

Black Light Battle (continuation of "The Tennis Match"), By **Gark**

It had been a few days since the wrestling disaster at Amanda's house, and I still hadn't heard from her. After the way I was shooed out her house, I was reluctant to give her a call. Anyway, I would see her tonight at the tennis league, and maybe then we'd talk, that is, if she showed up. My mood was so dark, that I imagined all sorts of things going wrong.

Things were hectic at work, so I wasn't able to head over to the courts right away. When I arrived, I could see that Amanda had started her match already. My opponent was waiting nearby. As we headed off to another court to play, I glanced over at Amanda, and she managed to wave to me in-between points. I quickly waved back and instantly felt much better. It's amazing how much little things like that can matter.

Instantly I became very motivated in the match. My first serve started working, and I was giving my opponent fits. I easily won the first set 6-1. Just before starting the second set, I noticed Amanda had finished and was sitting nearby watching my match - another good sign!! I pounded my opponent 6-0 in the second set, hitting a fair number of aces.

After the obligatory handshake after the match, I went over and sat next to Amanda. She was smiling, so I figured she wasn't mad any more. She said cautiously, "I noticed that your serve was much better today."

So, I said, "I got new motivation. It helped when you waved to me. I felt kind of relieved."

Amanda: "That's good. I was afraid you wouldn't want to talk to me after the way I treated you the other day. And, I was afraid to call, too. I thought it would be better to try to see you here."

Me: "I'm glad you're not mad anymore. I was afraid to call you, too. So are we still friends?"

Amanda: "I don't know. That was the problem I was having the other day. Suddenly I was feeling like we were a lot more than friends, and I got really confused."

Me: "Yeah, I know what you mean. But it was a good feeling."

Amanda: "Yes, it was. You probably wonder after all of this time why I never let you close to me. And, the answer isn't exactly a simple one, but basically I was just afraid of commitment. So, I didn't let you or anyone else close to me."

Me: "Well, I kind of figured that one out myself some time ago. I just didn't let it stop me from liking you."

Amanda: "That's probably better than I deserved. But I'd like to change things now, if you're willing. I think we should start going out on real dates and getting to know each other better - maybe even a little romance."

Me: "I've been wanting to hear that for some time."

Amanda: "Well, if you can handle a few more sound defeats, maybe even some more wrestling, too."

Me: "Don't worry about the defeats, except for how you'll handle them. I'll be ready for you next time."

Amanda: "Well, not too soon. Look at all the carpet burns on my knees and elbows. That was quite a fight."

Me: "Yeah, me too. I'm covered with carpet burns, and I have aches where I didn't know I had muscles. I was completely exhausted afterwards, so it must have been good exercise, too."

Amanda: "We could wrestle for exercise, but I'd rather do it for fun."

Me: "You certainly looked like you were having fun, sitting on top of me, making me say 'I submit before your dominant, superior female power.' What was that about anyway."

Amanda: "I'm a little embarrassed about that. I hope you're not mad. I was just getting into it a bit heavy with the teasing."

Me: "It seemed like a bit more than that to me. I think you really enjoyed beating me."

Amanda: "Well, I hope you didn't mind my beating you. Some males can't handle that."

Me: "No, no. That isn't what I meant, and I think you know by now that I don't mind being beaten by a woman. But, I think there's more to it than that."

Amanda: "The simple explanation is that I grew up with two older brothers and no other siblings. I had no choice but to be a tomboy, or get pounded. We roughoused a lot, but I never really did any wrestling until now. The times I beat them at anything were rare, so when I did, it was especially satisfying."

Me: "Is there a more complex explanation, too?"

Amanda: "Not right now there isn't."

Me: "But you still like beating men, don't you? Kind of a 'battle of the sexes' type thing?"

Amanda: "I think it's in my psyche now, after growing up the way I did. But I don't like winning too easily, or winning all the time. That's where you've been good for me. You're a tough opponent."

Me: "Well don't count on any easy wrestling victories. I was psyched out last time, and then you used my secret weakness against me. That almost constitutes cheating."

Amanda: "Yeah, right. As if you'd rather I didn't use the 'ear breath' thing against you."

Me: "OK, OK. I guess there was no rule against it. But the hair pulling was a bit intense."

