

## The Tennis Match, By Gark

Amanda was my ideal woman, or at least, I was smitten with her badly. She was fit and athletic, and enjoyed a variety of sports. Her 5'9" height helped her greatly in basketball, tennis, etc., but her endurance and strength of will made her excel. She kept herself in shape with jogging and lightweight training. She was strong without really showing it.

We met while working at a large corporation, playing in the tennis league. Amanda and I played against each other in a hard fought match. Fortunately for me, I'd been on the tennis team in high school and had had more formalized instruction. I was just able to squeeze by in a three set victory, with a tie-breaker deciding the third set. It was terrific! I was in love, but I think Amanda was only in "like".

We decided to get together regularly, but as she put it, "only as friends". In the summer, we mostly played tennis or jogged. In the winter, we played racquetball, tennis and one-on-one basketball at the local health/sports club. She always smeared me at basketball, and I usually squashed her at racquetball, but we both kept improving, so it was fun. We remained fairly even at tennis, with a good number of victories each. You could tell Amanda enjoyed the competition, even when she was at a disadvantage. We even raced the last few blocks when we went jogging.

This went on for some time, and I still had not made any progress in the "more than friends" department. It seemed we were destined only to remain good friends. This was the way Amanda wanted it, and there was little I could do to change it. I didn't know what the problem was, but I managed not to take it personally. I continued to date other women, and as far as I knew, Amanda didn't date at all.

After a particularly frustrating game of racquetball, a gruesome loss for Amanda, I had a new idea. A wrestling match might be the answer. I figured that if we could be in close proximity for a prolonged

period of time, maybe she would start feeling a physical attraction for me. I was already certain that she liked me as a person, but there had been no physical interest. So, I suggested that a good way for her to take out her frustrations on me after this racquetball loss would be a wrestling match. It would be a "friends" type match with rules preventing any rough stuff. I even admitted that I was a novice and had only done a little wrestling in gym class back in middle school. So, we'd both be novices, which would make things fairly even. I should say at this point that I am an inch taller than Amanda, and maybe 10 pounds heavier, but she definitely had me in the strength department, and was a little quicker, too. So, it would be a fairly even match-up physically, as well as from a (lack of) skills point of view. She seemed fairly interested in the idea, but to my dismay declined to give it a try, probably due to the physical proximity thing. I tried to convince her again on a couple of other occasions, but with no luck, so I let the idea drop. I didn't want to jeopardize our friendship by pushing this wrestling thing too much.

Spring finally came and we moved outdoors for tennis. We started playing in a mixed doubles league and became quite good. We complemented each other well. I was a demon at the net and she covered the backcourt with good speed and powerful groundstrokes. However, our main weakness was my serve. This year, I just couldn't seem to get my first serve "in". It really hurt our chances, and we lost a few matches because of my serving. Amanda was unhappy about this, too, although it meant she was now beating me at singles tennis regularly. She didn't say much, but I could tell she was unhappy with me. I was really in a slump!

During the summer, we decided to enter a weekend mixed doubles tennis tournament. I went along with the idea, even though I was still in a slump with my serve. It was a particularly hot weekend, but we had managed to breeze through a few easy matches on Saturday without being physically worn down. My serve was better than it had been, but still not up to

par. On Sunday, if all went well, we could get to the finals with two more victories. The heat was still grueling, and was taking its toll on the players. Amanda seemed unaffected, but I was starting to show it. We managed to win the first match that day, but the heat was getting to me and I started getting very frustrated with my serve. Amanda told me to shake it off.

The second match was my downfall. I served poorly and lost my serve most of the time in the first two sets. Still, we managed to be at one set apiece - the third set would decide the match. I managed to win my service the first time during the third set. But, we were down 4 games to 5 when it was again my turn to serve. The pressure was definitely "on", as well as the heat. I was frustrated, which probably contributed to my making bad decisions. I felt that I could only win by using my first serve. So, I would use the power of my first serve on my second serve as well. Surely, I would get enough serves "in" to win the game. The first time I did this, I got a double fault. Amanda gave me a "what's up with you?" type of look. I didn't let this deter me. I served again and got the first serve in with an "ace". This bolstered my confidence enough that I decided to continue with the strategy. Unfortunately, that was the last serve that I got "in", and we (or should I say "I") lost the game, and with it the match.

I could tell Amanda was furious with me, but she said nothing. Instead, she invited me back to her place for a beer to cool off. This was a surprise, because we rarely went inside at either of our houses. We sat down on the living room couch, sipping our beers. Amanda chose this moment to say, "You know that we have been good friends for a long time now, but today I am particularly mad at you. I know you are slumping and all, and your tennis game isn't as it should be. But that is no excuse for blowing the match the way you did. You acted like a little kid, and didn't use your head."

