

# The Older Woman

By Gark

## John's Story

I was kind of lost at age 19. I had a high school education, and was working on an advanced degree at the state university, but I couldn't figure out where in life I was headed. I had been a tennis "star" in high school, and that had even earned me a spot on the university's tennis team. But I wasn't one of the top players, and rarely played in matches that mattered. I decided to switch priorities and concentrate on my studies and let tennis take a back seat.

The university was in a town at the other end of our state. I lived in the dorm for the first year (during my tennis foibles) and then some friends & I found an old house to rent after that. My parents helped out with tuition and books, but it was up to me to pay the rent and buy food.

So, I decided to take advantage of my tennis background and applied for part time work at the local health club. They had an excellent tennis pro already, but he was a bit old, and couldn't teach racquetball or handball. Since I knew both of these sports, as well as tennis, I was hired as the "assistant" pro, filling in on tennis lessons when needed, organizing in-house tournaments, and teaching racquetball and handball.

It was a good job, allowing me to have some fun and stay in shape at the same time. And, the hours were flexible and the pay was good, especially the private lessons. Plus, I had free use of the facilities. I had never been much good at swimming, but I learned now, and progressed to the point of doing laps in the pool for exercise.

I even stopped in for aerobics workouts, partly for the exercise, and partly to see the "hot"

## Julie's Story

I've been a part-time aerobics instructor at the local health club for the past 10+ years. It's a good source of supplemental income to my day-job as an accountant. Plus I can stay in top shape, even as I approach the big "four-o" (I'm still a few years away). Perhaps the biggest "plus" working at the health club has been in helping me cope with my failed marriage of a few years ago. Taking out my frustrations with a good workout always made me feel a lot better.

My ex dumped me after 3-4 years of trying to have a baby. As we eventually found out, I'm unable to get pregnant. So, my ex dropped me faster than I could blink, not even wanting to consider adoption. As you could guess, the medical news, plus the failed marriage, dropped my self-esteem to an all time low. I was really in the dumps.

After a few months, I tried the dating scene again, but with little success. However, I should mention that my looks are a bit intimidating for most men. I have a terrific figure (about 37C-26-35), but in a 6'1" tall body. I have long, straight, dark brown hair. Several men have told me that I have a pretty face, especially my blue-green eyes and nice smile. However, some men unkindly refer to me as an "Amazon". I can see how they might think that way, because there isn't an ounce of fat on me, except maybe for my chest area, that is. Plus, my personality is somewhat aggressive, and I won't suffer being with fools. As a kid, I had only brothers to deal with on a small country farm, so I was a tomboy's tomboy, doing all the rough stuff that boys do. Maybe that's part of the reason my ex left. He was shorter than me and I dominated him in most things, especially sex. And, I probably shouldn't have teased him about it - you know,

instructor. It didn't take long for us to meet; after all, we were fellow employees. Her name was Julie, and I immediately realized she was much older than me as we chatted. So, I wrote off any romantic intentions immediately. However, she did have a great figure, beautiful long brown hair (usually in a ponytail while at the health club), and a pretty face with beautiful blue-green eyes.

Still, Julie was in top shape and didn't really look that old. By looking at her, you'd never know she was 34. It was when we talked about things going on in our lives that it became apparent. Plus, Julie was a real "Amazon", and I was always attracted to strong women, although I didn't really know why. However, Julie was married, and a lot older - "friends" was all it would be.

Julie and I became good friends, and I eventually felt bad that I had originally thought of her as a "hot" Amazon. She was really much more than that. I began to realize this even more as Julie decided to confide her troubles to me. I knew I was just a sounding board for her frustrations, and I felt badly for her and what she was going through. She had really been through an ordeal with her divorce, and medical concerns. I was careful to keep my distance, though, not wanting to add to her troubles by having a "youngster" trying to make time with her.

I even started to confide my problems to her, although they weren't nearly as daunting. I decided the best thing I could do for her was provide an outlet for her frustrations.

So, I taught her how to play tennis and racquetball. Julie was pretty good at tennis, and showed some real talent. But, she started too late in life to really excel. However, racquetball was another story. Julie took to the game immediately and was playing at a competitive level within a few months. Eventually, she became good enough to beat me about half of the time. That is when we created a new version of the game.

male insecurities and all.

Back to dating - My biggest frustration was that the few men interested in going out with me just wanted to have sex with a "big girl". This was especially true if they found out that I couldn't get pregnant - all they wanted was a one-night stand. I dumped these jerks as soon as I figured them out.

Luckily, I had met John at the health club a few years ago, just before my marriage fell apart. He was hired on a part time basis as an assistant to the tennis pro. John taught tennis and racquetball lessons, and worked out on the facilities whenever there was a break. John was the same height as me, and maybe about the same weight. Plus, he had a handsome, "kid brother" kind of face, muscular legs, and broad shoulders. His hair was short and blond, and he had the bluest eyes I've ever seen. John had that "V" shape to his upper body, which I've always found attractive in a man. And, I could tell John was not intimidated by me. However, I was 15 years older than John, and still married. Both were excellent reasons to keep things at a "friends" level. John often participated in my aerobics sessions, always staying out of the way in the back of the room while I led the class. He kept up to the class with no problem.

I reciprocated by taking tennis and racquetball lessons from John in our spare time. We became good friends, and kept it that way. I always wondered if John thought I was too old to hang around with, but I never got any indication that way. "Besides", I'd say to myself, "we're just friends". I actually got quite good at racquetball, even beating him once in a while. But, I knew I'd never hold a candle to him at tennis, so I just worked at getting as good as I could manage.

As my marriage crumbled, I was glad John was around. I felt terribly guilty unloading my problems on him. He'd listen for a while and then suggest a few games of racquetball. John knew that I could "unload" this way, and was even willing to put up with my aggressive

We liked to call it "Tackle Racquetball". The rules were simple - anything goes except using the racquet on your opponent. In other words, body checking, blocking and even tripping was fair. These games were always really intense and a real turn-on, especially with all of the body contact. Julie never held back and was one tough woman. She earned my respect as a competitor, and I think I earned hers. We were almost like two gladiators in our own little arena, neither willing to back down. The battles were tough & hard fought, and I always felt bruised and drained afterwards.

