

Rawk kept staring at the ceiling fan's continuous rotation. His head tilted ever so slightly in unison—feeling the minutes pass by as nothingness enraptured him. He could still feel the dying traces of fiery passion inside his chest, but it was just the aftertaste of something quick and rapid. He knew that it would fade away, and yet he still pushed on.

What was he expecting? For the eleventh fuck of the month to awaken something in him that the previous ten didn't? God, he was so *stupid*.

"You feeling okay, big guy?"

And he couldn't be mad at K either. It wasn't his fault—was it *anybody's* fault? Rawk couldn't really tell. The days passed by so rapidly that everything just turned into a boring blur. Retiring at such a young age was the dream of every other newbie that visited the Glitz Pit, and he—the only one who actually made such a fantasy real—had never felt life be so dry.

When he was asked to be the Glitz Pit announcer after Grubba was taken away, the last thing he expected was to find himself constantly consumed in constant boredom. Just screaming the names of people that he didn't know for an audience that no longer recognized him as a fearsome warrior, but just a famous face... what a miserable existence.

He was just another schmuck with a charming voice and unearned valor—the kind of person that he *hated* back when he was in his prime.

Breaking off his line of thought, Rawk finally replied. "Mhm." He mumbled. "Just tired."

"You always seem tired, though." K's eyes were filled with pity. He always had a bit of a baby face—his shades being the only thing that managed to circumvent that problem. Without them, he looked as boyish as a new Koopa recruit even this late in his life. "Is something bothering you? I won't tell."

His words were so sweet—*too* sweet. They were honeyed with overwhelming affection. Rawk wouldn't dare try to explain what was going through his mind—something that not even he understood—to a casual fling of all people. They were friends, but what did that mean in the grand scheme of things? Most of their bond was just because of familiarity. There wasn't anything of depth there—at least that was how Rawk saw it.

"It's just work. I think I'm gonna need to start taking some medication to keep going at it."

"Shit, really?" K exhaled—like letting out a breath that he had been holding in for quite some time. "Damn."

...*Was that all you had to say?* Rawk thought.

"Mhm." Turning away from K, Rawk tried letting himself succumb to sleep. "I'm gonna doze off. Tomorrow's a big day and I can't hype up the crowd if I'm tired..."

"Alright, but if you're feeling bad we can..."

K's finger glided down Rawk's body. By now, the trick had lost its luster—the only feelings it managed to inspire were discomfort and longing for the moment to be over.

"Maybe."

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"And that's it for the night! King K gave the Koopinotor a MASSIVE beatdown!" Rawk's throat *burned* as he cheered as loud as he could—his fake and most importantly *infectious* optimism spreading through the crowd—and the audience erupted into a giant wave of cheers. "He got RAAAAAWKED!"

People threw *everything* at him. Roses—money—someone even threw their *bra*. Their joyful ovations were deafening; his thoughts were drowned out by the ear-shattering volume. It made him feel *sick*. The constant cheering widened an already massive pit in his stomach with nothing to fill it in with. It was... *empty*.

"Thank you all for being such a wonderful audience! I'm gonna be here all week to see these chumps get RAWKED!"

As he waved to the audience, Rawk struggled to maintain his smile. By now he could walk backstage by muscle memory alone—moving backward to give fans just a few more seconds of eye contact. They loved being able to gaze at the mask; even if that was the only part of the costume he still wore, the sheer sight of it was enough to send all the hardcore fans screaming like rabid animals.

The overbearing stage lights slowly faded from view as Rawk entered the inner tunnels of the stadium. What he would give to make the opulence and glamour of the fighting ring feel *good* again. He wanted to be an entertainer—a *true* one—and not like the sad shell of his former self. To be compelled to *strike* out with everything he had instead of sitting in a puddle of his own mediocrity and being rewarded for it.

Now, to do his nightly ritual; sulking about how much his life sucked in the green room. He still had his 'costume' hung on a perch in case the press ever asked him to wear it again, although he dreaded the day that it would happen.

Could he even *fit* in it? He wasn't fat by any means—he could crush any overeager newcomer in the ring if he wanted to—but his hard rock abs had undoubtedly gained some... *padding* around them.

His midsection was still solid! Some interns daring enough to gossip when they thought he was out of earshot even called it a muscle gut.

