

Battle Of The Sexes (continuation of "The Tennis Match" & "Black Light Battle"), By **Gark**

It had been three weeks and two days (but who's counting??) since the black light battle with Amanda, and I was growing impatient for her to set up our next contest. I knew we both enjoyed these matches immensely because we talked about it all the time. But whenever I asked, Amanda would say "Not yet. I'll let you know when I'm ready." I was starting to think this was some sort of tease to put me off balance.

But at least, there were the "practice sessions". These started out as "wrestling research" on the Internet. We'd get on-line and do searches for wrestling web sites. First I'd find a picture I liked & put the hold from the picture onto Amanda, and have her try to get free. And then she'd do the same to me. It was pretty fun, but not quite the same as a real match. However, I did start to notice that Amanda's choice in web sites tended to be towards catfighting, and I could guess what our next match would be like. She also liked the recurring theme of women almost always beating men, and rubbed it in whenever possible with barbs like "Men are meant to be submissive to women." That always started a minor fracas between us.

It was during this time that I learned Amanda's dark little secret. She explained that while she was not a virgin, she just didn't find sex all that interesting - just "OK". This was the reason that Amanda had kept me at arm's length when we first met. She just didn't want another physical relationship. I knew the implication was "until now", but nothing too intimate had happened. Plus, I knew that our wrestling matches had changed her mind, and that wrestling was a major turn-on for both of us.

I was about ready to burst with anticipation by the time I received the pink envelope in the mail. It had no postage stamp and no return address, so it must have been slipped into my mailbox surreptitiously. I knew immediately who sent it when I saw to whom it was addressed: "Submissive Male". I quickly

ripped it open. It was an invitation, custom made with one of those computer printing programs. The cover of the card had a photo of a woman applying a Schoolgirl pin to a hapless male beneath her. The front caption read, "**You are invited**". I opened the card and there was another photo of a woman capturing a male in a Full Nelson. The caption continued,

"to a Battle of the Sexes."

"When: Saturday night, 7:00"

"Where: You already know"

"Attire: To be supplied"

"Stakes: Sexual supremacy of the known universe"

"No RSVP required. I know you'll be there."

I had to chuckle at the "stakes". Apparently, I now had the fate of males everywhere in my hands. Amanda could sure think up some zingers.

The card really revved me up, and I could hardly wait for Saturday night. I called Amanda to tell her I got the card, and try to squeeze some details out of her. There was no way she was going to tell me anything. In fact, Amanda said that there'd be no get-togethers before the match. She said she had to "stay focused on the feat ahead", but I think she didn't want to spill the beans to me. Or, maybe she was just trying to get to me. If so, it was sure working.

Finally, it was Saturday night. I arrived promptly at 7:00, and Amanda let me in.

Amanda: "Hello, submissive male."

Me: "Hello, subservient wench."

I stepped inside and gave her a hug, which she reciprocated. We clinched hard, starting to battle each other already. We were both eager to get started.

Amanda: "Let's not waste any time with 'witty repartee'. Here's your outfit. You can put it on in the bathroom, and then come back out here. I'll put on my outfit in the bedroom and be right back."

She was certainly in the mood for a match. She handed me a tiny bag, much smaller than the one I had given to her for the black light battle. The significance was not lost on me.

Me: "Doesn't seem to be much in here."

Amanda: "No peeking inside the bag. Just go and put it on. You'll have to make do."

I headed for the bathroom and noticed that the living room looked normal. Apparently we would be wrestling somewhere else.

I opened the bag and looked inside. There wasn't much there - just a shiny, black satin thong. At least it was a male-type thong, but it had a clip on each side similar to the fastener on women's swimsuit tops. The utility of the clip was obvious. I put on the thong. It was plenty big in the front and was quite comfortable. I looked at my backside in the mirror and there was a lot hanging out. However, this wasn't the time for modesty, so I went back to the living room and sat down on the couch to wait for Amanda.

I didn't have to wait long for her. Amanda came out wearing a shiny red satin thong very similar to mine, as well as a red satin strapless bra. I caught a quick look at her "behind" as she came around the couch to join me. Sure enough, Amanda had a lot hanging out, too, and it looked pretty firm and well toned, too. Before I knew it, Amanda was sitting on top of me on the couch, straddling my legs, teasingly holding me down.

