

## **The Wager, By Gark**

I was sitting at home alone on a hot Thursday night last summer contemplating another boring weekend by myself, when the phone rang. It was Kathy, and I wasn't too sure that this was good news. She and I had been together for 4 or 5 months, but it was now a couple of months since I had last seen her. The relationship had never turned serious. I think maybe Kathy was interested in more, but I wasn't. The problem was wrestling.

Prior to meeting Kathy, I had had two fairly serious relationships that had turned sour. I had tried to get these women to wrestle with me, but they just couldn't understand the request at all. I explained that it was kind of a "thing" with me, and that we could just "wrestle for fun" in a friendly match. I didn't pressure either woman, so that wasn't what soured things. It's just that the wrestling never happened and I lost interest.

I then made an about-face and determined not to get serious again unless there was at least some hope of wrestling. And that was the way things were when I met Kathy. I was first attracted to her because of her pretty smile. And, then I noticed that she was fairly tall and athletically built. Plus, she had a "perky" personality. I immediately calculated her "wrestling potential" as being very high. I really liked the fact that she and I would be well matched physically. To me, the biggest thrill is to be equally matched, with the outcome being uncertain. I immediately asked her out.

After a month or so of dating, I brought up the subject of wrestling. I explained that it was a lot of fun for a couple to wrestle in a friendly way - no hurting or anything rough. I made certain that she knew we'd be clothed - no nudity required. I brought the subject up three times over the course of several months, but nothing came of it. I don't think Kathy disliked the idea, but nothing happened, nevertheless. And, as usual, I drifted away from her.

So, it was with some trepidation that I now received the phone call from Kathy.

**Kathy:** "We haven't talked in quite a while, so I thought I'd give you a call and see what you were up to."

**Me:** I was a little off balance and didn't know what to say, so I mumbled: "Nice of you to call."

**Kathy:** "I'm sure you're wondering why I called after so long. I was disappointed that things didn't work out between us. And, I'd like for us to start over again and see if we can work things out."

**Me:** All I could think was 'Aarrgghh!! Don't start this thing over again.' But instead, I said: "I don't know if that's such a good idea."

**Kathy:** "Now give me a chance to explain. I think we get along real well and have a lot of interests in common. And, I think we both find the other attractive. As far as I can tell, the only problem was the 'wrestling' thing."

**Me:** Boy did she have me pegged. Kathy was more perceptive than I realized. With a little embarrassment, I said: "I guess so. It really bothered me that you were such a strong physical presence, but had no interest in wrestling. Heck, you're an inch or two taller than me, and only about 10 pounds lighter. And we're both pretty much inexperienced - it would have been a fairly equal match-up."

**Kathy:** "Well, that's why I called and want to start over. As an incentive, I'd like to propose a little wager with you."

**Me:** Now this sounded interesting. "What did you have in mind?"

**Kathy:** "I challenge you to a wrestling match. If I win, we'll start dating again for at least a few months. If you win, the choice is yours. Either way, you'll still have had a wrestling match with me."

**Me:** She now had my full attention. I quickly answered: "OK, you've got a deal."

**Kathy:** "Don't be too quick to decide. Like you said before, it will be a friendly match, and there'll be no nudity. Plus, the match will be at my apartment, and I'll make the rules. Are you still interested?"

**Me:** "That still sounds fine. That's the way I'd prefer to wrestle, anyway. So, when did you want to do this?"

**Kathy:** "How about Saturday night? You can come over around 6:00."

**Me:** "Sounds great!"

**Kathy:** "We can have our 'Saturday Night Fight', and the loser buys pizza afterwards."

**Me:** "OK with me. What should I wear for our match?"

**Kathy:** "Sweatpants and T-shirt. Be creative on the colors. No shoes or socks."

Shortly thereafter, Kathy signed off. She had gotten what she wanted, and probably wanted to hang up before I could change my mind. She needn't have worried, because I had also gotten what I wanted. And for all I cared, this trial dating period and 'starting over' no longer mattered. In my mind, we had already started over, and Kathy was looking like the woman for me. However, I wasn't going to let this information slip until after the match.

On Friday night, I went out shopping at the mall for my wrestling outfit. I know that picking out sweatpants and T-shirts is normally no big deal, but this time it was. I wanted things to be just right for the match. I must have gone to a half dozen stores before finding a pair of lightweight, royal blue sweat pants, plus a bright yellow T-shirt. I bought one size too large so that I could wash them a number of times to soften them up without worrying

about shrinking. I picked up a new "jock strap" as well, since this would be a real match and a little protection might be a good thing.

