

# The Blind Date (From Hell)

By Gark

## Chapter 2: Boxing In The Basement

### John's Story

I slept 'til noon on Saturday, still recovering from the beer and the date with 'Robin Hood'. I was still amused with calling her that name. She deserved it after the way she had called me Little John. And, what a waste of womanhood! Such a bitchy personality contained in the body of such a beautiful woman!

I amused myself with some off-the-wall thoughts. Was this my fate to find such a gorgeous woman and then actually have a fight with her over such petty stuff as name calling? Well, it had happened and I was glad to have beaten Robin and made her apologize. It had been especially fun to call her Robin Hood. I could see that it really grated on her.

Still, I did feel a little bad about it. This kind of thing wasn't my style. But the beer and the adversity had brought it out in me. What would have happened if I had stayed sober? I know I would've gone nuts from all the insults, but we probably wouldn't have gotten into a fight. At least I had never actually struck her. Still, the fight had been kind of fun, especially the mud. I quickly dismissed those thoughts - I'd probably never see Robin again anyway.

===== 01 =====

[Start on Robin's side first, and then alternate reading, side to side. Spoken text is in blue.]

I was spending the night at home alone, sulking about just a bit. It looked like another night in front of the TV, so I had put on my standard around-the-house clothes - cut-off jean shorts, a grungy T-shirt and white socks. I

### Robin's Story

I woke up Saturday morning after a fitful night's sleep. I was still mad about the blind date with 'Little John', and especially about the fight afterwards. I was a little stiff and sore, and my hand hurt some from hitting the tree. I don't like to lose at anything, and this loss felt very personal. He had rolled me through a mud puddle and then sat on me and made me apologize. Then, he had the nerve to make me promise not to call him Little John anymore.

It would be easier to just let it go, secure in the knowledge that I would never see John again. But, the fight was kind of fun - it was the only part of the date that I had actually enjoyed. And, he looked kind of good covered with mud. It was just the ending of the fight that I didn't like. Perhaps I could change that.

I started going over the fight in my mind and realized that John had never hit me back. He had only tackled me and wrestled around. I had it!! John would not hit a woman. He was too nice to hit back! A plan began to form in my mind. I would have to go on a little shopping spree, and then I would give John the surprise of his life!

===== 01 =====

Steve and Sarah were still out of town, so I had resorted to the phone book to get John's address. My shopping trip had been a success and I was now ready for some payback. It was just turning dusk, and I could see the lights were on at John's house, so he was probably home. I walked up the steps to his door and pressed the doorbell.

was a little surprised to hear the doorbell. It was probably somebody selling something. But who would be doing that on a Saturday night?

I looked out the narrow window alongside the door. Aarrgghh!! It was Robin!! And, she had seen me. Now I would have to open the door and talk to her.

What a bitch! But she sure had spunk. Robin had promised not to call me Little John, so now she had resorted to calling me 'LJ'.  
"What's wrong Robin Hood, couldn't find anyone else to torment tonight?"

Inviting Robin inside would be like asking a rattlesnake to step into my parlor. It was then that I noticed that Robin was carrying a large shopping bag. Plus, she was wearing sweatpants and a clingy, knit blouse. And, the blouse fit her tightly, showing off her (braless??) figure nicely. God, she was attractive! My curiosity was aroused, among other things, so I relented. "OK, but it's against my better judgment."

Now I noticed that Robin had her long blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail, probably not a common style for her, but one of my favorites.

"Last night's apology is good enough. I could see how difficult that was for you and all. But, I can't really believe there is actually a present for me in the bag."

John peered out the window at me. The look of surprise on his face was worth a million dollars. He opened the door. "Hello LJ. I figured you'd be home with nothing to do on a Saturday night."

Nice barb. John's verbal skills were definitely improving. But that wouldn't help him tonight. "Why don't you invite me inside and find out?"

I stepped inside and set my shopping bag down with a thud. "I suppose you think I'm here to apologize some more. But that's far from true. Although, I do have some presents inside this bag for both of us."