Amanda: "Now that I'm comfortable, I think we can discuss the rules."

Me, not wanting to object to anything while in this position: "OK"

Amanda: "We will fight two out of three falls, catfight style, with submissions deciding EVERY fall. That's why I chose these clothes. They seemed to be the first choice for most of the catfighters we saw on the web."

Me: "That's right, although on websites with older catfighting pictures, a lot of the women wore garter belts with silk leggings, too."

Amanda: "I was sorely tempted to do that, especially because I could see the effect those pictures had on you. I even bought some, but I was afraid I'd look silly wearing them."

Me, getting very interested: "I'm sure you would look great in garter belt and stockings. Why don't you try them on?"

Amanda, walking back to her bedroom: "OK, but you'd better not laugh, or I'll make you pay later."

A moment later, Amanda stepped shyly out of her bedroom and walked towards the living room. I stood up to take in the view. Believe me, laughing was the furthest thing from my mind. Amanda looked incredible!! The garter belt was satin red, matching her thong and bra perfectly. The silk stockings were white, a perfect contrast to the red. I just about fell over as Amanda approached me. She could see the effect on me, and grew more comfortable with the outfit.

Amanda gave me a real hug this time, not a battling one. It looked like things were going to turn mushy before we even got started. Amanda must have sensed this, too, because she pushed me back down onto the couch, resuming her sitting position on top of me, saying: "Now where were we??"

Amanda: "So, do you think our outfits are appropriate for a 'battle of the sexes'?"

Me: "Most definitely."

Amanda: "It took nearly three weeks for them to arrive. That's why I took so long setting up this match."

Me: "It was worth the wait. Now I think you were saying something about two out of three falls by submission, catfight style. Why don't you explain that a little more?"

Amanda: "Well obviously, hair-pulling is allowed, as well as a few other things we usually don't allow."

Me: "Such as ..."

Amanda: "You know, catfighting is a little rougher than what we're used to doing. While I want this to be a fairly friendly match, at the same time I want to turn up the action a notch or two - more of a wide open fight. Things like biting, scratching and hitting are still NOT allowed, but most other things are OK, keeping in mind that we aren't really trying to hurt each other. For instance, kneeing to the groin is clearly off limits, but kneeing to the stomach is OK. Similarly, slapping would be OK if done with reasonable force, but not hitting. Just use your common sense."

Me: "You really mean business, don't you? But, it sounds OK to me."

Amanda: "I was a little nervous using the rules, but I wanted to turn up the intensity a bit. After all, this is a battle of the sexes. That's also why we have these outfits. They seemed appropriate to the catfight theme. Let's go, the fate of the universe hangs in the balance."

Amanda couldn't help teasing some more as she led me to her bedroom. "This is where my power resides, where I am the most dominant."

Me: "Don't be too sure. Overconfidence will be your undoing."

Amanda closed the door behind us, setting the lock for effect. "You don't stand a chance."

I hadn't been in her bedroom before. She had a queen size bed, with a nightstand and lamp on the far side. The dresser was on the opposite wall from the bed. It was short in height, but extra wide, with a mirror on the back. Otherwise, the room was pretty much clear of other obstacles. Amanda turned on the overhead light, then unplugged the lamp and put it out of the way in the closet. We were ready to begin.

We stood facing each other at the foot of the bed. I glanced at our reflection in the mirror. Amanda took a look, too, and said "Nice tush, lackey!"

Me: "Not as nice as yours, wench!"

Those were fighting words, and we lunged at each other. I immediately grabbed a handful of her hair, forcing her backwards towards the bed. Amanda was clearly surprised at my using this tactic. I think she expected that I wouldn't use holds of this kind. I landed on top of her at the edge of the bed. She quickly clamped a leg scissors around my waist with me still on top, pulling her hair. I could feel her white silk stockings pressing against my waist, kind of a smooth and slippery sensation. Amanda retaliated by pulling my hair, but she had trouble getting a good grip. Sensing that I was about to be in trouble, I slipped off the edge of the bed, forcing her ankles apart to release me.

She got off the bed to join me on the floor. We stood and faced each other.

