

“Novices,” by Gark

[Rachel & Janine’s wrestling adventures / voyage of discovery]

Chapter 1 - Frustration

My frustration with wrestling, or should I say lack of wrestling, began at about age 14, when I started shooting up in height. Although I didn't feel very intimidating, none of the girls I used to horse around with would have anything to do with me, as far as wrestling was concerned. By age 22, I finally stopped growing, my final height being about 6'1". I didn't really think this was too tall, but I just didn't have any luck at attracting any matches. Sure, I kept in good shape, but I certainly wasn't that strong and couldn't have looked it, either.

So, it seemed like endless frustration ahead. Plus, by now, I was out of practice, not that I ever knew that much about wrestling, anyway. The only persons interested in wrestling with me were guys, and that isn't what they really wanted to do, anyway. So, that didn't work out either.

Therefore, I was practically a complete rookie by the time I met Janine. I had joined the nearby “Y” so that I had a place to jog during the winter. But after a while, jogging seemed a bit boring, and swimming seemed like another good way to exercise. But, I was a ‘rock’ when it came to swimming, so I signed up for evening lessons as a beginner. As it turned out, Janine was a part-time swimming instructor at the Y, teaching adult beginning and intermediate swimming. And that is how we met.

From the moment I walked into the pool area for my first lesson, I realized that Janine could be a great wrestling opponent. She was nearly as tall as me, maybe an inch shorter at most, and about the same age and build. She had short, sandy blonde hair and a friendly smile. Plus, she was fit as a fiddle, with some obvious strength through the legs, probably from swimming. There was no way that I would intimidate Janine. In fact, I admit to being a little

intimidated by her, which actually increased my interest in getting her to wrestle with me.

Not wanting to be too obvious, I took some time to befriend her. We went out for pizza a few times after lessons, and eventually went to a few parties together. By the time of my last ‘beginner’ swim lesson, we had become good friends. It was at this point that things finally got interesting.

Upon my graduation from swimming class as a ‘guppy’, we decided to celebrate by going to a local sports-bar. We were enjoying the food and a few beers, glancing at the wide screen TV from time to time. At one point, Janine noticed that pro-style wrestling was on the tube. I was horrified when she said that the sport was stupid, and “how could anyone do that?”

I couldn't believe it. Here was my ideal wrestling opponent bad mouthing the sport. I jumped in quickly and said, “You know that isn't the real sport of wrestling. That stuff is just male soap operas with too much violence. Real wrestling isn't about hurting your opponent. It's really just a contest to see who can use their skill, strength and stamina to defeat their opponent. And, it can be just for fun.”

I could see that Janine was taken aback by this, but she surprised me when she said, “You sound like you've done some wrestling... is that true?”

My heart skipped a beat, but all I could say was “Not really. I used to do a little when I was a kid, but nothing since then. But, it seems like it might be OK, if done just for fun. How about you? Have you ever wrestled?”

I think Janine was a little surprised that I would ask, but this was my best opening for getting my little secret out in the open. However, I was really disappointed when Janine replied “No I

haven't ever done that.”

Unfortunately, the waiter appeared with the check, which interrupted this promising conversation - frustration again! We got up to leave without discussing it further, although Janine suddenly told me I was making great progress with swimming and really should sign up for intermediate lessons.

Chapter 2 - Setting It Up

So, I did just that. And, it wasn't too long before Janine brought up the subject of wrestling and I realized that she must have had an ulterior motive for telling me to take more swimming lessons.

One evening, after the first intermediate swim lesson, Janine explained to me that she now had the added responsibility of clearing the building of people and locking up. She suggested that we go out for pizza, so, as usual, I hung around with her after swimming. As we wandered around to be sure that everyone had left, we entered the gym. As always, there was a large exercise mat in the middle area. I was quite surprised when Janine said, “That sure is a nice large mat. I bet it would be a great surface for a couple of women to wrestle on.”

I was a little startled, but recovered quickly, “I wasn't sure you were interested, so I didn't want to bother you about it any further.”

Janine responded “Well, I wasn't certain at first, but then I felt that wrestling was a fairly natural thing to do, and that it might be fun, too. Plus, I bet that it's great exercise!”

I said, “I'm sure it is! You know what I find intriguing is the close-up competition against someone equally determined to beat me.”

“Yes, that does sound cool,” said Janine.

“So, are you up for a wrestling battle? Are we going to wrestle

here tonight?”

“Not tonight, but how about next week after swimming?” said Janine. “That will give us a chance to talk it over and figure out the rules first.”

“Sounds fine,” I said, so we finished locking up and headed out for pizza.

Chapter 3 - Anticipation

After ordering, we started discussing the rules. Janine started by saying, “You know, I'm not sure how to make up the rules fairly. I'm only interested in wrestling now because of how you said it could be just for fun. I'm not interested in hurting anyone, or being hurt, either.”

“I totally agree,” I replied. “Let's make up the rules with that in mind. But, how do we decide upon rules fairly?”

“How about we take turns making up rules, and the other person has veto power?” Janine said excitedly. “That way neither of us gets an unfair advantage. Let's limit ourselves to two rules each tonight and only one more rule each on the night of the battle.”

“OK!” I said. “You go first since you're the one to actually make the challenge.”

Janine replied, “OK. The first rule is that this is a fun style match. There will be no hitting, kicking, scratching, biting, and so forth.”

“I accept your first rule,” I said. “My first rule is that a person can win a round only by pin, with submission holds not allowed. And, a pin is holding the other person's shoulders down to the mat for a slow count of 10.”

“That's sounds good to me,” Janine said. “I can see you've been

thinking about this. Now for my second rule,” she said nervously. “We’ll wrestle in our swimming suits. I think they will fit closely and comfortably, and not get in the way.”

I was a little surprised by this rule, although I could see the sense in it. But I also wondered what other alternatives Janine may have considered, growing a little uneasy with my thoughts. I shook it off.

“OK,” I said somewhat hesitantly. “The last rule for tonight is also in the spirit of a fun-style match. Standing up on one’s feet is NOT allowed. Kneeling is as high up as a person is allowed. That way we don’t have very far to fall.”

Janine replied, “That sounds OK for now, but I think that if we wrestle again sometime, I’d veto that rule.”

I could hardly believe it. Janine was already thinking about future wrestling matches. This was too good to be true. “Sure, we can figure it out then,” I replied excitedly.

We talked and laughed for a while longer about other things, but just before leaving the talk again turned to our upcoming ‘Wrestling Battle,’ as we now were calling it.

Janine said, “You know, one of the best things about this battle is that we are both rookies. I don’t think either of us has an advantage. That makes it easier for me to accept the idea of wrestling, because I probably won’t get creamed.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll cream you!” I laughed.

“Not likely!” Janine interrupted. “You’ll be the one on bottom.”

“Well, we’ll just have to see, won’t we?” I replied trying to unnerve her a little. “But anyway, for me one of the most interesting things

in this battle is that we are about the same height and weight. I think it will be a pretty fair contest from that standpoint.”

“But you’re such a wimp!” she said. “I’ll overwhelm you easily.”

“Not likely!” I interrupted this time. “I’ll do the overwhelming.”

We laughed about it some more as we left. It was clear that Janine was looking forward to the ‘Wrestling Battle’. And, so was I. A week seemed like too far away.

Chapter 4 - Battle Day

I could barely contain my anticipation as the big day of the Wrestling Battle finally dawned. I flew through the day oblivious to all else. I daydreamed about how the battle would go, and spent a fair amount of time thinking about my final rule. And, I wondered quite a bit about what Janine would choose for her rule.



It was finally time for swimming and I eagerly walked over to the Y. I had my favorite 2-piece ‘Day-Glow’ orange swimsuit in my

duffel bag. It would be just right. The suit was kind of skimpy and very form fitting. I told myself that I chose that suit because it stayed on very well, and not because it was kind of sexy. And, the suit would allow freedom of movement and not be any sort of hindrance.

I was quite surprised to walk out to the pool area and see Janine in a 2-piece suit, too. She had always worn 1-piece swimsuits in the past. The suit looked new, another sign she was taking the upcoming battle seriously. It was seriously purple, and even less modest than mine - cut high on the thighs, and a little more cleavage on top. She looked very confident, and I could see that she was psyched.

As I approached, Janine said mockingly, "Ready to be overwhelmed?"

I just replied, "Only if you're ready to be creamed."

We just smiled and giggled a little. The lesson seemed to take forever, and clearing people out of the place seemed to take longer than ever. Finally everyone was gone and we had the place to ourselves. We went over to the gym and sat down on the mat to discuss the final rule each was to propose.

I said, "You know, I have been nervous as a cat waiting for today. I think it will be great fun."

Janine replied, "Me too, and that really surprises me since as little as 2 weeks ago, the thought of wrestling, let alone wrestling with a good girlfriend, had never occurred to me. I think it will be both hard and easy to wrestle against you. I mean you are my friend so it will be hard to attack, but at the same time I am comfortable with you, too."

"I know what you mean," I answered. "But let's not waste any

more time. What is your last rule?"

Janine said, "I have another rule designed to add some spice to the match, while helping to prevent injuries. I propose that pins are allowed only if the person's shoulders are on the mat. The rest of you can be off of the mat, but both shoulders must be on the mat to count. Plus, anytime a person's shoulders leave the mat, we break and re-start in the middle area."

I was impressed with the amount of thought behind the rule, and, also a little bewildered about Janine's reasoning behind it. But it seemed OK so I replied, "That will be fine." I had given a lot of thought to my rule, as well, so I said, "My rule is that we will wrestle for a set amount of time with short breaks between rounds. The person with the most pins at the end of the time limit wins. If a round is in progress at the end of the time limit, the round will continue until the pin." I figured that one of us would probably dominate the other and that a tie match was unlikely.

Janine replied, "How long did you want to wrestle and will there be any rest time between rounds?"

"How about 30 minutes of total time and a 1 minute rest between rounds?" I suggested.

"I'll accept the 30 minutes total, but with 30 second rests," replied Janine.

I agreed and we got up on our knees, moved to the center of the mat and faced each other. I definitely had Goosebumps, and I think Janine did too. IT was actually going to happen.

Chapter 5 - The Wrestling Battle (Finally!)

Janine looked great across from me as we sized each other up. We were both still wet from swimming and our suits clung snugly against our bodies. I'll admit Janine looked pretty strong and

determined, but she was wearing this big, friendly smile. I knew then that everything would be fine. I noted that the time on the wall clock was 10:30pm and told Janine that the match would be over at 11:00.

[10:30] On our knees, we circled each other on the mat for a little while, unsure how to begin. Our wet swimsuits left a trail on the mat as we moved. I laughed a bit and said, “We really are rookies - can’t even get the match going. Why don’t we start by locking our hands together?”

Janine agreed and we clasped our hands together and started to push at each other to gain position. I seemed to be stronger here and forced her down on the mat. I assumed that I could just roll on top of her and pin her. But she continued the roll and then some. We were rolling around like a couple of schoolgirls, giggling all the while, but serious about winning nevertheless. I managed to halt one of the rolls and climbed onto Janine’s back. I knew I had to roll her over onto her back, but she was squirming toward the edge of the mat. It was then that I figured out why she had made her final rule. I taunted her a little, “It looks like I’m overwhelming you, doesn’t it.”

[10:34] She responded by squirming all the more saying, “No way, you haven’t got me yet.”

However, her renewed squirming allowed me to finally flip her over and get on top of her. I have to admit it felt great to be holding her down. I thought I would win easily now. I was lying on top of her with my legs out to the side so she couldn’t roll me over. I was struggling with her for control of her arms, but she wasn’t going to give in easily.

[10:36] I finally got hold of Janine’s hands and trapped them over her head. However, we were only a couple feet from the edge of the mat by this time, and Janine kept squirming. She was really

hard to control, and a 10 second pin seemed out of the question. So, I managed to slide up a little bit on her so that I was sitting on her, straddling her stomach. However, when I did, Janine managed to slide closer to the edge of the mat. Nevertheless, I had her pinned beneath me and it felt very satisfying. I counted, “1... 2... 3... 4... 5...” She wriggled a bit, getting her shoulder up and moving towards the mat edge a little more. I had to restart the count, “1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6...” Janine got her left shoulder up again. I had no way to keep her in place, plus she had too much energy. Janine soon had us over the edge of the mat and said with a smirk, “Too bad - have to break and start again. Maybe I’ll get you down this time.”

That made me mad and I said, “No way! You’re going down for the 10 count this time.” The way she eyed me, I don’t think she agreed.

I don’t think either of us was a bit tired at this point, as we moved back onto the mat. Clearly, we were a couple of novices, but it was still fun and exciting. I noticed the water ‘tracing’ from our wet swimsuits on the mat. Janine pointed it out, too, saying excitedly, “This is great. It’s like a recording of our battle.”

I replied, “Yeah, here’s where I got on top of you.”

Then Janine said, “And this is where I wriggled us off of the mat.”

[10:39] We moved back towards the middle of the mat, and I made certain we were exactly in the center for the restart. I didn’t want Janine escaping again, if I could help it. Before starting, I said, “I’m really having fun. How about you?”

Janine replied quickly, “Me too. Let’s start!” This time we quickly clasped our hands together and began struggling for dominance. Janine used her arm strength to force my hands downward. She was stronger than me! I panicked and she forced me down saying,

“I guess its time to cream you.”

[10:41] This time it was me on bottom and I wasn't sure I liked it very much. Janine just kept smiling at me, enjoying the view from on top of me. She was now the one sitting on **MY** stomach. All of a sudden, it was “1... 2... 3... 4”, but I managed to roll a shoulder up and over so that I now faced the mat. But Janine was still on top of me, and very determined.

[10:44] I managed to roll quickly to the side and she fell off of me. I quickly pounced on her and we were locked face-to-face rolling all around again. I'm not sure what I liked better - the rolling around or the smile of pure joy on Janine's face. I think I must have looked the same to her, as I was smiling, and giggling, too.

[10:47] I finally was able to hold her down, but we were near the edge of the mat again. I decided to go for it anyway and managed to straddle her stomach once again. I was determined not to let her squirm away, “1... 2... 3...”. “Not even a count of 4”, I muttered to myself as she squirmed and rolled her way off of the mat.

[10:50] Janine smirked again and said as we got up, “I know this isn't a rest time, but how about we take a one minute break?”

I was now tiring, too, and countered with, “Let's just do 30 seconds.”

Janine agreed and we moved onto the center mat area for a short rest. She said, “I sure know how to make up rules.”

I replied, “There's no way I'll let you have this 'shoulders off the mat' rule again!! I've had you cornered twice and you got away both times!”

Then Janine said, “Does that mean you want to wrestle again sometime?” But before I could answer, Janine continued, “Don't

forget that I had you cornered once and you got away, too. Clearly we are missing something here. Neither of us is able to pin the other. We're a hapless pair at wrestling!” However, I could see she was thinking something over, or at least trying to figure something out.

[10:51] The rest time lapsed to 1 minute, but I don't think either of us cared. We restarted with our usual handclasp. Big mistake!! I was too tired to remember how poorly that had worked last time. Janine quickly got me down and was trying to climb on top. I managed to capture her left leg between my legs and hold her off for a while. But I was still in a bad spot. Janine grinned at me as if she were really enjoying my predicament. Then I realized that I was enjoying it, too, and we maintained this hold for a while to gather our breath.

[10:56] After a while, I managed to roll her off, or so I thought. As I rolled over her, Janine continued to roll so she was now fully on top of me. I tried to continue to roll further, but she was able to stop. I was far worse off now because I no longer had control of her leg. I started bucking, trying to get her off of me. But this just allowed her an opening to slide up and straddle my waist. She managed to grab both of my hands with hers, which she had failed to do the first time she had me down.

[10:57] I was confident I could still roll out of this. I wouldn't let her pin me! But then she shifted position, and moved her waist forward so she was now sitting astride my breasts with her knees over my shoulders! And, Janine was wearing a big grin. I think she figured it out before I did. I was helpless in this position, especially because she still controlled my arms. I tried to arch my back and flip her off, but she just rode on top of me as confident as can be. I tried twisting and turning whenever she started counting, but all I did was reset the count. And now, I was getting tired from all the squirming, and she sat there on top of me not working hard at all to control me. I looked up at Janine, her thighs now quite close to my

face, not sure about the sensation I was feeling. It was very exciting and I kind of liked it more than I wanted to admit. Janine looked very, very dominant up there on top of me, holding me down!