I didn't know what to say except that she was right and that I was sorry. She got us a second round of beers, and I thought maybe she was getting over it.

The beer went down fast and easy, with us being so dehydrated from tennis, and its effect was particularly potent. I could tell Amanda was feeling it too, especially when she said, "You know, I am so frustrated with you that I could just hit you! But, I think I should just wrestle with you instead, and beat the crap out of you that way."

Needless to say, I was shocked..., and thrilled, too. All I could say was "OK".

Amanda added, "Remember how you said this could be a 'friends' match with a minimum of rough stuff."

"I remember that. What did you have in mind?"

She said, "How about two out of three falls, right here in the living room. We can move the couches and chairs around to form a makeshift ring so you can't get away from me."

At this point, I didn't want to get away from her. Plus, this seemed to be her show, so I decided to let her make up the rules. Trying to help, I said, "What about pindowns, or would you rather go for submissions?"

She gave it some thought, saying "The first win for a person must be by a five-second pin. The second win for a person, which will decide the match, must be by submission. I think this way will be the most satisfying way for me to thrash you."

This sounded pretty good to me. "How about other rules?", I said. "We haven't decided what rough stuff to include or not."

Amanda thought again for a time, and said, "I think hitting, kicking, biting and scratching should be excluded. Beyond that, I think most anything else is OK, keeping in mind this is a "friends" match."

I quickly agreed, unsure what "most anything else" might be. We had already taken off our tennis shoes at the door when we came in, so we were still

dressed in tennis shorts, polo shirts and socks. This would have to do. We moved the two couches so that they faced each other, about 12 feet apart. One end of each couch was pushed up against the wall, and the two recliner lounge chairs were pushed over to fill the gap between the two couches about 12 feet from the wall. It was a 12-foot square, and she jokingly said, "You won't escape my ring wrath!" It was obvious that she was really getting into it. Amanda continued, "Wrestling on the floor, couches and chairs is fine, but it is an automatic loss to leave the 'ring' intentionally. You can't get away."

Believe me, that was the farthest thing from my mind. "Well, maybe I don't want to get away." was the best answer I could come up with at the moment.

We stood facing each other in the ring, a little unsure what to do next, both of us being complete rookies. All we knew was that we were going to do battle with each other. She said, "You know, it is really hard to fight with your best friend.", which deflated my ego a bit to be only a "friend". And then she continued, "But I'll find a way!" as she rushed me and pushed me up against the wall. We had our hands clasped to each other and were struggling for control. Amanda's strength was amazing - I couldn't get free of her and the wall. If it were allowed to pin someone against a wall, I'd have lost right there.

Finally, I struggled forward trying to force my way away from the wall, and managed to trip her onto the carpeted floor. I landed on top of her and figured I'd be able to gain a pin from this vantage point. Instead, she rolled me over, and we continued rolling, our hands still clasped to each other. Back and forth we rolled, our mutual inexperience at wrestling preventing any decisive moves. This was great! At one point, her hot panting breath was alongside my ear. I have to admit this is a real turn-on for me, and I got a bit distracted. She got her hands loose from mine and managed to straddle my waist and hold my shoulders down. I was in a pin

position with Amanda on top of me, now smiling broadly. But she hadn't got my hands constrained yet, and I managed to roll her off of me to the side. This didn't help much because now I was caught in a leg scissors. And, I quickly found out just how strong she was. Amanda smiled wickedly and said, "What's wrong? Having trouble beating a woman?", which was actually quite true.

Luckily, this was not a submission round, or she probably would have won right then. Amanda held me there for some time, regaining her wind, while I struggled to get free. I was tiring badly and she knew it. So, after a while she released me so she could go after a pin. As I got to my knees, Amanda quickly grabbed both of my arms from behind and held them behind my back. We were both on our knees with her behind me, pulling back on arms and arching my back painfully. She was now in complete control, forcing me towards one of the couches, pushing me onto it, and then jumping on top of me. I was again in a pin position with her lying face-to-face on top of me, again with her hot, panting breath near my ear. It was all very distracting, and I hadn't yet even put her in danger of a pin. Amanda rose up a little holding my hands down to the couch, and again gave me that wicked smile saying, "This is barely even a contest."

I'd say Amanda's motivation was greater than mine, being mad at me and all, and a little taunting was acceptable. Although, maybe she was getting a little over confident, which might work in my favor. I tried to look resigned to my fate and replied, "I may not win this round, but you'll be hard pressed to beat me again."

Amanda didn't seem impressed and started counting to five. I pushed upward with all my strength and rolled with her toward the floor. She landed on bottom with an "oof" sound, and me on top. I couldn't believe my good fortune, but I was afraid she had been hurt. I shouldn't have worried as she quickly pushed me off. We moved away from each other briefly, still on our hands and knees, catching our breath.

