

The Blind Date (From Hell)

By Gark

Chapter 3: Wrestling In The Living Room

John's Story

I woke early Sunday morning, still a little sore from last night's drubbing. Robin had really gotten the better of me in the boxing match, and I was surprised to find that my thoughts of her were friendly ones. Sure, I'd rather have beaten her, but what had happened wasn't all that bad. I mean, combined with my win Friday night, we were now tied at one victory apiece. And, now I was thinking about having a third fight with Robin. In fact, I had dreamt about it last night - a wet dream, no less! But it was too soon for that. I'd have to settle for something a little tamer for now. Nevertheless, I decided to do a little shopping to see if I could find something a little more interesting to wear. I mean if Robin can wear hot pink short-shorts, maybe I should respond in kind.

After lunch, I headed over to the mall and went straight to the sporting goods store. Sure enough, there were pink boxing gloves for sale. I pointed them out to the salesman and said, 'I bet you don't sell many of these.' He replied, 'You'd be surprised. I sold a pair to a nice looking blonde woman just yesterday.'

I wasn't too surprised. This was the obvious place to buy that sort of stuff. But I wasn't after sports equipment right now, so I headed for the clothing section and started to browse through the gym shorts and shirts. Maybe a tight pair of shorts and a muscle shirt would do? This wasn't my kind of thing. How would I pick something out that Robin would like?

===== 01 =====

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

Wwhhooaa!! What the heck% @#!? What's

Robin's Story

I slept in on Sunday morning. I hadn't slept well, still feeling guilty about the pounding I had given John. I should have felt better, even elated, but I didn't. I almost called him up just to talk, but hesitated. What would he think? Would it be too forward? Would he even feel like talking to me? I felt like we were well past the dislike/hatred we had felt for each other on Friday's blind date. And, even after the fight last night, I think we parted as friends. After all, there was that corny line when I left - 'Until we meet again.'

Yes, we probably would meet again, and suddenly I knew when and where it was going to happen. I realized it was time to do some more shopping.

I headed for the mall and stopped for a quick bite at the food court. I was just sitting there enjoying my sandwich when I looked up and saw John walk by. What a coincidence! I wolfed down the rest of my sandwich and decided to follow him; maybe even talk to him.

To my surprise, John walked into the sporting goods store where I had bought the boxing gloves yesterday. What was he up to? I got a little closer, and kept watching. I could see he wasn't interested in buying more boxing gloves, but he was looking at the clothing. John seemed pretty awkward sorting through the shorts and shirts, and I knew why he was looking. Maybe it was time to say hello.

===== 01 =====

I walked up quietly behind John so that he wouldn't see me, and watched John going through the various shorts for a few moments. I decided to give him a bit of hard time. "That one's definitely not the real you, LJ."

Robin doing here? I tried to recover quickly, but nothing too clever came to mind. "Really? Maybe you can help me find the right one then, RH."

We poked around for a while looking at shorts and shirts. I even tried a few on for Robin. Her taste was definitely 'less is more'. I came out of the changing room wearing Robin's latest selections. "So what do you think? Are these the real me?"

I really liked the way Robin smiled at me, kind like there was a lot more going on in her mind. "Glad you approve."

"They're for wrestling. I'm planning on subduing a beautiful blond woman later tonight."

"Anything's possible, but I think my chances are pretty good. By the way, what are you doing here, anyway?"

"Suitable for what."

This verbal game we were playing was

John called me RH - not Robin Hood - and I found that I kind of liked it. Especially because he said it naturally, without any teasing or whatnot. "OK. I wouldn't want the fashion police to arrest you or anything."

I was really enjoying myself, especially because I KNEW what the clothes were for. And, John was looking better and better to me all the time. He really was pretty good looking, in a physical sort of way. And this latest selection looked really hot on him. The shorts were a dark blue Lycra material that conformed well to John's butt. I surprised myself for a minute - was I staring at John's butt? The shirt was also Lycra, but bright yellow. And it conformed to the V-shape of his torso. I smiled at John's question. "Yes, most definitely, these are the real you!"

"So, you never told me what these clothes were for."

"Sounds like fun. Are you sure the clothes will work? Maybe she'll subdue you?"

"I'm shopping for clothes, too. Maybe you could help me find something suitable?"