Amanda: "I knew I wouldn't really hurt you. I pulled your hair just to distract you so that I could escape. I learned that move from roughhousing with my brothers. And you know, the funny thing is that they never pulled back. You know, I don't think men pull hair."

Me: "Yeah, it never occurred to me to pull your hair back."

With that, we decided to hold off on wrestling for a few weeks, and just concentrate on having a few nice dates. We went to movies, dinner, picnic, etc., just getting to know more about each other.

It was on Labor Day weekend when things accelerated a bit. We decided to go camping for a two-night weekend and drove up north, a few hours away. We found a fairly quiet campsite by a small lake. Cooler weather had set in and the place was pretty much deserted. I had no clue what would happen that weekend, our first overnight. Up to this point, we had not been intimate, and I really didn't want to push anything with her. I was certain that going too fast with Amanda was a bad idea.

We had a nice first night, sharing a double-zipped (double size) sleeping bag. As expected, we were very "cuddly" and "mushy", but that was all. It was OK with me, and besides, I enjoyed it a lot, too. I figured that time would work things out between us.

The next day, before lunch, we went out in the woods to gather kindling for the fire. Amanda kept bumping into me as we walked around in the woods. I knew this was no accident, so I bumped back at her with my best "butt-check". She flew a foot or two, turned, and pounced on me at the speed of light. Instantly, we were wrestling around in the high grass, laughing and giggling about the whole thing. It was hard to gain any advantage over the other as we were dressed in long pants, heavy coats,

hats and gloves. About all we could do was roll around, and then try to hold the other down. It was still terrific fun. However, after a few minutes we heard the ranger's jeep and had to stop. After all, what would the ranger think if he saw us wrestling around this way?

We tussled around inside the sleeping bag that night, sort of wrestling around. Inevitably, the subject came around to having a new wrestling battle.

Me: "You know, based on these last few days, I think we should have another wrestling match sometime soon. I think we're both itching to get at each other."

Amanda: "You've got that right. You don't stand a chance!"

We had always enjoyed taunting each other, even at sports other than wrestling, so I welcomed the challenging tone. It made things more exciting.

Me: "Like I said before, I'm ready for you this time. And, since I'm the challenger, I think I should make the rules this time. After all, you made the rules last time."

Amanda: "Ok, that's fair. When do you want to fight?"

Me: "I think next Saturday afternoon. You can come over around 3:00. We can have our battle, with the loser treating the winner to dinner and a movie of their choice. Be sure to bring some money with you."

With this, Amanda jumped at me and we rolled around a little more inside the sleeping bag, mock-wrestling some more.

Amanda: "You'd better go to the ATM and make a big withdrawal that day. You're going to need it."

Me: "I think not. I've already made secret plans for the match, leading to my ultimate victory."

She was intrigued with this, and badgered me about it all the way home in the car. But I still wouldn't tell her my plans. As I was about to leave after dropping her off at her house, I let a little more information slip.

Me: "Don't worry about what we'll wear for the match. I'll be supplying the clothing."

Amanda: "Now this sounds interesting. Just what will you be supplying?"

Me: "That's part of the secret plan. But don't worry. It won't be too risqué, but definitely more interesting than what we wore the first match."

Amanda: "I'm a size 8, women's medium, 34A, if that helps. Don't get too carried away."

This was more information than I expected from her, but I was pleased to get Amanda's "sizes" nevertheless. I assured her I would get only "a little carried away" and left with her wondering what was going on. That was part of the plan - to keep her wondering.

During the week before the match, Amanda kept pumping me with questions. All I would tell her was preparations were going well. This frustrated her even more. The plan seemed to be going well.

I went shopping during the week, looking for just the right outfits for the match. I actually didn't have anything too risqué in mind, although it would be exciting nonetheless. I finally found what I was after at a sporting goods store - totally white, light weight sweat pants. I bought a pair for each of us, but one size too small. I also bought each of us a pair of white socks. Plus, I found a white sports bra for Amanda. When I got home, I cut the legs off of the sweat pants, creating short-shorts for each of us. I figured we'd both be plenty exposed this way without going too far. I've always been turned on by

Amanda's tight stomach, "abs" and navel, but hadn't had too many viewing opportunities until now. The match would be great!

I did some more shopping at the department store and bought two queen-size feather-filled pillows. They had a fairly good heft to them. I bought a couple of white pillowcases, too.