I looked at the wall clock and decided that I was not going to escape this new hold of Janine's. Even when time ran out, she would just stay on top of me until she got the ten-count. I decided it would be better to give up on this round, and not wear myself out. There was still time to start another round. Janine counted, "1... 2... 3... ...8... 9... 10. The winner of the first round is Janine by pin over Rachel!!"

[10:59] I let her have her fun and didn't grumble. After all, she had discovered this devastating hold and I had had no chance of escape. Besides, what's good for the goose is good for the gander. I could now use the same hold on her. However, I was really tired and wasn't sure how I would do in the next round. Unfortunately, Janine looked fresh, like she could do this indefinitely. So, I said, "I see we have enough time to start another round. I had no idea that a wrestling round could last that long. I know we agreed to 30 second rests, but how about a 1 minute rest, even though that puts us past the quitting time?"

Janine replied, "That's fine with me, even a little longer is OK. I mean it's a lot of fun and I wouldn't want to quit just yet."

Thank goodness, I thought. Then, I said, "I think that last round was more fun for you than it was for me. But it was well fought and you beat me fairly. Wherever did you learn that devastating pin?"

Janine answered, "I don't know. During the last rest break, I was thinking about the problem we were having with pins, and I just figured it out. I wasn't sure at the time whether that type of pin would work, but you saw the results. Once I tried it, it seemed

pretty natural. I bet this type of pin is used a lot."

As I planned my revenge, all I could say was, "Yes, I bet it is." We continued talking about the previous round as we rested. I told her, "You have no idea what it's like to be caught in a hold like that. I got such a helpless feeling, and you looked so dominant sitting on top of me looking down!"

Janine seemed to be thinking about it, and I'm sure she got the idea. She looked very confident, maybe too confident.

I finally started feeling more energetic and said, "I'm rested now. Ready for round 2?"

[11:04] We got to our knees and again faced each other. I was determined to win this round. I couldn't let her skunk me 2-0. Janine said, "No more rest periods, OK? We go until one of us wins the round."

I agreed. We moved toward each other, reaching out for our usual handclasp. But this time, I remembered what had happened before and had a new plan. At the last second, I ducked under the handclasp and clamped Janine in a bear hug. She managed to clamp a bear hug on me as well, but not as strongly. Here we were, face-to-face on our knees struggling for control. I have to admit it felt so good that I didn't want to throw her down, but I had to if I wanted to win. She landed hard on her back with me on top of her. I heard her yelp a little bit as we landed, but she started fighting back immediately, so I wasn't too concerned. I think, though that this may have evened out the playing field a little because now we were both acting pretty tired. I tried hard to convert this turn of events into a pin, but Janine clamped her legs around my right leg, and I couldn't move up on her. Now, where had she learned that, I thought to myself as I remembered using it on her earlier. Janine used this opportunity to catch her breath, and so did I as we lay there clamped together tightly. I taunted her by saying, "Ready to

be overwhelmed, yet?”

She smiled back and said, “It doesn’t look like you’re going anywhere soon.”

[11:07] Finally, we got moving again. We rolled back and forth over the mat for some time, trying to gain the upper hand. It was the ultimate, face-to-face competition, trying hard to defeat your opponent. It had a primal feel about it as we rolled around and I finally got on top of her back and held her down. We were both very tired now, gasping for air.

[11:10] I got my left arm under hers, and pried Janine over onto her back. I jumped onto her and straddled her waist with my legs before she could roll away. This time it was me smiling down at Janine. I quickly grabbed her arms to control her twisting motions. I think she knew what was coming, because she rolled hard to the side. But she was too tired to flip me off. As I controlled her roll and brought her shoulders back to the mat, I worked my way up her body so I was now straddling Janine’s breasts. I then worked my knees up over her shoulders.

[11:12] This time, the feeling of domination was mine. Even though she was still struggling, Janine looked very helpless beneath me. And, I have to admit that I liked it that way, too - top or bottom... both were very interesting. Janine still smiled, but it wasn’t her usual big grin. I called out, “1... 2... 3... 4... 5”, but Janine hadn’t conceded defeat yet and got her shoulder up for a moment. She tried to squirm her way to the edge of the mat, but it didn’t work in this position. The end was inevitable now. Janine raised her shoulder a few more times to stop the count, but she was tiring badly in that position. Even if she got loose, she would be too tired to beat me.

[11:17] Finally Janine stopped struggling, and I said, “1... 2... 3... ..8... 9... 10. The winner of the second round is Rachel by pin over

Janine!!” I rolled off of her and we just lay there exhausted.

Eventually we caught our breath and started talking. Janine said, “That was an awesome battle, well fought right to the end. You sure were effective using my own hold against me. There was no way to escape! You’re right! It is a helpless feeling being on the bottom that way, but not really a bad feeling. And yes, you really looked dominant as hell up there while I was trying to get loose.”

We had a big hug, and congratulated each other on a hard fought battle. However, I said, “You know that we are now tied at one apiece. I’d like to continue the battle and declare a winner, but not tonight. We’re both too tired.”

My heart jumped as Janine said, “I agree. I’d like to continue also. Maybe we should meet for wrestling every week or so. It certainly has been good exercise. But I’m sure I’ll ache all over tomorrow.”

Then, I said, “You were right earlier when you said we were both hapless. I think we should try to study up on wrestling before the next match.”

We got up, showered and dressed. I tried not to stare at Janine as we did, but couldn’t help it. I caught Janine looking my way, too. ‘What did it mean?’ I asked myself somewhat uncomfortably. But then we went our separate ways for a much-needed night’s rest, vowing to meet again in a week for a rematch.

Chapter 6 - Study Time

I was eager to continue my wrestling friendship with Janine, so I invited her to my apartment Saturday night for study and practice. I had discovered some good Internet wrestling sites and told Janine that we could probably learn a lot from them. We’d been so hapless, that anything would be an improvement.

Janine arrived Saturday wearing cut-off jean-shorts and a baggy T-

shirt. I wasn't sure that the T-shirt was such a good idea for



wrestling around, but let it pass for the time being. I showed her around my little abode, and then we went into the living room, where I kept the PC. I'd already logged onto a website that featured a variety of wrestling holds, so I began to show Janine some of my favorites.

"There's the 'Schoolgirl Pin' that I used on you!" Janine said eagerly as I showed her the first hold of many.

"It worked good on you, too," I replied. "Look here, it tells possible escapes, too. However, I don't think escape is very likely."

"Yeah, that's probably true. Once caught, I think you're pretty much done for," she replied. "Want to practice that one a little?" she asked.

I quickly agreed. Janine quickly tossed aside her T-shirt, revealing a black sports bra beneath. She had an ample figure and looked quite imposing.

But, then, so did I! My figure wasn't half bad either! "Wait here a second while I find something similar," I told her. I raced back to the bedroom and quickly threw on my black jean-shorts & a red

sports bra. I was still wearing my ankle high sweat socks. I looked myself over in the mirror, making sure everything looked right. When I turned around, I saw Janine standing in the doorway. I wondered how long she'd been watching. I threw a pair of sweat socks at her and she put them on.



"Looking good!" she said as we walked back into the living room. "You can be the good girl wearing red, and I'll be the bad girl in black."

"But I've got black shorts..." I replied.

"Then both of us can be bad," she giggle back.

And with that, we shoved the few pieces of furniture out of the way, then practiced putting each other in schoolgirl pins, trying to escape in various ways. And to our surprise, escape was possible, provided one wasn't too worn down.

We got up and went back to the computer, checking out other holds, then trying them on each other. And, we practiced escapes, too. That was part of the equation as well.

We went through holds with names like surfboard, test of strength, cradle pin, crossbody pin, grapevine pin, and anaconda. But I think both of us were eager to put our newly acquired knowledge to

practice. As the hour was getting late, we agreed to a simple one round practice match. The goal was to use the holds we had learned, not really trying to win at this point.

The living room was pretty much empty, other than the couch and loveseat. We knelt down and began to wrestle. Things were a lot different this time, although our methods were still pretty sloppy at first. After a while, we moved from hold to hold easily, putting on holds and then letting the other escape, just to get the feel of it all.

At one point, we were standing upright, struggling in a test of strength with our hands clasped together. I managed to force Janine backwards onto the couch, landing on her, straddling her at the waist. This was kind of half pin and half lap-dance. ‘Now why did that come to mind?’ I asked myself. And then with more than a bit of surprise, I noticed I was a little moist between the thighs.

While I was distracted by this turn of events, Janine knocked me sideways and we began struggling on the couch. The next thing I knew, we were rolling across the floor and then Janine hauled me up and propelled us into the loveseat, this time with her on top of me. I tried to put my distraction aside, but it was too late. Janine had me secured solidly on the loveseat, and I was too pooped to get away. Janine held my arms back and counted me out, this time stopping at the more reasonable count of three.

I had lost, but it was mainly just a practice round. We sat around and talked a while about what we had learned. “That was kind of fun there at the end when we let loose and ended up wrestling on the couch and loveseat,” Janine stated matter of factly.

“Yeah, it seemed like the intensity crept up a notch when that happened,” I replied. “It added a lot.”

“I believe it’s called apartment house wrestling when that happens.” Janine returned. “I was searching the web, too, you

know. Anyway, its still wrestling, but you use the whole apartment instead of a mat or a wrestling ring. Things can get crazy very easily.”

“Yeah, I can believe that!” I said slowly, with some emphasis. But I didn’t want Janine to know what had happened on the couch. I had been turned on, but it was probably just a simple happenstance.

It was time for her to go, and we arranged to meet again in a week - Saturday night once more, but this time at Janine’s apartment. ‘It will be fun,’ we told each other.

Chapter 7 - More Study Time

I arrived at Janine’s apartment at the appointed time, and we quickly settled in by the PC. Her apartment was much like my own. The living room had already been cleared, other than the couch and recliner chair. A large comforter was partially covering the floor, providing a little padding.

We were again both wearing jean-shorts. We stripped off our shirts, revealing the same sports bras beneath. Janine supplied the socks - this time they were over-the-calf style.

Janine took control of the PC this time, steering us onto a few different sites. We found one site devoted to aiding women in finding safe, suitable opponents. We both began the process of signing up, complete with digital photos, trying our best to look like wrestlers without going overboard. Who knew what would come of it?

We also discovered DWW. They had piles of real wrestling videos with photos. As Janine navigated, I noticed the various categories: ‘non-topless female wrestling’, ‘topless female wrestling’, ‘nude female wrestling’, ‘mixed f/m wrestling’, ‘arm wrestling’, etc., etc. There was a lot more to this wrestling stuff than I’d realized! And

then I noticed the 'Erotic Wrestling' category. 'Now what was that all about?' I asked myself, more intrigued by it than I'd have thought.

However, Janine interrupted my thoughts. "Kind of a lot to swallow, isn't it? I've been all over this site, and it's unbelievable. I've even ordered a few of the tapes. We should have them by next week."

"Yeah, that'd be neat! Maybe I should order some, too."

Janine showed me which ones she'd ordered so that we wouldn't end up with the same thing. She had ordered one non-topless tape and one topless one, saying, "It looks like some good matches, especially the topless one because they are novices. I figured it'd be OK, even though they're topless."

"Yeah, no problem. It might even be kind of interesting to wrestle that way," I replied, hiding my budding excitement carefully. "They seem to be smiling a lot."

"Maybe it would be fun..." was all she said in reply.

From there, we went to another site that had a video advocating 'garter wrestling' for beginning wrestlers. Instead of pins, one had only to remove the other's garter to win the round. At this point, Janine added, "I got us a couple of garters if you feel like trying it later. Maybe it'd be fun."

I wasn't sure what to say, replying only, "Yeah... maybe." It did sound fun, but it wasn't really wrestling. But what it was I wasn't really sure. But as I thought more about it, I decided it'd be OK.

Before I knew it, we were off of that site, and back at the wrestling holds site we'd spent so much time at last week. This time we practiced hammerlocks, headlocks, scissors of every variety - head,

waist, chest, body-to-body, etc. It was intriguing and exciting, getting all wrapped around each other like a couple of pretzels.

And then we progressed to bear hugs... This hold was something special... It was so primal in nature! And, we had already experienced it once before in our match at the Y. Initially, we tried face-to-face, and I was a little embarrassed when our breasts made contact. But Janine didn't even flinch, so I didn't either. We squeezed away at each other, neither having much advantage. I kind of wondered how it would feel if we were topless, but then the thought passed as Janine lifted my feet completely off the floor, gaining total advantage. I had no idea she was that strong, and now I was in her clutches. But she tired quickly, letting me down again.

Then I retaliated, surprising myself by lifting her off her feet, too, and squashing her breasts against my own. The ensuing feeling was not lost on me, as I again noticed some moisture between my thighs, beginning to get a little 'hot'. I held her like that longer than I thought possible, then Janine surprised me by grabbing my hair and yanking. We released each other immediately, and I was a little pissed.

"What was that for?" I asked hotly.

"Didn't you know? I wanted loose, but I could hardly talk cuz you had me gripped so hard. Pulling your hair was all I could do to get your attention!"

"Oh... sorry... guess I got lost in the moment. But what made you go for my hair?" I asked sheepishly.

Janine answered quickly. "It's called catfighting. The rules are a little looser, and the action a bit more intense. But I'm not advocating that we do that, at least not any time soon. I'd rather stick with wrestling until we're much better at it."

I wasn't sure what to think. Catfighting was a new concept - hair-pulling and who knew what else. Maybe it could be interesting. The hair-pulling hadn't been that bad actually, just a surprise.

We moved on to reverse bearhugs, Janine going first. She came up behind me, locking her hands together just below my breasts, then tightening, applying more pressure. As she lifted me in the air, the pressure of her arms came directly upon my breasts, lifting them upwards as she squeezed. To my surprise, I kind of enjoyed the sensation, feeling my level of wetness increase a notch. But then, I was free and it was my turn. I grabbed Janine the same way, just below the breasts, making sure she would 'suffer' the same way I had as I lifted her feet off the floor. This time, I let her down soon enough to prevent any problems.

Janine wheezed slightly, saying, "That's a submission hold if I ever saw one. We might have to try submission wrestling sometime."

"Yeah, I could handle that, as long as we don't get too carried away," I replied.

"OK, one of these days, but not tonight. I think I'm worn out too much for anything very intense tonight. Why don't we just try a garter match, and then call it a night?"

"Yeah that sounds about right," I replied.

Janine ran into her bedroom, returning with a couple of lacy garters, one black and one blue. We removed the socks Janine had supplied. I took the black garter and slipped it onto my



leg, hiking it way up high so that my jean shorts covered it.

"Hey, no fair!!" complained Janine, but I saw her do the same thing with the blue garter. "How about two out of three?"

"OK, let's start! On our knees?" I asked as I crouched down. Janine did likewise, and we were off. I lunged at her leg quickly, not waiting for a signal to start, going for the garter immediately.

Janine countered quickly, halting my progress quickly before I had moved the garter even an inch or two. Before I knew it, we were rolling all around the floor, squealing like a couple of banshees, trying to get a hold of the other's garter. It was really, really fun!! I thought I was making progress, my head near Janine's knees, when I discovered the error of my ways. As I pulled her garter to her ankles, I found myself in a head scissors, with my arm movement severely restricted. I couldn't pull the garter the rest of the way off! Meanwhile, Janine had no problem getting hold of my garter and pulling it all the way off. I wasn't quick enough to respond with a head scissors of my own. Janine was ahead, one to zero.

I put my garter back on and we quickly lined up for the next fall. "How about we start in a bearhug this time?" asked Janine.

I liked the idea and quickly agreed. We knelt on the floor, touching at the knees. As we reached around each other to set up the bearhug, I placed my left arm over her right as they crossed, and she did likewise with me. That way, neither of us had an outright advantage. This time I waited for both of us to be ready. I looked forward to the hold and didn't want to spoil it in any way.