"I'm planning on doing some wrestling, too. There's an upstart of a man who needs to be put in his place. It would be helpful to know which outfit would be best."

intriguing. It was clear that Robin wanted to fight again, but this time it would be different. We definitely weren't enemies anymore, but what were we? "I think I can help you with that. I have a keen eye for women's wrestling outfits. "

I went back into the changing room and switched back to my regular clothes. Then we headed for the women's clothing section of the store. We browsed for a while, but didn't find anything too interesting until we got to the exercise clothing. Robin held up a dark leotard for my inspection.

I noticed that the rear of the suit was missing, sort of a thong style. I pointed out this 'feature' to Robin. "Yeah, it'd be great! And the bottom part would make for an interesting fight."

"Spoilsport! But I do like leotards. Lets find something with a full bottom and lose the shorts idea."

Yyikkees!! What an outfit! "Sh sh sure." was all I managed to say.

Wwhhooaa!! Robin was really hot! Being somewhat of a breast man, I've always liked striped blouses on women. And this outfit really showed off Robin's figure nicely,

"I bet you do." This was getting interesting. What kind of clothes would John find attractive?

"What do you think of this? Do you think it would work for wrestling?"

I didn't think I was ready for that kind of fight, at least not until we knew each other better. "I suppose it would, but I'd also be wearing some sort of shorts, too."

We browsed some more, until I found a black and green striped bodysuit made from stretch Lycra. And, there was a full rear end to the suit. I held it up for John. His eyes went big and I knew that this was the one. I said peevishly, "Should I try this one on?"

I went into the changing room & quickly slipped into the bodysuit. It fit just right, and the stripes helped to accentuate my natural curves. I stepped out of the changing room and John's eyes were on me immediately. I was really enjoying the attention. I struck a muscle pose and asked him the obvious, "What do you think? Would this be a good wrestling outfit?"

without being overtly sexual. "It should do nicely. You should be able to handle anything in that outfit, except maybe a very determined male."

"Maybe he'll surprise you."

We paid the sales clerk and headed our separate ways. There was time for one last barb. "Good luck tonight RH, but not too much luck."

===== 02 =====

It was about 3:00 when we left the mall. There was plenty of time for a close shave with my trusty triple-bladed razor, plus a shower.

I stood under the shower a long time, shaving my face until it was baby smooth. I expected a lot of close contact, and I didn't want any razor stubble getting in the way. This would be a much better fight. I wouldn't have to hold back like I had in last night's boxing match. It would be a fight with both of us on equal footing. It would be interesting indeed!

It was 5:00 sharp as I arrived at Robin's house - I didn't want to be late. I glanced over at the back yard as I headed toward the front sidewalk. Sure enough, there was the big tree Robin had punched by mistake, and there was the mud puddle we had rolled through. The memory of it brought a smile to my face. Things had sure changed since I first went up this doorstep two nights ago.

I was really looking forward to this encounter. I wore sweatpants and a sweatshirt over my new wrestling outfit. Maybe I could catch Robin's interest as I took them off. I rang the doorbell and awaited my fate.

"I doubt this male will put up much of a fight."

"Maybe so. Well, I've really got to go. I'm kind of expecting him around 5:00, so I've got to get ready."

"Same to you, LJ. But it will be skill, not luck that wins the day."

===== 02 =====

I would be cutting it close, but there was still time to take a bath and shave my legs. I knew there would be more skin contact in this fight and I wanted all the advantage I could get.

I sat there in the tub puzzling over the situation with John. Sure I wanted to fight him, but I didn't want to REALLY fight him. Maybe wrestling would be best. We could try our hardest to win without actually trying to hurt each other. This was going to be really fun!

It was about 4:30 and I was pretty much ready. The leotard fit like a dream and I was sure that John would be spellbound. Only one problem remained - where would we wrestle?? The queen-sized bed in my bedroom would be the most comfortable. But, with that would come other intentions that I wasn't sure I was ready for yet. That also eliminated the spare bedroom. The basement was a cluttered mess, although with more time it could be made suitable for fighting. That left only the living room. I took a quick look around and decided to clear the area of any breakables. I closed the drapes and then shoved the couch and loveseat against opposite walls. This would do nicely, but what about the hardwood floor? Maybe some blankets, or an air mattress? No, they would slip all over the place. I made my decision, but would need John's help to set up.