This is stressing me out, but I can't throw it out either...

Rawk was about to slump down on his chair when he noticed something on the table. Between the copious amount of body spray cans and the cases for his contacts rested an envelope—Rawk's name written out in pink glitter ink with a heart after the K.

"I thought that I asked for no fanmail..." He muttered.

Rawk was already turning the shredder on by the time he noticed the seal of approval of the higher-ups—a spiny shell's silhouette made out of hot, melted wax.

First came anger at the thought that someone would be obsessive enough to try and pass off their fanmail as official documents. Rawk glared at the seal, trying to see how the fake looked before ripping it to shreds.

He twisted it up—left—up again—then right. There *had* to be an inconsistency, right? No way that the higher-ups would send him something this... *gaudy*. His eyes burned as the unfaltering gaze examined every *millimeter* of the seal.

"What the hell are those old farts thinking?"

Turning off the shredder and ripping the envelope up, Rawk felt his heart stop. The image of a half-naked, muscular Koopa was printed on a flashy purple flier stuffed inside. The electricity in the air paralyzed him. No matter how much his mind *shrieked* at him to look away, he found himself transfixed by the sultry reptile in front of him.

Everything—the ring, the stadium, the room—faded away as he looked at the Koopa in awe. Big horns, a blue mane around his head that traveled to his chest, and a smile full of confidence and something else that Rawk couldn't quite describe. Was this meant for *him*? It couldn't be, yet the taboo idea of it really being for someone of his caliber would not leave his head once it entered.

It was like a parasite—one that felt *really* good. The paper crumpled and morphed under Rawk's grip as he gathered the courage to start reading the note.

We're writing you from a place that no ordinary person in the Mushroom Kingdom knows about. You've earned a big privilege by reading this note. I'm sure that you must be confused about why someone like you is in possession of something so... scandalous, is what you'd call it?

You have hundreds of questions, don't you? Most of them probably revolve around how someone like you could be even associated with degenerates like us we garner. But we plead with you to have an open mind. You don't look quite happy with your current employment, so this could benefit you as well.

The jab felt like a knife carving through skin, hitting dead center at his heart. Still, he kept reading—eyes constantly wandering to the image of the Koopa on the side. What *size* was that speedo? Probably a few sizes too small if the dick outline was anything to go b—

"Focus. Focus." He reminded himself.

You've kept going in circles for... how long? Time is a fickle thing, really. I'm sure that you're probably seething in anger at all these accusations and callouts, but do not think of us as heartless. We write to you out of concern for both you and your untapped potential.

Rawk felt his heartbeat quicken. It felt like the author was right in the room with him—those letters on the page weaved into *whispers* that traveled directly up to his chest, wrapping around his heart like thorny vines flowing through lust-filled nectar.

*Do be assured that you'll make full use of your body. We'll help you utilize that potential that your **current** job is squandering. We won't make you leave it either, as we only operate during late nights and early mornings.*

No one will know anything.

-The Glam-Plank Galleon

That last word felt like a reassurance and a threat at the same time. Rawk wasn't *stupid*—The way the suggestive Koopa was posed on the page spelled it out to him. Most people would be outraged that a place like that would ask them to perform, but the last thing he was was shy about his body. Performing for years in nothing but a mask, boots, and a tight pair of shorts had eroded any kind of shame he could possibly have.

It was that very lack of shame that *frightened* him. He could perfectly picture himself amidst a ravenous crowd—excited cheers blaring through the club. It sounded natural to him; the new beginning he had been seeking for years.

And it wasn't like he'd be completely naked. From the few times that his friends had brought him to a strip club, the women nor the men were naked. *Almost*—only the bare essentials covered.

"That outline, though..."

Before he could delve further into it, Rawk turned his head at the door. A strong, brutal pounding was heard from behind it.

"RAAAAAWK!" It was the voice of one of the organizers. It was gravelly—a product of years' worth of nicotine coating in his lungs. "We're gonna have a beer with the guys! Do you want to come?"

Rawk glanced at the note again.

"No. I'm gonna be busy tonight."

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Even the interview office felt off. Rawk had to look at the floor at all times—away from the shower of neon signs plastered across the walls. Smoke from the smoke machines down the hallway peered from underneath the door, creeping around the room like ghastly wisps.