Julie liked to (teasingly) call some of the other male employees "wimps" or "wusses", but she never did that with me. In fact, that is the way she always referred to her "ex" - a "wuss". I kind of liked the fact that Julie thought of me differently, and daydreamed/wished we had met in a different lifetime where we were the same age. I had to be careful not to get too close, and at times, the temptation seemed unbearable.

We had kept up our friendship for several years, never letting things get out of hand, although I often daydreamed about "being" with her. I was now 22 and Julie was 37. Julie had finally come out of her divorce "funk" and was a really cheerful person to be around. We had recently started to do a few things away from the health club, such as an occasional movie. We even took cross-country skiing lessons together, and became accomplished skiers, often going on "winter picnics" together to some state park. Julie had told me about her cabin up north, left over from the divorce settlement. Her "ex" got the house and Julie got the cabin, although she didn't really use it that much. In fact, I had never seen the cabin and teased Julie that "it didn't really exist". She kept saying that we would have to drive there sometime to go skiing, as the surrounding area was quite beautiful. I just kept teasing, figuring that I'd never see the place.

I had graduated from college this most recent fall, and was coasting now, waiting to find work in my degree area, food science. I

play. I think he liked it that way, because he never backed down, even when it turned a little rough. We liked to call these sessions "Tackle Racquetball", and had our own set of rules - all contact was legal, except (of course) with the racquet. It was always great fun, and quite a turn-on for me at least. At times like this, I always wished John & I were a better age match-up.

John was a classic "nice guy" and didn't get many dates even though he was such a "hunk". Most women equate nice with boring, which was really unfair. John complained to me often about this, and couldn't understand how women could want the wild, "trashy" kind of guys, and then turn around and say that "all the good men are already taken". I began to realize that I was in this category myself. I had married one of those wild guys, and had paid dearly for my mistake. And, here I was, hanging around with this really nice guy, finally realizing the error of my ways. Would I have given him a second glance if I had met him at a younger age? I had learned to like "nice", but wished that I had learned earlier.

As the years passed, John and I remained good friends, both choosing to keep it that way. I was now 37 and he was 22. We now got together once in a while outside of work, even learning how to cross-country ski together. We were both novices at first, but learned quickly. We were soon taking day trips to state parks, etc., for the skiing. It was an excellent form of exercise, and I was pleased that John kept up to me with little effort. It was a great diversion from my dating problems, and I now found myself a little more reluctant to dump my problems onto John. In fact, I hadn't mentioned my "ex" in months! I'd burdened him enough with my problems. And, after thoughts like that, I began wondering if my "friendship" with John was leading to something more. After all, we had an awful lot in common. I tried to put those thoughts aside. I didn't want to spoil a good thing.

John and I continued working at the health club. John had graduated from college and was

changed to full time status at the health club to help pay the bills while I searched for a job. The old tennis pro had retired, and the timing had worked out beautifully. However, it was possible that I'd have to leave town to get a job, and I found myself realizing that I didn't want to leave if it meant Julie wouldn't be there. How did I let myself get into this mess? I had kept my distance and thought that I had not gotten involved with her. But I was, and now I was more confused than ever.

It was Tuesday night, typically a slow night for me. All I had to do was set up the "mixed doubles" pairings, and let the rest of the night unfold by itself, and then close up at 11pm. Things were slow, so I jumped in for a quick aerobics session with Julie's class. At break, we started talking.

===== 01 =====

[Start on Julie's side first, and then alternate reading, side to side]

"Tennis, obviously, and also cross country running. I tried to make it in basketball, but it just wasn't my sport. How about you?"

"You would have been awesome. You'd have beaten any girl you came up against, and probably most of the boys."

"Whatever you say."

The hairs on the back of my neck started to stand up, as I felt something interesting was about to happen. "Not really. The only experience I've had was in ninth grade gym

now the full-time tennis pro, while I continued to teach aerobics classes part time. My full time job paid the bills, but this was my great diversion. However, I was worried because John was now looking for a full time job in his degree area. And, maybe he would even leave town to do so. I didn't want to lose such a good friend, or was it something more than that?

Tonight was like most others at the club, and as it often happened, John and I were scheduled to shut down the club at closing time. During break between classes, John and I started talking about our past efforts in high school sports.

===== 01 =====

"So, what sports did you play in high school?"

"Girl's sports weren't too organized back then. I played soccer in the fall and softball in the spring. What I really wanted to try was wrestling. But there was no girl's wrestling programs at the time and they weren't letting girls participate on the boys team either."

"Don't you mean 'all of the boys'?"

"Right. Anyway, I've always felt frustrated about wrestling. I've always wanted to wrestle, but there has never been anyone to wrestle with. Very few women are as big as me, and none I've found have been willing to wrestle. And that leaves men. I tried to get my "ex" to wrestle with me, but he was too much of a wimp, and got mad when I'd beat him quickly. By the way, have you ever wrestled?"

class. We had a two week unit on wrestling.'

"What about with your ex? Or was he a total wimp?"

What was going on here? I was stunned, to say the least. "Uh. Did you just ask me to wrestle with you?"

Whoa!!! Now what? I can't back down from this. Our relationship is based on mutual respect for each other, and she'd probably call me a 'wuss' if I refused. Besides, I really want to wrestle with her. The thought of becoming physically entangled with this awesome beauty really 'turned my crank', so to speak. "OK, you're on! Where and when?"

"Sounds fine. But I think I smell a setup here. Are you sure you haven't wrestled much before?"

"Oh, I can take you all right - right down to the mat!!"

===== 02 =====

And with that bit of bravado, we ended our coffee break and went back to our duties. However, I was badly distracted, daydreaming of what was to come later.

I finished up classes before Julie, so I pulled a

Now how did this start? Am I flirting with him? "I don't really have any experience, either, but I think it's a pretty natural thing to do. I think a person could really learn quickly."

"He was no contest. He just rolled over and surrendered, so I really got no practice at all. It was really frustrating, and now I'm getting old enough that I may never find anyone else to wrestle with."

