took a puff of his cigar. “The definition tends to change based on the whims of the audience.”

“What do you mean by that?” you demanded. “The audience always applauded me every time I won my matches.”

“That was because you were special back then,” the owner pointed a finger at you.

“What do you mean that I was special back then?” you demanded. “I am still a special boxer.”

“You had an interesting premise going on,” the owner admitted. “Watching a small boxer defeat larger opponents is a good premise. It has that underdog feeling to it. However, it gets tiresome after a while.”

“Tiresome?” you repeated the word, sounding offended as you realized that people were getting bored with your matches.

“You didn’t think that you were going to keep going at it with your cute looks, didn’t you?” the boss made a sarcastically cute face before adopting his stern face. “Do something too many times, and it will become a cliché.”

“There’s nothing cliché about me?” you protested angrily as you forced yourself to stand up.

“Little guy beats up larger guy wit nothing but skill and determination,” the owner rolled his eyes. “It happens a lot in movies and shows. It’s amazing when it happens in real life, but eventually it comes back to being a boring outcome.”

“So you hired a larger fighter to defeat me?” you asked in outrage.

“Not just defeat you,” the owner shook his head. “I did some research and I found out that femdom is all the rage now.”

“Femdom?” you asked with a confused frown.

“It’s a short of female domination,” the owner explained.

“Are you telling me that you had me fight Kira just so that the fans could see some female domination?” you asked in horror.

“Yes,” the owner nodded. “Didn’t you hear the way that your fans were cheering. They loved to see you dominated.”

“You can’t do that to me,” you protested. “I quit.”

“You signed a contract,” the owner reminded you. “It says that you will be my fighter for five years. And I can make the most of it with you.”

“You’re saying that you’re gonna make a jobber for the reminder of the five years?” you asked in horror.

“Yes,” the owner stated. “In fact, I think that may be your new premise. I have to find you some new opponents to fight you. Fortunately, I have good recruitment agents. Your next matches will be all about the femdom.”

“You can’t do that,” you protested again.

“Can and will,” the owner told him. “But I got the perfect trainer for you to help you prepare for your submissive role.”

Your eyes widened as Kira makes her way into the room.

“Thanks for the debut, boss,” Kira chuckled as she stared at you with a hungry look.

“Prepare him for his next match,” the boss ordered as he opened the door and left.

“I will,” Kira sauntered towards you.

You wanted to escape, but you were too tired to move.

SQUEAK!

Kira sat on your bed, making sure to straggle your legs with her huge bottom. Her tail was wagging lazily as she was enjoying the power that she had over you.

“Let me give you a rehash,” Kira told you as she leaned forward so that her breasts were pressing on your face.

You were choking. Her breasts were large and powerful. Your face easily fitted between both of those large orbs

“There you go,” Kira relaxed as she felt your face sink into her bosom. “That will do. Just let me do all of the job.”

She moved her breasts back and forth as she used her large hands to play with her bust and then used them to hold your head in place and sink it in those feminine orbs of hers.

*I can’t breathe,* you thought desperately.

“That will be it for the breasts,” Kira sighed. “Since you are at the infirmary, I can’t go all out on you. But I can make sure that you are having fun.”

She stood up from your bed and then turned her back on you. This time around, you were facing her posterior. You knew what was going to happen. She was going to sit on you again.

“Wait,” you protested. “Stop that right now. HMMPH!”

Kira sat down on your face.

“You need to be quiet and submit,” Kira told him with an impatient frown. “A butt smothering is to show dominance. The resistance is good to impress the audience into thinking that you have a fighting spirit left to extinguish. But it barely is any fun if you have too little energy to fight back.”

You can’t hear her words. Your lungs are burning from her butt pressing on your facial features. You can smell her female scent through her shorts. You are about to pass out on her scent being the only thing that your nose can smell.

And then Kira stands up and lets you breathe again.

“Are you okay?” Kira crosses her arms and stares at you with a curious expression.

“I am not okay,” you grunted.

“Maybe I should give you a foot smothering,” Kira smirked. “It’s a bit basic, but it’s a classic that never dies.”

For the second time today, you watch as Kira lifts her enormous leg. She is showing you the pale fur of her paw. Four toes wiggle in anticipation.

PRESS!

You grunted as the weight of her paw was pressing on your facial features. It hurt a bit considering all of the punches that she gave you on the face, but she wasn’t putting too much pressure on your head.

“Ugh,” you grunted into her sole. She splayed out her toes so that you can see her smirking face.

“Normally one foot is enough because of my size, but you deserve a two-foot smothering today,” Kira smirked as she sat down again and sandwiched your face between her feet.

“Be gentle,” you told her as much as your squished face could say between the large pedal extremities of the brown canine.

“I know what I am doing,” Kira giggled as her toes were drumming on your scalp. Her soles were pressing on your cheeks, smooshing them and pressing them up and down. “You just relax and enjoy this. Think of it like a massage.”

You groaned as you surrender to the playful footwork of Kira. It was hard to tell how long she played with your face. You lost the ability to keep track of time because of the damage from the fight that was followed by the femdom training.

“There you go,” she declared as she removed her feet from your face. She gently used her hands to lift you so that your head was resting between her legs.

“Thanks,” you thanked her reluctantly.

“You’re welcome,” she playfully slapped your cheeks. “You better get used to all of this, champ. You are gonna be getting a lot of it from me and the other girls coming your way.”

“Fine,” you sighed with resignation. “Who’s gonna be my next opponent?”

“I think that’s a surprise from our boss,” Kira joked. “But he told me that I have many requests to face against other fighters.”

“Lucky,” you rolled your eyes sarcastically. You were a bit jealous because you never got challenge letters from your first victory.

“You got your own letters too,” Kira laughed. “There’s a lot of girls who want a piece of you, cutie.”

“Great,” you sighed and closed your eyes.

It wasn’t the perfect life that you wanted. But this was your life from now on. You decided to sleep again. You were going to need all of your energy to become the jobber that the girls wanted you to be. You just hoped that you could deliver the kind of performance that a professionals should give.

“Might as well get used to this,” you sighed and fell asleep on Kira’s belly, ready to experience her power the next time that you opened your eyes.