John picked up the bag. We walked into the living room and sat down on the couch. Not a bad place for a bachelor; let alone John. I opened the shopping bag and handed John a

I took the present and began to open it. What was going on here? Was it a booby prize? Would something jump out at me? That didn't seem like Robin's style. And, Robin had a present, too. I opened the gift as Robin watched.

"OK. OK." I ripped it open. What the hell?!? There was a pair of boxing gloves inside.

I was speechless. After all, what do you say when a beautiful, female hellcat gives you a pair of boxing gloves?

"No, a hellcat got my tongue. What's going on, anyway?"

Another fight might be interesting, but boxing wasn't my thing. I'd much rather wrestle around than box. I just didn't like the idea of hitting a woman. "I don't know. As much as I'd like to fight you again, I really don't want either of us getting hurt."

If we did this, I'd have to punch back, or risk being turned into a punching bag myself. I guess the gloves would make it OK. Besides, we'd probably just throw a few punches and be

nicely wrapped package. It looked like a gift. "Here you go. I've got one just like it for myself, too."

"Go ahead LJ. Don't be afraid. It won't blow up or anything." I could hardly wait to see the expression on John's face.

How sweet! The surprise was complete. I tore open my package and held it out for John to see. "See, I've got a pair of boxing gloves, too. Only mine are pink. You got the more brutish brown colored ones."

The expression on his face said it all. "What's the matter, LJ? Cat got your tongue."

John's verbal barbs were definitely improving. Perhaps there was hope for him after all. "I'm just looking for some revenge after last night. How about a rematch using boxing gloves? I mean the grass and mud were OK, but fighting inside would be a lot nicer."

"You aren't afraid, are you LJ? I don't think we can do too much damage using boxing gloves. Besides, they'll help protect my bruised hand." I could see John was thinking it over, probably afraid to hit me. If he said no, I could gloat about what a wimp he was. But part of me really wished he would accept.

done with it. I doubted Robin was that serious, anyway. "OK Robin Hood. It sounds fine with me."

There was a big smile on Robin's face, and she looked all the more beautiful. But was it a happy smile or a revenge smile? "Well, the living room won't work unless we clear everything away. But the basement has a 'rec. room' that I haven't been using much. It's carpeted and the only furniture is an old couch."

Wwhhooaa! Robin was really hot! When she peeled off her sweatpants I nearly had a heart attack. And those hot pink short-shorts underneath nearly blew my mind.

I hadn't been able to take my eyes off of Robin, removing her shoes and then slithering out of her sweatpants. Then she stood up and flexed her (small) biceps in a muscle pose, but

Yesssss!!! Now I'd have my revenge. "Good, now where should we do this?"

"Sounds fine. Just give me a second to get ready." I took off my shoes and then slipped off my sweatpants slowly, watching John eye me as they came off. I did it almost like a striptease. So, I wondered to myself, why was I enjoying it so much?

John was definitely 'gaa gaa' eyed as he watched. The shorts were a real eye catcher. I mean, I could barely slither into them they were so tight. I liked the attention John was giving me, but that's normal for me. I like being the center of attention wherever I go.

But, John didn't look half bad himself. His jean shorts were ordinary, but they looked good on him in a primal sort of way. And, I got a good look at his legs, too - not too hairy, but hairy enough - muscular, too. Plus, his T-shirt fit well enough that I could tell he had a good 'bod' on him. I wasn't sure whether I liked him or hated him.

"OK, ready. Let's go down to the basement and duke it out." I used those words purposely to try to throw John off. I doubted whether he would actually punch back very seriously. I picked up my gloves and motioned for John to get going.

that isn't where my eyes were - her blouse fit really well! Robin was a sight to behold. At least in her stocking feet, she didn't seem that much taller than me. I grabbed my boxing gloves and led the way to the basement.

We entered the rec. room. I kept a careful eye on Robin so she wouldn't try anything sneaky like she had last night. "OK. You're the challenger, so what are the rules?"

So tonight it was OK to hit above the shoulders, too. I guess Robin really meant business. "Fine with me. Let's go."

===== 02 =====

We tapped our gloves together and then separated a few paces. Robin was just a few paces in front of me 'putting up her dukes' with those pink boxing gloves, wearing a big smile. She must really want to pound me.

