

Deep underneath an abandoned warehouse where all metallic materials were stored, there was a octagonal ring with fences surrounding the mat. There were at least a hundred spectators, observing the ring. The florescent lights from the ceiling provided enough visibility for the many fans expecting to see the fighters come into the ring.

Time passed before the crowd cheered as one fighter made his appearance. A golden retriever strolled steadily through the crowd, wearing a hooded sweatshirt, red fighting trunks, and black fighting gloves. Fans patted his back in admiration, feeling his magnificent physique underneath their finger tips. The golden fur gradually glistened underneath the light, detailing his muscles. One of the staff members wore a T-shirt with the words "Dog Fights" embroidered as he allowed the big dog enter the ring. He stopped him in his tracks and whispered in his ear. "Good luck Myles. Big fan. Hope you win." The dog nodded and patted his shoulder.

The attendant took the hoodie sweater away from the dog fighter. One of the most highlighted details about the golden retriever was that his muscles was truly a magnificent view, making all the viewers desire his body. His fingers were joined to his forearms which curved his biceps to his shoulders and making a dip downward towards his pecs. Broad shoulders and a V-shape torso helped define his figure. Knees were covered with golden fur down towards his shins and foot-paws. His hair was tied into a pony-tail.

The cage door clicked close behind him. The golden retriever shadow-boxed himself and kicked the air to get his circulation.

His loosening up was interrupted by another set of cheers echoing throughout the facility. Ahead of the dog was a species, rare to be seen in sight. A wolf/cheetah mix, wearing a sleeveless hoodie to cover his physique. He was energetic from what the dog could tell. His opponent entered the ring promptly as he walked through the threshold into the cage.

The hybrid pulled off his shirt to reveal his build. It was similar to Myles but heavier in the midsection, revealing his pack. He wore blue trunks with black inlines across the sides. His tail was the most interesting part. It was long and curved like a cheetah's but had a wolf's fur design of having two layers. His hair was combed back to reveal a hair-style that proved stylish and revealed his suave attitude. There was a bit of tan at each strand of fur that made his facial appearance attractive. He jumped in place lightly, bouncing his pecs as he loosened up before the match. While he jumped, the fluff around his neck waved through the air and had a tan and reddish brown fluff to it as well.

He paused and snickered at his opponent. Both approached each other, exchanging scowling looks as a skunk referee intervened between them. The referee was slender, wearing a black and white shirt with black latex gloves. His tail was taller than his height as it curved from his tailbone all the way to the end, with black and white layers. His orange eyes glanced at both fighters, motioning with his hands to have them move closer to each other.

They did so and both the dog and hybrid bared their teeth and looked straight in the eyes but their stares weren't a death stare. It was more timid than that. The referee explained the rules to them.

“All right, no kicking below the belt and no illegal poking in the eyes with the fingers. There will be three rounds, each round being 5 minutes each. I expect a clean fight from you both. Touch gloves.”

They did before they returned to their corners, loosening up before the match begun. Myles squatted down and bounced quickly to get his quads loosened up while the hybrid jumped before turning around to face Myles. His auburn eyes stared at his opponent which Myles exchanged looks, waiting for the bell to toll.

Moments later, the bell rang and both fighters met in the middle of the octagon. Both got into their strategic defense maneuvers. Myles kept his fists close to his face while he played it safe. Time was ticking away and someone shouted, “Make a punch already!” And without further ado, Myles threw a left jab towards the hybrid's face, who deflected the strike and countered it with a right blow to the body.

Myles braced his abs for impact, assuming the hybrid's strength was similar to his. The golden retriever was going to be in one hell of a beating if he didn't utilize the situation at hand. He used his strength to put up to the test and pinned his opponent against one of the fence walls, putting the hybrid's back against it.

His body pressed on top of the hybrid, letting their muscled bodies be felt by the other's opposing force. Myles kneed his sides while the hybrid's paws tried pushing him away from him. The golden retriever pressed himself, using his strength to pin him against the hybrid. The wolf/cheetah mix threw a couple jabs across the head, hoping to have loosened his grip on his body.