We moved towards the middle of the "ring", still on our knees. Amanda said, "How about a test of strength?"

I felt I couldn't refuse, so we faced each other on our knees, and clinched hands. This was a big mistake on my part as Amanda gradually forced my hands and arms backward, until finally I landed on my back, yet again. There was no escaping this time as Amanda climbed on top of me. I wriggled around some, but was too tired from the earlier leg scissors to escape. She was sitting on my waist holding my hands down when she started counting again, this time reaching the five count. Amanda had won the first round.

I was winded and asked for a 10-minute rest before continuing. Amanda reluctantly agreed, saying that she wasn't particularly tired. We switched to mineral water at this point to quench our thirst. Fortunately, Amanda's house was air conditioned, which seemed to help me get my strength back. I felt like I was in heaven, wrestling in close proximity with the woman of my dreams. It was a major turn-on, but I couldn't let her know. After all, I was her "best friend".

As we prepared to start the second round, Amanda reminded me that she would now be going for a submission hold on me, while I still needed a pin to tie it up. I certainly had my work cut out for me.

We moved to the center of the "ring", standing there facing each other in a "stare down". We slowly circled, getting each other's measure and talking trash. Amanda seemed to be enjoying this, as I was definitely getting psyched out. I decided I'd better make a move quickly, so I rushed her as she was telling me what a weak male I was and how easy it would be to make me submit. Amanda was so wrapped up in her trash talking, that I caught her off guard with this move and pushed her against the wall. This time it was she who was trapped with her back and hands held to the wall. I don't think she much minded as we struggled for control at the

wall. I had good leverage on her and I kept her from clasp her hands to mine by holding her at the wrists. It took a few minutes, but she managed to reverse it, now holding me against the wall. I think she was a little tired from the escape, because I managed to force her back to the center of the ring and we separated. Amanda again offered, "How about a little test of strength". I moved toward her, saying nothing, arms extended, pretended to accept. Instead, I rushed her and pushed her onto the couch in a sitting position. I quickly jumped on top of her and tried to grab her hands to control her. She was very quick, but I finally managed to grab both of her hands and hold them back against the top edge of the couch. So, Amanda was sitting on the couch, and I was straddling Amanda's legs, facing her and holding her in position. This felt like a pin to me, so I started counting to five.

Amanda was startled, saying "What do you think is going on? You can't pin someone who is sitting up, let alone on the couch!!"

I just continued to count, nearly reaching five, when she managed to get one shoulder up away from the couch. She rolled me to the side, and this time it was Amanda who was caught in the leg scissors. We were still on the couch, although I was on bottom. I had the scissors applied to her tummy, and squeezed the best I could from this position. My back was to the couch and I was probably pinned, even though I had her trapped. Luckily for me, Amanda could only win by submission at this point. I managed to control her for some time as she struggled to get loose. Since we weren't going anywhere soon, I said to her "I thought that wrestling on the couch was fair play. Are you so afraid of losing that you wouldn't have let that count?"

This got her dander up, as she grimaced her reply from the leg scissors, "Yes, we did agree that wrestling on the chairs and couches was OK, so I guess being pinned on them is fair, too. You'll also remember that we agreed to a 'minimum of rough stuff', and, that hair-pulling was not excluded."

With that, Amanda reached for my hair, grabbing a handful and giving it a good yank. It was excruciating. I had never really had my hair pulled before, and the sensation was startling to say the least. All I knew was that I had to escape. I rolled with her off of the couch, with Amanda hitting the floor first, still holding onto my hair, and me following along for the ride. She hit the floor fairly hard again with another "oof", and released my hair. This time, I was so mad that I didn't worry if she was a little hurt. Clearly Amanda wasn't hurt because she quickly extended the roll, ending up on top of me. I wasn't worried, because a pin here wouldn't matter. And, as it turned out, Amanda had been affected by the leg scissors and was tiring. I easily rolled her over and we rolled around on the floor for a while, struggling for position.

Eventually, we rolled apart. We faced each other, kneeling. I could tell Amanda was tired, so I got to my feet and extended my arms, taunting, "Want to try a little test of strength?"

This was more than she could bear. Amanda was up in a flash and we locked hands. At first I thought I had made another mistake as she forced me around the ring. But she tired quickly and I took control. I forced her back onto one of the recliner loungers and jumped on top, still clasping hands, preventing her from grabbing my hair. I had her in real trouble now because the high arms of the chair also kept her from rolling me off to the side. I sat astride her holding her hands over her head against the chair. Amanda struggled and bucked trying to get free, but all this did was cause the chair to recline, making it even harder to escape. I counted to five and taunted, "Look who's on bottom this time."

Amanda didn't seem too unhappy, saying, "There's still the submission round to go. I'm sure to win that fall."