We tested our grips a little making sure we were set, and then Janine asked, "Ready?"

"Ready" was all I said.

Then, Janine replied, “Go!!” and we started to squeeze. This wasn’t the optimal way to bearhug someone, with one of their arms under yours, but it was the only fair way to do it simultaneously. I could feel a tightening in my chest as Janine squeezed me. But I squeezed her back in return and I felt the pressure lessen somewhat. We went back and forth like that, first one having the advantage and then the other, and I was getting a bit excited as our breasts plied against each other, pancaking together, as we strained for an advantage. After a few moments, Janine was no longer squeezing back very hard and I knew I had her. I quickly threw her to the floor and she landed on her back with little resistance. I reached for her garter, but it had slipped far inside her jean shorts. I didn’t hesitate at all. I reached up inside the leg of her shorts and grabbed that garter, yanking it down hard. It was over her ankle and off in nothing flat. It was then that I realized that there was nothing else inside her shorts - Janine was not wearing any underpants!! I didn’t know what to think or say, so I pretended not to have noticed. But she probably knew that I knew...

I got up and sat on the couch. Janine lay there for a moment catching her breath. Then she sat down nearby for a chat.

She looked me right in the eye, saying, “That was sure a barnburner, wasn’t it?”

“Yeah, very primal and all. Was it OK? Fun? Whatever?” I asked.

“Sure. It was fun, but I wouldn’t want to do it all the time,” she replied. “Of course, if I had won, I might say differently. You’re stronger than I realized.”

We took a few minutes to rest up before starting again, making small talk about other things. I made no mention of her not wearing any panties, instead filing the thought away for another time.

Then Janine said, “OK, I’m ready now. Last time I suggested the starting positions. This time you do it.”

“OK. Let’s do it apartment style, right here on the couch. If we fall off the couch, we have to stop and immediately get back on,” I told her.

“Sounds good,” was her reply.

We lined up on our knees facing each other. “How about we put our left hand on the other’s garter and the right arm around each other’s back, sort of in a clinch?”

“Ummm... could be interesting. OK!” Janine replied eagerly.

Janine pulled her garter back into position on her right leg. Mine was already on my right leg. We set up the clinch, grabbing each other’s garter, then ‘hugging’ each other with our free arms. My chin was resting on her left shoulder, and Janine was positioned similarly on me. Or breasts jostled against each other, this time kind of jousting, or even pummeling, as we got ready to start.

I enjoyed the contact, but was afraid to say anything to Janine about it. Instead, I said, “Go!” and I continued the duel with her breasts. I knew Janine must be enjoying it, too, as she giggled and laughed as we ‘breast battled’, forgetting about grabbing garters for the time being.

We jostled and bounced against each other, sliding, pummeling, whatever. I loved it! And my hotbox was really hot! And I could see Janine loved it, too. I didn’t even stop to think what that might mean. Unfortunately, at the moment, our sports bras restrained some of the contact. Again, I wondered how this would feel if we were both topless. Maybe next time??

Finally, we started wrestling around on the couch. I'd have her pinned, and then go for the garter, only to have her get free. Then she'd have me in the same predicament, and I'd get loose, too. Finally, we ended up with our heads towards the other's ankles, scrambling to pull off the garter. I got Janine in a head scissors, but she got me as well, as we struggled trying to grab the other's garter. I could see that Janine's garter had slipped up high inside her shorts. I caught sight of a few of her 'pubes' (natural blond) as I reached inside to grab the garter, pulling it down a few inches. It took maybe a minute more, but I managed to pry my head free, and then yanked the garter off her leg completely. I had won, but it had been a near thing. I collapsed on the floor with a giggle and a sigh.

Janine lay still on the couch, resting for a moment, before speaking. "That was totally intense. I am completely spent."

"I know. But it was fun, wasn't it?" I asked just to be sure.

"Yeah, unlike anything else. Totally awesome!" she replied. "But I think next week we should take some time off from wrestling and just have movie night or something."

"Yeah, all right! Pizza, popcorn and beer while we watch the wrestling videos you ordered. I'll have to order some videos, too."

And with that, we parted for the night. Upon returning to my abode, I stumbled into the shower, rinsing the sweat and aches from my body, before retiring for the night. It had been an excellent evening!

Chapter 8 - Movie Night

The week passed quickly, and Saturday night arrived before I knew it. This time, I left the living room furniture in place as we weren't planning on wrestling - just videos. But I had discovered a new website that I wanted to show Janine. The doorbell rang precisely at 7:00, the anointed time - a good sign.

Janine entered, carrying a bag of snacks under one arm and two videos in the other. I relieved her of the videos and placed them by the VCR in the living room. My tapes hadn't arrived yet, and maybe it was just as well for tonight, considering what they contained. In the meantime, Janine headed for the kitchen, dropping the snacks on the counter area. She pulled open the refrigerator for inspection. "Ummm... you got the good stuff!!" she said, grabbing a bottle and popping off the top.

"Yeah, you know me, nothing but the best," I replied. We had agreed to split the cost for the evening, Janine supplying the snacks, and me supplying the beer. I had splurged a bit on the beer, but so what. But then Janine pulled out the snacks and I saw that she had splurged, as well. There were two snack trays, one with shrimp cocktail and the other with a homemade tray of veggies on top of some sort of sauce. "Wow!" was all I could say as I grabbed one of the shrimps and slathered it in cocktail sauce.

We gobbled up some of the goodies as we made small talk. I told her about the website I'd found, so we decided to try that first and order some pizza later.

Janine was wearing jeans and a T-shirt. We hadn't talked about what to we might wear tonight, and I guess that was appropriate since we weren't going to be wrestling anyway. I was wearing the usual jean-shorts with a sports bra under a T-shirt. I could tell that Janine had a bra of some sort under her shirt and scolded myself for checking her out. We moved out of the kitchen over to the PC, bringing the snacks with us.

"So, what is this website you've been talking about?" asked Janine excitedly.

"It turns out there are other women out there who like to wrestle for fun - just like us! Look here," I said as I brought up Emma's

site. “This women openly talks about wrestling with other women just for fun. Look at her rules.”

We looked at Emma’s rules and saw the emphasis was on fun, and experience wasn’t really necessary. It sounded just like us. Then Janine noticed something further down the list. “So, she’s interested in these areas - catfight, apartment style wrestling, and oil matches. Hmmm, I hadn’t thought of that. How does she set that up?”

“You’ll see,” I replied. “It’s in the ‘matches’ area.” We spent some time looking around, noticing that she had a fine padded mat for wrestling & catfighting, and an inflatable pool for oil matches & water fights. And, it looked like she and her various opponents were having a very good time, smiling at each other almost constantly as they wrestled in various ways.

“That could be fun,” I said tentatively as we scanned some of the topless oil photos.

“Yeah, it could,” she said.

We moved on to a few other sites, but it was enough for us to know that there were other women like us out there - just wrestling for the fun of it. We ordered a pizza and settled in on the couch. Janine had the remote.

“I’ve watched both of these tapes a few times. The first tape has four matches, but two of them are much better than the others. I already set the tape to a good starting point.”

We started to watch the first match, with Janine narrating once in a while. She really liked to hog the remote, backing up and fast-forwarding whenever she wanted, and it was starting to annoy me. But the action was intense enough that I put it aside. The two women were in a ‘schoolgirl pins only’ match wearing bluejeans

and T-shirts. “Geez, this looks awfully familiar,” I said.

“Yeah, that’s why I bought it. But notice how hard it is for either one to get a pin. They seem to escape almost effortlessly. They are very talented wrestlers,” Janine explained knowingly.

“I can see...” I replied somewhat mesmerized by the action. Before I knew it, the doorbell rang. As I opened the door, the pizza-boy looked us over intently, seeing the snacks and beer, asking, “Need any company?”

“No thanks, our boyfriends will be back with the rest of the treats in a few minutes,” I replied politely, making sure he wouldn’t return later.

“What a pain!” Janine complained after he’d left. “Can’t guys just leave you alone once in a while?”

“Yeah, I know. C’mon, let’s watch the second match and eat the pizza,” I prodded gently.

The second match was a submissions only match, wearing bikinis. There were many scissors holds to the waist, chest and head. The two women were evenly matched. They grunted and groaned as they wore each other down. The final fall was evenly contested, with the blond woman eking out a win with a schoolgirl pin / smother hold. I’ll admit that it looked kind of exciting. But Janine just kept on messing with the remote, showing the hold repeatedly - fast one time and then slow the next, which I found very, very irritating.

“Give me that thing!” I told her, “before you piss me off good.”

“Take it from me if you can,” she taunted.

The remote went flying as I leaped onto her. We rolled all around

trying to get away and grab the remote. But neither of us would release the other long enough to grab it. Then Janine pushed me aside and went for the remote. I recovered quickly and grabbed her by the neckline of her T-shirt. Before I knew it, her shirt came flying off over her head and I was left holding it in my hand.

Janine grabbed the remote, and then turned to face me. She was wearing a purple bikini top - not a bra. "You lose this time," she said. "I get the remote for now."

Then I looked at her swimsuit top more clearly. "Hey, isn't that the same swimsuit you wore for our first match at the Y?" I asked.

"Yup, one and the same. I've got the bottoms on under my jeans, too," she replied with a meaningful smile.



"Just a minute," I replied, darting into my bedroom. I pulled all the dresser drawers out, frantically searching for my Day-Glow orange bikini. I turned and saw that Janine was watching from the door. I didn't let that stop me as I slipped off my T-shirt and sports bra,

replacing them with the orange bikini top. Janine didn't bother to turn away as I did so. Janine had already slipped off her jeans, standing there looking very striking in her purple bikini.

Next I slid off my shorts. There were no panties to remove. Janine continued to watch as I slid into my orange bikini bottoms. It hadn't bothered me that she had watched. In fact, I had actually enjoyed it!

We returned to the living room. Janine slipped in the other tape and we returned to the couch, Janine controlling the remote again.

"After the next match is over, we'll wrestle for control of the remote. OK?" she asked.

"It's a deal!" I replied.

"And no complaining about how I use it!"

"OK, OK," I muttered in reply.

Janine explained that the wrestlers on this tape were novices, wrestling topless. I admit I was pretty interested to see them wrestle that way. She explained that again, two of the matches were better than the others. I moved the coffee table and pizza out of the way as she pressed the play button on the remote. Two moderately built women appeared on the mat, one blond and the other brunette, already having shed their tops. Their breasts shimmered side-to-side as they approached each other to lock up. I was totally transfixed to the screen as they grappled. As they paused before starting the final round, I noticed Janine was equally enthralled by the action, so much so that she hadn't even been messing with the remote.

"Pause for a second... OK?" I asked.

Janine relented, pausing the action.

“Did you notice a difference this time, other than the obvious?”

“Yeah. They were smiling and laughing - having a good time. Not like the ‘pros’, who were only intent on winning the match.”

“Yeah. I saw it too. Let’s not ever get so good that we forget to have fun,” I told her.

“I doubt that’ll be a problem for you,” teased Janine.

I leaped at her and the battle was on. I wanted to get even for that remark. I grabbed at her arm, trying to wrest the remote from her grip. All I managed to do was to press the play button, resuming the action where it had left off.

We rolled around on the couch, our legs tangled within each other’s. I grabbed the remote from her, and then she grabbed it away from me. The remote finally popped free and slid beneath the cracks of the couch. Janine pushed me to the floor and jumped on top of me. She started moving upwards on my body obviously going for a schoolgirl pin. I quickly bridged, arching my back, tossing her to the side. I rolled with her, landing on top, ensnaring her legs in a grapevine pin. It was very sensuous having Janine captured this way, crotch against crotch, breasts against breasts, legs totally intertwined. I counted her out, “One-thousand one, one-thousand two, one-thousand three.” But I didn’t release her right away. I just stared into her eyes, letting her know I had mastered her. Then I let her go and took control of the remote as the video match reached its finale.

We grabbed a couple more beers and I started the next video. This was the last match we planned to watch tonight. The women were absolutely stunning, wearing only thongs. They were about 5'2" or 5'3" in height, thin other than their robust busts and completely

tanned all over, at least as far as I could tell. They looked kind of excited to get started, but were fairly tentative in their moves once they did.

This match was much more spirited than the last one, with the action very fast paced. The women clearly had some experience, but nothing like the earlier tape. Again, I noticed that they were very definitely enjoying themselves as the wrestled around - laughing, smiling, giggling even as they made the guttural sounds of exertion. And when that made full frontal contact with their breasts, I imagined doing the same with Janine. Did we dare?? What would she think?? I believed I knew the answer, but tonight might not be the right time. The evening was almost over, and we were both tired from the food and beer. Just one more little tussle would be enough, I figured, as the tape reached its conclusion.

Before I knew it, Janine lay down with her back on my lap and grabbed for the remote. I stuffed it into the couch crack, and then pressed my chest onto hers as she lay on my lap. Our hands met and clasped. We rolled off the couch and onto the floor, vying for position for some time. We were both tired, and it didn’t take long for a finale. Janine sat on me, holding my arms down, but not in a Schoolgirl pin. It was more of a classic pin, and I was too tired to get away. Janine counted me out, “One-thousand one, one-thousand two, one-thousand three.”

It was time for Janine to leave, and we made small talk while we cleaned up, still wearing our bikinis. I noticed that Janine had red welts on her knees and elbows. Then I looked at myself and saw the same.

“Ouch! Look at the rug burns on our knees and elbows!” I proclaimed. “We can’t keep wrestling this way or we’ll be a bloody mess.”

“Yeah, so I noticed. We should get a proper wrestling mat like

Emma's," she replied

"But how should we do it? Wanna go halves or something?" I asked.

"Let's go shopping during the week. I'm sure we can figure something out," Janine replied assuredly.

Before Janine left, we set up a 'shopping date' for after work Wednesday in hopes of finding a nicely padded wrestling mat.

Chapter 9 – Shopping

On Wednesday, we met for a light dinner at the mall food court, and then turned our attention to finding a wrestling mat. We entered one of the sporting good stores.

"I don't think it would be a such good idea to ask for a wrestling mat," Janine advised. "They might wonder what we were going to do with it. And, I'm not sure I want to advertise about our matches."

"Yeah, I replied. "They probably don't call them wrestling mats anyway. Let's just look for exercise mats and figure out what's best."

We looked around, comparing prices at several stores before settling on one of them. Actually, it was two of them. We each bought a 6' x 12' exercise mat with excellent padding & resiliency. Plus they had Velcro along the long sides so they could be fastened together to form a 12' x 12' wrestling surface. We brought our respective mats back to each of our apartments, the plan being that the 'visitor' would bring her mat to the 'home' apartment for each match.

Chapter 10 - Topless Wrestling!

Saturday fight night arrived and I grabbed my mat and threw it in

the backseat of the car. It was a tough fit, but made it. I felt a little funny carrying an exercise mat up the stairs to Janine's apartment, but I doubt the few people I passed in the hall had any idea, anyway. I knocked on the door and Janine let me in immediately. We carried the mat into her living room. All of the furniture had been moved elsewhere, except for the couch, which was against the far wall. Only her mat was lying there, so we fastened mine up against it.

We were both excited to get started. I was already in my jean-shorts, with a bright yellow sports bra beneath my T-shirt. Janine had answered the door wearing only her cut-off shorts and a navy blue sports bra - no T-shirt. Once Janine had closed the door, I whipped off my T-shirt and threw it to the side. We grabbed a few bottles of water and sat down on the couch to discuss the rules for tonight's match.

Janine started. "You're the visitor, what do you think? How should we do it tonight?"

"I think the 'home' person should decide the rules," I replied thoughtfully. "That way we can make plans ahead of time on how to set up the apartment, etc."

"That makes sense, but we should remember Emma's rules, too. It must be fun, and there must total agreement between both of us on rules, conditions, etc."

"Yeah, I like that way, too," I replied, agreeing wholeheartedly, but wondering if there was something underlying all of this.

