

The Contest: Final Round

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“TEAMS 4 AND 5, PREPARE FOR COMPETITION!”

“Whoo, boy, this is it, guys!” Echo said. “Let’s get out there and give ‘em hell!”

“Oh, my gosh, I’m so excited!” Cleo said, practically bouncing up and down. Apparently the cold bath had done wonders to reinvigorate her.

“Okay, we all know the plan, right?” Echo asked.

“Right!” the team chorused.

“Then I won’t belabor it. Everybody be ready to fight the hardest you’ve ever fought; this team is no pushover, but we can take them!”

“JUDGES, ARE YOU READY?”

Rocko felt himself tense and began reiterating to himself over and over, *Don’t get distracted. Be alert. Protect Halo.*

With the contest about to start, Cleo couldn’t stand still, and the more she tried, the more her mind filled with thought. *We are gonna crush these guys! I don’t know why Echo’s so worried; we’ve totally clobbered everybody—well, except for that one time where Echo got put out of commission and Rocko kinda fell down after that, but that’s totally not gonna happen again! I’m so excited! Just this one more fight, and then we get all of our gold! I love gold! I’m gonna melt it into wallpaper and just stare at the shininess for days! Ooh! I wonder what Echo’s gonna do with his? Ooh! Or Halo! I bet she and Rocko get together and make silent love together that goes something like, ‘Fuck!’ ‘Yes!’ ‘Fuck!’ ‘Yes!’ Their babies are gonna be so mute! Wait, was that cute? No, mute, silly! They’re not gonna say anything! That’s kind of like the opposite of me! I love to talk! And, oh, wait, oh, my gosh, am I still talking? It seems like I’ve been going on forever! Wait, I’m not talking; I’m thinking! But that doesn’t matter. Okay, game face!*

Cleo suddenly held very still, her body radiating fiercely focused energy.

Clobber, sans disqualification. Halo’s eyes narrowed.

Kimo glanced at her and took a deep, calming breath. *Get to high ground. Take six rocks. Eyes peeled. Eyes...peeled...*

“TEAMS, ARE YOU READY?”

Echo looked over his team, people he liked, respected, and had fought with for years, all of them ready to go into the hardest battle of their lives. He could feel their energy and determination. He couldn’t shake the nervous energy that coursed through him, but part of him was quietly confident; the battle was already over, and they’d won. He took a deep breath, smiled, and gave a thumbs-up to the attendant.

Coco looked at Echo. She could see him reading everybody’s expression, thinking through their final contest, and declaring the victor. She saw his look of confidence and smiled to herself: if Echo was confident, then he could already see the end of the fight. That meant he really thought the team had a chance and wasn’t just putting on a show. She prayed for his safety—for everybody’s safety—and set her jaw defiantly.

The air grew deathly still. Echo could practically hear his teammates’ hearts beat. Everybody—teams, audience, announcer, and judges—waited breathlessly.

The sun touched the horizon.

“BEGIN!”

Coco charged into the middle, and Kimo hurriedly climbed the boulder to the right while everybody else raced to hide behind it.

“Two down the middle!” Coco yelled.

“Leopard, home far!” Kimo cried, shocked at how fast the leopard had moved.

He quickly took aim and hit her between the eyes just as she leapt up onto the boulder. She didn’t have a chance, crumpled, and fell to the ground.

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"All right, Kimo!" Echo yelled. "Let's go, Rocko!"

He and Rocko charged out after Coco just as a coyote and gorilla rushed up to her. The coyote lunged for Coco's throat, but she quickly drove her elbow into his solar plexus. He took a step back to recover as the gorilla reached for her. She tried to dodge, but he managed to grab her by the fur and lift her up. To Echo's horror, the gorilla slammed her down to the ground.

"Coco!" Echo cried.

He and Rocko charged forward, but the coyote got in their way, holding them off from getting to her.

"Dibs!" Echo barked as he drove a punch into the coyote's gut.

Rocko grabbed the coyote, flipped him upside down, and held him while Echo delivered a dozen punches to his kidneys. The coyote whimpered and collapsed.

But it was too late to help Coco. Her face bloody and bruised from being flung at the ground repeatedly, she looked over and gasped weakly as Echo and Rocko rushed to her. Just as the gorilla swung her one last time, Rocko lunged at the gorilla, got his leg between his teeth, and snapped his jaws down hard. The gorilla dropped Coco and Echo caught her just as the gorilla fell down in a heap.

"You're gonna pay for that!" Echo snapped, rushing up to the gorilla and kicking him in the face over and over while Rocko held him immobilized.

"Y-yield!" the gorilla gasped, his face even more bruised than Coco's.

Echo and Rocko turned their attention back to Coco.

"Are you all right?" Echo asked urgently. "Can you still fight?"

Coco shook her head. "I've got at least two broken ribs, a dislocated shoulder, and can hardly breathe," she croaked. "I'm sorry, Echo."

"It's okay," Echo replied, holding her hand. "Just lie there. She yields!" he yelled.