On Saturday morning, I started making preparations for the match. I removed the extraneous furniture from the recreation room, then dragged in two mattresses - a queen-size and a twin-size. I moved them into one corner of the room, along two walls. That would take care of the carpet burns and bruises. Next, I rearranged the remaining two couches along the edges of the mattresses to form a square "ring area", similar to the first match, but now with two walls, and no chairs. Plus, the two pillows were lying on the mattresses.

Next, I took out two black lights leftover from a Halloween party a few years back, and mounted them at their old location, on the ceiling. I removed the light bulb from the ceiling fixture and screwed in a power socket adapter in its place. The black lights plugged in just fine, and now they could be operated from the light switch near the door. [Author's note: Use the long, fluorescent type of black light, approx. 35 watts. They give off a lot of black light without getting hot - important!! Plus, it is far simpler to set the lights on a table, dresser, whatever, and they still work just fine.]

I tested the lighting and closed off all other sources of light that I could. Since the 'rec room' was in the basement, this wasn't very hard. The effect was incredible. Amanda wouldn't know what hit her once she entered this room, especially in the outfits I bought. We'd be wearing much the same clothes, so in a sense, it would be fair.

I ate a light lunch, and it seemed to take forever for 3:00 to roll around. The anticipation was almost too much to bear. Finally, the doorbell sounded promptly at 3:00, and I let her in. Amanda was

wearing a curious grin, and I knew she'd soon be grilling me for information. I quickly offered her a glass of wine, trying to keep her from questioning me too soon.

We sat on the couch in the living room to talk and sip our wine. I carefully kept her away from the 'rec room'.

Amanda: "So what is the match we are going to have? I don't see anything set up in here. And, where is my outfit?"

Me: "Not so fast. We should take a few minutes to relax and talk things over."

Amanda: "It sounds to me like you're afraid to begin. Maybe you've lost before we've even started."

Me: "I hope you brought a lot of money, because I've picked out a nice restaurant."

The trash talk had begun, which is just the way we liked it. We traded barbs for some time, sipping on the wine, getting in the proper mood.

Me: "OK. I think we're nearly ready to begin, so I'll go over some of the rules. I've set up the 'rec room' for our battle. The layout is similar to our first match, except I've put mattresses on the floor - no more rug burns. We'll go three out of five falls, with a 5 to 10 minute rest period between each fall. The first four rounds will be decided by 3 second pin-count with shoulders held against ANY flat surface, such as a wall, couch, etc. If there is a fifth round, that will be decided by submission."

I figured these rules favored me. Hopefully, she would be surprised with the outfits and the setting, and not get her bearings right away. Plus, the short pin-count should offset her somewhat superior strength. My plan was to beat her in 4 rounds, avoiding the submission round, where I figured Amanda had the edge.

I handed her a small paper bag.

Me: "Here is your wrestling outfit. You can open it in the bathroom and change clothes there."

Amanda: "It doesn't feel like there's much inside the bag."

Me: "Don't worry. I'm wearing pretty much the same thing."

Amanda: "I'm not worried at all. I figure small outfits are an advantage for me."

Me: "Maybe so. I'll meet you in the 'rec room' in a few minutes."

I quickly got into my short-shorts and socks. Then, I entered the rec room and turned on the black lights. It didn't take long for Amanda to appear.

Amanda entered the room. Her shorts & socks had a bright, purple glow, as did mine. However, to my dismay, the sports bra didn't glow at all. Apparently only natural fabrics are affected by black lights. Amanda still looked great! The short-shorts hugged her contours perfectly, and glowed surrealistically.

Amanda: "Well, this is certainly different. I like the effect, though. But these shorts are a bit tight. I thought I told you 'women's medium'."

Me: "Yeah. That's what you told me. I guess I don't take instruction very well."

Amanda: "I'm here to teach you. At least, your shorts are as tight as mine. And, by the way, this bra doesn't seem to glow much. I wouldn't want to be at a disadvantage by having 'defective' clothing. I think I'd better even the odds a bit."

And with that, she pulled off her bra and flung it out of the way. My mouth dropped open and I was speechless for a moment. This was quite a surprise for me, never having seen Amanda any way other than fully dressed.

Amanda: "Now things will be fair. I'm sure you'll take no notice of my breasts, especially since they aren't very large."

Me: "I think I'm already noticing."