"In that case, how about two out of three falls, but with a different twist - I saw it on the web somewhere. To triumph overall, you have to win one fall by pin and a second fall by submission. It doesn't matter which order, though."

I hadn't really thought seriously about submission wrestling, but what the heck. Janine was interested and that was enough for me. Maybe it would be interesting to make her submit to me... "OK, I'm in!" I told her.

"Good. The usual rules apply, you know... fun-type wrestling and all, but with one more twist. How about we try it without our sports bras?" she asked tentatively.

'Yeough!' I thought. But to be sure, I asked, "You mean topless??"

"Yeah, dunderhead! Emma seemed to be enjoying it in her matches," she replied candidly.

"I know, I know..." I told her, not wanting to agree too quickly.

"C'mon, you have to admit you enjoyed it two weeks ago when we 'dueled' chest-to-chest during the garter fight."

"Yeah, yeah, it was fun. I agree. We can wrestle topless. It'll be cool... figuratively and literally, both."

Janine smiled at that and whipped off her sports bra, hurling it far away. "Aaahhh, the freedom of movement is exhilarating!" she exclaimed, still sitting on the couch.

I did the same, although I feigned some tentativeness at first. "Yeah, you're right!" I replied excitedly.

Then I turned my eyes on Janine, checking her out. Her nipples were pink and erect. Mine were brownish, but equally erect... and very hard.

Janine was checking me out, too. Our eyes met for an uncomfortable moment, and then she struck a muscle pose, both arms above her head, flexing. "I'm gonna take you to the cleaners,

chump!" she challenged.

Her breasts were like two large dollops, suspended in air, challenging me. I replied in kind, proud of my breasts as well. We were preening and posing, then I ragged on her, "C'mon wench. I'll mop the floor with you."



We were wearing only jean-shorts now, and I doubt that Janine was wearing any underwear. But then, neither was I. I'd learned that much from the garter match.

We moved to opposite sides of the mat, standing, staring each other down. This was something else we had seen in the videos. A good stare-down / confrontation at the start was essential. We played it to the hilt, circling and taunting before starting.

"C'mon wimp. You fight like a girl!" I told her, egging her on. "C'mere and get what's coming to ya."

"Why don't you come here?" she replied fiercely. "You afraid or somethin'?"

"Of you??" I sneered as best I could manage without laughing.

“Never!!”

With that, we lurched at each other, or bodies smacking together as we met. I felt our left breasts smash together, and then we were both down on the mat, a little dazed. I don't think we had intended anything quite like this, but I seemed OK, and Janine looked fine as she got up to her knees and came after me. I got up quickly, too, not wanting to give her an advantage.

“That was some crash. You OK?” she asked.

“Yeah fine. Just surprised. How about you?” I asked

”Yeah, the same,” she replied. “Let's keep going.”

“OK”

We moved towards each other on our knees and quickly locked up quite naturally. This was our first real match since that night at the Y and I was pleased at how well we moved from hold to hold. Sure, we were still enjoying ourselves, smiling as we grimaced and rolled, our moves and escapes more fluid. We didn't roll back & forth so much now, and the awkwardness was mostly gone - but not the giggles. Not that we were much better than novices yet, but the difference was noticeable. We could have an actual match now! And I found that very exhilarating!

We didn't really know much about submission holds, so I think we were both concentrating on pins. However we weren't having much luck at it. We knew the escapes now and were still fresh enough to use them effectively. Finally, I trapped Janine with her back to the mat for a Schoolgirl pin, thinking I had it made. I sat on her bare breasts with my knees on her shoulders. She looked determined to get free, trying to hook one of my arms with her leg. But she missed, and then I missed at grabbing her leg to secure the hold. Still, it looked good for me and I began to count once I got

her shoulders back down on the mat firmly. “One-thousand-one... one-thousand-two...”

And that was all the further I got as Janine bridged and twisted free. We rolled together to the side and Janine tried to stand up. But I still had my legs around her waist, so I locked them together and squeezed. I saw the smile on her face change to a grimace, and forced her back down to the mat, maintaining good pressure with the waist scissors. I was on my side and Janine was on her back. I pulled her body against mine and tangled up her arms against me so she couldn't use them effectively to escape. Our breasts clashed as we struggled, but Janine was gradually losing ground, seeing the inevitability of it all. I gave her one more hard squeeze, and she submitted quickly, “OK... I give... uughh!”

I released her waist right away, pulling my legs off her, but I stayed next to her, as our breasts were still dangling against each other, and I kind of liked the sensation. I think she did too, as it was about a half-minute before we got up to sit on the couch.

“I'd say that went a lot better than before... easily the best round of wrestling we've had,” I told her.

“Easy for you to say. But I think the next round will prove to be the best yet since I definitely will get the better of you.”

I laughed a little, replying, “In your dreams... in your dreams.”

“Then lets get going, before I fall asleep from boredom!” she laughed.

We started in a standing position this time, but neither of us looked ready to duplicate the smashing start of the last round. We bent down a little as we circled, looking for an opening. Janine moved like lightning, grabbing my leg and lifting, sending me to the mat on my back. I was in trouble right away as she moved in to take

advantage. I twisted so my tummy was down, but Janine still had my leg. Before I knew it, she was sitting on my back, straddling me at the waist, and pulling on my leg. It was a leglock, and I didn't want it to turn into a double-toed one.

I manage to twist my leg free, but that just made Janine switch her focus to my head area. Before I knew it, I was in a full nelson. I panicked, not remembering the recommended escape, trying to roll away. As we rolled, Janine was beneath me for a moment, and clamped her legs around my waist. Now I was really in trouble, my body captured at two different spots, receiving pressure at both. I calmed a little, trying to think it through, but it was too late to escape now. I tried to move my arms up or down (I couldn't remember which way was correct), but Janine had me locked up too well. And then the pressure really started in earnest. I knew I couldn't hold out for long and that escape was unrealistic. "OK... I submit!" I barely squeaked out.

Janine let go right away, and I rolled off her onto my side to recuperate. To my surprise, Janine started rubbing my neck, kneading some life back into it.

"Aaaaa... that feels sooo good," I told her and was rewarded with a few minutes more effort on her part. She was lying behind me, working on my neck with her strong hands. I hadn't realized how strong her hands could be - I'd have to watch out in a match!

We got up and I sat on the couch to rest some more while Janine got us a couple of sodas. We had decided on no booze tonight, wanting to be in full control of our faculties. I watched her return, noting the shimmy and sway of her breasts as she approached. She knew I was looking, but she didn't care. After locking up as we had, wrestling in every position imaginable, it hardly mattered whether we were topless or not.

We sipped on our sodas slowly, comparing notes.

"I didn't expect that we'd be doing submissions right away," she told me. "I had figured that pins would be easier and that a single submission would decide the match."

"Yeah, strange isn't it. Submission holds seem to be easier than pins."

"I guess we were too well rested at the beginning and escape from the various pins was fairly easy. But I don't think that'll be true from this point on. We're both worn down now and escape will be tougher."

"Yeah, probably. Say, you know how I tried to get you in a schoolgirl pin in the first round?" I asked.

"Yeah. I remember where that eventually led, too," she replied.

"Well, I was thinking... We rely on that hold too much. Maybe we should disallow it for round three, you know. It would force us to try other things."

"Yeah. Good idea. Let's do! Ready to start round three yet?" she asked.

"OK, standing or on our knees? I replied.

"How about starting on our knees in a bearhug?"

I was taken aback, and hesitated before replying. I had wanted to do a topless bearhug for some time now, but was still surprised when the moment arrived. "Sure, sort of a breast duel type of thing?" I asked.

"Yeah, sort of mine against yours, I guess. It might be fun!"

“Yeah, it might!” was all I could think to say.

We moved to the center area of the mat and kneeled down. As we knee-walked towards each other, we looked each other in the eyes, and then shifted our gazes to breast level. We met as we had in practice, but this time with no tops impeding the contact between our chests. Janine sighed as we made contact, and so did I. Then we looped our arms around each other, fumbling for a grip longer than we really needed to. Finally, Janine said, “One... two... three... go!” and we were off.

Neither of us tried to shake the other and throw the m down, It would be a test of strength. I knew in the back of my mind that breasts had little to do with strength, but the way we were locked together, it really seemed that way - sort of like breast versus breast times two. Even though it was our arms that were doing the squeezing and our chests that were resisting that squeezing, it still felt like a contest of strength between my breasts and Janine’s.

As we squirmed and squeezed against each other, it was clear that we both enjoyed being topless and in contact with each other. And, I knew that we would never again wrestle any other way. We had crossed the line, but I was still a little unsure what line it had been, and where we were headed. Instead of worrying about it, I decide to put my concerns aside and concentrated on the moment at hand.

I don’t know how long we struggled that way as time became meaningless. My head was resting on Janine’s left shoulder and hers was resting on mine. I could hear her breathing as we groaned and grimaced, grinding our chests together... squashing and mangling our breasts against the other in this contest of wills. I could even feel the pulsations of our racing hearts as we fought this way. Neither of us could ‘give’, though, as a pin was required this round. And, I now sensed that our strength was nearly sapped, and we were both weak as kittens. Eventually the match would have to resume, but what would be the conclusion?

I think we reached the decision point simultaneously as we tried harder now to roust each other from that all consuming position and gain an advantage. We fell to the side, still wrapped up in each other. But I had gained a slight advantage, and as we fell, rolled on top of Janine, our chests still in contact, but our arms no longer squeezing. I reached for her arms as I grapevined her legs in mine. I began to count her out, but Janine still had some fight left in her. She squirmed and wriggled, fighting the relentless pressure of my hands holding hers down. Occasionally, I raised my chest up off her a little, and then slammed my breasts down hard onto her breasts. I knew there was no actual physical power being asserted, but the psychological effect of smashing her breasts with my own was what I intended. Janine’s face showed it all. Her position was hopeless and she was giving up. I counted her out very slowly as I squashed her breasts beneath mine. “One-thousand-one..... one-thousand-two..... one-thousand-three.” I had won, so I released her arms and legs, but I lay there on top of her a few moments more before getting up, enjoying the skin contact of our chests for a time.

I wasn’t ready to discuss what had just happened, so I went to get a couple of beers, no longer worried about our state of mind. We managed to talk around what had happened, not willing to delve into it further. But, I didn’t want to give any of this up, either. I was very relieved when Janine brought up the subject of next week’s get-together at my house.

“What do you want to try next week? Are we still on?” she asked a little tentatively.

“Yeah, I think we should get together for another match, but I’m not sure of the particulars at this point. Any ideas?” I asked.

“It’s at your house, so it’s your call. You have to figure it out. But I’m getting tired of wrestling in cut-offs - too tight and confining,

you know,” she replied.

I was a little worried that she wanted to wrestle in the nude, which I wasn't quite ready for yet, so I replied, “Maybe we should try thongs or something?”

“Yeah. That's what I was thinking, too.”

“Hey... let's go shopping again Wednesday, and we can find something suitable,” I suggested.

I dressed quickly at that point, feeling a little awkward sitting around topless and chatting away. I gathered my part of the mat, and Janine helped me carry it out to the car. We hugged briefly, then Janine went back inside and I drove home. I was happy with what had happened, but confused nevertheless.

After I got home, I jumped in the shower, thinking over the evening's events. My thoughts lingered on the finale, holding Janine helpless beneath me and pounding against her breasts with mine. I got very wet between the thighs, and not just from the shower, pleasuring myself repeatedly, continuing to think about wrestling topless with Janine...

Chapter 11 – More Shopping

On Wednesday, Janine and I again met for a light dinner at the mall food court. I had a few ideas in mind that I wanted to discuss with her.

“Say, I was thinking... maybe we should have a sleepover Saturday night,” I asked.

“You mean like a slumber party?” Janine replied with a gleam in her eyes.

“Yeah. We'd have plenty of time for videos, wrestling, Internet,

more wrestling...”

“OK - sounds like you already have a plan. Let's hear it,” she said.

“Well... on Saturday night, I thought we could watch a few videos or whatever, and have a pillow fight some point along the way. Y'know, every slumber part has to have a pillow fight. But no ordinary pillow fight, this time. We can wear lingerie of some sort.”

“Like teddies, or babydolls, maybe???” she replied excitedly.

“Yeah. Perfect! We can find some tonight!”

“So, what else do you have planned?” Janine inquired.

“We can sleep in sleeping bags in the living room right on our wrestling mats. In the morning, I thought maybe we could try a little catfighting at some point. What do you think?”

“I think I like it... a lot! But, I'm a little concerned about the catfight, although I'm sure we can work it out,” she answered.

“Don't worry. I'm not into anything rough. Besides, it'll give us a chance to wear thongs, garter belts, hose or whatever!”

“Whoa!! I'm in!! Great idea!! We'll shop 'til we drop tonight to find the right outfits.”

“Yeah, let's get going!!” I answered enthusiastically.

We bussed our trays, and then headed into the main court of the mall. It wasn't long before we found ourselves inside the Valerie's Secret store, browsing through the many thongs, teddies, babydolls, garters and whatnot. We decided that babydolls would be right for the pillow fight - they just had the right look. We

settled on a matched set, red for me, and black for Janine! The tops were see-thru lacy things, and the bottoms were bikini style, barely covering the crotch and ass.

But it was hard to decide on the catfight outfits. Janine wanted us to use the changing room together, but I declined, saying, “You wouldn’t want to spoil the surprise, would you?” So, we consciously kept apart while shopping for thong, garter belt and hose. It took a while, but we finally finished up and exited the store. We sat down outside the shop to discuss our purchases.

“You won’t believe the deal I got on this amazing outfit!” Janine chortled excitedly. “I assume you meant for us **not** to buy bra’s. Right?”

“Yep! No bras for the catfight. Just garter belt, thong & hose. And you should see what I got - pretty hot matching set!” I countered.

We compared notes a few minutes more, and then parted ways for the night.

Chapter 12 - Pillow Fight!

Janine arrived at 7:00 carrying a piping hot pizza - no goofy delivery boy this time. We chowed down on the pizza and enjoyed a nice blush wine that I had purchased.

After dinner, we surfed the net for a while, looking for pillow fights and that sort of stuff. But there wasn’t much, not even on the message boards. So, we’d just figure it out ourselves. We went down to Janine’s car and got her wrestling mat, sleeping bag, pillow & overnight bag, and then lugged them upstairs to my apartment.

We set her mat up against mine and fastened them together. I had already moved all of the breakables from the area, so just the couch, chair and TV remained. We unfurled both of our sleeping

bags on top of the mats, along with our pillows.

“OK,” I told Janine, “time to get on our slumber-wear.”

“All right!” she answered. “Let’s get this show on the road!”

I got up and headed for my bedroom. Janine got up and followed me, which I should have expected by now. I was a little bashful, but put it aside. Janine watched as I pulled off my top and unhooked my bra. I hesitated for a moment, and then she did the same. I followed suit by unfastening my jeans and dropping them & my panties to the floor. I was buck-naked, waiting for her to follow suit. Janine starred a moment, and then dropped her jeans, too - no panties as usual. Naturally, I noticed that she was a natural blond. We stood there silently appraising each other for a few moments, and then, without a word, slipped on our matching babydoll outfits.

The mutual silence was broken as we finished dressing. “These outfits are really sexy!” I told her. “You look great! The black lace contrasts nicely with your blond hair and light features.”



“Yeah. You look pretty hot yourself. Red is becoming on you, especially with your auburn brown hair!” Then she giggled and gave me a shove towards the living room, saying “But you’d look even better lying beneath me, begging to submit.”

“Yeah, so would you,” I told her, shoving back. “Hey, if you’re so confident, how about a little wager?” I asked.

“Yeah, I’m listening,” she replied, feigning a threat.

”Nothing elaborate - loser cooks breakfast in the morning, delivering it right here to the sleeping bags - sort of breakfast-in-bag.” I giggled some, no doubt from the wine, feeling more clever than I was.

“Ha, ha,” mocked Janine. “But you’re on. I’m looking forward to having you serve me.”

“Only in your dreams,” I told her, “only in your dreams. But first, we have a DVD to watch.”