As all of that was happening, a lion and a wolverine appeared in front of Halo and Cleo. Halo charged at the lion, and Cleo charged at the wolverine, both of them forgetting Kimo above and behind them. Meanwhile, a cheetah had seen Kimo's rock strike her teammate and had sprinted around the back of Kimo's boulder, out of sight. As Kimo aimed a rock at the lion's head, he suddenly felt himself thrown from the boulder, completely blind sighted.

"Assist!" he cried.

"Gotta go, Love," Echo said, kissing Coco's lips tenderly.

"Clobber them all," Coco replied as he took off.

He immediately saw what was going on: the cheetah was ripping and clawing into Kimo. He pushed his aching legs as hard as they would go and sprinted towards them.

"Rocko, get behind the cheetah!" he yelled.

"Confirm!" Rocko yelled back.

Cleo and Halo also heard Kimo's cry for help and quickly whirled on their combatants. But before they could move towards Kimo, the lion and wolverine got in front of them and began viciously driving them backwards. Cleo was shocked at the wolverine's dogged fighting style; it took everything she had just to parry his attacks. Halo, meanwhile, was getting irritated with the stupid lion in front of her who parried everything she had and didn't give so much as an inch.

"Enough of this," she murmured.

Claws extended, she began swiping furiously at his arms. The lion roared in discomfort and swung at her, narrowly missing her and unbalancing her next attack. She managed to recover and dodged his next swing, but as she came around for another attack, she blinked in confusion. The lion and wolverine had turned from both of them and were now engaged in fighting someone else!

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Echo never saw the ambush coming, though in hindsight, he would kick himself for it. He charged the cheetah and aimed his jaws at the arm that was still clawing at the wounded and bleeding orangutan. He gasped when she turned at the last second and aimed her claws right at him. He ducked just in time, only to feel something hard drive into his kidneys from behind.

What the...?!

He glanced over his shoulder to see the lion winding up for another punch. He shook his head and lunged at the cheetah again, grabbing her bicep in his jaws and biting down hard, interrupting her attack on Kimo.

He suddenly felt himself whirled around to face the lion.

"You *dare* ignore me?" the lion demanded. "I'll teach you some respect, wolf!"

Echo panted and looked around. He could see Halo and Cleo both in position behind the lion. He grinned.

"Hey, guys? Dibs."

He aimed a punch right at the lion's balls, and as the lion's eyes constricted in shock and pain, Halo reached over the lion, sunk her claws into his shoulder, and yanked him up over her backwards. He collapsed in a heap behind her, still too shocked to react as she and Cleo ganged up on him, Halo sitting on his stomach and clawing at his chest and face while Cleo bit at his calves until the lion roared out his surrender in agony.

"Yeah!" Echo cheered.

But a sudden, sharp pain in his side took his breath away. He gasped and collapsed to his knees as the wolverine waved, cocked back, and landed a blow to his temple.

Echo fell to the ground, out cold.

"Shit! Echo's down!" Rocko yelled.

"Dibs on the wolverine!" Cleo sing-songed back as she leapt forward.

Before anyone else could react, she had knocked the wolverine over on his back, yanked his arm up behind him roughly, dislocated his shoulder, bitten his other arm and ripped out one of the tendons, and finally grabbed him by the leg and flipped him over herself to slam him on the ground. He crumpled.

"Boy, when she calls dibs, she calls *dibs*!" Rocko said, shaking his head. "Hey, Cleo, save some for the rest of us!"

"Sorry, I guess I just had some left-over energy or something!" Cleo called back.

She grinned, and then she, Halo, and Rocko turned on the cheetah.

"Dibs," Halo growled, her eyes narrowing.

The cheetah's eyes widened as she saw the three of them advance on her. But not one to give up without a fight, she suddenly bolted, sprinting out between Halo's arms and racing toward the other side of the arena.

"Augh, why did it have to be a runner?" Rocko groaned.

"Um, hello? Feline!" Cleo replied, grinning.

"You can't outrun a cheetah," Halo said.

"I don't have to!" Cleo replied. "I just have to wear her out!"

Rocko and Halo glanced at each other and grinned. Cleo took off after the cheetah. The cheetah outdistanced her easily, but the half-second breaks she took for Cleo to catch up weren't enough. The audience roared with anticipation; they already knew she didn't stand a chance. Still, if she could just keep them all going long enough to cause a stalemate...

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She didn't see Rocko's fist as it materialized from behind one of the boulders. She plowed headlong into it at full speed as it rushed for her forehead, the impact driving Rocko backwards a couple of feet. She fell to the ground, stunned, but quickly shook it off and tried to get to her feet. To her dismay, Halo had her by the legs and wrenched them nastily. With a sickening crack, they dislocated, and the cheetah screamed out her surrender.

"TEAM FIVE IS THE WINNER OF THE TOURNAMENT AND THE NEW WORLD CHAMPION!" the announcer cried. "PLEASE REPORT TO YOUR CHAMBERS FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!"

Cleo and Rocko stood, stunned in disbelief as the audience roared in applause. Halo reached over, grabbed the crocodile, and pulled him into a fierce hug, kissing his lips. Rocko gasped but then melted, grinning toothily as he kissed her back.