The golden retriever used his judo techniques to trip the hybrid and toppled him and punching him while pinning to the mat. The crowds cheered loudly as the two fighters fought rigorously. The hybrid sustained the hits and received cuts along his left cheek as Myles' fist made contact. Myles did an excellent job keeping his opponent down and landing the strikes as necessary as possible.

The next move the dog did not anticipate. The hybrid wrapped his arms around Myles and turned the tables on the situation. The hybrid threw him over his shoulder, pinning down the dog and straddling him with his crotch on top of his, landing punches across the face and chest.

Myles kept his fists up and returned the jabs when opportune moments presented themselves. Their strikes landed across their faces, and bruises were planted on the chest and the sides. Sweat dripped from their bodies, soaking into their fur as they threw punches towards each other.

Crowds roared with excitement as the fight got intense in the first round, with some people making bets on who would come out victorious. Betting windows were made that the golden retriever was going to win, but others placed their bets on the hybrid. So, it was all a matter of chance.

Myles wrestled his opponent, throwing hook shots across the muzzle which the hybrid's mouth trickled with blood and a cut was on his lip. The hybrid tried his best, blocking the shots but the golden retriever proved stronger by pummeling his defenses with his judo techniques.

The hybrid laid across his body now while he leaned in and spoke into Myles' ear. "My name's Tyrese. Meet me outside the warehouse after the match."

Myles grew estranged by his words but no time to think about it right now. The golden retriever fought against Tyrese's power while throwing punches across his face. Tyrese's bled a small amount of blood coming from his nostrils. He snarled and out of desperate need, he threw multiple punches on Myles' midsection.

The golden retriever took some heavy hits from Tyrese as his mind was fatigued with what was going on, causing him to take some heavy damage. With that powerful act from the hybrid, that marked the end of round 1. Multiple bells echoed throughout the open space, the referee intervened, and both fighters returned to their respective corners.

This proved to be a worthy fight for all the audience to witness. Both fighters panted heavily and sighed before round 2 begun momentarily. Myles thought it was time for him to incorporate some kicks into his repertoire.

The bell struck for round 2 and the two fighters drew close to the center with their punches being exchanged between each other, getting hit in the arms. Myles pressed forward, smothering his chest onto the hybrid's. Tyrese growled in pain as he felt the damage from Myles' attacks. The golden retriever's fists landed Tyrese's sides before finding a moment to clench onto his wrist and return the blows dealt to him. Then, Myles kicked Tyrese's side while grabbing his wrist to secure him in place. Tyrese jolted to the right as the kicks proved deadly as his sides grew weaker as the strikes got more powerful.

Finally, he lowered his fist and gave an uppercut up Tyrese's dark brown scruff. He jerked his head back, blood trickling down his maw before he spat the blood mucus onto the mat.

"Heh, nice one." Tyrese snickered as he pulled back his right fist and threw a powerful hook shot across Myles' face. The golden retriever's nostrils shot out blood and trickled from his maw as well. His feet tried to keep him stable but Tyrese lunged forward against him, grappling him and putting the pressure on him towards the fence wall, throwing side punches to weaken his torso.

Myles hardly kept his focus on his opponent as he felt his torso taking severe hits before taking a fall onto the mat. The referee interjected after Tyrese pummeled his sides before the skunk mustered strength to break the fight and the bell rung, declaring the fight was over.

Boos and cheers echoed throughout the warehouse. Myles mustered enough strength to get up from the mat, keeping himself focused. The golden retriever hadn't been defeat in a while but he respected Tyrese for keeping himself constrained throughout the fight.

After announcing the winner, Tyrese extended his paw at Myles and he accepted it. Tyrese gave him a hug and patted his shoulder, before letting himself go. This was something that Myles didn't expect. He whispered in his ear after the crowds began to disperse. "Remember, meet me outside the warehouse. We have things to discuss."

Myles raised an eyebrow towards him regarding this secret meeting. "What sort of things?"