I think I did. Yeouw! What am I doing? Am I trying to egg him on into wrestling with me? I had to think fast..... I stammered briefly. "Uh. Uh. No, I'm **challenging** you to a wrestling match!!"

My impromptu (or purposeful??) slip-up had yielded very positive results. The thought of wrestling with this hunk really turned me on. I was ready for anything, throwing caution to the wind. "How about tonight after closing? We can haul a couple of exercise mats into the racquetball courts and have our own private little arena."

"What's the matter? Don't think you can take me?"

===== 02 =====

'Yes!!' was all I could think. This was too good to be true. I had wanted to wrestle with a strong opponent for years. And John sure fit the bill. Plus, he was John - I could trust him. Plus, he was John - such a hunk. I kept at the "Plus he was John" for a while, finally

few exercise mats into one of the racquetball courts. We would have about a 20-foot square padded area for our match. I found myself getting excited in anticipation. Who would win? Me, or this female tigress? Would she still respect me if I lost?

I saw Julie headed into the women's locker room to make sure it was cleared out. She gave me a big, knowing smile, followed by a quick muscle pose with her arms. She was definitely psyched! I could hardly wait to begin, and I knew that our age difference didn't matter to me any more. I quickly headed for the men's locker room to clear it out, not wanting to waste any time. When I came out, Julie was at the front door ready to lock up. I gave her the thumbs-up sign, plus a little muscle pose of my own.

===== 03 =====

Whoa! Julie was really psyched! "Not yet. And you'll be the one getting thumped. Now, how do you want to do this?"

Leave it to a woman to worry more about what she was wearing than what she was about to do. Although, on the other hand, I couldn't help noticing that Julie was wearing a tight black leotard with bright blue gym shorts over it. Her legs were bare, other than her white ankle high socks and shoes. "No, no. I meant the rules - like how many falls, and that kind of thing?"

Now this was getting somewhere. The rules were simple, but complete. "OK by me. Let's

realizing that John was the main attraction and that wrestling was the means to my actual goal. I finally had discarded my concerns regarding our age difference. And now, my secondary concern was whether I could beat him. Or, what if he beat me? A truly interesting dilemma.

I noticed John had already dragged the mats into the court, so I headed for the women's locker room. There were only a few stragglers to clear out, so I got the front door keys, ready to lock up. John showed up a moment later, giving me the "all clear" sign, plus a little muscle pose, so I locked the doors. I think he was as psyched up as me! We headed for the "wrestling" court/arena, trading barbs along the way.

===== 03 =====

"Are you ready to get thumped?"

John was still wearing his tennis clothes - dark green shorts, white polo shirt and tennis shoes. Plus, he was wearing that boyish grin that always turned me on. Oops! Is this a wrestling match or something else?? "We can wear what we have on, except for our shoes. Socks are optional."

"How about two out of three falls. Each fall is decided by a 5 second pin of the shoulders to the mat. If any part of a wrestler's upper body leaves the mat, we have to break and resume from a neutral position at center mat." And, I added to myself, 'Because it was John', we wouldn't need any other rules. I trusted him implicitly.

get started."

===== 04 =====

I took off my shoes as Julie took off hers. We moved toward the center of the mat. I was a little nervous, and probably showed it, but what the heck. Julie gave me her muscle pose again, pumping up her ample chest to distract me. This was going to be fun! However, I had to stay calm and not be distracted by her charms, or I would be easy game.

Julie opened first, grabbing my leg. I countered by getting her in a headlock before she could throw me down. We pranced around the mat like this for 15 or 20 seconds, releasing each other after realizing the hold was going nowhere.

We regrouped and faced each other once again. This time we met arm-to-arm facing each other in a test of strength. Julie was very strong in the arms, but I was stronger. (It was her legs I was worried about.) There was no way she would "power" me down to the mat this way. Julie had a very large grin on her face, and I could see she was really enjoying herself.

However, I should have been paying more attention to what she was doing. She managed to trip me, but at least I didn't fall down. But before I knew it, Julie had grabbed the back of my shirt, and was swinging me around like a cowgirl getting ready to hogtie a calf. She threw me to the mat and pounced on me instantly.

Luckily, I landed face down, so I was in no immediate danger of being pinned. But, Julie was now sitting on my back, no doubt devising some hold to put on me. She didn't wait long, and soon had my left arm trapped behind my back in an armlock. Yeouch! The pressure and pain were intense, and I grunted a little. Julie relaxed the hold a little, and then reapplied the pressure. She was unrelenting and determined.

I didn't like being in that hold, so I squirmed and bucked, finally knocking Julie off of me and to the side. I rolled the other direction,

===== 04 =====

We moved to opposite sides of the very large mat. I slipped off my shoes and tossed them to the side. Then I tied my hair back in a ponytail to keep it out of the way. I made a little muscle pose with my arms and chest, and John did the same from his side. Then we moved to the center to begin.

We circled around the mat for about a minute, each sizing up the other. I was a little nervous, but eager to get started. Finally, I stepped forward and grabbed one of John's legs lifting it upwards to throw him down to the mat. However, as I reached down, John clamped his arm around my neck and held me there. I decided to release his leg, but the mutual clinch had felt good. John would be no pushover.

We started again, face-to-face, placing our hands on the other's shoulder. We locked up like this and pushed and shoved each other around the mat for a while, trying to gain an advantage. But what I really wanted to do was get John down and "rattle" on the mat. He was too strong, so I tried to move in close and trip him. He stumbled to the side, and I had to release the hold, hoping he'd go down. He recovered well, not falling, but stumbling a little more. I grabbed the back of John's shirt and swung him around and finally down to the mat. Now I would get him.

I followed John to the floor, landing on top of his back. I'm not sure that pulling on his shirt to get him down was exactly "kosher", but John didn't seem to be complaining. He always took everything in stride.

I straddled his waist with my legs, trying to figure out what to do next. I grabbed one of his arms and managed to force it behind his back in an armlock. I applied some pressure, not sure how much was correct. John grimaced a little, so now I had a measure of how much pressure was enough. I relaxed a little and then let him have it again. I didn't want to hurt him, but I wanted him to know he was in a real fight

gaining my freedom for the moment. I looked over at her. Julie looked more determined than ever.