I tried not to stare, but without much luck. The odds had definitely shifted in her favor, and we hadn't even started the match. This turn of events was unexpected, and certainly out of character for her. And I was more than a bit distracted. Amanda seemed to be enjoying my predicament.

Me: "I think we'd better start the first fall right away, but a couple more rules, first. Like last time, this will be a friendly match with no rough stuff, including NO kicking, biting, scratching, or, HAIR PULLING."

Amanda: "Are you afraid of a little hair pulling?? Just wait until next time when I make the rules!"

Me: "No, I'm just being prudent. Also, for the first fall only, we'll start with a couple of minutes of pillow fighting, before wrestling to a pin."

Amanda: "That sounds like fun! I've had a lot of experience at this when I was young."

"Aaarrggghhh" was all I could think as we moved out into the "ring" on our hands and knees. I picked up one of the pillows. Amanda grabbed the other one and held it over her head with both hands, preparing to pummel me. I gaped at her for a moment taking in the view - socks, short-shorts, & pillow all aglow - and topless. Suddenly, I took a major thunk to the head, knocking me over. Amanda was on top of me in a second with her pillow, whacking me all the time, and giggling at the pure joy of it.

All I knew was that Amanda was knocking the crap out of me, and that I'd better come out of my delirium soon if I was to have a chance. I had my back to the mattress and she was sitting on my

stomach, whacking away at me. I finally started using my pillow to block her attacks, and then rolled her to the side. This wasn't a very effective position for pillow fighting, so we parted and got to our knees to continue.

As Amanda again raised her pillow above her head to distract me, I managed to catch her on the side of the head with a swift, sidearm swing of my pillow. She went down and this time I quickly got on top of her. I was sitting on Amanda's tummy, taking shots at her with my pillow. I couldn't help but notice her breasts beneath me. I decided to inch up a little closer, into a more interesting position. Of course, this was a big mistake as she bucked me off over the top of her body.

It had been fun, but now it was time to get on with the wrestling. We threw the pillows off to the side and moved towards each other on our knees. We hadn't actually made full body contact yet, and I was looking forward to it. When would I ever learn??

Amanda: "How about a little test of strength."

Me: "Oh no, not this again."

With both of us still kneeling, Amanda held out her hands towards me over her head. I couldn't resist clasping my hands to hers. Amanda sure knew how to distract me. We started slowly to test each other's strength with the handclasp, our bodies glowing purple all the while. Amanda kept creeping closer to me as we went, and soon we were touching fully from our knees to our chests. The full contact of our bodies seemed like an electric shock throughout my body. I suddenly got very weak and Amanda shoved me to the side, and then rolled me onto my back. Amanda was now laying on top of me, chest to chest, hands still clasped together. It was almost too much to bear (or bare??).

I bucked and twisted some, but I really didn't want out of that hold. Amanda soon got the three-count pin. I was lying there wishing that I had chosen

longer pin-counts, when Amanda noticed, "I was happy to see her", as Mae West wood have said.

Thank goodness Amanda didn't freak-out. In fact she seemed a little amused, or even intrigued. There was no disguising my condition, and I would probably be like this for the rest of the match. So, I just smiled at her and said nothing.

I got out some bottled water, and we sat on the couch for a short rest. Every so often, I noticed Amanda taking note of my "condition". I was starting to think that maybe she was now the one who was distracted.

Me: "Ready to begin round two? How about we start right here?"

Amanda: "OK. And by the way, what happened to your 'secret plan'? Aren't things going according to plan?"

The taunt was true. My original plan was in disarray, but maybe I could try another plan. We kneeled, facing each other on the couch. I made sure my bulge was fairly apparent, and Amanda seemed a little bit distracted. So, I lunged at her, grabbing her in a bear hug, knocking her backwards. I was now on top of her on the couch, enjoying every second, still holding onto the bear hug. Amanda was in trouble, and bucked wildly. The couch was soft and we sunk in deeply. She rolled back and forth as best she could, and we finally ended up on our sides for a while. I still had the bear hug on her and she seemed to be weakening as she struggled to get loose. Finally, using her legs, she pushed off from the back of the couch, propelling us onto the floor. I landed hard on my back, and released the hold.