Just then the doorbell rang. I threw on my robe

===== 03 =====

Robin opened the door. She was wearing a robe, which probably covered the leotard. Even in a robe, Robin looked fabulous - especially with the drawstring tightened around her thin waist. "Good evening RH."

She was already getting into character. This would be fun. "I've come to avenge last night's loss. Would you be interested in a rematch?"

We entered the living room and I could see that it was a lot different than when I had picked up Robin two nights ago. Some of the furniture had been removed and the rest had been shifted around. "I see that I was expected."

"It isn't actually about revenge. I'm not one to hold a grudge. On the other hand, I'd really like to beat you."

"Fine." We went down the hallway to Robin's bedroom. The comforter and blanket were already off to the side, but the sheets were still on the mattress. We dragged it off of the box spring and back down the hallway to the living room. It fit nicely, wedged between the couch and the love seat so it wouldn't slide around.

I was awestruck as Robin dropped her robe to the floor. The leotard looked devastating, especially the way the stripes accentuated her natural curves. Robin's breasts were especially accentuated by the curving stripes, and held

and went to the door.

===== 03 =====

"Good evening LJ. What brings you to this neighborhood tonight?"

"Sure, as long as you don't mind another drubbing. Come on in."

"Yes. Males are very predictable creatures. I expected that you'd stop by, hoping for revenge."

"And, I'd really like to beat you. We'll just have to see. How about you give me a hand on the final preparations?"

I was amazed how well the mattress fit between the couch and love seat - almost like our own little arena. With a bit of drama, I unfastened my robe, dropped it to the floor and kicked it out of the way to the side. John's eyes were on me the whole time. He would be putty in my hands. I said in my most impish voice, "Ready for battle, LJ?"

my complete attention for a few moments. But I couldn't lose my composure or all would be lost. "Just give me a second to slip out of these things..." was all I could manage to say.

I did my best to show off my torso, flexing a little as I removed the sweatshirt. Sure enough, Robin was watching my every move with a big smile on her face. I sat down on the couch and did my best to wriggle out of the sweatpants as Robin had done in front of me last night. She giggled a little at my clumsiness, but it was all right because I could tell she was interested.

"We fought your way last time, so now it's my turn to set the rules."

"We'll see. As you know we'll be wrestling, so there'll be no hitting, slapping, scratching, kicking, biting, or whatever. In other words, it'll be a clean fight. And, we'll fight until one of us gives in to the other. OK RH?"

===== 04 =====

I got up from the couch as Robin moved over near the love seat. We stood facing each other, but this time with no animosity. Still, I badly wanted to beat Robin. It was kind of a macho thing, and normally I'd ignore this kind of urge. But tonight was different; especially because of the way Robin had pounded me last night.

We moved towards each other slowly, unsure how to begin. I reached out and grabbed one of Robin's legs, lifting it to throw her off balance. She stumbled backwards, landing on the loveseat. Unfortunately Robin's leg was still up from the maneuver and she was able to keep me from jumping on top of her. I shoved her leg to the side so I could move in closer.

I jumped onto the couch and lost no time attacking Robin. She was still off-balance so I pressed my advantage further. I clasped both of her wrists and forced her down onto the

John looked very good taking off his sweatshirt. And his parody of the way I had removed my sweatpants last night was both funny and fun.

"Fine, but it won't do you any good."

"Sounds OK to me, LJ."

===== 04 =====

We moved to opposite ends of the mattress with me near the love seat and John near the couch. Even though I was inexperienced at this sort of thing, I felt confident enough to take on John and win. It might be fun to dominate him and make him ask to be released. I would give it my all, and have some fun along the way.

I wasn't sure how to begin. It was a lot easier when I didn't like John. Attacking him then had seemed natural. So I was a little surprised when John grabbed my leg and forced me backwards onto the loveseat. I tried to use my leg to shove John away, but he just pushed it to the side and joined me on the loveseat.

I was at a big disadvantage. John was on his knees while I was sitting on my butt. I grabbed for John's arms, but it was a useless gesture - he grabbed mine instead. John forced me onto my back and then lay on top of me, face-to-face.

loveseat on her back.

I was clearly in control and it felt good. Robin was struggling beneath me trying to free herself. I held her arms back over her head and against the arm of the loveseat. I couldn't help but notice her breasts heaving to and fro as she wriggled around beneath me.

