

The Furtive Fighter, Part 1: The Letter

By Gark

I was between girlfriends, and had been for some time. Sure, I'd been on dates, get-togethers, parties and whatever, but I still had no one special. It had been about nine months since I'd broken up with the girl who I thought I would eventually marry. But she dumped me so suddenly that my head was still spinning. Sure, I was still hurting, but at least I was trying.

Upon returning home from work one day, I went to the front door to check the mail, hoping not to find yet another bill, or "free" bankcard - or worse yet, another CD from OAL for 10000 free hours of Internet service. Instead, what I found tucked into my mailbox among all the junk was one gem of a letter. It stood out because it was bright red in color. Plus, there was no stamp or postmark of any kind. It must have been hand-delivered.

I brought it back inside and opened it right away, my curiosity getting the better of me. The contents were unusual, to say the least. It read:

Hi Rob!

It's been a while since we last met, and perhaps you don't remember me. So, I won't burden you with my name. But, I have it on good advice that you and I have something in common. We both enjoy wrestling, especially with members of the opposite sex.

So, how about a little match, just you and me, and we can see who wins. If you're interested, just tape the envelope that came with this letter onto your front door, in plain site, where I can see it from the street. Then I'll leave you another note with a date and time for our match.

Hope to see you in a camel clutch,
Furtive Fighter

ps - As you can tell, I'm a bit shy and don't want to give away my name just yet. But I will at the proper time and place.

Now here was a major surprise, to say the least. I didn't think anyone knew about this "wrestling thing" of mine other than my old girlfriend, Heather. Maybe it was her? But no, she hadn't really cared much for wrestling, and the handwriting was wrong, anyway. It had to be somebody else, but who? Heather must have blabbed to one of her girlfriends - that was the only thing that made sense, but which one!!

I was intensely curious, trying to remember all of Heather's friends. Did any of them seem like wrestlers? No one person came to mind. Maybe the woman wasn't very physically imposing, but liked to tangle nevertheless. As I considered the question some more, I realized that I should put that envelope up on the door right away. When I finished attaching it to the door, I noticed a

small red car slow down briefly before speeding away. Perhaps my reply had already been received.

I could hardly wait for a reply, but none came that day. But the next day, when I got home from work, I quickly retrieved the mail and sure enough, there was another red envelope. I ripped it open and read:

Hello again Rob!

It seems you're interested in a match. It didn't take but a few minutes for you to reply! How about Friday night at 7:00? You can come over to my house.

Rules: To be determined, but friendly style.

Attire: Minimal

Stakes: A night on the town, paid for by the loser.

If you agree, just post the envelope once more and I'll leave you the address in Friday's mail.

Hope to see you in a Schoolgirl pin,
Furtive Fighter

Believe me, it took only seconds for me to post that envelope. Once again, I saw the small red car speed away. I didn't try to see who was driving. I'd let her keep her secret for now. Friday would be here soon enough.

In the meantime, what 'minimal' attire would be best? I assumed maybe a small swimsuit, but what if she meant some sort of small undies, maybe a thong perhaps? I'd have to think it over.

I also considered my mystery opponent. What would she look like - short, tall, fat, skinny, well-endowed, flat-chested, big hips, or whatever? What would she wear? And what did 'minimal' mean to her? I could imagine a lot of possibilities, and every thought resulted in something wildly different.

Finally, Friday arrived and sure enough, there was a red envelope in my mailslot with the address for tonight's match. The street name certainly didn't ring a bell. Who could it be? Well, at least it wasn't far to drive.

At the appointed time, I drove over to the house. In a few moments my intense curiosity would be satisfied. When I arrived, I spotted the small red car parked at curbside, so I knew I was at the right place. The house was a modest looking place - not too fancy and not too shabby. I got out of the car and walked slowly to the door - no need to seem overly anxious.

I had decided to throw abandon to the wind and wear a pair of black thong undies under my khaki shorts. If the thong was too risqué for her, so what - nothing ventured, nothing gained. A

light-mesh, muscle-shirt covered my chest. I rang the doorbell and a tall, thin woman appeared right away. I immediately was drawn to her long, beautiful, blond hair. She was a knock-out!!

“Come in, come in.” she said hurriedly. “I don’t want the neighbors to see me like this.”

I was surprised, not knowing what she meant, but stepped inside quickly anyway. “What’s going on?” I asked. “Why so ‘furtive’?” so to speak.

“Nothing much - nosy neighbors is all,” she replied. “I’m just paranoid.”

Once inside, I got a good look at her but came up blank. She seemed sort of familiar, but I was sure I’d remember such a good-looking woman, especially with that long blond hair.