I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to hit her in the face, and I certainly didn't want to hit her on the breasts, which seemed more prominent every moment. That didn't leave much room left to punch, just stomach and shoulders.

While circling each other and pondering my position, I had failed to be ready for the first blow. So, I was stunned when Robin gave me a quick jab to the chin. She was fast, had good reach and definitely had the desire. But, she wasn't too strong. The punch stung, but that was all. This wouldn't be too bad, after all.

I punched back now, making sure to aim for the stomach or shoulders. I think Robin was a little surprised to see me fight back. But it was pretty ineffective. Robin blocked or dodged my punches easily and I never really connected. She was too quick.

Too bad! John was watching me the whole way to the basement, so I couldn't try another sneak attack. He learned fast.

"No hitting below the waist, no removing of the boxing gloves, and we fight until one of us gives in to the other."

===== 02 =====

I gave John one of my best 'disarming' smiles to throw him off. We moved apart and circled a little bit, sizing each other up, seeing if the other would flinch.

I could see the quandary on John's face. He was trying to figure out what to do. I almost felt sorry for him for what was to come. But I wouldn't let a little sympathy stop me from getting my revenge.

We circled a little more, and I noticed that John now had his back to the couch. Perhaps I could use that later. I stepped forward and landed a good one to his chin. Unfortunately, a good one for me isn't all that strong, especially wearing boxing gloves. I'd just have to keep pounding him if I was to win. At least my reach was longer than his.

John started to fight back, and I was actually kind of relieved. When I beat him, I wanted it to be for real. I blocked his punches without much trouble, but there were a few times he came too close to connecting solidly. Maybe this wouldn't be so easy. Although, he seemed to be steering clear of my face and chest area - still the gentleman. That would give me less

Robin continued to land quick jabs and then dodge out of the way. One to the shoulder, then one to the chin. Then one to the chest and one to the chin again. I think it was too much of a risk for her to go for the stomach - she'd have to get too close to me. So, I'd concentrate on protecting my upper body.

I kept my hands higher now and started blocking punches. Then I tried quick jabs immediately after Robin's jabs. Whack!! I finally connected to her shoulder, and she staggered back a bit. It was oddly satisfying to finally land a good one.

We kept at it like this for a while, circling and sparring. I managed to connect once in a while to her shoulder area, and Robin peppered me all over the place. Robin had not been able to hurt me, but I was getting tired and dehydrated as she slowly wore me down. But Robin looked as fresh as ever. How did she do it?

We circled some more and I managed to catch my breath a little. Robin seemed to be toying with me, and I was letting it get me down. Then the unexpected happened. Robin faked a jab to the chin with her left hand and followed with a roundhouse punch to my stomach with her right. "Ooommmppphh!!!" I said as the air was knocked out of me. I staggered backwards a step or two, reeling with both pain and surprise. Where did that come from? Robin wasn't that strong, was she? The 'wind' had been knocked out of me, and I gasped for breath. I was helpless, at least for the moment.

Robin's face looked stricken. What was going on? I was the one who had been hurt. But she got over it quickly and shoved me towards the couch. I landed upright in a sitting position on the couch. Robin moved in quickly and sat right on top of me, her legs straddling my waist. The position seemed interesting until I realized how vulnerable I was.

Robin started raining blows to my chin. I was too weak from having the wind knocked out of me to protect myself. Fortunately, Robin

area I'd have to protect.

I continued to land blows on John without him being able to retaliate. These were little jabs, and probably didn't bother him too much. I think the damage was more psychological than anything else. He was nearly helpless to stop me.

I noticed a change in John's tactics. He was stopping more of my punches now, and even landed a punch to my left shoulder. 'Oouucchh!!' I cried to myself, as I fell back a few steps. John was really strong. I'd have to watch out.

John was no slouch. I wasn't sure anymore whether I could beat him. John just kept taking my punches and then landed a few of his own. I was tiring, but I didn't want him to know it. I put on my best smile and kept at it. I knew I would have to change tactics soon.