That night and during the day Saturday, all I could think about was the upcoming match with Kathy. She would undoubtedly prove difficult to beat, or she might beat me. This was the predicament I most looked forward to. Who would win? We were fairly equally matched. She had me in height, but I had her in weight. Her legs were long and mine were short. I had more length to my upper body, and she had less. Plus, we were both pretty much inexperienced. It would be a great match-up.

The weather was hot that day, and I was glad we would be in Kathy's air-conditioned apartment for the match. I couldn't help myself and showed up a few minutes early. Kathy didn't seem too surprised, and was probably a bit amused at my eagerness. I had brought my wrestling clothes in a duffel bag. Kathy was still wearing blue jeans, and a loose-fitting blouse, which did much to hide her figure. Kathy had an ample bosom, but I had never really found out for sure.

**Me:** "So, what's the plan?"

**Kathy:** "I thought we could spend a few minutes talking things over, first. Can I get you a drink? It's pretty hot in here. I think the electric utility has put the apartment complex on a brownout."

**Me:** "That's too bad. Hopefully we'll stay cool enough. How about a beer?"

**Kathy:** "Have a seat."

And with that, I noticed that the living room was almost vacant of furniture, except for a couple of old chairs. I sat down in one of them. Kathy had moved the TV set and other breakables out of the way into the dinette, and then slid the couch over to block access to that area. The "cushions" side of the couch was faced into the dinette area, forming sort of a wall.

Kathy returned with the drinks and sat down in the other living room chair. She explained that we would shove the chairs into the hallway once we were ready to begin the match.

**Kathy:** "What do you think of the wrestling area? It has plenty of room, and no obstacles."

**Me:** "I think you've set it up really well."

Kathy seemed to be in the spirit of things, and wasn't acting. She was prepared for a real wrestling match between us! We began to discuss the match.

**Kathy:** "I chose sweatpants because I didn't have any sort of mat to wrestle on. They should give us some protection from carpet burns. Unfortunately, the apartment is a little hot tonight from the brown-out."

**Me:** "We should be fine. So, what are the rules for the 'Saturday Night Fight'?"

**Kathy:** "Basics first. We'll go two out of three falls with a rest period between falls. A fall is decided by pinning the other's shoulder blades to the floor for 5 seconds."

**Me:** "OK, that sounds fine."

**Kathy:** "Plus, this will be a friendly match. In general, we won't do anything that you would feel uncomfortable doing to a friend. If there is a problem, a person can signal by saying 'Opt Out', or slapping their hand on the floor twice. The other person must immediately release the hold, or the match is over."

**Me:** "That's fine. A 'friends' match is all I'm after."

**Kathy:** "As you can tell, I'm still a little worried about doing this. But I think it will be OK. The only other rule is that standing fully up is not allowed. We can only 'stand' on our knees. That way, there won't be as far to fall."

I quickly agreed, and we adjourned to put on our wrestling clothes - me to the bathroom and Kathy to her bedroom. I took this time to think about what was about to happen as I slipped on my jock strap, sweat pants and T-shirt. I could tell Kathy had carefully thought about the wrestling, and had minimized the risk of things getting out of hand. I sure wasn't going to let anything happen to spoil the fun. After all, I had hopes of future matches.

I went back into the living room. Kathy was already there waiting for me, looking a little nervous. She was wearing bright red sweatpants and a pink T-shirt, pretty much form fitting to the contours of her body, looking really good. I wanted to break the ice, so I walked over and gave her a little hug, saying: "Thank you for humoring me. I really do appreciate it."

**Kathy:** "You may not appreciate it after I whip your butt."

**Me:** "Either way is fine with me. I'm just in it for the fun. Winning is just as fun as losing."

**Kathy:** "I believe you now. I wasn't so sure before. I just didn't know."

I could see Kathy was fairly comfortable now with the idea of wrestling with me. It would be fun for both of us. However, I wasn't sure how to proceed from here. Happily, Kathy figured it out before I had to.