It was bad strategy, but I couldn't resist. I pressed down close against Robin, now chest-to-chest. Her wrists came free and we ended up clasping hands with our fingers interlaced together. I could feel her hot breath against my neck and chest as we struggled. I could feel her breasts pressed against my chest as we twisted around on the love seat. I was becoming very aroused.

Then Robin scissored my left leg between hers legs and pressed even closer against me. I retaliated by using my right leg to scissors her left leg. We were completely intertwined and I was loving every second of it. The feel of her smooth, silky legs against mine was intoxicating. But the match had hardly begun, and there was no way Robin would give up yet. I decided to hold her down as long as I could and maybe weaken her resistance a bit.

I used my upper body strength to control Robin. She just wasn't strong enough to roll me off. I was enjoying myself, maybe just a little too much. So when Robin started playing with my ear with her teeth, I was a bit too receptive. I wavered a bit and let up on the pressure with my arms as I let myself press in against her.

It felt a little too good, and I was feeling more than a little seduced by her actions. It was almost inevitable when Robin surprised me, knocking us both onto the mattress below.

We rolled over a few times, struggling for position, ending up near the center of the mattress with Robin on top. She quickly straddled my waist, sitting squarely on my stomach and holding my shoulders down. The

I looked up and saw John staring down at me, a big smile on his face. My arms were held back over my head and John seemed to be enjoying the view. At least one of us was having fun. Then I realized I was having fun, too. I'd turn the tables on him soon enough!

I made my best effort to lure John in closer where I could fight more effectively. He had too much leverage holding me down from above. I took a deep breath and twisted my chest back and forth. That brought him in close right away.

Our fingers intertwined as I struggled with John from below. We were now quite close together as I strained against him. I managed to get my legs around one of John's legs and capture it in a scissors hold. He retaliated by capturing one of my legs. We were a writhing pair of bodies, struggling on the loveseat, and I have to admit that I was enjoying it a lot. But I wanted to beat John, and I was at too big of a disadvantage here. I had to get us off of the loveseat! And I could see that John wasn't going to make it easy.

John was too strong, and it was nearly impossible to roll him off of me. And I was starting to get tired. Things were going nowhere, so I decided a small cheat might be in order. I moved my head in close to John so that my mouth was near his ear. I blew into John's ear softly and then started nibbling on his earlobe with my teeth.

I knew I had found a weak point as John relaxed against me. I let him enjoy it for a few seconds, and then I shoved against him as hard as I could, propelling us off of the loveseat and onto the mattress on the floor.

I couldn't let John back on top, so I tried my hardest to roll over on top of him. I maneuvered my legs to the outside of John's as I rolled him over on his back. This kept him from continuing our roll and I practically leaped onto his belly. Now I had John down

mattress was soft enough that we sunk in pretty far, making it really difficult for me to get away. Robin held my shoulders down with her arms, but my arms were free. I decided to return the favor and pushed against her shoulders with my arms. This wasn't very effective, but it was interesting to struggle against Robin this way, with her having the advantage and the leverage. Robin smiled down at me from her position of authority.

===== 05 =====

"I liked that maneuver you used on me back on the couch."

I teased her back. "I think maybe you were biting my ear. And, you know, biting is against the rules."

"Yeah, I suppose."

I laughed a little. "It does tend to liven things up a bit."

===== 06 =====

Robin released my shoulders and moved up onto my chest. Her legs now straddled my chest as she held my shoulders down. Robin had my hands captured as I stared up at her helplessly. The stripes of her leotard betrayed the bulging breasts within. I was captivated, but not ready to submit.

That was when Robin slid a little further forward with her thighs now on each side of my face. I was taken completely by surprise as I realized her plan. Robin must have been "in heat" as well!

There was little I could do in this position except stare up at Robin in her position of dominance. It was an odd situation. I wanted to win, but part of me wanted to lose right there. Maybe I was submissive, and maybe I wasn't.

My break came as Robin maneuvered her hips

and I wouldn't soon let him go. I held his shoulders down so that he couldn't twist or turn. Thankfully the mattress was soft and John's struggles were pretty much in vein. He pushed back against my shoulders with his hands, trying to force me backwards or sideways. But I had the leverage now and he couldn't break free. I was really enjoying the situation. John was at my mercy.