I threw a bag of popcorn in the microwave, then slipped the DVD into the player & turned on the TV. After the popcorn finished, I returned to find Janine sitting on her sleeping bag holding the remote.

“Hey, look what I have,” she said holding the remote high in the air, almost begging me to attack.

“Save that thought for later. The popcorn’s hot and we haven’t even watched a match yet. Besides, I think you’re gonna want to see this.”

“OK, I saw the ‘Girl on Girl’ title go by at the start,” she said, “and peeked a little while I was waiting. They’re naked!! But, it looks kind of intriguing, in a kinky sort of way.”

“Yeah, maybe. But wrestling in the buff has got to be the purest form of the sport, too,” I countered. “And these women are all novices, just like us!”

“That sounds much more interesting now, but we’ll see. Here,” she said handing me the remote without a fight, “I reset it to the start of the match.”

I was dumbfounded as I sat down next to Janine, placing the large bowl of popcorn between us. We were sitting on the sleeping bags with our legs crossed in front of us, munching on the popcorn and sipping more of the wine as we watched the DVD. The quality was much better than tapes, but it should be, considering how much I’d had to pay.

The action was enthusiastic, the girls being novices, and thus pretty evenly matched. And, they gave it their all, though like us, they weren’t sure what to do to win. It was quite entertaining. Janine and I counted off the various holds they discovered, and I was quite impressed when one of them grapevined the other as I had done to Janine last week.

“Remember that?” I asked her.

“How could I forget? You really nailed me last week with that grapevine pin. But I’ll get even... you’ll see.

Janine threw a piece of popcorn at me, and it went right down my cleavage, falling through easily and landing near my crotch. “Two points,” she beamed. “Right between the goalposts!”

I grabbed it and threw it back, but Janine deflected it before I could score a goal myself. “Goaltending - you cheater!” I shouted as I leaped at her, and the battle was on.

I grabbed the last few kernels from the popcorn bowl and stuffed them down Janine’s cleavage, yelling, “and Rachel scores a handful of points!”

But unseen by me, Janine had grabbed her pillow, and whacked me a good one on the head as I was congratulating myself. I went flying to the mat and Janine pounced on me. The popcorn bowl careened off to the side out of our way as I flailed around with my

arms trying to locate my pillow.

In the meantime, Janine was relentlessly womping me in the head, chest and ass with her pillow. Finally I got a hold of my pillow and was able to defend myself. But my head was still reeling from the whirlwind barrage and all I could manage at the moment was defense. I had yet to connect a good one on Janine.

Finally, my head cleared, and I whacked her a good one on her side. She fell slightly, and then righted herself. We were kneeling on the crumpled up sleeping bags on the mats, facing each other. Our pillows were raised at arm's length above our heads, getting ready to strike. We circled around on our knees, eyeing the other, looking for an opening.

Janine breasts were looking mighty perky, raised high on her chest as she extended her arms upwards. I could just see her bright pink, erect nipples under the black lace fabric. She was wearing a huge grin, too, obviously very much enjoying pummeling me. Then I noticed that my nipples were also erect, and that I was grinning, too.

We hesitated a moment to look each other over. Then, I whacked her on the side of the head, before she realized I was done looking. Her pillow went flying and she was disarmed! It was payback time!! I knocked her down and climbed onto her waist, whacking her a couple of good ones to the chest area. Then Janine grabbed onto my pillow, too, and we wrestled around for control of it.

We rolled around back and forth, giggling all the while, the pillow grabbed by both of us above our heads. Our arms were caught up reaching for the pillow, but our legs and chests also battled. Janine had my one of my legs caught between hers, so I returned the favor, now completely intertwined with her. Our breasts heaved and bounced against each other as we groped above our heads for control of the pillow. We rolled back and forth repeatedly, our hot

breath upon the other's necks as we struggled.

It was great fun - maybe even better than wrestling! Then Janine got control of the pillow, so I leaped up to find the other pillow. Unfortunately, it was on the other side of Janine, and I couldn't get to it. Janine stood up, swinging the pillow back and forth, forcing me to retreat. Then she rushed me, knocking me backwards onto the couch. Janine quickly straddled me and began pummeling me with the pillow. I quickly grabbed at the pillow, but I didn't have much luck, as she continued to whack away at me.

I was a little dazed as I continued to grab for the pillow, and in the confusion grabbed Janine's babydoll instead. Her top ripped open and her breasts came tumbling out, looming large in front of my face.

"So, that's how you want to play?" snarled Janine. Then she grabbed my top with one hand, ripping it open, too. "Now that's more like it."

My breasts were exposed and that was fine. Fortunately for me, Janine had held off with the pillow while yanking at my top. We both had hold of it now, but because Janine was still straddling me, she held the higher ground. As we tussled, sitting there on the couch, Janine's breasts began to pummel me in the face - sometimes slapping, sometimes sliding, and sometimes pressing against my mouth, nearly smothering me. And, the sensations were **not** unpleasant!

We tumbled to the side and fell off the couch, rolling around some more. I finally got free and frantically searched for the other pillow. Unfortunately, Janine stood up and blocked the way! Now what??

Our tops draped open, breasts dangling loosely, as Janine moved towards me, a gleam in her eyes. She was really enjoying this and

pressed her advantage to the hilt. I looked around for anything I could use, and spotted the open bedroom door. There was another pillow on the bed!

I ran for the door, and Janine raced after me, trying to stop me. She grabbed at me with her free hand, and slowed me down a little until I twisted free of my top. Janine was left standing in the doorway to the bedroom holding my babydoll top. In the meantime, I jumped onto the bed and grabbed my other pillow.

I turned to face Janine as she approached. She tossed the top part of my babydoll to the side and then discarded hers as well. It would be a topless pillow fight from here.

“You were lucky to get away. I had you on the ropes,” she said.

“Maybe... maybe not,” I told her defiantly. “C’mere and let’s see!”

Janine climbed onto the bed. We were both kneeling as we faced off once more. Pillows were held over our heads as we clashed. Our breasts crashed into each other as we fought for position. We were both sweaty from the exertion, as our breasts began to slip and slide across each other. I was getting very wet between the thighs, but not from sweat, as we struggled on.

Finally, we tumbled over, both of us losing our pillows. Janine was quicker and rolled me onto my back, lying on top of me along the full length of our bodies. I was too tired and dazed to go further. Janine sensed my submission and held me down, hand-to-hand, breast-to-breast, and waist-to-waist. And then, she grapevined her legs around mine, spreading them wide apart.

“Seems familiar, doesn’t it? But now you’re on bottom!” she told me softly.

I was about to give Janine my submission, but she raised her chest and then pummeled my breasts with her own. Now I knew what it was like to be on the receiving end! It didn’t hurt or anything, but the psychological impact was devastating. I was thoroughly defeated! After 4 or 5 times, Janine finally stopped and just lay there on top of me.

“I submit,” I whispered to her.

“Yes, I know,” she replied.

For a second there, I thought she was going to kiss me or something, but the moment passed. I wasn’t sure what I would have done if she had, but at least I hadn’t had to decide right then. Somewhat hesitantly, we got up off the bed and went back into the living room.

“Looks like I’m making breakfast tomorrow,” I said.

“Sounds good to me. What’s it gonna be?” she asked.

“You’ll just have to wait and see. Say, how about watching the tube for a while before knocking off?”

“OK. Give me the remote and I’ll find something,” she demanded.

I could hardly say no after my resounding defeat, so I handed it over. Janine scanned the channels for a while before finding “Sleepless in Tacoma”, a nice romantic comedy. We lay there, each of us halfway inside her sleeping bag, head and bare breasts resting on our pillows, watching the movie with occasional tears in our eyes as the movie worked its way into our hearts. Eventually, we drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 13 - Breakfast

I awakened before Janine, and started to prepare breakfast.

Eventually, the aroma of bacon and eggs permeated the apartment and Janine stirred from her sleep.

“Hey, hurry up over there... I’m mighty hungry!” she joked.

“Keep your britches on!” I told her. “It’ll be ready when it’s ready!”

I brought her some juice, as she sat up on top of her sleeping bag. We were both still wearing only our bikini bottoms left over from the babydoll outfits. I guess we were comfortable enough now to walk around topless in front of each other. After a few minutes, I brought over the bacon, eggs & toast, and we sat there on top of our sleeping bags chowing down on the food. We concentrated on eating, talking very little.

“Very good!” she said finally. “I’m glad I won ‘cuz I’m not nearly as good a cook as you.”

“If I’d known you were a lousy cook, I’d have thrown the match for sure,” I replied.

“And here I thought you did,” she teased.

“Just wait, you’ll get yours real soon. And, you gotta see my outfit - totally hot!!”

“What’s it like? C’mon, you gotta tell!” she squealed.

“No way... no way... or it wouldn’t be a surprise. You’ll just have to wait! Besides, I haven’t seen your outfit either!”

“Yeah, OK. We can both wait,” she grouched.

“OK, how about I clean up the dishes while you shower. Then I can shower while you roll up the sleeping bags, etc.”

“Sounds fine. When do you want to have our catfight match?” she asked.

“How about we go for a walk around the lake first?” I told her.

“OK,” she replied, dropping her bikini bottoms as she walked towards the bathroom to shower. Her bare ass looked very cute wiggling as she walked away from me!

We went for a brisk 3-mile walk around a lake nearby the apartment. It felt good to go outside and get some fresh air. We talked and talked, but not about wrestling. We just talked as friends... about anything that came to mind.

Chapter 14 - Catfight!

When we returned, I don’t think we were quite in the mood for a catfight, but I knew we’d both be disappointed if it didn’t happen. So, I thought I’d set the mood with a video, plopping in a catfight video that I’d gotten. It was kind of a stupid video, and you could tell it was all staged, but it did have the requisite clothes, holds, and attitude.

But Janine hit the pause button before the video could start. “Hey, let’s put on our outfits first!” she said, clearly getting more in the mood.

“OK. But let’s surprise each other. You dress here, and I’ll dress in the bedroom,” I told her.

“Fine, a few minutes more won’t matter,” she said. But I could tell she was peeved, nevertheless.

I went into my bedroom and slipped off



my shirt and jeans, and then slipped on my light pink g-string thong, garter belt and hose. My butt hung out totally and I thought it was pretty sexy. I admired myself in the mirror. The light pink color seemed to bring out the natural brown of my hair, as well as the brownish coloration of my bare nipples. I was totally psyched!

“You ready??” I asked before opening the door.

“OK. Anytime,” she replied.

I opened the door and sprang out, yelling “Taa daa!! Knock yourself out!!”

But then I looked at Janine, and my mouth went agape. She was wearing a totally hot outfit herself - some sort of pantyhose/garter combo and white g-string thong.



“Yeah! You look great! I can hardly wait to get started! How about me? What do you think?” she asked tentatively... maybe with a little uncertainty. “Do you like it?”

“Oooo... its super! Totally hot!! And... I can hardly wait to catfight, too! But what do you call it? I’ve never seen anything like it. C’mon, turn around so I can see you better.”

Janine turned slowly so that I could admire her outfit. The white lace was very becoming on her. I’d only seen her rump briefly this morning, and I was delighted to see firmness - no trace of celluloid. A very nice ass indeed!

“It’s called ‘wide lace garterbelt hose.’ I spotted them while you

were in the dressing room. Cool, aren’t they?” she told me. “Now its your turn to show off!”

I turned just the same way Janine had done. I knew she was inspecting my body, but I had no qualms. “So, what do you think of my outfit?” I asked.

“Nice ass!” she said without hesitation. And, I like the way you look in lacy pink. I can’t wear pink and look that good. You are one hot looking woman!”

The mutual admiration had been necessary to put each other at ease, and I felt that we’d been honest, too. I was a lot more comfortable now, sitting nearby each other in these outfits, watching the video. However, we soon tired of the video, although the various breast mauling/fighting was kind of interesting.

So, what do you think? What kind of rules should we have?” I asked her.

“Hey, it’s your apartment - you have to make the rules. Just keep in mind what Emma says... we both have to agree and it’s just for fun,” she advised.

“Yeah. OK. I’m kind of OK with hair pulling, breast mauling, or spanking, so long as it isn’t done too hard... pretty much anything goes other than scratching, biting, hitting...”

“Or kicking...”

“Yeah. I think we’ll figure it out as we go... just avoid going overboard or anything,” I told her. “Let’s not dwell on the particulars, only on general stuff.”

“OK”

“How about two rounds in the living room, starting with a breast duel each time. Then, if needed, we’ll have the final round in the bedroom, starting with a mutual breast maul - submission fighting all the way. Do you agree?” I asked.

“Yeah. Sure. But tell me one thing - what’s a breast duel?” she replied.

“Don’t worry. You’ll find out soon enough! Let’s get down on our knees to start.”

“Hey! I’m not worried about a breast duel!” she said defiantly. And then, Janine ratcheted the trash talk to a new level, saying, “Besides, those breasts of yours look kind of wimpy, anyway. Maybe you should have worn a bra for some protection.”

“Not so. The only wimp-like breasts I see around here are yours,” I replied, feigning total resentment.

“Then you’re not afraid of this test between us... this breast-to-breast duel,” she replied fiercely.

“Sure. Fine. I’m ready for you,” I replied quickly, wanting this more than I had yet realized, and starting to take it more seriously. “OK. First lock your hands together behind your back and I’ll do the same. Then we breast duel until one of us is knocked to the mat. Then we catfight from there.”

“Fine. Let’s do it. I’m ready for you,” she said confidently.

“Let’s go then!” I’d show her whose breasts were wimpy - certainly not mine!

We edged forward, breasts jutting outward towards the other until we met breast-to-breast with a slap/thud. Our nylon leggings rubbed against each other as our breasts clashed, hands still locked

together behind the back, accentuating the contact.

At first, we just whacked away at each other, breasts against breasts, and I have to admit, I was getting a little sore. Neither of us seemed to have much of an advantage this way, so I asked her, “How about we quit with the whacking and try it a little differently?”

“OK. I’m game,” she replied.

“Let’s try a test of breast strength, so to speak. Just meet in the middle and push away at each other with our chests.”

“Yeah, fine.”

We edged forward until our breasts touched, hands still clasped behind our backs. The pressure was light at first as we stared at each other, eye-to-eye. Then we began to push. It was a clumsy way to duel, as our arms were useless, making it hard to keep one’s balance. Our breasts were hot from the conflict, and a little sweaty, and soon they began to slide freely across each other, as we vied for position. My erect nipples danced across Janine’s equally erect nipples from time to time, and the erotic contact sent a tingle right down my spine.

Then, Janine twisted to the side as I was about to lean into her once more, and I fell forward onto the mat. I started to roll, anticipating her next move. Partially frustrated, Janine slapped my nearly bare ass hard. Then she leaped at me and we made full body contact. I grabbed at her hair in retaliation, yanking reasonably hard. Janine cried out loudly, but I didn’t think I’d pulled all that hard. The next thing I knew, she had my tresses in her clutches and was pulling hard, too.

We rolled around on the mat back and forth, our nylon clad legs intertwined, in a hair-pulling contest. Both of us had increased the

pressure as the battle went on, and tears were streaming down our cheeks. The sensation of nylons against nylons was kind of slippery, but sensuous, as we rolled around.

“Give!!” she commanded, “and I’ll let go!”

“No... you give!” I told her, “and I’ll let you go!”

Neither of us would let go, and the pressure was getting intense. But we were too stubborn to let go. I released her legs and tried to stand up. Janine did the same and soon we were standing on the mat, still clinging to each other’s tresses, but not pulling as much. We saw the tears in each other’s eyes and just let go without a word.

We locked up, arms to shoulders, and continued, at least for the moment, in a more traditional manner. Oddly enough, I was very moist between the thighs from the hair-fight. And, my head/hair didn’t seem too bothered by it. I guess it wasn’t so bad... maybe even OK... or interesting...

I managed to trip her up, and Janine landed face first on the couch, legs hanging off with her feet on the floor. Her g-stringed ass was an inviting target. I lay my chest on her back to keep her still, then began spanking her butt, moderately hard at first, and then with increasing pressure.

“Let me go!@#” she screamed. “I’ll get even!!”