“C’mon Rob... don’t remember me?” she teased.

“I’m afraid not. I hope you’re not mad,” I replied.

“Naw. Don’t worry about it. I’m sure it’ll come to you soon enough.”

“OK, if you say so. But you’ve got me at a big disadvantage here.” I looked her over again, still somewhat puzzled about who I was looking at. I just didn’t recognize her. “After all, you know me, but I don’t know you.”

“Oh, you do alright, but not from where you think. But I’m the one taking the risk here, inviting you over to my house to wrestle, no less. C’mon into the living room and we can talk about it.”

I followed her inside, looking her over even more. She was wearing tight, form-fitting short-shorts and a skimpy tube top. She was about 5’10”, maybe an inch taller than me. But that was fine - I liked tall women. And, she was about 10 pounds lighter than me, and definitely in better shape, although I was no slouch. Her boobs were 34A at most, which was fine - just as long as she wasn’t totally flat - was all that I cared. Her belly button showed a few inches above her shorts. I was entranced with the way her blond hair swayed from side to side as I followed her inside.

“Care for a beer?” she asked as she motioned for me to have a seat.

“Sure.” I hesitated, but what the heck. I’d gone this far - might as well go the rest of the way. I watched her ass wiggle / kathunk in a muscular fashion as she went into the other room for the drinks. Her legs were long and thin, but not skinny - long and muscular would be a better description. This was going to be interesting!

She returned and handed me my favorite brew. She must really know me! “Now I’m feeling a bit more uncomfortable. You must know me pretty well to have that particular beer on hand.”

“Sorry. I was actually trying to make you feel more comfortable.”

“Oh, all right. I guess I can see that.” However, there was sort of a déjà vu type thing going on now when I listened to her voice. Maybe I did know her, but from where?

I realized how incredibly sexy she was as I gazed at her long, slender yet somewhat muscular, freckled arms. Freckled?? Now why hadn't I notice that before - must've been the hair had me transfixed. Now she seemed more familiar. I looked at her long legs again, this time noticing all the freckles on them. Now I was starting to recall someone...

“I can see you're starting to remember,” she said. “I guess I can take off the wig now.”

“Wig??” I stuttered in total surprise. I wasn't sure whether I wanted that hair to leave, but it was just as well if it wasn't for real. Once the wig was off, she smiled as she looked back towards me, the short, fire-red curls in her hair a dead give-away. This time I knew her for sure! “Ginger!! What a surprise!! But a good one!!” I said enthusiastically.

“Good. I'm glad to see you remember me!”

“Of course I do. How could I forget?” She was Heather's cousin. I'd seen her at numerous family functions, and I'd always admired her from afar. I had been disappointed about the blond hair, but now, this was better. But what was going on? “So why the trickery?” I asked.

“I was just being paranoid. What if you showed up just to see who it was, and then left? Or, what if you brought friends? I was just being cautious, maybe even a bit uncertain about what I was doing. You still want to stay, don't you?”

“Of course I do,” I replied quickly. As Ginger spoke further, I recalled more about her. She had been a track star in high school and college, specializing in hurdles and high jump, I think. That explained the long legs and muscles. I sipped on my beer, noticing a slight buzz.

Feeling a definite attraction, I wanted to know more about her. “So, what are you doing these days? I can see you've been staying in shape.”

“Thanks. I work out at the health club almost every day after work and rollerblade or jog on weekends. As for work, I'm a nutritionist over at Bakersfield Hospital. But you seem to be in excellent shape yourself.”

“Thank you, too. I jog, lift weights, play softball, that sort of stuff.” I replied, although I didn't think I was quite in her league.

“So, how have you been doing since Heather took off with so and so. That was really dumb of her!”

“Yeah, I thought so, too, at least at the time. But I've mellowed now, and don't really miss her much. In fact, I realize I'm better off now without her.”

“Anyone special at the moment?” she asked.

Ginger had put me on the spot, but still, I was kind of glad she asked. “No, not really. Just exploring my options, so to speak. How about you?”

“Yeah, same here. That’s why I called. I always thought you were kinda cute, so I got up all my courage and sent you the note. I’ll bet you were surprised.”

“Yeah, to say the least. I assume Heather must have mentioned the wrestling thing,” I probed.

“It wasn’t like she advertised it or anything. It was at her sister’s wedding a few years ago, she got kinda plastered and started complaining about you and your wrestling thing. I was the only one she told, but I’m glad she did. At the time, it seemed sort of odd, but as time went by, I thought about it more and more, and started getting interested in doing some wrestling, too. So, I checked it out on the web, and sure enough, there’s this huge community out there devoted to female and mixed wrestling. That fueled the fire even more. And whenever the family got together, I kept pumping Heather for more wrestling information, which she parted with freely.”