===== 05 =====

"I thought you might. It seems I've found a sensitive spot."

"I was only nibbling, and there's no rule against nibbling! You're just sore because you were suckered."

"Besides, that kind of stuff should be expected in a battle between the sexes."

"Maybe I should liven things up a little more."

===== 06 =====

I pushed John's arms aside and scooted up onto his chest. My knees were now on his shoulders and my hands searched for his. I finally got his hands under control, and John was helpless beneath me. I was feeling pretty dominant.

The geometry of the situation was not lost on me. This could be a very enjoyable position under the right circumstances. I slid a little further up on John so my knees were now alongside John's ears. His face felt smooth and soft against my thighs. John's eyes went big when he realized what was happening, and I just smiled at him in return.

Dominating John like this felt good and I didn't want him ever to get free. Did that mean I was a dominatrix? I wasn't sure. Maybe all women have a dominatrix streak in them and just need the right situation for it to show itself.

around, no doubt trying for an even more dominant position. My hands came free and I pushed her butt up and over my head. Robin landed face down well away from me. I got up to my knees, and waited for her to do the same.

I could hear Robin mumbling to herself as she got up. When she turned around, there was a look of total determination on her face. We faced each other on our knees in the center area of the mattress, ready to renew the fight. And what a fight it was. Robin was more than willing to use her feminine wiles to advantage, and that was fine with me. As far as I was concerned, it was 'anything goes' from this point forward.

Robin had worn me down in that last skirmish, but I moved towards her to continue as if we had just started. We locked up arm-to-arm and struggled back and forth in a test of strength. Robin seemed stronger than ever, and I could see she really wanted to win. But I was stronger in this position as I pushed aside her arms and went in for the kill. A bear hug would do the trick, but Robin spun around as I grabbed her and was facing away from me as I applied the hold. To my delight, my hands were locked around Robin's body, right on her breasts. What luck!! I had had no doubt before, but it was now perfectly clear that everything inside that leotard was for real.

What good is a bear hug if you don't squeeze, but I almost forgot! I quickly applied some pressure and got a grunt out of Robin for my effort. I moved in closer and kept up the pressure, enjoying the situation to the hilt. Robin twisted and turned, trying to escape, but I wouldn't let go. Finally she lunged forward as I held on tight. We went down face-first to the mattress, and then ended up on our sides. But I still kept hold of her breasts from behind and continued to apply pressure with the reverse bear hug.

I decided to try something new. I rolled over onto my back, dragging Robin with me, so that she was on top of me but still facing away.

I wriggled around a little trying to enjoy this position of dominance a little more. I let loose of John's hands as I did so. It was a big mistake to think John had caved in. With his hands now free, he pushed on my butt, knocking me forward over his head.

As I got up to my knees, I cursed softly to myself for being careless, and swore to get John down like that again. As I turned around I saw that John was on his knees, so I stayed that way myself as we prepared to battle anew. But what kind of a battle were we having? Things had certainly turned sexual, but we both still had our clothes on, so it was more innuendo than anything else, for now.

We moved towards each other. I was a little tired, but I didn't want John to know it. I locked up with him in a battle of strength with our arms. It was a foolish maneuver for me, but I wanted to show him that I still had a lot of fight left in me. I held my own pretty well, but John finally shoved my arms aside and moved in close for a bear hug. I saw it coming and twisted around quickly trying to get away. The ploy only worked partially as John ended up getting me in a reverse bear hug. This was worse because all I could do was try to pry his arms off of my chest. And what a hold he had on my chest! Each of his hands was on one of my breasts, and squeezing, too!

John moved in close behind me as he applied more pressure. He was terrifically strong and all I could do was grimace and groan from the pressure. I tried to shake him loose, but he wouldn't let go. I wasn't sure whether I liked this predicament or not, but I was sure that John was enjoying it. At least he wasn't squeezing my breasts per se, but the pressure on them was intense regardless. I thrust my body forward and managed to propel us to the mattress, but still John hung on from behind me, squeezing all the time.

John was clearly in control and I was weakening rapidly from the constant pressure. And my arms weren't strong enough to pry his

Then I looped my legs around both sides of her waist and hooked my feet inside her thighs. Robin was very trapped as I continued to apply pressure with the bear hug.

===== 07 =====

"Ready to give up RH?"