**Kathy:** "Want to try arm wrestling first? It'll be a good way to break the ice and set the proper mood."

We lay down on the living room floor face down, opposite each other. Our heads were towards each other and we clasped our right hands. Our left hands lay on the floor, joined together under our clasped hands. Kathy said "1-2-3-go", and we began. It was more of a contest than I had imagined, and I had quite a bit of trouble getting her hand down, but I did.

**Kathy:** "OK. Now let's try it with our left hands."

She smiled a bit at this, and I didn't know why. After all, I had thought she was right handed. We clasped left hands together next and started again. This time Kathy slammed my hand down quickly and I never had a chance. I was stunned, but secretly pleased with her strength.

**Kathy:** "I bet you didn't know that I'm ambidextrous - fairly equal in strength and coordination on both sides of my body."

This was good news indeed. She would give me a good contest.

We got to our knees to start the match. Our comfort level had gone up and we were definitely ready to begin. I said, "Ding" and we moved towards each other. Kathy had a very determined look on her face, as did I. We really meant to wrestle it out.

Both being inexperienced at this sort of thing, we kind of groped at each other as we came together. We ended up gripping each other on the forearms, trying to force the other down to gain position. Kathy was still a little tentative in her moves, so I was able to force her down to the floor, landing on top of her. She let out an excited little shriek, and I didn't know for sure what had happened. Kathy took advantage of my disorientation and quickly rolled me over and now was face-to-face on top of me. I could see Kathy smiling, so I guess the shriek was her just getting excited about the fight. At any rate, I was now the one struggling to get free and trying not to be pinned, and Kathy seemed to be enjoying my predicament.

**Kathy:** "You sure turned out to be easy game. Are sure you like to do this?"

**Me:** "There's still lots of time left."

**Kathy:** "Maybe not. 1...2...3..."

I quickly struggled to free myself and got my shoulder off the floor. Kathy stopped the count and re-doubled her efforts to hold me down. She moved to a sitting position on my stomach and grabbed for my hands to keep me from squirming. I struggled momentarily and was finally able to roll her off me.

But my troubles weren't over yet. She managed to clamp a leg scissors around my waist as I rolled her off of me. I was now caught worse than before, even though she couldn't pin me. Those long legs of hers were plenty strong, and I could feel a lot of pressure on my abdomen.

**Me,** grunting: "I thought you had never wrestled before."

**Kathy:** "That's right. Maybe this is beginner's luck."

**Me,** grunting more: "I don't think luck is involved."

**Kathy:** "Well, maybe not. Do you really think I would challenge you to a wrestling match with major wager at stake without preparing beforehand? I found a good couples wrestling site on the web and studied up before calling you - but no first-hand experience."

**Me,** grimacing now: "That was sneaky, but I like it."

With that, she loosened the pressure with her thighs a little bit and then tightened down some more. "Ouch" was all I could think. I couldn't believe my predicament. I had to try something, so I twisted a little sideways and grabbed for her calves attempting to pry her legs apart and free myself. Maybe I got lucky, or maybe Kathy decided it was time to let me go and finish me off with another hold. But I did manage to get loose and to my knees to face her before anything else happened.

I was pretty tired and winded, while Kathy was still fresh. She moved in quickly to take advantage and "man-handled" me to the floor. I managed to keep

her from climbing on top of me again, and we struggled, rolling back and forth on the floor for a while. This was kind of interesting because every once in a while I was on top of her. But, Kathy was definitely in the driver's seat as I continued to tire. It wasn't long before I could no longer force her over. Kathy again shifted to a sitting position, straddling my stomach and grabbing both of my hands. There wasn't much I could do to stop her. She shifted forwards again and was now sitting on my chest. Her knees and legs held my shoulders and arms down. And, she still controlled my hands with her own. I realized that Kathy had placed me in a classic schoolgirl pin, and that there was probably no escape. It was truly a helpless feeling lying there looking up at her and seeing the confident look on Kathy's face. I struggled anyway, not wanting it to be too easy for her. I was only delaying the inevitable.

**Kathy:** "1...2...3...4...5". And the first round goes to the Blonde Bomber!!"

Kathy rolled off of me to the side and got up. Then she reached down and helped pull me to my feet. How humiliating!! And to make it worse, Kathy was really excited at having beaten me. She was really getting the hang of wrestling.

I sat down in one of the chairs to rest up for the second round. Kathy brought over another round of beers. It was then that I noticed that the temperature in the apartment had gone up significantly, probably from all of the physical activity as well as the power brown out. My shirt was drenched in a pattern of sweat, but Kathy's showed only a little sweat. She hadn't worked that hard to beat me.