My curiosity was roused. “So, have you done any wrestling yet?”

“Not with a man... yet. But I’ve wrestled around with a few women I met at the health club, although no real matches or anything. How about you? How much have you wrestled?” she asked.

“Not as much as I’d like. I wrestled with Heather a number of times, but she wasn’t much challenge, just rolled around a lot. Heather just wasn’t that interested in wrestling, only the sex afterwards.”

“Yeah. She said as much to me. I didn’t agree with her at first, just muddled over the idea to myself. The part that got me hooked was the battle of the sexes thing, and how a fight could be erotic. And now that you’re here and we’re talking things over, I understand even better. By the way, do you still prefer to wrestle in a thong?”

“Whoa!! Heather told you that?”

“Yeah, and more. She said your second most favorite outfit was your birthday suit.”

“She didn’t leave much out,” I sighed.

Ginger smiled, saying, “I guess not! So what’s it to be tonight? Did you bring a thong? I’m game either way?”

“Me too, and I did bring a thong. What say we wear thongs for now and see how things go from there.” I replied, hardly able to contain my growing excitement.

“Fine. Then let’s get down to business,” replied Ginger.

“OK. What’s first - the rules?” I asked.

“Yep. I’d prefer to set a time limit and just go for pins. Whoever has the most pins wins. What do you think?” she probed.

“That’s fine with me. What do you say? Wrestle for an hour, maybe?” I knew it would be a long time period, but I was looking forward to tangling with this impressive woman. Maybe I could wear her down and win.

“That’s pretty long, but it should be OK if we take breaks now and then.”

“How about a break after every pin, for a maximum of two minutes per break?” I asked.

“OK. But let’s allow that the person who’s behind can cut the breaks short if they want. If we’re tied, then its two minutes no matter what.”

It seemed a little complicated to me, but OK. “Alright, let’s define what a pin requires.”

“I’d say 5 seconds with the shoulders held down,” Ginger offered.

“OK. Anything else?”

“Just ‘Marquis of Queensbury’ rules, but applied to wrestling. You know, nothing so rough that someone gets hurt. Although, you must understand, a little pain or unpleasantness is pretty much unavoidable.”

“Yeah, that suits me fine, too - real wrestling, but nothing too crazy. So, where are we going to do this?”

Setting down her empty beer bottle, she replied, “Just follow me.”

“Said the spider to the fly.” I finished the sentence for her as we walked down a hallway towards the back of the house, her hips swaying seductively along the way.

“So, do you feel doomed yet? I was hoping I might psych you out or something. C’mon in.” she purred as we stepped into one of the bedrooms.

It was an empty room, except that the floor was completely covered from wall to wall with old mattresses. There was a lighted ceiling fan above, which kept the room cool. The window shades were pulled, but they were lightweight enough to let plenty of soft, diffuse light into the room. There was a large clock on the wall, obviously for the time-keeping function in our match. Ginger had anticipated everything!

I looked over at Ginger and saw that she was already peeling off her tube top and shorts. Before I knew it, all she had on was a tiny, shiny, black leather thong. She caught me staring.

“What’s wrong?” asked Ginger. “I know you’ve seen thonged women before. Don’t you like what you see?”

I came out of my trance. “Oh... it’s not that!! It’s definitely not that!! I like what I see very much!!” I pulled off my shirt and shorts as quick as I could. Now it was her turn to gawk. She was staring fixedly right at my bulging thong. “Well, so far, is everything as you expected?”

Ginger smiled devilishly, replying “Everything, and then some. Close the door and let’s get started.”

Her breasts were exactly as I’d imagined, about 34A with bright pink, erect nipples - and freckles all over. I hadn’t realized how sexy freckles could be, but they certainly were, especially on the breasts. Her ass looked sumptuous, too - not too big, and not too small. It stuck out enough to let you know that there was some real strength there - and, freckles too. She was really sexy! And of course, those long, slender yet muscular, freckled legs - I found myself wishing that Ginger would catch me in a scissors during the match.

Ginger took down the wall clock briefly and set it for exactly 7:30. “There, now we can remember the time easily”, she squealed, the excitement building in her voice. “You ready?” she asked as she put the clock back up.

I nodded my agreement. Ginger extended her hands towards me, indicating we should start.

Neither of us were that experienced at this sort of thing, but enthusiasm made up for any shortcomings. As I raised my hands to meet her challenge, Ginger rushed me and we slammed into the wall with a thud and an ‘oomph’ coming from me. I hadn’t expected that, but what had I expected anyway? Ginger had been planning the whole thing for some time, so she probably had an advantage in that area.