Amanda: "It looks like you're going to make a battle of this after all. I didn't think you'd try hair pulling."

Me: "We males adapt. Prepare to submit."

We again lunged at each other, this time locking up with our arms to each other's shoulders. We maneuvered around like this trying to gain an

advantage. At one point, Amanda forced me up onto the top of her dresser, with her on top of me. She put an arm around the back of my neck and had me in a headlock with the satin fabric of her bra pressing against my face. I wasn't sure whether I was being choked or smothered. I was in big trouble, but I wasn't sure whether I wanted loose. I finally managed to force us off of the dresser and onto our feet, slipping out of the hold downwards. I quickly moved out of reach and we re-grouped, each on opposite sides of the bed. Amanda climbed onto her side of the bed on her knees.

Amanda: "Had enough yet? Or, are things getting too rough for the weak male?"

Me: "Just a momentary lapse. You'll be begging for mercy in no time."

Amanda: "Well come up and get me then, big boy."

Amanda's taunts were reaching new levels, and they were having the desired affect. I jumped up onto the bed and quickly went after her. We clasped each other's hands together in our classic test of strength challenge. I moved in closer so that our knees were almost touching as we struggled with our hands and arms for dominance. I purposely brushed against her, thong-to-thong, and Amanda took notice. I quickly pushed her over onto her side and rolled on top of her, hands still clasped together, struggling. I managed to get one hand free of her and put the same headlock onto Amanda. I locked my legs around her waist and managed to hook my feet around the outside of her legs - a classic "Anaconda" hold. I held her like this for a few moments. Amanda was trapped, except for the one arm free. She managed to get a handful of my hair and yanked as hard as she could. I had to release the headlock and the Anaconda in order to free myself from the hair pull. I rolled to the side and used both hands to free my hair.

Things had really gotten rough, but neither of us seemed to mind. The battle was on!! We moved off

the bed to catch our wind. We met again in front of the dresser, standing. This time I feinted our usual handclasp, and reached down to grab one of Amanda's legs to off-balance her. She was ready for me and grabbed my extended arm and pulled me forward and to her side. She slipped behind me and twisted my arm behind my back. Amanda now had me in a standing hammerlock, and she was applying liberal pressure. I struggled around the room, trying to free myself. I even tried backing us up into the wall, but all I got was a slight "oof" out of Amanda. Although, I think she was a little irritated by this, and pushed me forward onto the edge of the bed. We were half-on and half-off the bed with me facing the bed and Amanda still applying the hammerlock in a semi-standing position from behind. My arm was getting pretty sore by now, and I think Amanda realized this, too.

Amanda: "Ready to submit? I won't make you say anything special until your second loss. Just say 'I submit'. Come on, what do you say?"

Me: "Not yet. I've only just begun to fight."

And with that, I rolled hard to the side, catching Amanda by surprise. We landed face-to-face on the floor, and she was forced to release the hold. My arm was still weakened, but recovering. I quickly rolled her over and straddled her waist with my legs. Although Amanda was in no danger of losing from this position, she was helpless for the moment. I took the opportunity to stretch and flex my sore arm, returning it to nearly normal condition. Amanda seemed to be content to rest a little, too, even though I was on top of her. I reached out and captured her hands, then moved forward on her body until I was sitting on her chest, with my knees over her shoulders. It was a classic Schoolgirl pin, but of little real value in this match. But, I wanted Amanda to have the same helpless feeling that I had had in the hammerlock. I held her there for some time, and Amanda was smart enough not to wear herself out struggling too hard.

Me: "Ready to submit? You don't look too comfortable in that position."

Amanda: "You've got to be kidding. I'm just bidding my time down here, waiting for the right moment, such as NOW!!"

And with that, she bridged her back upwards and used her arms to force me up and over the top of her. Amanda got up slowly, so I moved in quickly behind her and clamped a hammerlock on her right arm. I was kneeling on the floor behind Amanda, giving her some of her own medicine. I clamped my free arm around her neck in a headlock to control her as I increased pressure on the hammerlock. I let her suffer like this for a few moments, but didn't think she would submit from this position.