“If you want me to stop, you’ll have to give up,” I told her calmly. “Do you give?”

“No way bitch!” she exclaimed, forcing her way upright and turning to face me, both of us kneeling on the carpeted floor - the mat was off to the side.

I was a bit shocked with the change in language, and Janine could see it. I wasn’t sure how mad she was, and then I saw a smile cross her face.

“Sorry... just getting a little overly in the mood...” she said quietly.

“Yeah... it happens... very easily. As long as I know you’re just reacting to the fight and aren’t really mad, we can keep going,” I asked.

“I’m OK to go on,” she said. “But I think we need a codeword to signal when things go too far.”

“How about ‘abort’?” I asked.

“Fine. Otherwise, the language can be as foul as we want.”

“OK, slut!” I replied and leaped at her, forcing her back against the cushions of the couch.

“Easy for you to say, beaver breath!” she spat back at me, throwing me to the floor face down.

Janine quickly straddled my waist, but in the opposite direction from usual. I knew she wasn’t going for a toehold or whatever. Retaliation was all she had in mind. The first thwack landed hard on my unprotected (g-stringed) rump. And then another swat... followed by another. They really stung, and maybe I could have got free sooner, but wanted to prove that I could take it... and not just dish it out. And as the number of swats increased, I found that I could handle the hot, stinging sensation with little difficulty.

I should have paid more attention to escaping, as Janine changed tactics without warning. She grabbed my right ankle and tucked it behind my left knee. Then she sat down hard on me, bare rump to

bare rump, pulling hard on my left ankle to secure the hold. There was no time to pay attention to the erotic contact between us as I quickly realized my misfortune. I was caught in a Scorpion Leg Lock! We'd practiced this hold several times, and I had never been able to escape. But this time it was worse... we were in a submission match... and Janine was applying the hold more forcefully than ever before.

'Yeeouch!' I said to myself, trying to deny the pain a little longer. I tried to reach around and unbalance her, or to grab an arm, or anything. But it just wasn't working.

"C'mon bitch! Give in! You know you want to!" she told me.

"Never!" I replied, but without much conviction. She had me and she knew it. A few moments later, I whispered a different answer. "I submit..."

Janine released me immediately, and got up to sit on the couch. I got up and joined her there. "You OK?" she asked.

"Yeah. I'm fine. This is really different... pretty rough. But I liked it anyway. It never got really out of hand."

"Well, I wasn't sure. You should see your ass... bright red and all," she giggled.

"Hey, you should have seen yours... scarlet!!" I replied testily. "In fact, why don't you stand up now and let me see if you're still red."

She complied without question, standing up for me to see. "How now??" she asked.

"The redness has faded... just light pink right now. No hand prints either," I told her.

"C'mon, you too," she told me as she grabbed my hands and pulled me to my feet.

I spun around slowly. "How do I look... any marks?" I asked.

"Yeah. Your ass is still pretty red, although the handprints are faded away," she advised. "Hey, I need a sip of water or something before we continue."

We walked into the kitchen. We must've looked a silly pair in our garter outfits and g-strings. But who cared? It was just the two of us, anyway, and we were both comfortable with what we were doing.

We chatted in the kitchen for a few moments. But it wasn't long before we were ready to start round two. We went back to the living room to resume, standing on the mat, facing each other.

"OK. Another breast duel to start, but this time standing... both hands clasped behind the back like before. But this time, the first one to fall, or release their handclasp, must allow the other the top position, like in a normal wrestling match re-start."

"Right. Let's go!"

We moved slowly together until our breasts barely touched, nipple-to-nipple, so to speak. So, it would be dueling nipples at first. My nipples were soft before making contact, but immediately became hard and erect after first contact. It was the same for Janine, and we were soon brushing our enlarged nipples back and forth against each other. And then came light pressure, sliding back & forth... up & down... breast against breast and nipple against nipple. Finally, the pressure increased to the point that the action was much more intense, walloping away chest to chest, neither of us willing to back off. My wetness increased further as

we continued the struggle.

I was dumbfounded by what we were doing, but uncaring at the seemingly bizarre contest. Finally, I placed my left leg behind Janine's right ankle and impaled her breasts with mine. She fell to the mat, catching herself with her hands, landing on her hands and knees. After recovering herself, she waited there for me to kneel alongside.

We had done this type of start position during practice, but never topless as we now were. Janine was waiting for me to get set as I kneeled down, my knees alongside hers and my breasts pressing against her back as I reached around her with my right arm. I had already placed my left hand over her left wrist, and she was waiting for me to place my right hand on her bare tummy. Instead, I grabbed a hold of her bare right breast, squeezed hard enough to get a good grip, and then yelled, "Go!!"

I think Janine was surprised by the overt grab. She reared up and tried to stand, but I held her in position. She tried to grab my right arm and roll, but I put a stop to that, too, by squeezing her breast harder. I was in control for the moment, enjoying my control over her immensely.

Finally, I released her breast and rolled Janine over onto her back. As we made full frontal body contact, Janine spat out, "Just wait... I'll get even... you'll get yours bitch."

"Promises, promises," I replied as I reared up and then whacked her breasts with mine. Then she grabbed my hair so I couldn't do that again. I retaliated the only way I could and we soon were locked in another hair pulling duel, rolling around on the mat. However, this time our legs were free of each other and we worked our way up to a kneeling position, still pulling hard at each other's roots. The tears again flowed freely as we fought. But this time, I waded into her, knocking her back down, both of us releasing the

other's hair. Janine landed face down and I climbed onto her back.

"No revenge for you this time, slut!" I told her as I grabbed another handful of hair, yanking her head back. I sat on her soft, silky butt, and then reached back with my free hand and grabbed one of her legs. I pulled it towards me, applying pressure. I had her suffering now, one hand pulling her hair & head back sort of like a Camel Clutch, and the other hand pulling her leg into an unseemly position.

"C'mon... submit and I'll let you go," I told her.

Janine surprised me, agreeing readily. "OK. I submit."

The hold must have really hurt, and I felt a little bad. Janine just lay there, so I began to massage her calf and thigh. The nylons were slippery, which aided somewhat as I slid my hands around on her leg. I was a little uncomfortable as I approached her inner thigh area and bare ass, but I heard no objection, just heavy sighs. After a few moments, we got up and went into the kitchen for some more water.

Janine finally spoke. "That was really intense. I don't think I've ever been in that much pain before, short of an injury or something. But it was OK," she added quickly.

"Sorry..." I responded.

"No. Don't be. I'll have my revenge soon enough. Besides, I could have said 'abort', and I didn't."

"Yeah... OK," I said a little uncertainly.

"Hey, the leg massage felt good, although my hair roots are still sore."

I set my water down and then came up behind Janine, my fingernails massaging her scalp tenderly. She sighed deeply and I continued for a few minutes.

“Your turn now,” she said as I released her.

Janine stepped behind me and dug her fingernails into my scalp lightly, magically massaging all of the pain away within a few minutes. Finally, she was done, and we regarded each other anew. Our g-strings were still fine, but our leggings were badly askew. And our hair looked extremely ratty. We went into the bedroom and began to comb each other’s hair, restoring some semblance of order. It felt good... combing... grooming each other that way.

The bedroom wasn’t very big - only room for the queen sized bed, a low, but wide dresser with mirror, and an old hope chest from my grandmother. There wasn’t much room to fight, other than on the bed. We soon were in better spirits, ready to have at it for the final round.

“Say, now that we’ve gone to all this trouble to get our heads and hair back to normal, why don’t we forego hair-pulling for this last round,” I proposed.

“Good. A little hair-pulling is fine, but I don’t need anymore today,” she replied. “Are we still starting with a breast maul? I’m looking to get even.”

“Sure, but don’t count on it. Your breasts are too weak to take much pressure for long,” I mocked.

“Look who’s talking... wimp tits!”

“Yeah, right. Get up on the bed right now and we’ll see who’s got wimp tits,” I replied hotly.

I crawled onto the queen bed from one side and Janine got up from the other. We waddled our way towards the center of the bed, our hands extended claw-like, ready to encircle and ensnare the other’s orbs. We made contact simultaneously and started to squeeze. Janine’s nipples immediately puckered up beneath my palms. The sensation was a pleasant one. My nipples came erect quickly, too, beneath the onslaught of pressure from Janine.

We looked each other in the eye as we mauled each other’s breasts. Strangely, both of us were smiling, though the pain was intense. I stared at her g-string and leggings, noticing how shapely and enticing her body was. Janine was staring at my legs and crotch, too, smiling. And, for a fleeting moment, I thought I saw her lick her lips, but I wasn’t sure.

My wetness ratcheted up even more, and my female scent was in the air. But I wasn’t going to be embarrassed about it. So what if Janine knew about my erotic feelings. If that scared her away, well... I wasn’t sure about that part.

Then I noticed an additional female scent in the air. Janine was hot, too!! But then she released my breasts and knocked my hands off of her breasts. She reached between my thighs with one arm, hand firmly planted on my bare ass, and then grabbed me with the other arm, partially picking me up and flinging my back down onto the bed.

“Now I’ve got you where I want you,” she cackled with glee as she climbed on top, straddling me at the waist. Janine tucked my arms under her knees and then began to maul my breasts. “Revenge is sweet,” she whispered, squeezing my unprotected breasts roughly.

I was in a tough spot, unable to use my hands for protection. Finally, I wriggled one arm free and attacked one of her breasts. Janine didn’t seem to mind though, saying, “It’s still two against one!” continuing to squeeze with both hands.

I squirmed and wriggled some more, finally getting my other arm free. It was now two against two as we mauled each other's breasts freely. Our female scents mingled freely in the rarified air above the fight zone of the bed. We were both hot as could be, and not embarrassed by it in the least. As we continued our struggle, subconsciously, I wondered where this might one day lead.

Then Janine shifted position, grabbing at my arms, trying to lock them beneath her once more. But I couldn't let that happen, so I bridged, and then shoved her to the side. Janine rolled off the bed, but landed upright on her feet. She stepped back a little, surprised, so I jumped off the bed and pushed her against the wall. Our hands clasped together naturally as I pressed her against the wall, breast-to-breast. Janine struggled to get free, but I held her tight, gradually forcing her over near the dresser. Our stockings sang with an erotic twang as our legs struggled below. Janine hooked a leg around one of mine, trying to trip me over, but I held tight. Finally, I shoved Janine to the side and she landed butt first on top of the dresser, legs dangling off the end with me lying tightly against her. I held her down, finally freeing one of my hands to maul her breasts some more. But it didn't last long as Janine rolled us off the dresser. We cartwheeled across the small floor area and landed back on the bed.

I was on my back, my legs spread wide. Janine stared at my crotch, smiling at my predicament, and then leaped at me. But I caught her in a scissors on the way in, and flung her down on her back. This time I didn't even bother with a waist scissors. I went immediately to her chest and applied a scissors there, her breasts caught between the tremendous pressure of my thighs. I squeezed harder and harder, Janine's breasts pancaking beneath the silky, pink nylons covering my inner thigh area. It was just a matter of time now, as I saw the fight gradually go out of her. Janine tried to grab my breasts with her free hand, but then I stopped her and she was all but done for.

Once she was sufficiently weakened, I released the scissors and climbed on top, lying on her from head to toe. I held her arms down, my breasts hovering slightly above her face. "OK. Whose breasts are stronger?" I asked.

Janine said nothing, smiling oddly somehow at my breasts hovering above her. I lowered my breasts onto her face for the hold that I'm sure she was expecting. I applied the breast smother for a few moments, and then rose up again pummeling her face back and forth with my breasts as I did.

"Again. Whose breasts are stronger?" I asked forcefully.

Still, Janine said nothing, so I breast smothered her again, this time longer. As I rose to whack her face once more, Janine's tongue appeared, making contact with my nipples.

"Your breasts are strongest," she murmured softly, lapping lightly at my nipples, "and deserve replenishment for their victory." Janine continued to lick, kiss, suck, swirl her tongue upon my nipples as I lay there above her, breasts dangling over her face, drinking in the pleasure of my victory, our nylon clad legs intertwining repeatedly. Then she nibbled expertly on the tip of each nipple, biting very lightly, arousing me even further. I began to reach for her breasts, but she stopped me, saying, "No, not now. This is your reward. Maybe next time I'll win and you can reward me."

"If you're sure..." I responded in earnest.

"I'm sure," she replied. "Besides, I have something special planned for next week."

"Which is..."

“Now be quiet and let me work on you,” she scolded, rolling me over so she was on top, continuing to stimulate my breasts and nipples with her hands, lips & tongue, legs still wrapped together.

Finally, we got up, neither of us certain that we should take this encounter further at present. We dressed quietly, and I helped Janine bring all her stuff to her car. We were silent until we got to the car.

“That was some slumber party, wasn’t it?” she asked.

“Yeah. It was. The fights were intense, and we really got to know each other, too, didn’t we?”

“Yeah, more than I had expected... but good,” she replied.

I looked around, and seeing that no one was around, I kissed her fully on the lips. Janine didn’t hold back. In fact, she responded hungrily, pulling me close. We kept at it for a few moments, and then finally stopped when a car pulled into the parking lot nearby.

“Shopping again Wednesday night?” she asked. “We can shop for next week’s match.”

“You’re on!” I said with a very big smile.

Chapter 15 - Even More Shopping

We grabbed something to eat at the mall food court. As usual, we were shopping for wrestling paraphernalia, but I had no idea what to expect from Janine as we started to chat. Our last conversation hadn’t exactly spelled anything out. Janine had wanted to surprise me. I wore a tight pair of jeans and a light blouse with no bra or panties. My nipples were clearly outlined on the blouse. I wanted to look good for her.

“So, what are we shopping for tonight? Thongs, teddies... leather peek-a-boo bras...” I asked.

“Sounds interesting, but not tonight. In fact, we’re not even shopping for clothes. We’re looking for a good-sized inflatable pool like Emma’s...”

“Ooooh, goodie!” I exclaimed. Then I scolded myself - what a weird thing to say. But Janine didn’t seem to notice as she continued spelling out the shopping list.

“And some body oil... plus, some sort of powered inflator. We don’t want to get worn out giving the pool a blow job!” she laughed.

“Yeah right. Heh, heh.” I was in such a good mood that I’d probably have laughed at any joke Janine told.

“By the way... I thought we could wrestle in the nude... OK?”

“Ooooh, goodie!” I exclaimed, again losing control. I was really looking forward to getting naked and oily with Janine in a wrestling match! It could get very interesting...

We went to a few toy stores, which mostly had kiddie-type wading pools. We gave up on the mall and went to the super discount store across the street from the mall. And there we saw it... a pool exactly the same as Emma’s, and on sale, no less. We looked at each other - big smiles on our faces!



“We gotta have this pool!” exclaimed Janine. “It’s the same one Emma uses!”

“Yeah. I saw that right away, too. Same color and same hokey fish on the side,” I told her.

“Yeah! And, it looks plenty big and sturdy.” Janine studied the box some more, then continued, “Let’s see... it says the inside measure is 5' x 9' x 18" tall. That should be perfect!”

“Plus, the floor inflates - plenty of padding, so we won’t need our mats.” I noticed the adjacent display. “Hey, look at these... electric inflators!”

The inflator was nearly as expensive as the pool, so I bought that and Janine bought the pool. Things were shaping up nicely, except for one item. “Hey, we still have to get some sort of oil,” I told her.

“Leave that to me. I’m not sure what kind would be best. I’ll check the net and see if I can find any references, then I’ll pick something up before Saturday.”

We had driven separately, so we walked out to the parking lot together. We had parked out of the way, off to the side in a quiet area. Janine opened the front door of her car and we placed the packages there. I started to leave, but Janine called me back.

“Hey, wait a minute. I’ve got something to show you in the back seat,” she said. She opened the back door for me and said, “Take a look.”

I peered inside, seeing nothing.

“It must have fallen to the floor,” she said innocently.

I should have suspected something as I leaned inside the door for a better look. The next thing I knew, there were two hands on my ass propelling me face first into the car. Janine gave me a second, and I used it to roll over onto my back. She jumped on top of me, and I thought she wanted to fight, so I reached out for her hands as she landed on me. But then her mouth was on mine and suddenly we were making out. I released her hands as I reached to embrace her. The next thing I knew, there was a hand beneath my blouse fondling my breasts, and fingers twisting on my nipples lightly. My temperature shot up immediately and my clit became flushed with desire.