Amanda was now on top, but too weak to take much advantage. I rolled her over, and we struggled for position on the floor for some time, back and forth, taking turns at who was on top. Several times, I nearly had her for a pin count. Amanda was still tired from the bear hug struggle. Finally, I caught

one of her legs in a scissors. She quickly wrapped up one of my legs in a scissors, too. We were lying on our sides on the mattress, both of us with one leg caught in the other's scissors lock. I don't think either of us wanted out of this hold very soon, and we took the opportunity to catch our wind.

After a few moments, Amanda started squirming again, and brushed against my bulge with her thigh. She seemed to hesitate for a moment, so I rolled over on top of her and freed my leg. I quickly sat up on her tummy and grabbed her hands to keep her from rolling me off. The view was great looking down on her, but this time I kept my wits enough to stay put and just pin her here. I got the three count without much trouble, and then collapsed on top of her. I wasn't really that tired, but it seemed like a good idea. After a few moments, we went back to the couch for rest and refreshments.

It was now tied at one win apiece. I'd have to win the next two rounds in order to avoid the submission round. We talked for a few minutes while resting. I could tell that Amanda was settling down now and getting used to everything. It would be a hard battle from here.

We moved out into the center ring area, this time deciding to start from a standing position. We circled each other slowly, taking in each other's mettle in a stare-down of wills. I think we both liked to handclasp, because we always seemed to end up in that hold. It was a good physical test, being somewhat primal in nature. So, it was no surprise when we both extended our hands to start the fall.

Amanda would probably get the better of me in a handclasp test of strength. So, I moved in close to her, hoping to distract her. Then, I tried to trip her and force her down to the mattress. Instead, Amanda just lost her balance a little, so I was only able to keep her backpedaling a bit, forcing her against the wall. I tried to hold her there and pin her shoulders to the wall, which was legal in this match. Amanda pushed back lifting a shoulder away from

the wall as necessary to avoid being pinned. I got a few one and two counts, but couldn't finish the pin on her.

This time she tripped me as she pushed us away from the wall. As I went down, I managed to twist a little so that we came down on our sides, and I caught her in a waist scissors. This was trouble for her, and Amanda knew it. She thrashed wildly, trying to break free. Her hands were free, and she tried to pry my feet apart to free herself. But I was able to keep the scissors locked. Amanda was tiring from the struggle, while I was still fresh, admiring the view while she thrashed around.

Amanda: "Since you can't pin me in this hold, I guess I'll just relax a while and rest up."

Me: "Forgive me, but I don't think I'll let you relax much!"

I increased the pressure on the scissors, and I heard Amanda grunt a little. However, she was right that I couldn't pin her this way.

Amanda: "Maybe its time for a new strategy."

With that she started wriggling around a bit, and my scissors moved up her body as a result. The scissors lock was now just below her breasts, which were now very close to my bulge. The distraction factor was too intense. As my attention wavered, Amanda managed to stand up. My back was on the floor with my legs still around her. She pried my feet apart and jumped on top of me in a pin position. I had to struggle to lift my shoulder and keep from being pinned. Luckily for me, Amanda was still worn out from the scissors and I was able to roll her off after a few moments.

We both stood up and faced each other. I quickly pushed her onto the couch in a sitting position. I jumped on top and grabbed control of her hands. I was now sitting on Amanda, straddling her legs and waist. Her back was against the back of the couch, and she was in a pin position. I forced her hands

over her head, and over the back of the couch, pressing against her chest with my own. She was trapped and she knew it. I made sure to take a slow three-count and savor the moment.

I was now up two falls to one as we rested on the couch. I still needed to win the next fall to avoid the submission round. Amanda was very strong-willed. And if the match went to five falls, I didn't have any idea how I would make her submit to me.

We rested a bit longer than usual this time to let Amanda recover from the leg scissors. I was still pretty fresh.

Amanda: "You seem to be doing better than last time. But that won't last."

Me: "You seem to be worse than last time. And I'm sure that will last. Especially since you aren't mad at me now, like you were last time."

Amanda: "I think I might try some new tactics. I don't want to get trapped on the couch again. It's so soft, that once we sink in, it's almost impossible to escape. Although, maybe I could trap you there."

Me: "I think we should get started. I'm getting hungry for my free dinner."

Amanda: "Just keep on thinking that way and you'll play right into my hands."