The beer was really refreshing and I finally started to recover, despite the heat. I then realized how lucky I was that Kathy was quite good at wrestling, and I stopped feeling so defeated. I vowed to redouble my efforts and do better in the next round. It was now up to me to give her a good fight.

**Me:** "So now you're the 'Blonde Bomber'. I'd say you're doing pretty well for a beginner. Just what web site was that anyway?"

**Kathy:** "I can't remember, but I printed out a bunch of stuff. Let me go get it."

When she returned, I glanced through the printouts. They included both pictures and descriptions of various holds. There really was no time right now to glean much from it, but it looked just right for our needs.

We talked for a while as I rested up. Kathy said she was ready to go again any time, which added to my despair. I was gradually getting back my wind and my strength. She had "whipped" me good in the first round, but I was getting better now.

**Kathy:** "We should come up with a nickname for you, too. How about 'Hapless Hero', or 'Valiant Victim', or something?"

**Me:** "OK. OK. Enough already. I'll do better next round. Until then, I'll remain nameless."

I enjoyed the teasing, and I could tell she did too. We finished our beers and got up to start the second round. The apartment still felt real hot, so Kathy checked the thermostat. It was now 82 degrees. We decided to continue, not wanting a little heat to spoil the fun. But, the sweatpants were very hot and my T-shirt clung to my body. At least now, Kathy's T-shirt had started clinging, too. I couldn't believe how good she looked that way, sweaty and all. I guess it was kind of like she was wearing a wet T-shirt, but unfortunately not the see-thru type.

I put my distractions aside, not wanting to lose the second round and get skunked. We moved to the middle of the living room and got down on our hands and knees. Kathy said "1..2..3..Go" and then lunged at me. I was ready for her though and let her momentum carry her past me a little. I spun around, grabbed her from behind as she went past, and forced her down to the floor. She let out another one

of those little shrieks, but I ignored it this time, realizing she was just enjoying herself. I quickly climbed on top and lay down on her back. I grabbed her left arm and forced it behind her back to control her. I now sat up and straddled her, resting my butt on top of hers, still holding the armbar on her. Kathy seemed to be grimacing somewhat, and I certainly didn't want to hurt her. I just didn't know how painful the hold might be, so I was careful not to get carried away.

Kathy held out against the pain and didn't give the "Opt Out" signal. Instead, she started bucking, and rolling, finally lifting her behind enough to unbalance me. I rolled off to the side and she was loose. We both got up, but only to our hands and knees. We moved toward each other on all fours to resume the fight, our clothes now fully drenched in sweat. We met like this and locked arms, hunched over together, trying to flip the other one to the floor. I managed to roll her over, but she started to get up before I could jump on top of her. Timing and luck were on my side, and I managed to clamp a leg scissors across her chest, as well as grab her nearest arm to control her. I wasn't sure if this was a legal hold or not, seeing as to where it was applied. But I got no complaint from Kathy, only grunting as she strained to get free.

Now, Kathy was the one getting tired, and I was able to catch my wind. I used the same technique she had used on me - looser, then tighter. I knew from being on the receiving end how effective that was. I wanted to wear her down some more before trying to pin her. I think she realized my plan, and stopped struggling, only using enough energy to resist the squeezing of my scissors. I decided my best advantage would be to release her now. I quickly moved to capitalize and jumped onto her, face-to-face. She gave me a determined look and rolled me over. We struggled on the carpet for some time rolling all around. At one point, Kathy rolled me over and trapped me against the wall. But it was not a pin position, and we rolled back away again. Kathy was still tired from being scissored, and the continued heat made it hard to recover one's

strength. I finally rolled her onto her back, and lay on top of her from the side, chest-to-chest. I reached for her left leg with my right arm, and then cradled my left arm behind her neck. I pulled her leg forward and managed to clasp my hands together before she realized what was going on. I had Kathy in a textbook pin, and there was no way for her to get free in her worn-down condition. I rolled her shoulders back a little to make good contact with the floor. She grimaced and struggled against the hold, but she was not going to get free.

I counted: "1...2...3...4...5. The 'Malevolent Male' has prevailed over the 'Blonde Bomber' in round two!!"

I quickly released her, and she grunted: "Malevolent Male??? What a name."