“You shouldn’t wear an outfit like that unless you have certain intentions,” she told me. “I’ve been staring at your nipples all night... and I don’t see a panty line under those tight jeans, either,” she said as her thigh rubbed compellingly against my crotch.

“Guilty as charged,” I managed to say between kissing and groping.

A few minutes later, we slowed down long enough to come up for air. Unfortunately, there was a guy a few stalls away watching us, a big smile on his face. He didn’t say anything when we looked up, and just got into his car & drove away. And then it hit me - he was the pizza-boy from a few weeks ago!!

“Janine, you know who that guy was?” I asked.

“Yeah,” she replied. “Do you think he recognized us?”

“I dunno. But who cares. He must realize by now that we don’t want his company,” I replied candidly.

“Yeah. But judging from the smile on his face, I think we made his day.”

Chapter 16 - Oil Wrestling!

It was Saturday night and I felt strange arriving at Janine's without my mat, or munchies, or a special outfit, or whatever. I was wearing an outfit similar to the one I'd worn the other night. My nipples protruded from the soft fabric, and my jeans fit as if I'd been pored into them - as before, no bra or undies. Janine let me in and showed me to the living room. I noticed that she was dressed just like me, although the blouse was very sheer and I could see her breasts somewhat through the fabric - very hot!

The living room was cleared pretty much and the swimming pool was already set up. It took up a lot more space than I'd expected. It was really big. Then I noticed two bottles of baby oil, one at each end of the pool.

"I couldn't find anything on the web about what type of oil to use," Janine told me. "So, I remembered how nice baby oil feels when I'm lying out under the sun working on my tan. I tested a little, and it is really, really slippery!"

"Sounds fine with me. Say, what are we gonna do for munchies tonight. I felt kind of funny not bringing anything over."

"Awww, don't worry about it," Janine advised. "I thought we could reverse the order of things tonight. Wrestle first, then pop a pizza in the oven and watch a video afterwards. Besides... I don't think I can wait any longer!"

"Yeah, me too! So, how are we gonna do this? Topless... nude..." I asked just to be sure.

"Nude for sure! We'll get naked right from the start... two out of three falls by submission. What do you think?" she asked.

"Fine with me," I told her.

"OK. You get on that side of the pool, and I'll get on the other. We'll shed our clothes, one at a time, alternating. Then we'll step inside the pool and smear ourselves with oil before starting."

We took positions at far ends of the pool from each other.

"Since I'm 'home' tonight, you can go first and remove one piece of clothing," she told me.

I guess both of us were voyeurs as well as exhibitionists. I peeled off my blouse and tossed it to the side, exposing myself from the waist up. I stretched a little, showing off my bare breasts. "Now its your turn," I told her, watching intently.

Janine stripped off her blouse, mimicking my actions perfectly. This was getting very interesting, and the sexual tension started to build. Janine motioned for me to continue.

I slid my jeans down to my ankles and kicked them aside. I pretended to do a few more stretching exercises, facing away & bending over to touch my toes so that Janine would have a full view of my tight, naked ass. That should set her back and give me an advantage!

But then Janine literally slithered out of her jeans and I was caught with my mouth agape as she did the same exercise that I'd done. Her round, firm ass looked absolutely stunning, but it was her pubis protruding from the gap between her legs that caught my total attention.

"Two can play at that game," she sighed as she stood up again. "C'mon, let's get in the pool and put on some oil."

I stepped inside the pool with my bottle of oil, and started slathering oil on my shoulders and arms first. Janine was watching intently, so I made a big show of it as I worked the oil into my

breasts, crotch, ass and legs. I watched her while she did the same. It was quite a show!

“Be sure not to use too much,” Janine advised. “A little goes a long way, and we can always put on more later. Hey, could you come over here and do my back?”

“Sure, turn around,” I told her. I rubbed the oil all around her back, and then massaged some onto her ass, too, for good measure, even though it didn’t need it. Her skin was soft and silky, yet firm and substantial. “Now my turn,” I told her, turning around.

Janine reciprocated, kneading my skin as she applied the oil. If we didn’t watch out, we’d drop down on the floor to make love, and there’d be no match at all. And... I wanted this match badly!

“OK. OK. I think we’re ready,” I told her as I moved back to my end of the pool, slipping and nearly falling over as I did. Once there, I turned around and gazed back at Janine. Her skin glistened, literally glowing in the soft lighting from the adjacent the kitchen area. I assumed that I looked much the same to her.

“I see that the pool is already real slippery,” Janine noticed. “Let’s agree that standing is not allowed. Otherwise, we’re in for some major falls.”

“Yeah, I agree - on our knees then to start?” I asked.

“Yep.”

We got down on our knees and waddled our way to the center area of the pool. I was very hot with anticipation as we began to reach at each other, feeling out how things would begin. We clasped hands, a common enough move for us, and our chests crushed forward against each other, surging with the eagerness of first contact. Our breasts slapped together, slipping and sliding

repeatedly across each other. I enjoyed it immensely, but I was still afraid that we’d get lost in the moment and forget about wrestling. So, I twisted Janine around and we suddenly slipped to the pool floor.

At least now, the fighting had begun in earnest as we rolled around giggling and grabbing at each other. The slipperiness had reduced our skill level to that of our first match. We were hapless once again as none of the holds we attempted seemed to be effective. We just rolled, giggled and groped, trying to gain some advantage. I wasn’t sure how either of us could win even one round.

Finally, the oil must have soaked in, or rubbed off on the pool, or whatever, as we started making some progress against each other. As we both kneeled, Janine had me from behind in a reverse bear hug, arms locked around my breasts, squeezing very hard. I tried to pry her arms loose, but that didn’t work, so I tried to shove her arms over my head, but she had too tight a grip and my breasts were blocking the way. I rolled forward onto my hands and knees, Janine following. She was lying on my back, breasts pancaked against me, and no longer able to keep the bear hug going. So, she grabbed hold of both of my breasts and began squeezing... mauling.

I had no defense but to tip her over. Janine landed on her back and I jumped on her immediately, claws extended. But she was ready, too, and met my challenge. We squeezed at each other’s orbs with little effectiveness, being so slippery. Our legs locked together and our crotches began to grind against each other, trying to find that perfect erotic spot. I could see we weren’t getting out of this hold for some time as we rolled around vying for position.

We had been deadlocked for several minutes, pawing and clawing at each other’s breasts, legs locked together. Finally, I had a brainstorm and released her breasts. Janine looked surprised as I knocked her hands off of me. Then I reached around her back and

locked my hands together. I had Janine in a bearhug, face-to-face, legs intertwined. I squeezed hard and felt her breasts crush against my own. Janine let out a tiny gasp and began to struggle, but it was no use. I felt her grinding her thigh against my crotch, probably hoping to distract me. But I held fast and Janine finally squeaked, "I submit."

I released her, and then lay there alongside her on our backs as we caught our breath. As we rested, I finally noticed the heavy scent of female arousal in the air. Curious, I arose partly, leaning against my arms. I looked directly at her crotch. Her thin, blond thatch was completely matted down and transparent. I stared for a moment, thinking about what might happen between us.

Janine sat up, too, and looked over at my crotch. My pubic thatch was denser & darker, and I doubted her view was as good as mine. "Very interesting..." she drawled, "but no time for that now!"

Janine grabbed me around the neck and pulled me back down. I assumed that this was the start of the second round. She had me in a headlock and was in complete control. It was a sneaky move, but I liked it! Somehow, sneakiness/cheating seemed fair in a match such as this, adding spice and spontaneity.

I was on my back with Janine partially facing me from the side, her arm still wrapped around my head. Our breasts clashed occasionally as I struggled to get free. Janine worked her legs around my waist and locked them together, squeezing hard. Despite the reduced slipperiness, I finally managed to work her arm over my head, gaining a measure of freedom. But she still had me in the scissors. I tangled up her hands in mine to prevent her from applying another headlock, finally twisting around enough so that I could get up to my knees. Janine lay on her back, legs still wrapped around my waist. I looked down at her crotch, eyeing the velvety mound. Janine's eyes went wide, unsure of my next move.

I slid myself forward, trying to connect. Contact was difficult at first, but then her legs spread wide and I ground my mound against hers. Janine gasped, and the pressure from her legs was gone. I wanted to stay put, but turnabout seemed fair - or was that cheating was fair?

At any rate, I jumped forward onto her body, straddling Janine at the waist. She looked betrayed, maybe even mad, staring up at me from below. I slid further up her body, dragging my clit across one of her breasts as I slid closer to her face. I'm sure that Janine realized that I was going for a face-sit smother. She didn't look away and the anger seemed to have faded from her face, seemingly replaced by anticipation. I looked forward very much to my victory hold, forgetting about wrestling any longer. I slid closer, and Janine smiled, her pink tongue slowly peeking out from between her lips.

As I closed my eyes in anticipation, suddenly I was propelled off of Janine as she bridged free. Now I was the angry one as I landed face down. Janine was on top of me in a second, squatting over my back, tugging hard against my chin in a Camel Clutch. My arms were trapped on top of her knees and I was flayed out completely. I didn't last long, having to submit quickly.

It was now even up at one apiece. The match had been very interesting, partially erotic and partially real wrestling. But we badly needed a rest before the final round. Janine got up and went to get us a couple bottles of water. We sat down in the pool, side by side against one of the walls, naked, swigging down the water, silent for a time. I glanced over at Janine's nakedness, admiring her fine body, very glad to be here with her like this. A special bond had formed between us, and I knew we were more than friends. We weren't yet lovers, but I knew that soon would change.

"Ready for the third round?" asked Janine.

I reached over the top of the pool and grabbed one of the bottles of baby oil. “Sure, how about some more oil first though?”

“Sure. Would you mind helping me put some on?” she smiled devilishly.

I couldn’t pass up an invitation like that! I nodded my assent and began to apply the oil to her shoulders, back and rear end. Her ass was silky smooth, both soft to the touch, yet firm, and I lingered there for a while. Then I switched sides and massaged oil onto her breasts, pausing to fondle them for a few moments. Janine cooed softly as I did. Then I applied oil to her stomach area, slowly working my way to her mound. Janine moaned loudly as I stroked her clit. I didn’t want us to get lost in eroticism just yet, so I moved on to her thighs and calves after a few moments. I could see her disappointment, but the evening was still young.

I handed the bottle to Janine, indicating that it was now her turn. She smiled coyly, then turned the bottle on me and squirted me hard!! “Oooocccchhhh!!! You turd!!! I’ll get you!!!” I screamed. But she had already managed to squirt me head to toe, front and back before I knocked the bottle out of her hand.

“Just paying you back for not spending enough time on my clit,” she chortled gleefully.

“You didn’t spend any time on mine!!!” I bellowed as I forced her to a sitting position with her back against the pool wall. I straddled her legs as I sat down facing her. Our hands were clasped together and our breasts clashed as we struggled. Janine forced us over onto our sides, but I managed to trap her against the pool wall, rolling her onto her tummy. I sat on top of her rump and grabbed her arms, pulling them back towards me. Her firm ass felt mighty fine, and then inspiration struck. I spread my legs wide and began to grind my clit against her firm rear end, using her arms for leverage

in the slippery pool. It felt soooo good! I lost myself to the erotic, pulsing sensations assaulting my clit.

After a few moments of ecstasy, Janine flipped me off of her and I landed face down in the center area of the pool. The last few moments had not been lost on Janine as she quickly scrambled on top of me applying the same hold. She moaned loudly as she slid her clit forward and back, repeatedly, across my bare ass. My arms were captured behind me as she yanked, and then pushed against them to control her pleasure.

I felt like a louse, but I had to flip her off before we became lost in eroticism. I badly wanted to finish the wrestling match. She was so distracted that I had no trouble knocking her over.

“Oooohhhh, you’re gonna pay for that!!” she said as she rolled over and sat up.

“I don’t think so!” I yelled as I jumped on her and wrapped my legs around her waist. Janine was in a sitting position, legs together. I was sitting on her legs, face to face, with my legs scissored around her waist. I squeezed hard, pulling us close together. My breasts were in her face, and I wrapped my arms around her for a smother hold.

Unfortunately, that left Janine’s hands free for mischief. Soon, there was a hand working its way between our bodies, snaking its way towards my crotch. Before I knew it, Janine was pleasuring my clit and I was the one moaning loudly. She must have known this would make me let go, so I resisted giving in as long as I could. But it wasn’t long before I had to roll away to get free.

We took a moment to gather our wits before continuing. Then we kneeled and approached each other in the middle area of the pool. We both knew it would be over soon. We were both at our limits of exhaustion, as well as eroticism.

“Want to finish this thing the right way?” she asked.

“Sure,” I replied, but not sure at all.

“How about we lay down on our sides and get all wrapped up in each other.”

“Okay!” I replied. As we lay down and made frontal contact, I grabbed the bottle of oil and squirted it on both of us from chest to thighs. Now we were fully slimed!

I wrapped my arms around her and then she did the same to me as we began to struggle once more. Our legs were intertwined, riding high against each other’s crotch, struggling and rolling back and forth, thighs rubbing against clits whenever possible. We were in a clinch, and I wasn’t letting go until it was over. From the look on Janine’s face, I could see she felt the same way.

We were so slippery, that it was hard to gain much of an advantage. Most of the time was spent on our sides, trying to grind the other’s clit into submission. I was soooo hot, and I could barely hold out. Janine was moaning loudly, and I thought maybe I would win. But just the opposite happened - her loud moaning was quickly driving me to the brink!!

And then it was over as I cried out with a short series of moans and muted screams. Janine rolled me onto my back and lay on me totally from top to bottom, holding me down as I convulsed in orgasm. “Do you submit?” she asked, smiling from her perch above me.

“Yes,” was my muted, stuttering reply.

“Then you owe me something... right now.”

Janine spread her legs slightly, grinding her clit against one of my thighs. As I regained my senses, I inserted my hand and began to finger her clit. Her face contorted with pleasure, and I could see she wouldn’t last long. She screamed like a banshee, and for a moment there, I wondered if she was hurt. But no, Janine was a screamer. Maybe this was fitting, since I was more of a moaner.

We lay there for a time, engulfed in each other’s presence - kissing, hugging, cuddling, etc., knowing this was special. After some time, we realized that we were still drenched in oil. “Now what?” I asked her. “How will we get this stuff off our bodies and out of our hair?”

“We could shower together. That way we can get each other’s backs and hair clean.”

“Deal!” I replied.

We got up and waddled carefully towards the bathroom. It was just a bathtub with shower, but it would do. Janine cranked up the water and we got in. Since I was the loser, I went first. I took the shampoo bottle and applied a generous amount of lather to her hair. I massaged her scalp softly from her backside as the water cascaded down upon us. My breasts slid across her back and my crotch pressed against her ass as I massaged her, and I started to get hot once more.

Janine took over and did the same for me, lathering up my scalp from behind, rubbing herself against my ass in the same way. Then we turned to face each other and continued to lather each other’s scalps as our bodies met, rubbing together amidst the spray of water.

There was only one bar of soap, so again I went first. I lathered Janine at the shoulders first, and then continued with her breasts. I spent some extra effort here and Janine cooed appreciatively. Then

I soaped her tummy, but Janine took the soap before I could go further. She lathered me similarly, kneading my breasts softly with soap. Janine soaped my stomach, and then pulled me close, reaching around to lather my ass. I wrapped my arms around her as she did, and we clung there together for a few moments. Then she bent down and lathered my thighs and calves, purposely avoiding my crotch area for now.

I took my cue from Janine and lathered her in the same way. We were now soapy clean except for our pubic areas.

“OK. Together now,” she said softly, indicating the bar of soap. We lathered our hands on the soap together, and then set it aside. “Let’s get clean...” she said huskily, applying her soapy hand to my pubic thatch.