===== 05 =====

I was feeling a little put upon. So far, the match was all Julie. I'd have to do better. "Wow, you were awesome, but you'd never have gotten me down if it wasn't for this shirt."

Holy moly, Batman! Did she just tell me to take my shirt off? "Fine with me." So I shed the polo shirt and threw it to the side. I flexed my chest a little for effect, trying to look a little intimidating.

Whoooooeee! I think the temperature just went up 10 degrees as she removed her gym shorts. Julie really looked hot! The leotards were very tight and form fitting. Plus, they were cut high at the waist, revealing a fair amount of Julie's thighs and behind. I mean, she was really hanging out in back! "I think you evened things up nicely."

===== 06 =====

We moved toward the center of the mat to resume the first round. Fortunately for me, Julie's 'behind' was away from me in these face-off situations, and was not a distraction. However, I think Julie's mind may have been wandering a little, because I moved in quickly and threw her to the mat, catching her largely unawares. I quickly moved into a sitting position on her waist and grabbed both of her arms to hold her down. Julie didn't seem too fired up at the moment, so I started counting. "One-thousand-one, one-thousand-two...". This seemed to be enough to bring her to her senses as she bucked and rolled with

to the finish. John finally managed to dislodge me by bucking and rolling. I moved to the side to get ready to resume the battle.

===== 05 =====

"Well, maybe you should take it off then." Whoops! Did I just say that?

It didn't take John long to agree, throwing his shirt to the side. It wasn't often that I got to see John with his shirt off, and I was enjoying it now. He flexed a little in a muscle pose, and I thought I was going to melt. I had to get even! "Just to even things up a little, I'll get rid of my gym shorts, and fight you just in my leotard." I twirled the shorts over my head like a stripper removing her clothes to the music and threw them to the side. There was no doubt in my mind any more why I had done that. John was one hot guy.

===== 06 =====

As we got ready to continue the first round, I couldn't take my eyes off of John's chest. He was only slightly hairy, just the way I like, and this was a major distraction - nice abs, too. I didn't see it coming when John rushed me and threw me down on my back. He was on top of me in a second, straddling my waist with his legs. Unfortunately, I became fascinated with the proximity of his chest, and continued to stare up at him in a daze.

John had started counting me out! Aarrgghh! What was going on? I had to do something. I was supposed to be the one on top! I bounced

considerable strength. This would never work. I would have to wear Julie down some first. I let her bounce me around some more, then rolled to the side, letting her think I was in trouble. As she came around, my legs were still straddling her waist, and it was easy to catch her in a leg scissors around her waist. I really liked the look of surprise on her face as she went from the frying pan into the fire.

I had Julie locked up pretty good now. I could catch my wind, and she had to struggle to get free. I was just glad that it was she who was trapped in the leg scissors, and not me. I applied pressure on and off, keeping an eye on Julie to make sure I didn't overdo it. She thrashed around ineffectually for a while, but she wasn't going anywhere unless I let her. My plan was to wear her down, and then go for a pin.

Julie continued to wriggle and thrash, and I could tell she was tiring. I could also see she was getting desperate. She had really figured on winning and the realization that I could actually beat her was finally sinking in. I had sensed her overconfidence all along. I had figured we would actually be fairly evenly matched.

However, I wasn't prepared for the reversal. Julie had squirmed around and now had worked her way to her knees, with me now on my back. I made a mistake by keeping the scissors hold on her, and Julie took advantage by grabbing both of my legs, and forcing them towards my head. She was squashing me and pinning me at the same time! She started counting me out, and I knew I had to do something. Luckily, Julie was worn down, or I'd probably never gotten free. I managed to twist and roll at my neck area, flipping over onto my chest. Julie was caught up in the flip and landed hard on the mat.

I got up to a kneeling position, as did Julie. She looked tired, but certainly not beaten. She still had that defiant look about her.

John up and down a few times, and then tried to roll to the side. John was a little unbalanced by this and eventually I rolled him off of me. He seemed to fall off me easily, so I tried following him over in the roll to gain my coveted upper position. To my great surprise, John had feigned the fall and had cleverly set a trap for me. I fell into his leg scissors like an amateur, which is what I was, after all.

I was now flat on my back, while John was to the side applying pressure to my abdomen. His chest was facing me, and I forced myself not to take much notice. I think John was really enjoying my predicament, especially when he applied more pressure to the hold. I squirmed and wriggled, but to no avail. I tried to pry his legs apart, but his thighs were too strong. I was totally trapped, and, in my mind, I was supposed to be dominating him!

I continued to thrash around, not really thinking clearly. I just had to get free and beat him! I bucked and I rolled, becoming somewhat panicky. I couldn't let him beat me! Finally, I managed to twist around and get to my knees, although John still had his legs around my waist. He was now the one in trouble, being in a pin position with me on top. My confidence soared as I finally had the advantage.

I loosened John's scissors around my waist and grabbed both of his legs. I worked my way up to a standing position and forced John's legs back towards his head. I had him in a pin position, and it was great! I would beat him now! "One-thousand-one, one-thousand-two, one-thousand-three...". Aarrgghh! John managed to twist around, throwing me down to the mat on the way. I was frustrated at having lost the advantage and the pin.

I landed hard and got up slowly to my knees, not wanting to rise so soon to a standing position. John accommodated me by staying on his knees, too. I noticed his chest heaving in and out, so I did the same with a few deep breaths, too.

===== 07 =====

"Not as easy as you thought?"

Her chest was swelling in and out, trying to catch her breath. Julie was large breasted, probably the only part of her that wasn't muscle. Being a chest man, Julie's breasts were a major distraction for me. But luckily (or unluckily??), they were well covered under the tight fitting leotard. "I knew from the start you'd be tough. But, you aren't going to beat me today."