Maybe it was the adrenaline, but he was just only now beginning to wonder why he was asked to wear the uniform *before* the interview. It was eerily similar to his wrestling gear. The black leather boots were somehow *less* tight than his own, and the shorts tugged on his ass just like

his official pair. The leather masquerade still gave him that slight degree of separation and anonymity that he loved so much. It felt... homely. Very sexy too, but still homely.

"Mister Rawk? Are you still with me?"

The author was a Kremling; an ex-military of the Kremling army and still sporting a hulking frame in spite of his age. He still hadn't told Rawk his name, and the wrestler was too jittery to dare ask.

"If you need me to explain the terms again—"

"Yes. I'm just... thinking."

He kept repeating the number in his head. Pay so high should've set alarms off, but he had given the contract... how many reads? By now, Rawk had lost count, not just of how many times he had studied the document but how much time he had spent doing so. It all seemed too good to be true, but was it his gut being right? Or was he just used to the *slog* of the Glitz Pit?

The fact that his dick—*while limp*—was just barely contained inside the leather shorts didn't help. His superior being utterly clothed in comparison definitely didn't ease him either. Rawk couldn't tell if the suit-clad Kremling was aware of the *buckets* of sweat dripping down his muscled frame. Never before had he been so nervous, and the metaphorical trophy he had to show off after a fight was now a dead-set indicator of his newfound powerlessness.

"You don't need to ride the stage from day one." The Kremling clarified. "Some of our other dancers are going to host a meeting in the sauna next to our club later. How about you join them?"

"That... sounds nice, I guess," Rawk spoke less out of excitement and instead out of pure curiosity. "You're saying they're gonna be there soon?"

"They're already on their way. You could tag along if you left now..." The Kremling slid a piece of paper across the table—unbreaking eye contact sending electricity down Rawk's neck. "I'm sure they'd be more than happy to welcome a new member."

"Wait, so... I'm hired?"

"Yes! We'd be stupid to not know your worth as soon as you walked in. You got the job as soon as you put on the uniform. Plus, there are some other things too... but that can wait until your orientation."

His voice was an odd, unsettling mix of professionalism and raunchy speech that Rawk would expect from a former pirate. Was his... second boss—he'd call him that for now—keeping something to himself? The Glitz Pit higher-ups weren't a paragon of honesty either, but detachment was easier to handle than deception.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Don't you want to meet your co-workers?"

"I... I suppose."

“Excellent. You know what to do.”

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Rawk’s hand lingered on the doorknob. He had checked the text message many, *many* times. Every time he looked down, he thought ‘Gotta make sure it’s the right number’, even if it was the umpteenth time.

“Come on... It’s just like the Glitz Pit locker room. Nothing to be worried about.”

He was about to twist the doorknob when the door opened on its own. Rawk was pulled inside with his hand still gripping the knob. He didn’t realize that he was careening at the floor until he was already stopped—his fall interrupted by something that was firm yet soft.

“What the...” Pushing his hand into the surface, Rawk quickly realized that his fall had been cushioned by someone. “Oh, SHIT! Sorry!” He stumbled back outside, gawking at the man.

He was *massive*. Rawk was a pretty big guy himself, but he looked downright average compared to him. The entirety of his pink body was coated in a thick layer of fat—the massive ball gut in the middle the most standout part of his frame—while still having some clear muscle underneath it all. It was like having a layer of velvet around hard rock steel.

Of course, all of that was on the back of Rawk’s mind. The only thing to cover his bare body was a slim towel wrapped around his boulder-ish legs, and he was sure that the pig creature was wearing *nothing* behind it.

“So, uh...”

He let out a heavy huff from his nostrils, appearing to size Rawk up with his dull gray eyes. “You. You’re the new recruit, right?” He pushed his thick, rosy digit between Rawk’s chest.

Even with his pectorals covered, Rawk still felt naked at that moment. Confused and mildly flustered, he just let the larger man rub his finger between his pecs.

“You. Strong.”

Rawk let out a breath that had been stuck in his chest ever since he arrived. “Thanks! You’re strong too! My name’s Rawk Hawk. What about you, big guy?”

“Midbus.” He bluntly replied. “Come inside. We are in relaxation.”