"It doesn't seem that way from where I'm at. I think you're ready to give in."

"Maybe a little more pressure would help you to decide." And with that, I redoubled my efforts with the reverse bear hug. Then I used my legs to force her legs wide apart, hoping to add some new pressure to the mix.

'Ggeeezz! What was she doing, now?' I thought to myself as Robin rubbed her backside against my frontside. "Aaaahh! Just what are you up to?"

"I know, I know. I just wasn't expecting it."

"I can hardly wait for that one." I moaned. Without realizing, I relaxed the pressure I had been applying with my arms and legs.

I was sorely disappointed when Robin got free. But I guess I deserved it for letting her play me

hands off of my breasts. And the next thing I knew, I was on top of John, staring up at the ceiling, in a worse spot than ever. His legs were hooked around my waist, capturing my legs. What a predicament!!

===== 07 =====

"Not yet. I still have plenty of fight left in me."

"No way, LJ!"

"Ooooff!" was all I could say. The pressure was intense on my chest, and then he forced my legs apart - Oouucchh!!

But now there was something new sticking out at me, so to speak. I could feel John's firmness pressing against my behind as his legs encircled mine. This was no surprise, as I was feeling similarly. But maybe I could use this to my advantage. I wriggled my butt back and forth against John's waist area and was rewarded with a gasp and a groan out of John for my effort.

"You mean you don't know?"

"It's a variation of my lap dance hold."

Now was my chance. John had released some of the pressure. I ripped his hands away from my chest and managed to spin free, rolling away towards the couch. I needed a chance to recover. Maybe I should try luring John to the couch. I crawled up onto the couch on my hands and knees. "C'mon over her and let's give it a try." I taunted.

like that. At least I was fairly refreshed, although my arms were a bit tired from squeezing Robin's chest. I followed her up onto the couch. "Okay, I'm game."

We faced each other on the couch, on our knees. We moved closer together and started to struggle. My left arm was kind of cramped from all the exertion, and I couldn't use it very effectively.

I landed on the mattress on my side. I expected Robin to jump me while I was down. But when I looked back, she was still sitting on the couch waiting for me. "Don't worry, I'll be King of the Hill soon enough."

===== 08 =====

I rolled over toward the couch to get up. As I pushed against the mattress to get up, I noticed that Robin's legs were nearby. Before I knew what hit me, her legs were on my shoulders, encircling my neck, and pulling me in closer. The head scissors hurt like hell. I found out right there that Robin had very strong thighs. My left arm was still giving me trouble, and I wasn't able to mount much of a defense. Robin soon had control of both of my hands and I was helpless once again, with pretty much the same view as before. I got a pretty good idea of what Robin was interested in. But I still had something to prove and was determined to beat her. I feigned helplessness, hoping for a break.

===== 09 =====

"Not yet. I still have plenty of fight left in me."

'Aarrgghh' was all I could think as Robin reapplied pressure with her legs. It was

We struggled on the couch for a few moments. John didn't seem as strong as he had before. The bear hug had left me winded, but apparently it had left John's arms somewhat weakened. I got a good hold of his arms and flung him off the couch, "Look's like I'm Queen of the Hill!"

"You're welcome to try."

===== 08 =====

I was sitting there on the couch, waiting for John to return. My legs were draped down onto the mattress, somewhat apart, as I waited. John was a little slow getting up, and as he rolled toward me, a great opportunity presented itself. I quickly lifted my legs onto John's shoulders and caught him in a head scissors. He was facing me, somewhat perplexed and helpless as I squeezed him, pulling him in closer. I grabbed John's hands so that he wouldn't be able to free himself. He was flopping around ineffectively, unable to gain his footing.

John peered up at me from between my thighs, a helpless look on his face. I felt pretty dominant having John helpless before me, especially in this position.

===== 09 =====

"Ready to give up LJ?"

"That sounds vaguely familiar, but don't count on it doing you any good." I clamped down hard with my thighs, trying to make him see the futility of his position.

excruciating, and I had to do something about it soon.

===== 10 =====

I twisted to the side as hard as I could and managed to dislodge Robin from the couch. We landed on the mattress on our sides facing each other as Robin released the hold. Unfortunately, she was faster than me and managed to clamp a new head scissors on me.

However, this time things were different because Robin's head was now close to my legs. I quickly clamped a scissors of my own around her head.