I got up from the couch first, and I saw Amanda start to get up, too. So I moved toward the center ring area. She yelled, "Ding" and quickly grabbed me from behind. Amanda had grabbed both of my arms and was pulling back on both of them hard, arching my back. I grunted a little from the pain, but she didn't relax any. I tried to move around the mat and find a way to escape, but Amanda controlled where we moved. She maneuvered me close to one of the couches, and flung me down. Happily, I landed face down on the couch and wouldn't be easy game for a pin. Amanda pounced on me and got my left arm in an arm-lock behind my back. She

was sitting up on top of my butt, applying pressure on my arm.

Amanda didn't seem to mind inflicting some pain. We hadn't spoken beforehand about applying painful holds, so, it was fair game. Amidst my grimaces, I realized that maybe I could use holds like this against her, too. As far as I could tell, inflicting a little pain was no longer taboo.

The couch was so soft that we sunk in deeply. There was no way that I could wriggle free, but there was also no way for Amanda to pin me, either. Eventually, she would have to let me go, so I decided to conserve my strength and try to withstand the pain of the arm lock as best I could. After a few minutes, Amanda got bored with the hold and released the arm-lock.

Then Amanda lay down fully on top of me to try something new. I was still face down on the couch, with her on top. This felt "interesting" as she dragged her body forward against mine. Then she started breathing heavily on my left ear.

Me: "I've recently taken classes from a Tibetan monk on resisting this type of thing."

Amanda: "I've recently taken a night-class on taking advantage of weak-willed males."

Me: "What's the matter? Can't win fairly?"

Amanda: "I think a little cheating is fair. It keeps thing interesting."

Me: "I'll keep that in mind."

With that, Amanda tucked her right arm under my right arm and applied pressure to my neck, rolling us onto the floor mattress. We both landed on our backs about a foot apart. Amanda was quicker and dove on top of me from the side. This round was all Amanda, and I was still in trouble.

We were chest-to-chest, with her lying crossways on top of me. She reached out, trying to grab one of my legs, going for a classic pin. I managed to break free with my leg, but that was only the beginning. Amanda then grabbed my right arm and tucked it between her legs, trapping it there. Now she had two free hands and easily grabbed my left arm, trapping it there. I now had both arms trapped with Amanda lying on top of me crossways. Her breasts were about two inches from my face as I heard her do a slow three-count for the pin. It was a classic cross-body pin. Now where had she learned that?

After a few extra seconds of helplessness after the pin, Amanda released my hands and rolled off of me, over my face. I know that was a deliberate move to distract me, as her breasts rolled over my face. She really knew how to drive me to distraction. But still, we were doing plenty of real wrestling, and a little spice just added to the fun. I'd have to find a way to retaliate.

We returned to the couch to rest up for the final round. Unfortunately, I now would have to win by submission, and I had no idea how to make her submit.

Me: "That was a very effective pin you just used on me. There really was no chance of escape. How did you come up with that?"

Amanda: "I spent a little time on the web researching pins before coming over this afternoon. I figured you'd choose mostly pin-type falls."

Me: "You sure read me right. I'll have to do some research, too. And, I agree with you that 'a little cheating is fair.' So, you'd better watch out."

We agreed to start the last round in the kneeling position and moved to the center of the ring. I kept an eye on her so she couldn't jump me early like the last round. At this point, our socks had come off and were nowhere to be found. So now we were dressed only in our white short-shorts, which glowed purple in the black lights. Mine showed the ever-present

bulge, and I noticed Amanda glancing in that general area. So I quickly locked up with her before she was quite ready, and forced her to the mat. Amanda was on her back, and I was sitting on her stomach, bouncing up and down a little, giving her some grief. I noticed that Amanda's eyes followed my waist as I bounced. So, it appeared that Amanda could be distracted, too.

I had control of Amanda's hands and we struggled like this for a while, before she rolled me off to the side. We rolled around back and forth, trading off who was on top. Finally, Amanda pushed me away a little, meaning to get up to her knees. I quickly scissored her across her shoulders before she was fully upright, and slammed her back down to the mattress on her back. I now had my scissors applied just barely above her breasts and was controlling her right arm with my arms. I squeezed gently, just to see the effect. Amanda grunted almost at once, and I knew the hold was a good one. I kept up the pressure as Amanda struggled to free herself. Maybe I could win the match right here.

I have to admit that the view of Amanda twisting and turning, still captured in my scissors, was mighty distracting. And, I think Amanda was still distracted, too. I could tell she was weakening some.

Me: "Ready to give in to the more powerful of the two sexes?"