===== 08 =====

I moved towards Julie, aiming now to beat her quickly. We locked arms, and I quickly threw her down. I was a little surprised when she went into a "clinch", trapping one of my legs between hers and wrapping her arms around me. We were very close together, face-to-face, in a hold I had actually imagined earlier in the night. Her hot breath was upon me as we struggled for dominance. I scissored her outlying leg, and wrapped my arms around her, as well. We were a tangled mass, and I was getting very turned on as we rolled around. Her ample chest was pretty near to my face, heaving in and out. Plus, her smooth (recently shaved?) long legs felt very exciting against my own. I wasn't sure how much more of this I could take, and, I think Julie was getting the better of me in this hold. I needed to get free ASAP.

Julie really had me trapped, and even though I wasn't pinned, I was weakening rapidly (psycho-sexually, that is - a new word??) from the close contact. I did the only thing I could - I grabbed a handful of her long brown ponytail and pulled on it hard. This got an immediate reaction from Julie as she released her grip on me.

I immediately jumped on top of her, straddling her waist for the second time this fall. However, this time, I wriggled my way up on Julie's chest so that I was now sitting on top of her breasts with my butt. I had control of her hands with my own. This time, Julie wouldn't get loose. "One-thousand-one, one-thousand-

===== 07 =====

"No, it isn't. You are much better than I thought. I won't underestimate you again."

===== 08 =====

We locked up our arms again, but now from a kneeling position. I was still huffing and puffing, trying to regain my wind. John quickly overpowered me, throwing me down onto our sides. Fearing the worst, I quickly wrapped my arms around him and managed to scissor one of his legs between my own. At least he wouldn't easily beat me this way. John replied by putting the same hold on me. We squeezed at each other, rolling around in a mass of body parts. The proximity of John's bare chest was exciting, and, he was breathing hard around my neck area - always a turn on for me. Plus, the mutual leg scissors brought the rest of our bodies into close contact. I noticed that John was also noticing our mutual predicament; glad that he was suffering the same distraction as I.

I clinched against John for all I was worth, feeling that I was gaining an advantage. I could see John couldn't take much more of this, and I have to admit I wasn't sure how much more I could take before I ripped off the rest of his clothes. Okay, it was just a thought and I knew I wouldn't really do it, but it was an interesting thought, indeed.

My daydreaming had cost me again. John did something completely out of character, something I would never guess of him. HE YANKED MY HAIR!!! I quickly let go and John pounced on me, and was now sitting on my breasts in a very dominating position. I was tired & helpless, and could only look up at him from below. He wasted little time counting me

two, one-thousand-three, one-thousand-four, one-thousand-five." I rolled off of her and lay down nearby to catch my breath.

===== 09 =====

"Wow, that was some contest!"

"I have to admit it was an act of desperation. And now that you're likely to retaliate, I'm not so sure I should have done it."

This was great praise coming from Julie, who was used to being better than men at most things. "I'm sure you'll be that much tougher in the next round. I'll have to watch out."

"Okay, I'm getting dehydrated, too." We walked out of our mini-arena and headed for the pop machine. I got the master key from the front desk, and got us a couple of bottled water's.

I watched her cute 'behind' as she walked away. This was my first good look at the ample 'rear cleavage' from the leotard, and I didn't look away - nicely toned! "Yeah, me too." She turned briefly and saw me staring, but I didn't care.

===== 10 =====

I got back to the modified racquetball court first. It really worked great for wrestling once the exercise mats were in place. I knew Julie would be tougher this coming round. I wasn't quite sure how to handle her, so I sat down on the mat to think it over. It wasn't long before Julie returned, ready for round two. I was glad to be ahead, one to zero at this point.

out. John rolled over to the side and lay there panting. At least he was tired, too.

===== 09 =====

"Yes, it sure was, even though you had to resort to hair pulling. You know now, you can expect some of the same from me."

"I doubt a little hair pulling would really bother you. You fought much better than I expected. I was way overconfident. I should have known you'd be tough. After all, you're tough in everything else."

Up to this point my best hold had been a 'tender trap'. I couldn't rely on that to win. I'd actually have to wrestle, and wrestle well, with him to win. "How about a short break before the next round? I need a glass of water."

"I need to make a short pit-stop. I'll see you back inside."

I turned to look back, and sure enough, John was staring at my rear end. And, I'd have been disappointed if he wasn't. I'd have to file that thought away for later!

===== 10 =====

I took a few minutes to think about how John had beaten me. I had been overconfident and had been surprised at John's resolve. I had also been too distracted by John's bare chest. Although, he was definitely in trouble when I had him in that clinch. Maybe I should try that clinch some more. I quickly returned to the "mini arena" for more wrestling fun. John was waiting for me, sitting in the middle of the mat.

"Ready to start?"

"OK." I sat up and got to my knees. Julie walked over and got down on her knees nearby. I couldn't help noticing her tush hanging out as she bent to sit on her knees.

This sounded real fun to me, but I knew she would be at a big advantage with those large breasts of hers pressing against me. "Well, I'm not so sure."

"OK already. OK. But I set the starting conditions next round."

"Yeah, right. As if there isn't an obvious advantage for you right now."

My mind was wandering as Julie approached and prepared to put the bear hug on me, secretly wishing it was really a "bare" hug she would apply. I put my arms around Julie and locked my hands together, getting ready to start. "Yes, I mean this little hold."

She was playing me really well. Her breasts kept bouncing into me, and my mind began wandering into interesting places. If only her leotard would fall, etc. Unfortunately, the leotard was sturdy and there to stay. "OK. Quit stalling and let's get going."

"Sure, why don't you just stay where you are, and we can start from a kneeling position."

I made sure John would again notice my rear end as I got down to my knees. My plan was to keep him off-balance this round, right from the get go. "What do you say to starting off this round in a bear hug?"

"Afraid of me already?"

"Fine, as long as it is a neutral hold and there is no obvious advantage for you."

This was great information, and I was glad to be having an affect on him. I started to approach John with my arms ready to clasp around his bare chest. "You mean this little hold?"

I wanted to go for maximum effect, so I took my time before starting. I fumbled around gripping my hands, then pretending to dry them off several times, being sure to make heavy chest-to-chest contact each time. "Just a moment. My hands are too slippery, and I wouldn't want you to get away too easily."

"Alright, whatever you say." I got a good grip, as did John. "Ready, set, go!!!"

