**Street Sex Fighting**

**Sakura’s first Combat**

The day was sunny and warm. It felt nice and cozy. Quite the start for what was surely going to be a nice fun day. Hough Sakura didn’t expect anything too exciting, perhaps she was wrong.

Sakura walked without a worry, she had more than enough time to make I to school, on the way there, she was joined by her friend, Ibuki.

* Sakura! Hey what’s up!
* Ibuki, hah just hobbling o school — She posed her eyes on Ibuki’s face — I know that expression, something interesting is going on?

Ibuki grinned.

* Well, you can say that again, because this is huge!
* Huge uh? Won some money or something?
* Hah, not exactly but I might just win — She winked.
* Uh? Show me already, what do you mean?
* This!

Ibuki held her smartphone in front of Sakura’s face.

* It’s a competition, a sex competition o be more precise.

Sakura blushed.

* Ehhh? Wh-what are you talking about?
* Heh nothing out of this world. A sort of competition to see who is the best at sex at school, and you know, get bragging rights and all that.
* Just what…

Sakura facepalmed.

* That doesn’t sound like the most thrilling prize.
* Uhm I don’t know, I mean, being the best at sex, it is a big title isn’t it? — Ibuki winked at her again — Besides, getting there will be fun for sure, if you get what I mean.

Sakura sighed.

* Yes I get it! But just having random sex for the sake of a grading or sorts? Hah no thanks, I have better ways to occupy my time you know.
* Really? Well, suit yourself, I’ll be all over this.
* Seriously? You’ll have to suck more than a few cocks for this to work you know?

Ibuki shrugged.

* I mean I’ll get to know more people.
* Sure, you will.
* Hey, at least you’ll be cheering me on, right?

Sakura scoffed and laughed. She would not be able to change Ibuki’s mind.

* Yeah I guess I will, hope you don’t end up embarrassing yourself.
* Oh, how mean of you!

Between laughs, the pair finally arrived at school. With plenty of time to still hang out around before class started. There, they saw their friends. He girls were chatting for a while when someone else approached them. Sakura turned around and rolled her eyes.

* Ugh it is you —
* Oh, hi little twerp, yes, it is me, should be honored to see me really.

Smiling before them was Karin, with her usual overly confident attitude.

* Sup Karin — Greeted Ibuki.
* Good morning ladies, I suppose you all have heard of the competition already?
* Oh, not you with this too! — Sakura facepalmed.

Karin crossed her arms and grinned.

* So, you have heard about it, I figure you are all going to participate?
* You bet I will, lots of fun to be had uh? — Ibuki said with a thumbs up.
* Count me out — Sakura replied crossing her arms — As I told Ibuki before, I am not up for having wanton sex for some competition.

Karin giggled.

* Well, that’s probably for the best — She said with a grin.

Sakura squinted as she looked a Karin smiling.

* For the best for you uh? After all, there’s no way you’d be able to beat me — She said returning the confident smile.
* Oh please, we both know you’ll lose, and is not even because you wouldn’t be able to bead me, but let’s be realistic, who would want to fuck you?

Karin laughed in a haughty way as she left Sakura in the dust with that response. Even Ibuki couldn’t but contain her laughter. Sakura growled.

* Oh whatever, I’ll show you then, I’ll compete and do absolutely better than you! — Sakura challenged.
* Alright that’s the spirit — Ibuki cheered.
* Oh please, do better than me? with that flat look?

Sakura blushed.

* Better than looking like a antique doll like you grandma.

Karin grimaced.

* Oh I’m going to destroy you little twerp.
* Come and try, you plastic doll!
* I’ll show you who breaks like plastic!

Ibuki just watched in the sidelines but before anything happened, the bell rang. It was time for them to hear to class. Karin backed down and lashed her hair back.

* Hah well, the bell is not going to save you in the competition — She said confident as she walked away.

Flustered Sakura walked away as well.

* One day I’m going to just clobber her — She said in anger.

Ibuki smiled amused.

* I’m sure you will — She said trying to keep her calm.

As the day progressed, Sakura couldn’t but think about what she had gotten herself into. This whole sex competition, what did it even mean?