I remembered the couch off to the side. I made sure to circle around some more until John was right in front of the couch. He was still facing me, and his back was towards the couch. I decided to go for broke. John wasn't bothering to cover his stomach area, knowing that I feared getting in too close. I decided to try it anyway. I faked a jab and then stepped into him, putting all my leverage and strength into an upward blow to his stomach. John wasn't ready for this, and I could tell I finally got through to him as he staggered back and gasped for air. I had him now! Strangely though, I had feelings of remorse, too. I wasn't sure whether I really wanted to hurt John.

I got over it quick enough, and pushed John down onto the couch. I jumped on top of him and held him there by straddling his waist with my thighs. This could get interesting under other circumstances, but I had to take advantage and beat John right now.

I started pummeling away at John's chin. After three or four unprotected blows, I decided he'd probably had enough.

stopped.

===== 03 =====

"Yeah, you beat me. I give."

I guess payback must have been sweet for her, and now I had to ante up. "OK. I'm sorry for calling you Robin Hood, and I'll never call you that again."

Robin looked kind of indecisive. I wondered what was going on her mind. She didn't look all that happy now that she had won.

Robin got off of me, which I kind of regretted. She ran off up the stairs, and I figured I'd never see her again. Is that what I really wanted? And then, to my surprise, I heard her heading back down the stairs.

This was a complete surprise - Robin being nice for a change. I suppressed my baser instincts and decided to respond in kind.

"Thanks. I think I need the Gatorade."

"Sure." I motioned for her to sit on the couch nearby. "You were very good tonight. I have to admit that you beat me fair and square."

===== 03 =====

"Are you ready to give up, LJ? Have you had enough?"

Yyyeeesss!! I had beaten John. The victory was both sweet and sour. "I'll let you up if you apologize for calling me Robin Hood and promise not to call me that again."

"OK. That settles that." Or did it?

Now why do I feel so bad? Maybe I could make a small peace offering. I climbed off of John and ran upstairs to the kitchen, hoping to find something good in the refrigerator.

Luck was with me. There was a good assortment of Gatorade and mineral water in the 'frig'. I grabbed a few of each and headed back to the basement. John was still on the couch, recovering.

"Would you like one of these?" I offered. I wasn't sure if he'd take one or say something nasty.

Thank goodness he was being civil. I handed him a Gatorade and opened one for myself.

"Can I sit down?"

Geeeeez. He's a bigger man than I thought - very gracious in defeat, and to a woman no less. Maybe nice isn't so bad if he can behave like this. "Thanks! Believe it or not, that means

"Good. I wouldn't want you to think it was too easy."

"Oh I don't know. I think that we're fairly evenly matched."

===== 04 =====

We sat around and talked some more. Robin actually did have a decent personality, and I found myself starting to like her. She actually liked some of the same movies I did! Although, neither of us was willing to push our luck tonight. We finished our Gatorades and Robin said she had better leave. I wasn't sure that I wanted that, but she was right. I walked her upstairs and watched her put on her sweatpants. It wasn't as fun as watching them come off, but Robin still managed to look good doing it.

===== 05 =====

"Same to you." I took her extended hand in mine. It seemed kind of hokey, but we shook hands. I guess we were friends now, not enemies. I gave her a corny reply and a smile...

"Until we meet again..."

===== 06 =====

I watched Robin go down the sidewalk and get into her car. She was an OK person, after all, and I found myself attracted to her. I was already beginning to think about the rules and setting of our next get-together.

===== 07 =====

**The End, for now....**

a lot to me, coming from you. And, you came a lot closer to winning than it looked. I was pretty worn down, myself."

"It wasn't. I'm not sure I whether could beat you again."

===== 04 =====

We talked for a while, and I began to realize that we actually had a few things in common. We both hated watching professional sports, but liked to participate in sports ourselves. The setting for our blind date last night couldn't have been worse. Steve and Sarah should have known better - must have known better!! Although, things were pretty good now, but I didn't want to push it. I finished my drink and we headed upstairs. I did my best to slither into my sweatpants, and sure enough, John was watching. Good!

===== 05 =====

"Good night, and a good fight, too." I didn't want to push it, so I just extended my hand.

"Right. Until we meet again..."

===== 06 =====

I headed for the car, looking back once along the way. John was watching me, making sure I got to the car OK. That was nice. I knew we would see each other again, but in what way and where??

===== 07 =====

**The End, for now....**