I did the same for her and soon we were clinging madly to each other, kissing passionately, pleasuring one another in a soapy surrender. To my satisfaction, this time Janine came first, screaming loudly once again. I followed suit soon after, spasming and moaning loudly as I came.

We shut off the water and dried each other off. Then we blow-dried and brushed each other’s hair until our hair was silky smooth, grooming the other affectionately. Then we staggered into the living room to let the air out of the pool and clean up. Janine threw a frozen pizza in the oven. We watched a video and some TV shows, cuddling naked under a blanket on the couch.

Finally, much later, I let myself out and headed home. I was exhausted, but very contented. Although, what I really wanted was to stay there... and be with her all night...

Chapter 17 - Supper At The Mall

As usual, I met Janine at the mall on Wednesday night for supper and shopping for the coming weekend’s wrestling event, which

would be at my apartment this time. I asked Janine that we go to a sit-down restaurant instead of the food court. We sat down in a quiet booth towards the back so we could talk freely, as the topic I had in mind wasn’t meant for others to overhear. I think we’d both become comfortable with the sexual nature of last week’s match, but the upcoming conversation would make certain.

After ordering, I began. “That was a barnburner of a match last week...”

“Yeah. I especially liked the finale. I had you at my mercy, whimpering like a sated wench,” she teased, a large smile on her face.

Janine caught me by surprise with that remark, but I found the confrontational tone very exciting, and confirmed my impression that all was fine. “As I remember, you were pretty well slaked in the shower afterwards. I recall a certain level of screaming and moaning echoing within the shower stall,” I countered.

“Yeah, yeah. But I won the match. You only won the shower contest,” she replied.

“OK. I’ll grant you that. But don’t think you can keep it up. You’ll be the whimpering wench next time.”

“In your dreams...” she said.

She was exactly right. All of this had been in my dreams repeatedly since that night. I wanted her again... badly!! “Well, maybe we should have an all out sex fight this time, and we’ll see who’s the better.”

“You’re on! And I’m really looking forward to it! But after that, I think we should mix things up and have some normal matches, too,

or even think up some other scenarios... you know... to keep things lively and all.”

“Yeah. I know what you mean,” I replied. “Variety is the spice of life, after all. In the future, we should set the limits before the match and stick with them. That way we can have normal matches sometimes, topless matches sometimes, and ...”

“Naked, erotic, sex fights?” she purred softly, making sure not to be overheard.

“Yeah. Like this Saturday,” I replied huskily.

“OK. So if we’re gonna be naked, what are we shopping for tonight?” she asked.

Just then, the waitress brought our food, interrupting the flow of our discussion. Once she was gone, I replied, “Let me think about it while we eat.”

I had a pretty good idea of what I wanted to do, but needed a few moments to refine my thoughts. We finished up our food and were waiting for the bill, so I explained my idea to Janine. “I think we need some sort of foreplay built into the match. I don’t want it to be over too soon. I want the match to take some time so we can enjoy ourselves to the fullest.”

“So, what **do** you have in mind?” she asked, suddenly very, very curious.

“I really liked the garter match me had. We got really tangled up in each other good... all kinds of positions, you know.”



“Yeah. I remember. It was a lot of fun!” she replied excitedly.

“For what I have in mind, we’ll need the two garters you have, plus a couple more. All we’ll wear is two garters, one on each leg. No holds to the crotch area are allowed until **both** of their garters have been totally removed. It’ll be one continuous match, with no resting. You should bring your mat so that we can start the match there, but there’ll be no limits on where we end up fighting – anywhere in the apartment is fair game.”

“You have a devious, but deliciously creative mind,” she sighed. “It sounds perfect!”

And with that, Janine steered us to the Valerie’s Secret store, where I bought two garters, matching those of Janine’s. One of us would be ‘red garters’, and the other ‘black garters’.

Chapter 18 - Sex Fight

Janine arrive 15 minutes early Saturday night. I could see she was totally psyched. And so was I. She helped me finish clearing the breakables out of the way, and then we set up her mat alongside mine in the living room. I had already moved the couch a few feet away from the wall, placing it adjacent to the mat, figuring it would be easier to move from couch to mat and back during the match. Finally, the apartment was ready.

I explained the evening’s planned events. “I thought we could start off with an appropriate video. Then we can have our sex fight. And later, we can cook a pizza or something.”

“So, what’s the video?” she asked.

“I got one from DWW. Maybe it’ll give us a few ideas,” I replied. “Let’s switch to our ‘outfits’ before watching the video.”

“You trying to create a little sexual tension, or something?” she asked alluringly.

“Yep.”

“OK. Just asking,” she giggled, quickly shinnying out of her blouse and dropping her shorts, quickly displaying her naked body.

I responded in kind, and soon we were both standing there buck-naked. We exchanged garters, this time I was red and Janine was black. We looked kind of silly standing there wearing only garters. The air conditioning made our nipples perk up, which was kind of exciting, but cool air was also giving me Goosebumps. I looked into her eyes, and we hugged for a few moments, warming each other up, followed by light kissing.

Then I went into the bedroom and brought out a soft blanket we could snuggle under while watching the video. Janine got under it on the couch while I inserted the tape. Soon, we were huddled together under the blanket, watching the tape. The two women were even in size, maybe 5'4", a good deal shorter than Janine and me. Their breasts were smaller, too, but similar in size and shape. They looked quite athletic, but I doubted that would matter overly much in a sex-fight. The match was conducted in the bedroom, sometimes on the bed, and sometimes off.

As we watched, I was getting moist with anticipation, especially as we playfully groped, caressed and kissed beneath the blanket. Soon, I became aware of Janine’s female scent, and I knew we were ready to battle. But the video wasn’t over yet, and I wanted to see the climactic finale.

The two women had somehow managed to spread their legs apart in a mutual scissors lock with their clits locked together in ‘combat’. It certainly was erotic, clit versus clit, but I didn’t see how one could stimulate the other very effectively that way. To my

way of thinking, using hands, fingers and tongue seemed to offer the most promise... and if I could get Janine down, I could finish her off while staying out of reach. I remembered how her heavy moaning had set me off last week as we pleased each other in the final clinch, and I hoped to avoid that tonight... or did I?

Finally, the video was over, one woman screaming out her orgasm moments before the other. I was hot to go, and so was Janine. Without a word, we threw the blanket off to the side and stepped onto the mat, facing each other, smiling with anticipation.

We locked up in a standing position, hands extended for a test of strength. As our hands clasped, I tried to force Janine down to the mat. I wanted to dominate her, and then pleasure her into submission. But first, there were the two garters to remove.

As we struggled in the test of strength, our bodies clashed together, breasts meeting breasts as we tried to wrestle the other down to the mat. This was a genuine fight, but not like any other we’d had. Then our mouths met, and suddenly our tongues were battling each other, flicking in and out, trying to arouse and distract. Apparently, Janine was pretty distracted as I managed to press my body to hers, and then trip her to the mat. She landed flat on her back and I immediately positioned myself between her legs where I could easily remove her garters. I grabbed both of them at once, and started to pull. But Janine was ready for me, quickly locking a scissors hold around my waist and stopping me from pulling them very far.

She was still on her back, and I was in a kneeling position between her legs, facing her naked pubic thatch. I badly wanted to take advantage of her clit to secure my freedom, but rules were rules, and I’d made them myself. Then there was a great twisting motion from Janine as her legs propelled me sideways to the mat, still captured in a waist scissors. Janine softly clawed at my right breast, stimulating the nipple to full hardness. I didn’t try to stop

her, and reached for her breast as well. Soon, we were both cooing with delight, but I was still trapped. Apparently, Janine felt there was an advantage in being on top, and was soon sitting astride my waist, now pawing and clawing at both of my breasts. I did the same and soon we were both pleurably torturing each other. When Janine leaned down for a kiss, I rolled her off of me and onto our sides, still groping breasts and French kissing.

I knew her left garter was close to her knee. As I continued to distract Janine, I managed to hook onto the garter with my big toe and scoot it down her leg to her ankle. Janine jumped up quickly to stop me, but I tackled her from behind as she was getting up, and we crashed back to the mat. Janine was belly down, and I was lying on top of her, keeping her from getting free while I worked at removing her garter the rest of the way with my feet. It just wasn't working, so I got up quickly and grabbed the black garter from her ankle, yanking it free.

I stood up for a moment, dangling my prize before her. Janine glared at me from the mat, then launched herself at my waist, propelling me onto the couch. I landed on my back with a thud, and Janine was soon straddling me at the waist, her crotch enticingly close to my own. She hadn't gotten a hold of my arms yet, so I wrapped them around her and pulled her close. I started nibbling on her breasts, lightly biting around her nipples, tormenting her wickedly. Janine moaned heavily and wrapped her arms around my head so I wouldn't stop. As the moans continued, I felt that Janine would soon be defenseless. Then suddenly things changed as I started suffocating before the onslaught of her breasts. I struggled to get free, forgetting what I was doing. All I wanted was to get a breath of air. I released my arms from her waist and started pushing her away. Unfortunately, that's what Janine wanted. As she fell away, Janine grabbed one of my garters, pulling it fully down the length of my leg and off.

Now we were tied, and it was Janine standing on the mat, waving her prize at me. I stood up to face her, but she ran into the kitchen. I chased after her, and soon we were groping, grimacing, fondling and frolicking in front of the refrigerator. She body-pressed me back against a countertop, and as my butt made contact, I quickly hopped up onto the counter in a sitting position. Janine came towards me and I wrapped my legs around her waist so she couldn't get away, even should she want to.

My clit was a real target, sitting like this. But fortunately, the rules prevented her from taking advantage. We continued to grope breasts as best we could, then Janine wrapped her arms around me and lifted me off the counter. My legs were still wrapped around her waist, and now I wrapped my arms around her neck clinging onto her for dear life. I don't think Janine had thought it out, as she was weakening fast. She pressed my back against the refrigerator, and then kissed me fiercely as my legs came free and found the floor. We embraced passionately, bouncing around the kitchen from one appliance to another. The lever of the dishwasher poked me in the ass while we struggled, but somehow I didn't mind.

Then I forced her flat on her back onto the table in the dinette area. I had her down, and her legs weren't in a good position to wrap around me. As she tried to sit up, I pushed hard against her breasts, knocking her back against the tabletop. The motion also propelled me back enough so that I could stand. I quickly grabbed her other garter and pulled it completely off while Janine was off balance. She shrieked in shock as I dove back onto her, hand extended towards her very wet pussy. Janine tried to stop me, but it was too late. I had one hand holding her down, and the other on her pussy, stroking her clit rapidly. Janine's breath became rapid and she moaned loudly as I nibbled on her breasts and worked over her most sensitive areas with my index finger.

I didn't see how she could escape. It must have taken all of her willpower to roll me off of her and onto the floor. I landed hard

and got up slowly. Janine didn't get up from the table very fast either. Finally, we stood there facing each other. Janine seemed ready to go, but I was still a little dicey. I decided to run and fight after I got my head cleared. Janine chased me into the living room. I got behind the couch, as it was no longer against the wall. Janine chased me around the couch once, and then realized the futility. As I waited behind the couch for the chase to resume, Janine suddenly launched herself at me across the couch, quickly climbing over and attacking. My head had cleared pretty well, but not enough to prevent her from grabbing me and flinging me over the back of the couch. I landed with my shoulders on the cushion below and my ass & legs flailing upwards over the back of the couch. Janine was still standing on the floor behind the couch and quickly took advantage. Later, I realized that she could have just taken my garter right then. But instead, Janine stood between my flailing legs and grabbed them at the ankles with her arms, trapping me. I was helpless, upside-down with my legs wide apart, totally exposing my clit and vagina to Janine. What would she do?

When Janine stared directly at my pussy, and then licked her tongue across her lips, I wanted to abandon any rules. But Janine didn't do anything more, other than to hold me there, making sensual expressions with her lips and tongue. It was sheer torture, and I badly wanted her to take me. As I stared back, Janine released one of my ankles and began to slowly remove the final garter. The stun from falling off the table had cleared, but I was still dazed from the sexual arousal. As her head turned to better work the garter over my ankle, the hypnotic spell was broken. I shook my other leg free and rolled backwards off the front of the couch onto the mat below. Janine shrieked her disapproval and jumped right over the top of the couch to attack.

Neither of us had garters... the sex-fight would now be fully joined. Janine landed on me face-to-face. I was ready for her and wrapped my arms around her as she did. Our legs naturally intertwined, and we were soon rolling around, grinding our thighs

against the other's clit whenever possible. Our tongues fought as we kissed, and our breasts rubbed against each other fiercely. We were both moaning softly, trying to out-please the other. I worked one hand free and began to massage Janine's clit. Soon she was doing the same to me as we rolled off the mat towards the dinette area. Unfortunately, Janine managed to roll my ass against the cold metal leg of the table we had fought on a few minutes earlier. I was uncomfortable this way, and not about to fight to a conclusion right here. I pushed Janine away hard and she rolled off.

I got up and ran to the bedroom. That would be much better. Janine chased after me and soon we were facing each other from opposite sides of the bed. I spotted a bottle of hand cream nearby and picked it up, taking a couple of squirts on the fingertips of my right hand before tossing it to Janine. She caught it easily and did likewise, taking a few squirts herself. Then we both got onto the bed from opposite sides, kneeling, facing each other.

"Think you can handle a duel?" I asked brusquely.

"Sure. What kind?" she replied defiantly.

"Hand to clit combat, off course," I responded boldly.

"Fine. I can handle you any day... quite literally in fact."

"OK tough girl. Come closer, and meet me breast-to-breast. Then we'll put our left arms around each other in a clinch so neither of us can get away. Then I'll say '1... 2... 3... go' and we attack the other's clit with our creamed right hands."

We moved closer together, and our breasts met. Then our left arms went around the other. The sexual challenge couldn't get more personal than this. Janine's chin was on my shoulder, breathing heavily. So I did the same.

“You don’t stand a chance,” she whispered in my ear.

“Neither do you,” I whispered back before saying the magic words, “1... 2... 3... go.”

Our hands immediately went to the other’s clit. The cream was still a little cool or I think I would have exploded immediately. Janine rubbed her fingers across my clit, working the cream around and started stroking, slowly at first. I responded in kind, feeling out the creases and recesses around her clit. We stroked in an even rhythm, somehow staying in complete cadence. Our heads came free from their shoulder rests and soon we were kissing passionately, tongues once again fiercely battling the other as we kissed. We were moaning, groaning, writhing with passion, but unable to escape the others grasp, even if we had so desired. I knew I couldn’t last much longer under Janine’s sexual onslaught. But the question was, how much longer could she last as I stroked away at her wildly gyrating clit??

I tried to put my mind in another place... anywhere but here. But I couldn’t do it. Janine’s female scent permeated the air, keeping me well aware of where I was. Soon we were moaning and groaning, writhing with passion, gripping each other fiercely. Our heads parted, resting again on the other’s shoulder, gathering air for the finale that would soon come. Then inspiration struck. I began to lick Janine’s earlobe, then nibbled lightly. Would she be susceptible in the same way that I was? I breathed slowly as I continued to nibble.

Suddenly, Janine’s moaning accelerated into a roar and she began shaking violently. We clutched against each other, but didn’t stop stroking. A moment later, I convulsed with pleasure, and continued to do so repeatedly for many minutes, as did Janine.

“You win,” she sighed as we continued to cling onto one another.

“Yeah, but if I’m not mistaken, it sounded like you won, too,” I replied softly.

We collapsed onto the bed, cuddling, fondly and kissing for a very long time. Then finally Janine spoke up. “You know... it really takes a woman to do another woman the right way. Men just never get it right... never touch the right spot the right way... never really try very hard. Tonight was much, much better!!”

“For sure... for sure...” I sighed heavily.

Then Janine continued. “I’ve had it with dragging that wrestling mat around though...”

My heart skipped a beat. “Meaning...”

“Maybe we should get an apartment together. I heard there’s a nice third story, corner apartment available in my building in a few weeks... two bedrooms... plenty of space for whatever... What do you think? Want to be roomies?”

“Yep. Most definitely,” I replied softly. Then we continued cuddling, blissfully unaware of anything else.

The End (although one never really knows for sure...)