Amanda: "No way! Women are the stronger sex. I'll be out of this hold in no time."

It appeared she had more fight left in her. She thrashed around some more and then arched her back in a bridge. My legs were still locked above her breasts, and I couldn't help noticing her chest as she arched her back. I think this was the break Amanda needed as she twisted and managed to get to her feet. My back was to the mat and she took control of my legs, which had slipped to her waist area. Amanda forced my legs forward and curled me up in a ball, applying pressure, stretching my

back and legs. It was a little painful, but not too bad. I managed to tip us over and she released me.

As I was getting up, Amanda pounced from behind, clamping a bear hug on me. We were both kneeling now with Amanda behind me, steadily applying more pressure with the bear hug. I grabbed at her locked hands, trying to force them apart, but she suddenly increased the pressure and I had to let go. So, I rolled over onto my side, and Amanda went with. We were now both on our sides, with Amanda still squeezing the heck out of me. I could sure tell that her weight training was paying off. Rolling over had been a mistake on my part, because my left arm was trapped beneath us, so I had only one arm to try to free myself from her clutches. By now, she had scissored my right leg to control it. I was quite helpless, but not ready to give up.

Amanda: "Ready to admit that women are the stronger sex?"

Me: "No way. It'll take more than this to beat me. I'll still make you submit."

All I could do was squirm a little. So I concentrated on rubbing my back around against Amanda's chest, hoping to distract her.

Amanda: "What do you think you're up to?"

Me: "Like you said, a little cheating is fair. And its keeping thing interesting, at least for me."

I think Amanda was a little "interested", too, because she decreased the pressure on the bear hug, probably so I could squirm a little better. I responded by squirming/rubbing some more, but only for a few moments. I rolled Amanda onto her back, freed my left arm from beneath us, and yanked open her bear hug. I was free, and kept on rolling to get clear of her.

We both stood up to face each other, circling, getting each other's measure. We were both tired now, and the match would be over soon. I moved in

on her and grabbed Amanda's leg and lifted to keep her off balance. I forced her to the wall and Amanda let out a little "oof". I knew by now not to pay too much attention to that sound - she was playing possum. I swung her around, tripping her onto the mattress, and was on her in an instant. I quickly grabbed Amanda in a waist scissors, and took control of her right arm. Amanda twisted and turned, trying to get free. I just kept the hold on her, alternating applying more pressure, then less, just to keep her off balance. Amanda bridged, and this was a sight to behold, but it wasn't going to get her free this time. She tried to twist around, but to no avail. I punished Amanda for this attempt with a prolonged, strong scissors-squeeze of her waist. She was now huffing and puffing for breath whenever I released the pressure. I could tell Amanda would have to give in fairly soon, so I started taunting again.

Me: "Ready to submit to the more powerful of the two sexes." I squeezed a bit harder for effect.

Amanda: "Mmppff! Okay, okay, I give."

Me: "I accept your concession of defeat. But you've got to use the right words of submission in order for me to release you. Say 'I submit to the dominant power of the male.'"

I couldn't help rubbing it in a little after what Amanda did to me in our first match. She didn't answer right away and instead gave me a defiant look. So, I squeezed again real hard, and then released a bit.

Amanda: "Okay. I submit to the dominant power of the male."

I released her, and rolled over next to Amanda, nuzzling in close. We cuddled there for some time in the glow of the black lights, and talked animatedly about the battle we had just had.

Amanda: "I think we need a few weeks or so off before battling again."

Me: "Do you think there's any point in it. After all, I doubt you'll ever be able to beat me again."

She pushed me over and held me down briefly.

Amanda: "I'm sure you realize our battles have only just begun."

Me: "I wouldn't want it any other way."

With that, we nuzzled some more before she released me. I could tell things were good between us, but this wasn't the time to go further. We showered (separately of course) and dressed to go out. She treated me to one of the nicest steak dinners I've ever had, and didn't even object to seeing a male-type action movie. It was great. Later, Amanda dropped me off at my house.

Me: "Thanks for the nice meal, movie and match."

Amanda: "Just wait for the rematch. You realize that I'll be setting the rules next time, and I'm already making plans."

Me: "I'm not worried."

Amanda: "You should be. I'll let you know when I'm ready."

And with that, Amanda drove off, heading for home.

To be concluded in "Battle Of The Sexes"