**Me:** "I was pressed for time and it didn't seem much worse that 'Blonde Bomber'."

This time I helped her up from the floor and went to get the beers. I was on "Cloud Nine", feeling somewhat infatuated. When I returned Kathy was pointing at the floor: "You can see our trail on the carpet. It's wet, and roughed up, too. You can see where I had you trapped against the wall."

**Me:** "Yeah, and you can see where I pinned you. The patterns are very descriptive. By the way, I checked the temperature, and its now 88 degrees in here. Do you think we should continue?"

**Kathy:** "I went to a lot of effort to set this thing up, and I'm not about to quit now. Besides, I think I'm going to beat you. Let's keep going after resting a few more minutes. Maybe we can make an adjustment of some sort."

I was agreeable to this, and took the opportunity to rest up and cool off with the beer. Short of calling the power company, I had no idea what "adjustment" Kathy might make.

We teased each other and chatted awhile, then browsed the wrestling printouts a little more, finding the hold I had just used to defeat her.

**Kathy**: "So, where did you learn that hold? I thought you didn't have any wrestling experience."

**Me**: "We'll, in ninth grade we had a week of wrestling in Phy. Ed. I learned the hold back then, over 12 years ago."

**Kathy**: "I suppose that's OK, seeing as how I had these printouts. I expect this next round will be a real doozy, now that we've had some experience. Are you ready yet?"

**Me**: "OK. What do you want to do about the temperature?"

**Kathy**: "I can't do anything about that. But there is something else we could do...."

I thought I knew what she was getting at, but I wanted her to say it: "Which would be...."

**Kathy**: "We could take off these hot, sweaty clothes and wrestle in our underwear. What do you think?"

**Me**: "It's OK with me, but I have a little problem. All I'm wearing under my sweatpants is a jock strap. I hadn't expected to take off my sweatpants."

**Kathy**, giggling: "That's OK with me. I won't peek, at least not very much. And besides, I have a 'little problem' of my own. I think my bra has become translucent from all the sweating."

**Me**, smiling broadly: "That's OK with me, and as you say, 'I won't peek, at least not very much.'"

**Kathy**: "Next time we'll have to wear swimming suits."

I was glad Kathy was having such a good time that she wanted to wrestle me again. It was a good feeling.

With that, we slipped off our sweatpants and T-shirts. There was no longer any question that Kathy had a great figure, and I noticed she was checking me out a little, too, giggling at my outfit. I don't think women often see jock straps. I was a little embarrassed, but then I realized Kathy was a bit embarrassed, too, with her bright red undies and translucent white bra. I let out a little chuckle, as well.

I decided we should quit staring, and start the third round right away before we had second thoughts about continuing. I moved to the center of the living room and got down on my knees. Kathy followed and did the same. I tried not to stare directly at her, and she did likewise. We locked up in each other's arms and began to wrestle, both determined to be the winner.

I think Kathy still believed she had more at stake in this fight than I did. And, I wasn't planning to spill my guts to her until after the match. Besides, telling her now might spoil our fun.

We jostled around in a kneeling position for a while, trying to gain an advantage. Both of us were worn down by the heat and the exertion. Then Kathy pushed my arms aside and moved in close, slipping her arm around my neck, applying a reverse headlock. I was caught, bent forward towards her, with Kathy kneeling upright continuing to apply the headlock. We had both seen the printout of the hold during the last rest period, and now I was caught in it. Kathy was a fast learner.

She held me helpless like this, while I tried to force her arms up over my head to get free. As I was about to escape, Kathy steered me over near the wall and flung me to the floor. She pounced on me instantly, going for a pin. With the wall next to me, I could only roll one way to escape, and Kathy was doing her best to keep me from doing that. It was

now a test of strength as I struggled hand-to-hand with Kathy, trying to roll her over. Her hot breath was on my face as I tried to concentrate to get free. Finally, I pushed off of the wall with my feet, which helped to propel me on top of her. I quickly sat up on her stomach, straddling her waist. I held her shoulders down as best I could, but her arms were still free. I knew I wouldn't get a pin this way, so I moved up forward on Kathy, now sitting on her chest. I got no protest from Kathy, so I assumed this position was OK. She bucked around for a while and I managed to get a few two and three-counts on her. I had her arms trapped under my legs and had control of her hands. I now had Kathy in a schoolgirl pin, and I was sure she would not escape.