And, maybe she was right. At any rate we decided to take another 10-minute rest before the final round. We used this time to talk about the match

and discuss our various tactics and pratfalls. I talked about my surprise (and pain) at the hair pulling, and she told me how helpless she felt trapped in the chair. And, Amanda said that she had discovered my secret weakness, but wouldn't explain what it was, other than it was not hair pulling. I was mystified, which suited her just fine. It was clear we were both having a good time.

When the rest time was over, Amanda suggested, "Since this round can only be won by submission, I think we should start the round in a mutual submission hold."

This sounded interesting to me, so I replied, "It's OK with me as long as it's not hair pulling."

Amanda explained, "All I had in mind was kneeling face-to-face, and putting each other in bear hugs at the start. It will be a test of strength and endurance."

I was surprised at the choice of holds because it seemed a little too "friendly" for the current state of our relationship, but I wasn't about to object. I figured I was again at a disadvantage, but the hold sounded too irresistible, so I agreed.

We knelt down and moved to the center of the ring. I wasn't sure how to proceed, so I waited for her to move closer. Amanda moved forward until our knees were touching, and then reached around me with her arms. I did the same and she said, "Go!"

We squeezed for a minute or so, struggling around, trying to wear the other down. In our current condition, it didn't take long. I was tiring, and I think Amanda was slowing down some, too. We started bucking around, jockeying for position. There seemed to be no way out of this hold for either of us. That was when she used my "secret weakness" against me. Amanda increased the pressure of the bear hug and then started panting, breathing on my left ear. Her hot breath was a major distraction (among other things), and maybe a little unfair, but what the heck. I think Amanda noticed that I wasn't squeezing back very much now. She

quickly rolled us to the side and then jumped on top of me. She cooed, "I bet you thought I didn't notice your ear thing earlier. I just filed it away until the right moment."

"Don't worry. You'll get yours." was all I could muster back, although I was at a loss as to how that would happen.

"It doesn't look that way from where I'm sitting." she shot back.

Amada was sitting comfortably on my belly, holding my shoulders down with her hands. My arms were free as I tried to push her off of me. I was rolling, bucking, whatever, just trying to free myself, and I nearly succeeded. But I was too tired, and getting more so all the time. Meanwhile, with little to do but sit on me, Amanda was regaining her strength. My only saving grace was that she only had me in a pin. I made the mistake of taunting her by saying, "Too bad you can't win this way. Pins don't count this round!"

Amanda replied, "I'm tired of your wiggling around", and she quickly moved forward on my body, straddling my chest. Her knees were now on my shoulders and she quickly grabbed my hands, tucking them under her calves to control them. Even as a rookie, I still knew enough about wrestling to recognize that Amanda had me in a classic schoolgirl pin. I wondered if Amanda knew this, too.

I tried to hook one of her arms with my legs, and nearly succeeded. But after my first try, Amanda was ready for this tactic, and so further attempts were of no avail. I continued to thrash around, arching my body wildly, trying to roll, etc. I was getting more and more desperate and tired, as I was held in this position longer and longer. There seemed to be no escape.

Amanda was looking more rested all the time. She positively beamed, sitting there on top of me. She continued to trash talk at me, finally asking, "Is the

weak male ready to submit to the dominant, superior female?"

This kind of talk was certainly a surprise. I finally realized that for Amanda, this was an actual "battle of the sexes". She really enjoyed beating a male opponent, and I was helpless beneath her at the moment in the most physical of contests. It now became clear to me why Amanda had always seemed so buoyant whenever she had beaten me at tennis, basketball, etc.

And, right now, Amanda looked very, very happy with herself, as I considered my fate. I struggled a little more, but it was not to be. I looked up at Amanda towering over me, and she again said, "Is the weak male ready to submit to the dominant, superior female?"

I grunted, "Yeah, I give."

She replied tauntingly, "You didn't use the correct words. For me to let you loose, you must say 'I submit before your dominant, superior female power.'"

This was a bit hard to take, but it was clear that I wasn't going anywhere soon. And besides, Amanda seemed to be quite content to wait me out. I struggled around a little more for effect, and then muttered, "I submit before your dominant, superior female power."

However, Amanda didn't release me right away. She positively glowed with delight sitting there on top of my chest. From this vantage point, it was obvious to me that Amanda was very aroused. And, so was I, too. Perhaps the close proximity thing had worked.

I think at this point, Amanda also realized the obvious as she glanced back at the bulge in my waist area, and then released me quickly. To my surprise, all Amanda said was, "I think you'd better go now."

I tried to talk to her, but she didn't want to listen. She just told me to get my shoes and leave. I felt crushed as I went out the door. Here was my big chance with the woman of my dreams, and I had blown it big time. The friendship, much less anything else, seemed doomed.

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To be continued???