Without waiting for an answer, the large man pulled Rawk inside the sauna—clothes and all. He was thrown into the middle of the room, almost slipping from the wet wooden floor underneath.

“Wait, I gotta...”

His words trailed off as the eyes of all the other dancers focused on him. Midbus was still bigger than all of them, but they were no slouches either. Their naked, damp bodies were

sculpted in all manner of attractive ways; slender and thin Dracos—bulky Koopas—Muscled out Hammer Bros. Those were just the ones that Rawk could describe at the top of his head. Almost naked men gawking at him as if he was prey certainly didn't help him think clearly.

"Oooh! Is that the new guy?" One of the Dracos asked. "Why'd you come here with clothes on? Don't you know that you're supposed to take them off before coming in?"

"I-I was *planning* to! It was just that—"

Midbus' hands reached behind him, fiddling around his chest. The pig's digits tenderly began undoing his button-up shirt—doing so with a celerity that Rawk thought impossible for someone of that size. He felt his legs press together in... not *fear*—it was something else he couldn't describe accurately in the heat of the moment—while everyone leaned in to watch.

"Wait aren't you... that wrestler guy?" One of the Hammer bros asked. His usually spiky hair was now damp, slouched over one of his eyes. "Dank Duck, I think?"

"Nono!" One of the Koopas interjected. He wasn't as fat as Midbus, but the overstretched nature of his shell was as clear as day. "That's not his name! Don't you guys know anything? Show some respect.

"Rawk Hawk," Midbus said. "That your name, bird boy?"

Rawk couldn't respond. There was a lump in his throat. *Stage fright*. He concluded—fists clenched as he felt his entire ego teeter on the edge of being shattered. *Just... focus*.

He closed his eyes; enveloped by darkness and the sound of whispers. He couldn't excel here... not if he tried coming in like a sheepish outsider. Just like when he entered the ring for the first time, he had to give it all.

Ring. Stage lights. That grimy floor where I spilled blood and sent teeth flying!

"Whatcha doing, eh?" Opening his eyes and turning around, Rawk hopped on his feet just slightly. *Just like talking to a heel... You can do this. This is a ring*. "If you wanted to check out your competition, all you needed to do was tell me!"

"Hm." That stoic expression of his finally changed—a smile that pushed out his tusks now painted across his face. "You were taking too long."

"You're too mean, Midbus!" The Dracon whined, springing up to his feet as his tail smacked against the ground. "Sorry about that, Rawk. He's just an old grouch."

"Choose your words carefully." The Hammer Bro chastised. "You don't want Midbus to sit on you again, don't you?"

"Hoho! Someone that knows how to use his size, I see." He made sure to puff his chest out—that his laugh was as hearty and booming as it could be. "I guess it's only fair I oblige to someone of your skill level."

By now, the sweat had clung caused his shirt and pants. This was like job practice—in a strange sort of way. His audience was not just ravenous men, but men with experience. If he could entertain them, then he'd have no trouble putting on a show every night.

Show time.

The sweat-drenched clothes dropped to the ground with a tiny *splash*. Now clad in nothing but his shoes and jockstrap, Rawk wasn't going to slow down. No—it was time to double down. Making sure that Midbus was watching, he struck a pose; legs together—back set up straight—arms tensed up to show off his well-built muscle.

“Sorry to show off, but just couldn't resist!” Rawk mockingly said. “Gotta make sure that my bod's up to speed so I can *rawk* some guys.”

A cascade of giggles erupted from the Draco's mouth, tiny claps made. He kicked his legs just as a lovesick high school with a crush would do. “Wow, the boss really knows how to pick 'em! You're the spice that we've been needing for such a long time.”

“Oh, am I?” Stretching his arms upwards—fingers interlocked with each other—Rawk granted everyone a clearer look at his arms and pits. Yellow fur tufts propped outward with sweat dripping down from them. “Thanks! Guess I just got that *talent*. I'm suited for the stage!”

He twirled around—his bare ass exposed to the sauna goers. A rush of whispers and excited gasps filled the room. “I love my squats, as you guys can see!”

“You do?” Midbus circled the posting hawk, carefully observing his body. “That's good. We're about to go on a show soon. How about you join us?”