I remembered how I had used the waist scissors to force her to submit in our last match, so I figured it would be a good bet again. I released the headlock and forced Amanda forward onto the floor on her belly. I held onto her arm, and rolled to the side, then pulled her towards me. I released her arm, and maybe Amanda thought she was free. Instead, I took the opportunity to clamp a scissors on her. I was now lying on my side with Amanda facing away from me, trapped between my thighs in a head scissors. I applied just enough pressure to let Amanda know she was trapped, and then every once in a while, a little extra pressure. She wriggled around, trying to force my legs apart, but to no avail. I just lay there, keeping Amanda from escaping, once in a while admiring the view of her tush wriggling around. It took a while, but I could tell Amanda was defeated.

Amanda: "I submit, but you'll pay next round."

Me: "Maybe so, but you'll pay this round."

I didn't release her quite yet. Instead, I reached over by her back and unsnapped Amanda's satin red bra, flinging it away.

Amanda: "I was wondering when you'd do that. You must realize you've made a big mistake, don't you?"

Me, releasing her: "It seemed like the right thing to do at the moment."

Amanda: "I don't think you'll be in a "fighting" frame of mind after this."

Me: "Yeah, yeah. I beat you like this one time, and I'll beat you again."

Amanda, stretching a little and arching her back: "Whatever you say...."

And with that, we rested on the edge of the bed for a few minutes, getting our energy back. We were still "locked" in her bedroom, and I was getting thirsty. Amanda opened the closet door and pulled out a cooler filled with iced sodas and mineral water. She had thought of everything.

We were both rested and it was about time to start the next round. I was certain that males everywhere were rooting for me. Amanda climbed up onto the bed, signaling me to join her. We kneeled on the bed, facing each other.

Amanda, arching and stretching once again: "Want to start with a bear hug?"

Me, very distracted: "Aaaah, OK."

We moved together. Amanda placed her right arm under my left arm, and I did the same to her. Then she clasped her hands together behind my back, as I did the same to her. The frontal contact was intense as we squeezed each other. I felt electrified, and more than a little distracted. For a fleeting moment, I wondered whether I should have left her bra alone earlier, but I quickly dismissed the thought and concentrated on squeezing Amanda.

I think we both were enjoying the hold, as we didn't try to switch to something else very quickly. We

just concentrated on squeezing each other. And, I had forgotten that Amanda was stronger than me. She was wearing me down like this, and I was starting to tire. Next, I had trouble catching my breath, and I knew for certain that I was in trouble. But my mind was saying, "Maybe this isn't such bad trouble to be in." I was badly distracted and needed to get loose. I released my bear hug and tried to push her over. Instead, Amanda manhandled me onto my back and climbed on top of me, straddling my waist, perhaps a little bit on the low side. We both noticed this immediately as Amanda slid slowly forward onto my waist. She continued the move until she was now sitting on my chest. I was now captured in a Schoolgirl pin, with Amanda trapping my arms and shoulders under her legs. I could feel the silk stockings pressing against my arms and the sides of my face. I looked up at her, and Amanda had a very confident expression on her face. She even flexed her arms in a classic muscle pose, showing off, much to my continued distraction.

I decided to play it smart, though. I knew I wouldn't submit from this position, so I conserved my energy. I struggled some, trying to force her over the top of me. But this wasn't my real plan. I struggled a few more times like this, which caused her to lean back a little to counterbalance. I quickly raised my legs and managed to hook one of them under her armpit. I lowered my leg, knocking Amanda off of me and to the side.

We both sat up, but couldn't readily get to our knees. Instead, we ended up sitting side-by-side, still facing each other somewhat at close range. Amanda quickly grabbed a handful of my hair, and I responded in kind. Amanda managed to push off a little and topple me over. We were now lying on our sides, face-to-face, pulling each other's hair. Amanda pulled hard enough that there were tears forming in my eyes, so I pulled her hair just as hard. I could see Amanda was suffering, too, but she wasn't ready to let go. Amanda continued to take the offensive, capturing one of my legs between hers. I responded in kind, capturing one of her

silken legs. We were now tangled in each other's legs, embracing each other at the chest, and pulling on the other's hair. It was both painful and erotic, in a primitive sort of way, and I swear I could feel electricity flowing between us. Neither of us was about to let the other go, but we couldn't continue to pull hair indefinitely. We'd both let up for a few moments, and then continue.