I started squeezing a moment too late. Julie already had the better grip. I was pretty much on the receiving end of the mutual bearhug grip. To make matters worse, Julie's breasts were staring me right in the face. I had no plan of action, as she continued to weaken me. I began to pant heavily from the exertion, figuring that I had no chance.

Inexplicably, Julie relaxed her hold on me, giving me just the opening I needed to retaliate. I quickly squeezed hard, forcing Julie to relax her hold even more. I was now in control, so I squeezed for all I was worth. Julie's ample bosom was squashed hard against my chest, but I managed to keep my mind on squeezing.

Julie grunted a little, which I found very satisfying. However, I was worn out from being the first to be squeezed, and I wouldn't be able to hold her long this way. I decided to take my chances on the mat, and rolled her over, landing on top of her.

We were now face-to-face and Julie seemed quite pleased with herself. She appeared confident, but not over-confident. We rolled around struggling with one of us on top, then the other. I was enjoying this part a little too much, and should have been paying more attention. Suddenly, Julie shifted tactics, lifting one of her legs up over my chest, coming down on my neck area. She quickly squirmed around, getting her other leg in position, too.

I was now in a head scissors, with Julie applying lots of pressure with those long powerful legs. This is what I feared most from Julie. I knew her legs were very strong from all those years of teaching aerobics. To make matters worse, Julie was laying on her side facing away from me. This meant that her butt, which was really hanging out, was towards my face. Suddenly, I was feeling overwhelmed and submissive, knowing I wouldn't last much longer this round.

It worked! I got the jump on John and was squeezing with all my strength. I made sure my breasts were high on his body, where he would have to be staring at them as I squeezed away.

John definitely wasn't doing too well in the mutual bearhug hold. I could tell he was weakening rapidly. John would be mine in a few short minutes! Then I began to notice John's breathing; the panting of his hot breath down the front of my leotard and onto my breasts. This was an interesting sensation!

I started basking in the distracting sensation, not realizing that I had relaxed my grip just a little. That was all the opening that John needed. He squeezed me back with good strength and now I was on the receiving end of the bearhug. I grunted a little, showing my dissatisfaction. John squeezed some more and I felt my breasts pushing even harder into John's chest. However, John didn't seem to have much endurance left and couldn't keep up the pressure for long. He rolled us over to the side, managing to land on top of me.

I quickly rolled him over, struggling for position. We continued to roll around, a mass of thrashing arms and legs, looking for an opening, trying to gain a dominant position over the other. Finally, I managed to hook my thigh up and over John's arms and secure a hold near his shoulders. I overpowered him some more with my arms and managed to move my other leg near his neck. I quickly clamped a head scissors on John and grabbed his right arm to keep him from trying anything to get away.

I had John where I wanted him now, although it was hard to see his face, as I was faced the other direction. I could hear him grunting as I increased and decreased the pressure. I made sure my rump was up close and personal with John, going for all the advantage I could. I knew I had him now if I just bided my time a little longer like this.

Julie punished me like this for several long minutes. I think she was really enjoying my predicament. She kept making taunting remarks about how dominant she was, and I didn't want her to beat me this way. Was I destined to be a "wuss"? I started realizing that Julie had definite Dominatrix tendencies, but that wasn't going to get me out of this hold.

Julie finally decided to finish me off. When she released me, I could do little except struggle weakly. She straddled my chest with her thighs, making sure her crotch was positioned only inches from my face. Julie was definitely into domination. I had no choice as she counted me out.

===== 13 =====

I was a little irked by the remark, but I decided to be a good sport and let her enjoy her moment. I'd get even soon enough. "Yeah, you had me good in that bearhug, and then punished me with that head scissors. I'm going to need a few minutes to recuperate before the next round."

I would make her pay for her arrogance. She was getting her over-confidence back already. Hadn't she learned her lesson? I had few words to reply with. "Fine."

I was kind of grumpy. After all, Julie was a poor winner, rubbing it in like that. It wasn't the losing that bothered me. I just didn't want Julie to think I was a "wuss". I realized that I wouldn't be this mad if I didn't have strong feelings for her. I decided I shouldn't stay mad and just get over it. "I'm sorry, too. I know you

I continued to wear John down in the scissors hold until I was sure he was ground down sufficiently. In a sudden move, I quickly released the hold and jumped up on John as he had done to me last round. I straddled his chest with my legs, riding up fairly close to his face. The look of defeat on his face was worth a million dollars. I had finally dominated John in a meaningful way!

I counted him out, but kind of slowly, wanting to savor the moment. "One-thousand-one, one-thousand-two, one-thousand-three, one-thousand-four, one-thousand-five." I didn't release John right away. It felt too good to be in control of him.

===== 13 =====

I was high as a kite, and couldn't help rubbing it in a little. "You put up a good fight that round, but you were thoroughly beaten by the end."

"Sure. Let's get another soda so you can rest up. I'm still good to go though."

Oops. Did I just overdo it? This match is the best thing to ever happen to me - definitely the funnest and very definitely the most arousing. "Sorry about that, I was just getting into the moment." John didn't say much as we drank our sodas and I started to feel badly. I didn't want things to go this way. "Me and my big mouth" was all I could think.

were just enjoying yourself. Heck, I felt the same way when I beat you last round. My main worry now is that you'll think I'm a wuss."

The kiss was intoxicating. Thank goodness our feelings were finally out in the open. We kissed some more, embracing ever more passionately. "Thanks for the vote of confidence. You're pretty hot yourself. So, are we lovers, or are we fighters?"

"I guess so. Do you want to finish this fight, or what?"

===== 14 =====

We returned to the "arena" after a few more kisses. I wasn't all that rested yet, but I was anxious to get started anyway. Julie seemed more level headed now, and not acting so arrogant. I was feeling pretty aroused from the kissing and couldn't wait to get my hands on her.

===== 15 =====

"Remember, I get to choose the starting position this round."

"Just a simple handclasp from a kneeling position. You know, a test of strength."

We were both standing there drinking our sodas, with John turned a little away from me. I couldn't believe my ears. I turned John around to face me, and I was angry with him. "Don't you ever think that again! You're the strongest, nicest and most honest man I've ever known." I couldn't help it. I kissed John passionately, full on the lips. Thank goodness he responded in kind. Then I added, "And hottest, too."