“Hm?” His bravado waned for a second. An impromptu show? This quickly? He shook his head, puffed his chest out yet again, and stood proud. He'd figure it out on the fly. “Well, why didn't you say so? I'm totally up to tagging along!”

“That's great, man!” The Hammer Bro stood up—a large plastic bottle in hand. “It's really good that you came in at this time. The show's gonna be at the building next door, and we have to arrive early...”

“So we have to make sure we're all set by the time we pass through those doors. That club doesn't have a green room, unfortunately...” Despite the whiny tone of his voice, the Koopa was clearly on board just as everyone else.

“What are you guys planning, eh?” He could feel that same thrill for showmanship that he had been looking for simmering in the background. This was it. Biting his lip, he intentionally remained still as he allowed the strippers to surround him. “Is this some sort of... hazing? Not the first time that I've gone through some if you all need to know...”

“It's just standard practice, new guy!” The Draco scooted close to Rawk—slim digits running all over the hawk's sculpted chest. “We gotta make sure that we look good on stage!”

Rawk returned the favor, gently moving his hand down the Draco's side all the way to his thigh. "Well, what are we waiting for?"

"That's the attitude I like to hear!" The Hammer Bro squeezed the bottle, a large clump of body oil squirting all across his palm. He began to rub it across his shell and scaly arms, his frame gaining a glistening shine that reflected the dim lightbulb above him. "The customers love it when we put on this stuff."

"And are you sure that the customers are the only ones who love it?" Rawk motioned for the Hammer Bro to hand him the oil bottle. "I mean, I sometimes dabbled in using lotion when wrestling outside of the ring. Makes things more..." His finger twirled as he began rotating around, picking a target. "*Interesting.*" It landed directly on the Koopa's chest, earning a face-wide blush from him.

"W-well, *maybe...* But!" The Koopa fiddled with his fingers before yanking the bottle away from the Hammer Bro before he could give it to Rawk. "That just means that we get to look better! I'm sure someone like you can understand wanting that..."

With a childish pout on his face, the Koopa began to drizzle the oil all across his body. Everyone—Rawk *especially*—stared with awestruck expressions painted on their dumbfounded faces as he *ravenously* rubbed the substance all across his body. Even the small crevices of his shell that formed around his muffin top were thoroughly covered. The Koopa quickly moved to his legs, 'accidentally' pushing up his towel as he rubbed the oil around his calves and thighs.

*Oh this is **way** better than any old locker room...*

"Come on, don't be greedy!" The Draco whined, stealing the bottle away from the Koopa. "And we haven't even asked Rawk if he was fully in." His slit eyes lit up—ruby-red glory on full display. "Are you in?"

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The stage lit up. Rawk swore that he could spot some of the Glitz Pit regulars in the audience, yet they had no idea of who he was with him being at the very back of the ensemble. Their hunger wasn't from brand loyalty or familiarity. It was *carnal*—a craving that would take anything as long as it culled it.

Businessmen—College guys—football stars—unemployed drunkards; all of them shared the insatiable, greedy desire to see chiseled gods filled with lust dancing in front of them. Not just him—but everyone else that stood beside him—was happy to oblige.

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"Hell yeah, I'm in! I thought the answer was already obvious!" With a cocky grin, he lifted his arms up and struck a pose yet again. The childish glee that erupted from the Draco was like honey to him. "Of course, I can only do that if you all help me integrate... care to help a newbie get acquainted with how everything rolls around here?"

The Draco nodded. "Of course!"

“Thank you, uh...”

“Draegan!” The Draco smiled. “And here, turn around... I need to rub it on your back.”

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The thong just barely fit around his legs and groin. The standing ovations—not tainted by the filter of public decency—were filled with words that he had only heard from the dirtiest heels in bed. He at first bit his beak and swallowed his words, but this wasn’t like the old ring. The people around him didn’t want someone to look up to—they wanted someone who’d lower himself to their level.

“Mhm, want some private action?” Rawk lowered his wing and *slapped* his ass as hard as he could. Eyes were drawn to him—some even trying to prevent their own hand from digging into their pants and failing. “How about you give a *real* man some respect and give me more than five dollars, eh?” Pulling on the end of his thong, he let it *snap* back into place. “If you’re gonna crank it, you might as well pay the guy making you cum well...”