Amanda: "You know you can't get out of this hold. Maybe you should submit."

Me: "You can't get loose, either. And maybe you're the one who should submit."

Then we pulled some more. I could see clumps of our hair all around, but I wasn't going to let Amanda beat me this way. We continued to battle.

Amanda: "I can see you aren't going to give in this way. How about releasing each other and restarting?"

I grunted my OK and we released each other. I hadn't been doing too well on the bed, so I slid over the side and stood up on the floor.

Me: "Wanna get me? You'll have to come over here."

Amanda: "I do wanna get you, and here I come!!!"

She leaped off the bed right onto me, clamping her legs around my waist and her arms around my back. I was still standing up, and Amanda was clinging/clamping onto the front of me. I had enough strength to continue standing for a while, plus I had her in a bear hug. Amanda squeezed with her legs and I squeezed with my arms. Finally, I was starting to tire, but I didn't want to end up on the bed again. The dresser was convenient, so I propped her up there and continued to squeeze. However, I had forgotten my earlier predicament in the first round, as Amanda pulled my head towards her chest for a smother. Its true that Amanda's

breasts weren't overly large, but they were more than adequate for the task.

I had to do something, or be beaten right here. So I rolled us off the dresser, but this time I landed flat on my back with Amanda on top of me. I had some of the wind knocked out of me and could only watch weakly as Amanda rolled off and then came up behind me. The next thing I knew, Amanda had me in a Figure Four Head Scissors. I was tired & weak, and knew there was no escape this time.

I think Amanda was a little surprised as I quickly gave in: "I submit."

Amanda had a worried look on her face, but I quickly reassured her that I was fine and only had the wind knocked out of me. We decided to take a longer rest period than usual, especially since the match had been so intense. We gulped down some Gatorade, hoping to get back our strength from the impassioned struggle.

Amanda: "You really surprised me, standing up to that hair pulling session."

Me: "I guess I surprised myself, too. I was determined not to lose that way. But you really surprised me with that leap."

Amanda: "Yeah. And then you bungled an advantage by attacking me on the dresser. I think the breast smother is my new favorite hold. It certainly works well on you."

Me: "Yeah, I'm afraid it might be my favorite hold, too. Maybe I should have left your bra alone. It's like releasing a pair of lethal weapons."

Amanda: "I would have removed the bra pretty soon, anyway, and this way you got to have more fun."

Me: "That's true. But I don't think I was the only one having fun. You know, I don't remember practicing that hold with you earlier."

Amanda, teasingly: "All you had to do was ask."

We were finally rested up and ready for the third round. The match was tied at one fall apiece.

Amanda teased and taunted: "You realize that women everywhere will be grateful to me for beating you this round. We'll finally achieve the 'sexual supremacy of the known universe' that we so richly deserve."

Me, taunting: "Don't get cocky. I still plan on winning."

Amanda, teasing back: "I don't think I'm the cocky one."

Me: "Glad you noticed."

And I think that reply caught her off-guard, as I had caught her ogling my thong several times during the battle. Although, I was plenty guilty of ogling Amanda, myself.

We moved over to the front of the bed in front of the dresser and stood facing each other on the floor. I took another glance at Amanda in the mirror. She looked mighty fine in the satin red thong, garter belt and white silk stockings. My mind started to wander, thinking about being scissored between those white silky leggings. Luckily, the round hadn't started yet. I shook myself alert and noticed that Amanda was getting ready to start. She had a slight smile on her face as she arched her back, stretching. I was fully distracted again and had to snap out of it.

Amanda said, "Ding", so I lunged at her immediately, catching her off guard. She twisted to avoid the onslaught, and I ended up behind her. I clamped a reverse bear hug around Amanda and squeezed for all I was worth. I tried not to pay attention to where my arms and hands were located on her chest, again fearing distraction. I kept this up for a while, but Amanda was thrashing around too much and was hard to control. I slipped one arm

free and brought it up behind Amanda's neck in a half-nelson hold. This slowed Amanda down and stopped her from thrashing around. I applied some more pressure and she stood still, just enduring the hold. I took this opportunity to slip the other hand behind her neck and get a Full Nelson on Amanda. We were standing there facing the mirror with Amanda helpless in a Full Nelson. I couldn't help but look into the mirror at Amanda, stretched out and helpless in that incredible outfit. I released and then applied the pressure once again, not wanting her to get free too soon.