"Can we be both?"

"I'm not done fighting with you yet. I still intend to win."

===== 14 =====

I took John by the hand and started to lead him back to the wrestling court. We tussled in the hallway with him wanting to lead the way. It ended up more like a race to the court. I was anxious to get started again, and so was John. I was feeling pretty horny and couldn't wait to get tangled up with him again.

===== 15 =====

"What did you have in mind? Remember, I still have right of refusal if the hold isn't reasonably neutral."

It was a good choice for John. The hold favored his upper body strength, but was completely neutral. How could I refuse? At least we'd both be down close to the mat, which is where I preferred to fight. I pretended not to notice his advantage. "Good choice. Let's go!"

===== 16 =====

We got down in a kneeling position on the mat, facing each other. Julie was ready to go, so I reached out and met her hands with my own, saying, "Ready, set, go".

Julie was primed, and I was surprised by her strength. I could see the muscles in her arms flexing as she applied more and more pressure. Even more so, I could see her leotard-covered breasts looming & swaying nearby, as Julie reached to apply more force to the hold.

I still wasn't fully recovered from round two, so the test of strength remained fairly equal until Julie moved in closer. The first thing I noticed was her breasts pressing against my chest. The second thing was the proximity of her face to my own. But the third thing was impossible to deal with lucidly, as Julie ground her waist against my manhood. I knew any advantage I once had was gone, but I wasn't ready to break free just yet. I'd let her have her way with me a while longer. I struggled some more, purposely rubbing my chest against hers in an up/down back/forth motion. I knew Julie liked my chest, so maybe I could gain some advantage this way. After a few moments like this, Julie backed away a little.

===== 17 =====

"Yeah." I puffed. "I'm not sure who had who." We'll have to try that again sometime."

"I will."

===== 18 =====

I was already looking forward to wrestling with Julie again sometime, hopefully with fewer clothes than we had on now. I snapped my wayward thoughts back to the present and gave Julie a sheepish grin, undressing her in my mind one more time before restarting.

We lurched towards each other and I managed to slip around Julie to the side, finally getting behind her. I grabbed her left arm and twisted it behind her back with my left arm, applying an armlock with good pressure. I reached

===== 16 =====

I quickly knelt down to meet John's challenge. I vowed to show him who was stronger. We clasped hands and John signaled the start.

I quickly applied all the pressure I could, but John wasn't yielding any ground. I could see the strain on his face as he tried to force my hands back. Even worse, I could see John's bare chest flexing right in front of me, fighting back.

Our knees were still about a foot apart, as we leaned into each other. I decided to close the gap and moved in closer until our knees were touching. This brought our waists, chest and faces close together as we struggled, and I couldn't help but notice the bulge in John's shorts. Whoa. This was almost too much. I made sure to grind my waist against John's, and the look on his face was worth a million dollars. Although, I was having fun myself, feeling pretty good in the "zone".

John started rubbing his chest against my breasts, breathing hard on the side of my face. It was all I could do not to kiss him right now, but I desperately wanted to see this fight to its conclusion. I pushed away from John and stepped back a few paces on my knees.

===== 17 =====

"I'd say that was a neutral start"

"You can count on it."

===== 18 =====

I was pleased that John wanted to wrestle again sometime. I'd have to make some plans. In the meantime, I'd better concentrate on this fight. Oh no, not the GRIN. God he was a hunk! I wonder how he looks without those shorts.

I lunged at John, but a little too fast. He dodged me deftly and came around me from behind. John quickly had me in an armlock, and I twisted around some trying to get free. The next thing I knew, John had me in a

around to the front of Julie with my right arm to keep her from twisting away. Somehow (accidentally??) my right hand was fully holding Julie's left breast as the rest of my arm pressed hard against her other breast. It was a great hold! And what's more, Julie didn't seem to be able to get loose. Or, maybe she didn't want to get loose.

Julie wriggled around some more, and the next thing I knew, she was pressing her behind against my waist.

===== 19 =====

"I'm the one in control here. I should be the one asking you to give up."

She was right. I'd have to try something else.

===== 20 =====

I rolled us to the left, trapping Julie in a waist scissors from behind. I released her breasts and grabbed her right arm as I did so. Now I had both of her arms trapped behind her back as we lay on the mat. I couldn't apply much pressure with the leg scissors, but Julie was under my control and couldn't wriggle away.

We ended up with me on my back with Julie trapped in my leg scissors above me, but facing away from me. I had control of both of her arms with mine and she couldn't really do very much struggling, or so I thought.

The next thing I knew Julie was pushing against the mat with her feet, arching backward. Suddenly, my shoulders were against the mat and Julie was counting!

I rolled to the side to stop the count and had to release Julie's arms. To my great surprise, Julie just spun around to face me, still lying between my legs. I thought she would try to get free, but instead Julie got her arms around my waist, locking them behind me.

Her large breasts were pressed firmly against my manhood. I didn't want to escape, but I was going to lose if I didn't. What reversal! And,

"breast-lock" (??), as he grabbed hold of my left breast from behind. This was getting interesting! I couldn't twist around much in this hold, and I wasn't sure if I wasn't better off letting John continue this way. I think he was probably on the losing end of this deal.

To make things even worse for John, I decided to struggle some more and move my rump up against the bulge in his waist. As soon as I did, I knew I had John's full attention.

===== 19 =====

"Ready to give up?"

"Then why aren't you asking? Are you sure you're the one in control?"

===== 20 =====

John must have come to his senses because he rolled us to the side and now had me trapped from behind in a leg scissors. I tried to break free, but he grabbed both of my arms at the elbows, yanking them behind me. I struggled around some more, but we just ended up with John on his back below me, controlling my every movement.