However, Kathy had not given up yet. She arched her back with a bridging maneuver, and used her arms to unbalance me, pushing me over the top of her. She was plenty strong!

We both got to our knees and faced each other. At least I had worn her down some more with the attempted pin. Kathy was a real fighter, though and moved in on me rapidly. She ducked under my arms, and somehow ended up somewhat behind and to the side of me, sitting on the mat. She grabbed my arm and pulled me down on my side, trapping me in a head scissors with her long, powerful legs. I couldn't believe the moves she was putting on me. Kathy had really prepared for this fight, and it showed.

I was now on the floor, lying on my side facing away from Kathy with her thighs around my neck, controlling me. Kathy was just leaning back, resting on her elbows, regaining her strength. It felt like energy was flowing out of my body and into hers as I struggled to force Kathy's legs apart and over my head.

I was now the one being worn down, and I knew I'd better make my move soon, or I'd have no chance. Instead of continuing to pry at her legs, I twisted around and managed to get to my knees. Kathy still had me in the head scissors, but now she was flat on

her back in danger of being pinned. As I started counting, Kathy quickly released me and rolled to the side. I took advantage of this, and jumped onto her back, holding her down.

I rolled us onto our sides with me behind her. I quickly applied a headlock around the front of her with my left arm, and grabbed her right arm with my right arm. I then wrapped my legs around Kathy's waist from behind to keep her from wriggling free. I'm sure I saw this hold in the printouts, but couldn't place it. Kathy was trapped, unable to roll around to free herself. I had control of her legs and waist with my legs, and only her left arm was free to flail around. Unfortunately, there was no way to pin her like this. My goal was to wear her down some more, and then take advantage.

Kathy still had an energy reserve somewhere and a will to use it. She used her free left arm to grab my arm and force it off of her neck. She was now free of the headlock, but I still had control of her waist area with my legs. Kathy pushed off hard with her legs, rolling us over, twisting her body around as we rolled. Kathy had reversed the hold, and I was now on my back being pinned.

I quickly released her waist and began twisting around trying to escape. Kathy used this opportunity to straddle my body and sit on top of me. I was still twisting around enough that she couldn't start a pin count. I expected Kathy to move up on my chest for another schoolgirl pin, and I planned to escape using the same move she had used earlier. Instead, Kathy "slunk" downwards on my body a little bit and lay down on me face-to-face. She had control of my hands and was holding them down. I still could twist around some, and maybe that would allow me to escape. However, the next thing I knew, Kathy had twisted her long legs around the outside of my thighs, and then hooked her ankles around mine. My legs were now helpless, and I was no longer able to twist around to much effect. Her hot breath was on my face as she held me down. I strained against her arms trying to force her upwards and off of me. Kathy's straining arms and chest were

magnificent as she forced me back down. I caught a look on Kathy's face, and she looked very confident, which I found to be very sexy. Kathy counted: "1...2...3...4...5. The 'Blonde Bomber' defeats the 'Malevolent Male' in two out of three falls, claiming the coveted prize."

Kathy released me, but a little more slowly this time. I think she was basking in her victory. She rolled off and to the side, and we both caught our breath. After, a moment, Kathy went to get us some spring water. I was still lying there on the floor when Kathy returned, so she lay down next to me. We started talking about the big match and how close it had been at the end. I told her I was proud of her, that she had fought well, and deserved to win. Kathy smiled back and seemed content. Things were turning mushy, but I wasn't ready to spill the beans just yet.

We sat up on the floor to talk some more. The temperature was still ridiculously hot. I looked straight at Kathy, eyeing her from head to toe. She was a disheveled, sweaty mess, but a very lovely one. Kathy then looked me over, and I hoped she was thinking something similar about me.

**Kathy:** "That was one hot match!!", using extra emphasis on the word "hot".

**Me:** "I'd say so, in more ways than one."

**Kathy:** "I think things worked out for the best with the heat and the outfits and all. It was a fun way to wrestle."

**Me:** "I'd like a rematch sometime."

**Kathy:** "Anytime, anytime. Does that mean you'll honor your end of the wager?"

**Me:** "Of course, of course. I can't imagine not being with you."

**Kathy** leaned over and whispered in my ear: "Only if we fight all the time."

With that, things got very mushy, which is where the story must end. And as for the pizza, we never got around to it.