Just having sex with people, trying to do it “better” or “defeat them” It was just so weird to think about. And what guys would she have to fuck on the first place?

She looked around. Did she really wanted to fuck any of her classmates?

Suddenly the words of Karin resonated in her head.

*“but let’s be realistic, who would want to fuck you?”*

She crushed the paper in her hand in anger. Oh, she would teach her. But once the emotion passed, she sighed again.

Even if someone did want to fuck her, did she wanted to just go around fucking?

*“Ugh, all for his dumb contest”*

It was so annoying. Finally, the day ended, she wasn’t sure she had paid attention at school at all. As she walked home Ibuki joined her.

* You seemed pretty distracted today

Sakura smirked.

* You think?, kind of a big deal we got ourselves into.

Ibuki just smiled.

* Just relax, it’ll be fun. Speaking of which…
* Uh? Another great idea?
* Well, you are confused as to how to start right?

Sakura shrugged.

* Guess that’s clear.

There was a silence for a while until they arrived to Sakura’s home

* Well… — Ibuki started.

Suddenly Ibuki took her by the wrist and pulled her towards Sakura’s room, closing the door.

* Hey! What’s the big idea? — Asked Sakura.
* Well, you know, the rules of the contest never say we have to fuck someone of the opposite sex only…
* Uh? — Sakura blushed — I…you…

Ibuki smiled.

* You got the idea right. I’ll gladly be your first opponent you know…making things easy…
* Ibuki I…

Before Sakura could say anything, Ibuki got close and planted a deep kiss on her. Their tongues beginning to swirl together. They made out for a few minutes before separating. Sakura Grinned.

* So, this is why you wanted me to enter the competition uh?

Ibuki just bit he lip and smiled looking at her.

* Come on, should I give you any advantages?
* You think I need them?

Sakura pulled Ibuki as they both fell on the bed. Ibuki moved her hand towards Sakura’s ass, grabbing and squeezing it. She then moved her face towards Sakura’s neck, kissing her. Sakura moaned.

The short-haired girl didn’t jus stay behind however, her fingers moved down towards Ibuki’s crotch. She started caressing Ibuki’s pussy through her panties.

* So wet, such a whore you are — She told her playfully.

Ibuki laughed in her neck.

* Oh yeah?

With a quick movement she pulled Sakura’s skirt out and threw it away.

* A whore has some secret moves — She said moving her eyebrows seductively.

Sakura then pulled out Ibuki’s tie and opened her shirt pulling I to the sides. Ibuki returned on top of her to kiss her, her right hand getting under Sakura’s uniform, meanwhile with the left she was removing her blazer.

They rolled around on the bed, their tops flying out as their tits got displayed to each other. Sakura got on top, sticking her fingers in Ibuki’s mouth. The girl sucked on them, reaching for Sakura’s left breast and squeezing it. Sakura moaned.

Sakura’s other hand was busy undoing Ibuki’s skirt. Soon they were both just in their panties. Suddenly, Ibuki rose, pushing Sakura to the floor. Here, she took off her panties and begun licking her pussy.

* Ahh ngg, hmm — Sakura kept moaning hard as she surrounded Ibuki with her thighs.

After a while, she pulled Ibuki’s head up, Ibuki took the chance to plant a kiss on Sakura’s mouth.

* Taste yourself — She told her.

Sakura surrounded her with her arms and slapped her firm ass hard. Then moved her hand down her panties and begun to play with Ibuki’s pussy.

* Oh fuck! — Ibuki moaned as Sakura begun to finger fuck her.
* Look at that face of pleasure — Sakura smiled.
* Oh you slut, you… ngg..know your way around the ahh,ngg fingers uh?

Ibuki kissed her again, her hand too reaching for Sakura’s pussy.

They kept at it, rolling on the floor. Sakura grabbing Ibuki’s perfect ass while Ibuki played with Sakura’s nipples.

Ibuki pushed herself up over Sakura, looking directly at her. Sakura was panting, both were burning hot.

* Didn’t I say this was going to be fun?

Sakura just pulled her by the hair and suck her tongue inside Ibuki’s mouth again.