The hybrid turned and waved towards him. "You'll find out. But first, get changed into something comfy." He took his leave and fans that stayed exchanged words and pictures, even some asking for autographs. The golden retriever turned around and went back to his locker room to get changed. He placed his paws on his cheeks as he still felt the blood inside. "That guy's good."

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After the fight was over, Myles wore a compressed black T-shirt and jeans, showing off his rump. He did the best he could to rinse out the blood from the mouth. The pain died off but it was still a bit unbearable. Myles reclined against the steel door, waiting for his meet-up with Tyrese.

His eyes surveyed the surroundings but no sign of the hybrid anywhere. Whatever the case was, it sure better be important. The golden retriever walked around in circles to keep himself moving. After some time has passed, Tyrese approached him, walking casually in a T-shirt and shorts. Myles had to admit that the hybrid was cute with the hair pulled back and his auburn eyes glancing at him.

"All right, I'm here. What did you want to talk to me about?" Myles asked once Tyrese was in range.

"Well, I need to know if you're drugged. So, what I'm asking you to do is kiss me."

Myles blinked numerous times, being dumb-founded and lacking the words to respond to that. "Uhh, wha?"

Tyrese grabbed Myles' shirt and their muzzles met. Their lips were pressed against each other, and the hybrid moaned pleasurably as he felt Myles' breath down his throat. The golden retriever moaned loudly as he felt his lips but suddenly lowered his guard, taking it in the pleasure kissing his former opponent lovingly. Their paws wrapped around each other's bodies with their finger pads, caressing and rubbing each muscle that their nerve joints can touch.

The hybrid's paws slowly crept underneath the dog's shirt, feeling the tense abs while they were making out. Myles let out a deep moan, closing his eyes as he took in the rubs of another male's paw going through. Tyrese made the moves on him, pulling off the dog's shirt as he felt his broad pecs, moaning himself.

Myles felt the sudden chill of wind against his topless body as he pulled Tyrese closer, tilting his muzzle to kiss the hybrid. Tyrese's paws went lower, rubbing the golden retriever's muscular rump underneath his jeans. The golden retriever's paws caressed Tyrese's hips, feeling that V-shape torso, kissing passionately as they made out privately.

Moments later, they broke the kiss and Myles glanced at Tyrese, who licked his lips after that make-out. "God damn, you're a good kisser Myles. I'll kiss you more often and I won't even ask for permission."

"Likewise," Myles said, softly grinning before he cleared his throat. "Cut to the chase. Why did you say you needed to check if I was drugged by kissing me?"

Tyrese tucked his paws into his pockets and glanced at him. "There's some crazy shit going down. Crazy drug lord is trying to get us, getting money for himself, and monopolize the fighting industry with this drug."

"What the fuck? You shitting me?" Myles asked.

"Nah, dog. I don't know what this drug does but I got a buddy who's a detective. He lays it out for us back at the gym I go to."

Myles crossed his arms across his chest and nodded his head. "Gotcha. So, why me?"

Tyrese walked closer, closing the gap and spoke to him quietly. "I want you to join our investigation and get to the bottom of this."

The golden retriever shook his head while glancing at him sternly. "What's in it for me?"

Tyrese grinned as he handed over his compressed shirt and replied while the golden retriever took the shirt. "Well, you will have full access to the gym and fights that might interest you. You don't have to worry about getting the payments that you need to live by. We have a network across the city for you to look into."

Myles nodded, stroking his scruff under his chin. “That’ll definitely take a load off my shoulders.”

The hybrid grinned, wagging his tail as Myles thought about the process. “You’ll get your own living quarters and access to the gym is free. Plus, lots of hot guys around, if you’re into that sort of thing.”

Myles scoffed, pressing himself closer and letting his bulge touch Tyrese’s. “Hell yeah, I am. I ain’t no straight guy.”

“Haha, I got ya.” Tyrese smiled and returned the gesture before letting out a sigh. “Well, if you feel like coming over tomorrow morning, you can. Check out the place and all.”