What a position to be in! Here we were laying on our sides, facing each other on the mattress, my head caught between her legs and her head caught between my legs. Now what? All I could think of at the moment was squeezing, so I did. It was payback time. But Robin wasn't giving up yet. Could I outlast her?

===== 11 =====

"Give up, RH!" I gasped in between squeezes. "You can't get out of this!"

"We'll just have to see, then."

===== 12 =====

It seemed like we squeezed forever, but I doubt it was more than a couple of minutes. Robin just wouldn't give up. She was one determined woman! But I was determined too. But I also knew that I couldn't take much more of this. But what could I do to make Robin give up?

I decided to get Robin in double jeopardy, so to speak. While still in the mutual head scissors, I moved my body in closer to Robin, placing my arms around her in another bear hug, and started squeezing. This worked great because Robin couldn't get her arms around me. Besides, she didn't have the upper body strength to do much harm anyway.

I had her now, and it was just a matter of time. Robin foolishly released my head and tried to get away. But I wasn't about to let her. I kept

===== 10 =====

I wanted to keep John like this as long as I could. I enjoyed having him under my control, especially in this position. I let myself daydream - maybe he would even submit this way! Maybe John was playing possum, because he suddenly reared up from below, toppling us both onto the mattress.

I got thrown to the side, rolling as I did. I couldn't believe my luck. There was John's head near my legs. I quickly reapplied the scissors to his head and neck. Almost as fast, John did the same thing to me.

This could be interesting. I had him and he had me - in the same hold no less! And he was squeezing hard. I retaliated and squeezed back as hard as I could. Which one of us would outlast the other?

===== 11 =====

"No! You give up! I have the stronger legs!" I countered as I tried to catch my wind.

"Fine with me. We'll see who lasts longer!"

===== 12 =====

We squeezed and we squeezed. I couldn't believe John could take this much punishment, especially because I had caught him in a head scissors earlier, too. He was one tough guy. Surely he would give up! I hoped it would be soon, because I wasn't sure how much longer I could take this punishment myself.

Then the unexpected happened. John managed to slink in next to me and slip an arm under my waist. Before I knew, I was in a head scissors and a bear hug, too. "Ooooff" was all I could say as the air rushed out of my lungs. I squeezed back as hard as I could with my legs, but I was weakening fast.

I panicked and released the head scissors, trying to escape. But John held on tight, squeezing with his arms and legs relentlessly. I

squeezing, especially with the bear hug. I applied it as high up on her back as I could manage in this position, and I could tell Robin was weakening.

I finally released Robin so I could finish her off more appropriately. She tried to resist, but I just forced her chest between my legs and applied a new scissors right across her breasts. I squeezed and squeezed. To her credit, Robin didn't give in too quickly. I had to keep the pressure on for a while before I could see the defeated look in her eyes. Thank goodness! My mind wandered a bit - was she as turned on as I was?

===== 13 =====

"Ready to give, RH?"

I was elated, but tried not to show it too much. "You put up an incredible fight. I wasn't sure you would ever give in."

"I almost gave up a few times there myself. I'd say we're evenly matched. And talk about fun. I'm not sure I've ever had so much fun in my entire life!"

"I think we should try starting over again with dating - maybe go out to dinner with Steve and Sarah, or something."

I knew all right. I reached over and grabbed Robin around the waist, pulling her close.

"You're right, RH, so right!"

===== 14 =====

This is the end of John and Robin's story for now....

thrashed around, but there was no escape. I tried to put the head scissors back on John, but it was too late. I was too weak to do much of anything.

Surprisingly, John let me go. Was he just being chivalrous and giving me another chance? 'Nnnnnnnnn!', he wasn't I realized as John clamped a new scissors lock onto my chest. One of his thighs was crisscrossed right between my breasts as he squeezed and squeezed. I knew I wouldn't get out of this one. John had me beaten. But what a battle! And I was horny as hell from it!

===== 13 =====

"Yeah, I give. You beat me fair and square."

"The double squeeze really did me in. It finally was too much."

"Yeah, it was the same for me. We've definitely got to do this again sometime. So what do you want to do now?"

"No silly. I mean what do you want to do RIGHT NOW. You know RH, 'to the victor go the spoils' so to speak."

===== 14 =====

This is the end of John and Robin's story for now....