"Aww! You two *are* so cute!" Cleo said, "But come on! We gotta get the others!"

They quickly spread out and flagged down some medics towing litters. Rocko carefully got Kimo onto a litter while Cleo took care of Coco. Finally, Halo and Rocko worked together to get the still-out-cold Echo loaded onto his litter. His eyes opened as they stepped back.

"Ungh," he groaned. "What happened?"

"Oh, nothing much," Cleo grinned.

"We won," Halo replied in her usual, succinct manner.

Echo blinked. "We—we won?!" he cried. "That's amazing news! Where's everybody else?"

He tried to sit up, but the medic firmly pushed him back down. "Just rest until we get you back to your chambers, Sir," he said.

"But Coco, Kimo...are they okay?" Echo pressed, trying to sit up again, only to be pushed back down by the indefatigable medic.

"Right here, Echo," Coco said, smiling and reaching over to touch his paw with hers. "We'll live."

Echo looked past her to see Kimo, his fur matted with blood but his chest rising and falling.

"I'm so sorry, Kimo," Echo said.

"Hey," Kimo replied, his breathing labored, "I may be down," he panted, "but I'm not out!"

"Way to go, team!" Echo cheered. "Sorry I was out for the last of it!"

"It's okay, Echo," Rocko joked, "If you weren't there to act as a punching bag for half their team, it wouldn't have been *nearly* as easy to take them all out!"

Echo was about to respond when the medics picked up their litters and began dragging them back to the team's chambers.

"Thanks, guys!" Cleo said when they arrived. "We'll take it from here."

The medics nodded and left, and the able-bodied teammates dragged the litters inside. They were about to push their teammates into the bath when Cleo suddenly looked up and gasped. Standing in front of them were four clothed tournament administrators, evidenced by the insignia they wore on their togas.

"Congratulations, Team 5," the one in front said, stepping forward. "It was a mighty victory you scored over Team 4. The audience really enjoyed your performance."

"Thanks!" Cleo said excitedly.

"Which of you is the leader?" the administrator asked.

The team moved aside to point at Echo, who blushed.

"I, uh, hate to claim that, given I got knocked out," he said sheepishly.

"It's no matter," the administrator said. "What matters is, you six can pick up your winnings at the bank anytime you like. Just take these orders for withdrawal."

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Two of the administrators behind him stepped forward and began handing out silk scrolls while the third followed them and placed medals around each of the contestants' necks.

"There's no hurry," the lead administrator said. "Take as long as you like to mend. Medical staff is on hand to help set bones or whatever else you may require."

"Thank you," Echo said, grinning ruefully. "We'll take advantage of that, then."

The administrators nodded and left, and all six got into the bath, leaving their medals and scrolls out of harm's way. Kimo winced as the water flooded into all of the deep claw marks. The others felt more relieved than anything as the water soothed their aching muscles. Echo sighed in relief as the pounding headache that had started the second he woke up abruptly ceased, driven away by the medicated vapor. With the new clarity left in the absence of the pounding headache, he went to Coco.

"You know what has to be done," he said regretfully.

Coco nodded. "Do it quickly," she replied.

"Sorry in advance," Echo said, stepping up behind her and yanking her shoulder back into place.

Coco's eyes bulged, and she panted in pain.

"Better?" Echo asked anxiously.

Coco nodded, but she couldn't speak, yet. Echo sat next to her and stroked her fur.

"I'm sorry we couldn't get there sooner," he said.

"It's all right, Love," she said, kissing him and wincing as her ribs complained. "We won, and we're all still alive!"

"And in one piece!" Kimo chimed in, the water having finally numbed his gouges and given him some relief from the pain.

Echo nodded slowly. "You guys all did a *great* job," he said, "and let's hear it for Cleo, Rocko, and Halo, who finished it without us!"

He, Kimo, and Coco all cheered, but then Cleo blinked and frowned.

"Wait, where *are* Rocko and Halo?"

They all looked around, but sure enough, the tiger and crocodile were not in the tub. Cleo poked her head out around the partition and grinned, her eyes widening at what she saw. She slowly turned back around.

"They're...um...busy," she chuckled.

Echo poked his head out and looked, then shook his head, grinning as he sat back down. "They'll be a while," he said.

Rocko and Halo pressed their bodies close together, feeling the heat of Rocko's stiff penis between them. They kissed passionately, stoking the fires of their arousal even further. After a whole day of fighting and holding off their passion for each other in the name of saving energy for the fight, they finally embraced the chance to let happen what would. Rocko lifted Halo off the ground, and she wrapped her legs around him as he pressed her back against the wall. Looking fiercely into each other's eyes, they didn't need to say anything to know that they both wanted the same thing. Rocko let Halo slide down the wall a little bit. Her labia, wet with excitement, wrapped around his prick and welcomed him in. Both of them gasped in pleasure as Rocko pressed all the way inside.

"What do you think?" Rocko asked.

"Fuck me," Halo replied breathlessly.

"Okay," Rocko grinned.

It would be almost an hour before they finished and joined the others, who cheered on seeing them.