Myles nodded curtly. “Yah, I’ll get my stuff together and shit. Who do I talk to when I meet your gym tomorrow?”

“Talk to Marco at the counter. Don’t be intimidated by his appearance. He’s gruff but he’s overall a nice guy.”

“Kay then. See you tomorrow.” Myles grinned and gave Tyrese’s ass a slap before he took off. The hybrid gasped as he got spanked, but his face flushed a bit as he walked off. Tyrese took off in the other direction as well with a gym bag over his shoulder. ‘Well, that was something...’

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The hybrid walked through the single glass door into the gym and saw a burly tiger, wearing cargo pants as he flipped through a magazine of fighting articles throughout the US.

The tiger jerked his head up as Tyrese walked through the door. “Yo Ty, what up? How was the match-up with Myles?”

The hybrid approached the counter with both paws on the counter and stared blankly in his eyes. “I got him good, but I’m surprised he hasn’t really given up after the first round.”

“Oh yeah? Well, he’s supposed to be one of the best fighters around, with you leading the top.” The tiger said as he flipped through the pages nonchalantly.

“Damn right I am, Damian,” he commented while glancing at the magazine before asking the feline a question.

“Are you sure you’re not going to be wanting to sleep with him?” Damian stopped in his reading, glancing at the hybrid with his green eyes.

Tyrese found it hard to look at them, and giving an honest answer. "I'm not THAT crude. At least I do it with some class."

"Well, that wasn't the case with some of the guys you've slept with after your fights."

Tyrese shook his head, being in denial. "Yo shut it, man. You don't know me."

Damian realized he pushed his buttons a bit and backed off. He now spoke in a calm manner.

"Sorry bruh. Just curious about your actions and all. So, have you fallen for him?"

The hybrid couldn't say for he didn't know himself. All his past relationships were bad that he didn't want to discuss them. He remained silent for a couple seconds before moving onto the subject at hand. "So, where are we in our investigation?"

"From what I've heard, our guy Scott has the low down on the situation. He'll want to speak to us tomorrow night regarding the matter."

"Awesome," Tyrese said as he went to the vending machine next to Damian, fetching himself a bottle of water. "Could you tell Marco that Myles will be moving in tomorrow when ya see him?"

"He's coming here? I wonder what you did to get him to join our gym."

"I told him that we would organize the fights for him. Easy as pie."

Damian let out a soft chuckle, before closing the magazine and going over to the doors to lock them. "Well, you sure know how to get your men to come join us."

Tyrese grabbed his stuff, holstering it over his shoulder with his back turned towards the tiger. "All in the mind, Damian." Tyrese said as he pointed to his head and smiled. "In any case, I'm going to hump my bed so keep an eye on things here until Marco comes in."

"Will do. Don't fantasize about your lover now." He chuckled before Tyrese disappeared into the hallway. The hybrid glanced down at his phone for any messages. There was nothing for him. He tucked his phone away into his pocket and moved his jaw, still feeling sore after that uppercut Myles landed during the fight. His body turned to the left and opened the door to his room. He placed his bag on the floor next to his wooden desk and phone on his night stand.

Tyrese pulled off his shirt and took off his pants, leaving only his underwear on him. He laid down on his bed, with the blanket over himself. His eyes stared at the ceiling, wondering about the fight and Myles. The hybrid couldn't shake off the feeling that he had an initial attraction to the golden retriever.

Not only was he a strong fighter, he was handsome and wonderfully sculpted. He loved those types of males who had strong appearances in both mind and body. Tyrese noted that Myles was not one to give up easily for he was one who would find ways around the situation to make them work in his benefit.

He wondered if he was too rough on Myles. However, him having emotions and feelings for him was something he couldn't be honest with himself. For now, he admired Myles for his strength and that's all there was to it. He kept himself focused while ignoring the love interest he had in mind. Perhaps he needed rest after the fight. He closed his eyes and went soundly asleep. Tomorrow was going to be a busy day.