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“Mmhm, you got good hands, kid.” Rawk practically *purred* as he felt those petite hands work on his back muscles. “What about the rest of you? You got any names?”

“Hans B.” The Hammer Bro bitterly replied, hovering around Dreagan with a scowl that was trying its *hardest* to not morph into a reluctant smile. “You got some spunk for a newbie.”

“Newbie here. I know any stage like the back of my hand.” Rawk boasted with confidence. “And hey, I’m technically the one that’s the most exposed here. What’s up with the towels? Ashamed that you’re not going to measure up? Cause I’m *flaccid* with how little skin I’m seeing.”

Hans’ mouth finally curved up—his palm landing on his cock almost immediately as he made a piss-poor piss attempt to hide it.

“Alright, guess I gotta prove my seniority over here.” Dropping his towel to the ground and kicking it behind him, Hans made sure to arch his pelvis forward. His cock dangled from his groin—five inches while limp and uncut. The crackling tension in the air made keeping it down hard, though. “That good enough for you, rookie?”

“More than good, *hombre!*” Rawk cheered, striking a thumbs up.

“Stay still!” Dreagan whined. “Gosh, there’s just so *much* of you.”

“Oh, can’t handle the Rawk?” He teased. “Maybe you need an extra set of hands to cover all of me then!” Cocking his head to the side, he locked gazes with the still-silent Koopa. “Yo, what’s your name?”

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“See? Was that so hard, *boy*?” Rawk placed the fifty dollar bill between his thigh and the thong. He winked at the man, cocking his face up with his finger underneath his jaw. “Good on you for making a guy feel welcomed...”

“T-thank you...” The wolf muttered. The cushioned seat underneath him broke, stuffing spilling out as his claws ripped it open. A massive, leaking tent pushing up against his shorts as pulled in his hands further. “Uh...”

“My name?”

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“I asked you what your name is, man!”

“My name’s... Kuldev.” He shyly replied with a low voice. “I’m usually more confident on stage! It’s just that when I’m with you guys, I can’t help but... ugh...”

Midbus snorted—the only noise he had made for the past few minutes. “Fanboy. Whiny, but cute.”

“I’m *not* whiny—”

“YEAH!” Grabbing the oil bottle, he quickly slathered it all across himself—much to Dreagan’s disappointment. With a powerful *smash*, Rawk slammed his feet into the wall—mere inches to the right of Midbus’ face. His groin hovered the pig’s face as he leaned in closer, feeling Midbus’ breath on his face. “No one calls a pal of mine whiny!”

“Is that so?” Midbus stood up, towel cast to the side. His erect cock was even longer than Hans’, now starting to leak just slightly. “What do you do about it, Rawk Hawk?”

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“You don’t need to worry about that for now...”

“RAWK!” Midbus called out, wiggling his finger to call him closer. “Customer wants some double action.”

“On a minute!” He yelled, then turned to the still-quivering wolf. “If you want to know more about the man behind the mask, aftershow hours are still part of my shift...”

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Rawk didn’t know what he was doing. He just moved without any rhyme or reason, pulled by the overwhelming lust coursing through him. His jockstrap pushed outward by his tenting cock, sultry moans parting his lips as he continued to passionately make out with Midbus. Maneuvering his beak around the pig’s tusk was cumbersome, but it was worth it.

Rawk loved how *massive* Midbus’ tongue was—smothering his own under the difference in weight.

Rawk's tongue rubbed against the bottom of his own mouth while Midbus just went deeper and deeper—mannish, large hands dug into his shoulders to be pulled in further.

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The crowd threw in money with wild abandon as the two of them continued to kiss on stage. Their coveting hands explored every inch of their naked, shiny bodies. Both of them squeezed their tight, firm rumps to force moans out of the other. It was a game to get the other to break first. Through libido-ridden muffles and greedy grabs, they put on a *show*.

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“G-guh!” Rawk leaned back, breaking the kiss for some air. He shook his head, putting on a cocky face as he panted on Midbus' face. “How's... *that* for an initiation?”

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“Mmhm... you **REALLY** are a natural...” Midbus moaned in between sloppy tongue twisting.

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“You're damn right,” Rawk said, tugging the sides of his jockstraps and throwing them to the ground. “Now, how about we all have some fun before going to work?!”