And, there was no way to apply a "sex hold" from this vantage point. I'd have to wrestle my way free. I tried to power my way out with my arms, but John was too strong. I couldn't roll to the side either. But my legs were still free, so I pushed off with them and arched my back. At first I thought maybe I could flip us over, but then I realized that John's shoulders were to the mat. I started counting, knowing that he would have to release me or lose. "One-thousand-one, one-thousand-two, one-thousand-three"

I think John was desperate. He rolled us to the side and released my arms. I knew where John was weakest, and also where my best assets lay. I spun around to face John, still in the leg scissors somewhat. Then I applied my best assets against John's greatest weakness. I pressed my breasts fully against John's crotch area and locked my arms around his waist,

what a predicament I was in. At least we had our clothes on, or it would have been all over right there. However, I found myself wishing for that particular predicament to become reality. I had to quit daydreaming, or I was going to lose.

===== 21 =====

"I'm thinking about it, but not quite yet. This is certainly a devastating hold, but you'll have to pin me to win." Now why did I admit that I was nearly beaten? I can still get away and win, can't I?

===== 22 =====

It certainly looked bad (or was that good?) for me. Julie had me down, and suddenly my shoulders were to the mat and she was counting yet again. I thrashed around wildly, managing to roll us over onto our sides. However, I was still caught with her breasts pressing against the bulge in my shorts. We rolled around back and forth this way for a minute or so, with Julie trying to get me onto my back again for a pin. Instead, I managed to get her onto her back, and I started counting. "One-thousand-one, one-thousand-two, one-thousand-three".

I knew I probably couldn't pin Julie this way, but I was able to force her to release me. As Julie let go with her arms, she pushed me to the side. I landed off the mat. Instead of talking, I feigned tiredness and just pointed to the center area to restart.

Julie followed me to the mat center. I trudged a little bit, pretending to be tired. The "breast hold" she had used on me had not really tired me much physically. Its effect, although potent, had been only sexual. I had more strength than I wanted Julie to realize. Plus, a payback plan was forming in my mind.

So far in this round, I had been on the receiving end of various "sex holds". Now I would turn the tables. I rushed forward and

hands clasped together, behind her in a bearhug. John still had his legs wrapped around me at the waist, making it all the "worse" for him.

I don't think John knew what hit him. When he struggled, my breasts rubbed against his crotch. He was very trapped.

===== 21 =====

"Ready to give up? This time it's a little more obvious who's in control."

===== 22 =====

I could hear the defeat in John's voice. It was only a matter of time now. I used my legs to push off a little and rolled John's shoulders up against the mat. "One-thousand-one, one-thousand-two, one-thousand-three". John was desperate now. He bucked and struggled with his legs and rolled us over onto our sides. I still had him in the "crotch-lock", pressing my breasts against his crotch as we rolled around.

However, John managed to roll me on my back, and started counting. Unfortunately, I had to release my hold on him, or John would pin me. I released the "crotch-lock" and pushed him off of me. John landed off the edge of the mat, so we moved back to the center area to restart.

We were both really tired now, but I definitely had the upper hand even though John had just nearly counted me out. We moved over towards center mat area. John seemed worn down. I'd soon have my way with him.

I motioned that we should start from a kneeling position. John nodded his agreement and knelt down facing me.

All of a sudden, John moved in towards me and reached his arm between my thighs. I was definitely very surprised as John's hand brushed against my crotch as he reached

placed my right arm between Julie's thighs, and further, getting a good grip on her behind. Next, I reached around her with my other arm, gripping her back. I held her there for a moment, giving her a knowing smile. Then I lifted Julie up off the mat a couple of inches and slammed her to the mat on her back. I would never have done this from a standing position, but kneeling this way, it wouldn't hurt that much. The main purpose was to surprise. And Julie certainly was surprised.

I landed on the mat next to Julie; my right arm still between her thighs. I hooked it around her leg and pulled forward. I was now lying along side Julie pulling her leg towards her chest. Normally, this would be a waste of time because of her great leg strength, but not this time. Julie was still dazed and didn't react much. I managed to hook my other arm around her neck and then clasp my hands together, locking her up in a pin.

Julie was trapped at last. I counted her out. "One-thousand-one, one-thousand-two, one-thousand-three, one-thousand-four, one-thousand-five." I released the hold, but remained by her side. I hoped Julie would be gracious in defeat.

===== 23 =====

"Thanks. But it wasn't any more sneaky than that breast hold you used on me."

"Not half as much as I enjoyed it!"

"So what do we do now?" hinting at something equally adventurous.

Needless to say, I was very disappointed, but she was right. Further relations would have to

between my legs, and then firmly planted his hand on my rear. I didn't know what to expect next! The boldness of the move was completely unexpected.

Then I felt the pressure on my crotch increase as John lifted me in the air. The next thing I knew I had landed hard on my back on the mat, sort of dazed. John's hand was still between my thighs. I wasn't dazed physically; it was more in my mind.

John grabbed one of my legs and pulled it towards my head. His other arm was hooked around my neck before I realized anything was wrong. He locked his hands together, and there was little I could do. John started counting, and I struggled a bit, but it was all over.

John had won, and I found that I was fine with that. He released me and I just lay there for a minute thinking things over. Next time I would win, or at least that was the plan.

John had nuzzled in next to me, but hadn't yet said anything. I decided to break the ice and rolled on my side to face him.

===== 23 =====

"Good match! You beat me good, but that was some hold you used on me, kind of sneaky in fact."

"Yeah, that was a good one. I enjoyed making you squirm."

"Is that a fact?" I said coyly.

"I know what I'd like to do, but I'd like our first time to be in more of a special place, rather than a racquetball court on an exercise mat. Plus, it's now almost 1:00am right now on a weeknight and I work early tomorrow."

wait. "OK" was all I could say.

"Yesssss!!" was what I was thinking. "OK. I'm game."

"Don't get cocky."

"Don't worry. I'll be ready for anything."

===== 24 =====

**THE END (for now).**

"Don't be too disappointed. After all, I want the same thing as you. Maybe we should make plans for this weekend, take an overnight together somewhere."

"I hope you are. You see, I'm already planning my revenge. You can expect a rematch."

"And what if I do?" I replied in my sexiest voice, to which John could only smile. We smooched a little more, and then departed. As we headed out the door of the health club, I leaned towards John and we kissed long and hard. As we parted, I leaned over and whispered in his ear. "You'd better be on your toes."

"You'd better be."

===== 24 =====

**THE END (for now).**