Me, taunting: "Ready to submit, wench? Ready to admit that males deserve sexual supremacy?"

Amanda, defiantly: "Not yet lackey. You'll get yours."

I'd swear that Amanda was enjoying her predicament. Sure, she looked a little pained, but not distressed. And, I don't think the Full Nelson was wearing her down that much. It was going to take a lot more to defeat Amanda this day. It was then that I noticed a little smile on Amanda's face. The next thing I knew, she had reached up with both hands, grabbing two fistfuls of my hair, yanking vigorously.

"Yeeouuchh!" was all I could say as I quickly released the hold to escape. Amanda released, too, and had the sense to push me backwards onto the bed. Luckily, escape was the only thing on her mind, as she moved over to the side of the bed to get the kinks out of her arms and neck, massaging them gently.

Amanda: "You'll pay for that."

Me, noticing a clump of my hair on the bed: "I think I already have."

I got up off the bed, and moved towards Amanda. She replied by moving onto the bed to buy more time to recuperate. I followed her onto the bed, but Amanda moved off the bed to the other side. The

chase was on! We did this a few more times, and it was kind of fun chasing her around the bed. Finally, I caught up to Amanda when she tripped getting onto the bed. As I moved in quickly to take advantage, I realized that Amanda had faked it. I leapt right into a leg scissors, and now she rolled me to the side, applying pressure to my waist with her silky thighs. It was the hold from my daydream coming true. Amanda was faced towards me, smiling and squeezing, looking very much in control. It was all very distracting with Amanda topless in front of me wearing that pretty, but determined smile, all the while squeezing the heck out of me with her long, silky-smooth thighs.

Amanda tortured me this way for a few minutes. I tried to get free, but she was too strong. I thrashed and twisted, but to no avail. Desperation struck, and I grabbed at one of her breasts. After all, it was a catfight. Amanda quickly stopped me, prying my hand off of her breast.

Amanda released the scissors and rolled over on top of me, face-to-face. "So, you want one of these, do you?" as she flexed her chest enticingly.

Before I knew what was happening, Amanda had wrapped her legs around my body, her arms around my head, and was holding me down with a breast smother. I was completely captured with no hope of escape, and I wasn't breathing too well. I thrashed around some, but this was it. Every so often, Amanda would rise off of me a little and I'd catch my breath. She didn't want me to pass out, which would be beyond the rules for the match. Besides, I think she wanted me awake for what was to come.

Amanda: "Well, did you learn your lesson about try to claw my breasts?"

Me: "Like I said, 'lethal weapons'."

And with that, I surprised Amanda and grabbed her hair, pulling as hard as I could. Amanda hung on tight and reapplied the breast smother. I could see

tears forming in her eyes, but she didn't let me go. Unfortunately, I had to let go, or pass out.

Sorry, but you'll have to imagine the rest for yourself.

Amanda, after smothering me another few seconds: "That was a good try. But you must see by now that you can't escape."

Amanda smothered me a bit more. "Ready to submit, or do you need some more convincing?"

Me, jokingly: "Maybe a couple more times for good measure."

"Aaarrggghhh, I was only kidding!" was all I could think as Amanda continued to smother/dominate me. We had struggled hard in a primitive sort of way, but now it was over. Amanda had won. By the end, I could barely speak, so Amanda took the initiative.

Amanda: "Do you submit now for all of your gender?"

Me, breathlessly: "I do."

Amanda: "Do you admit that the female gender is sexually supreme?"

Me: "I do."

Amanda: "And finally, do you promise to fight with me always?"

Me: "Of course I do. I want plenty of rematches."

And with that, Amanda kissed me passionately and then rose to a sitting position on my waist. She flexed her arms in a classic muscle pose, declaring herself the winner, looking awesome in that outfit. Then, Amanda reached behind her towards my thong, and I remembered the little clips on each side. I reached for the clips on her thong, as well, intending to leave her garter and silky stockings intact.