Ginger held me tight against the wall, and I tried to push away and reverse the hold. As we struggled, I began to notice other aspects of Ginger. Her skin was silky smooth and soft, yet she was still quite strong. A slight scent of perfume, perhaps jasmine, seemed to emanate from behind her ears. Her breasts, though not overly large, glanced against my chest, and I could feel her erect nipples slide across my chest from time-to-time. I was entranced and had to get a hold of myself if I was to offer up any resistance whatsoever.

Ginger had been keeping her feet back far enough that it was difficult to trip her up, but as I pushed her back one time, I was able to hook one of her feet and down we went to the mattresses. We landed hard with me on top, but that soon changed as we rolled back and forth struggling for dominance, our lack of experience showing as we rolled all around. But it could have been that we were both enjoying the close frontal contact so much that the thought of other holds was momentarily put aside.

Our legs were locked together in various ways as we rolled around. Ginger let out a slight giggle each time she rolled on top of me, obviously enjoying herself whenever she gained the

advantage. But I would soon roll her off and gain the advantage myself. We were both grinning from ear-to-ear as we battled for position.

Ginger was like a whirling dervish, moving fast enough that she was hard to get a hold of. And, she could contort her body like a pretzel, escaping when I thought she was trapped. Finally I was able to get on top of her and grab both of her hands over her head. My body was pressed hard against her down to the waist, then my legs were spread wide to keep her from rolling us over. I started to count, "1... 2... 3... 4..." But she managed to twist her shoulder up off of the mattress. I quickly got her back down and applied more of my weight against her chest. I could feel her slight breasts pancake against my bare skin, and I liked the idea of holding her down in this most basic of ways. I started counting again, "1... 2... 3... 4... 5." I got her this time, earning myself the first win!!

We got up easily, neither of us very tired.

Ginger smirked at me saying, "That was truly fun. But I didn't really think you'd beat me. I thought I had you going pretty good."

"Yeah, well, if you must know... it wasn't that easy. It could have gone either way."

"You aren't just saying that are you?" she asked.

"You'll just have to wait and find out." I replied, not wanting to boost her confidence any further. I knew I had just barely held my own, but why belabor the point?

"I'm done waiting. Since I'm behind, I choose to skip the rest of this break," she said defiantly.

I glanced up at the clock. Twelve minutes had elapsed since first starting. This time we met in the middle, placing our hands to the other's shoulders. With a sudden exertion, I tried to throw Ginger down to the mattresses. But she wasn't having any of that and we careened around the room wildly. As we spun and twisted, Ginger managed to get enough leverage to throw me down. Ginger landed on top, straddling me at the waist. I knew I was in trouble, but with her long legs kneeled over me, there was little I could do to get her off. Ginger's hands found mine and she held them over my head as she inched her knees forward towards my shoulder blades. Ginger was setting me up for a Schoolgirl pin! I knew the standard escape, but would it work?

As Ginger applied the coup de grace, I got ready to make my move. I flung my legs up to hook her, but Ginger was ready. She grabbed both of them and instead used them for leverage, forcing me down all the harder. I was caught, totally, with no way out! I looked up and saw a few fire-red curls protruding from under the edge of her thong. Several very interesting thoughts went through my mind.

But then Ginger started to count, "1... 2... 3... 4... 5" and it was over. Ginger had beaten me soundly this round, and it had only taken about two or three minutes.

“Break time,” Ginger extolled. “We have only two minutes. I have some chilled mineral water just outside the door.”

Ginger opened the door and grabbed a couple bottles from the small ice chest I had barely noticed beforehand. As she handed me one, she said, “I guess I really can win some of the time.”

“From where I was laying, I’d have to agree. I never really had a chance that round. You were awesome!”

“Well, I wouldn’t say that. Neither of us is very good, actually. But I’m in it for the fun first, and the competition second.” Ginger replied enthusiastically. “I believe they call it ‘semi-comp’.”

“That’s interesting. But I’m sure we’ll improve in time, assuming we do this again more and more.”

“Oh, I think we can assume as much! But now, break time is over. Let’s put our bottles back in the cooler,” she ordered.

We returned, ready to go at it again. I saw that we were now about seventeen minutes into the match. “How about we start this one on our knees?” I asked.

Ginger agreed and we knelt down facing each other. I don’t think either of us was tired in the least. I reached out my hands, asking, “Want to try a little test of strength?”

“Certainly,” Ginger replied as we clasped hands to begin. We were maybe a foot or so apart to begin, which was about right for strength testing. Ginger’s arms were longer than mine, giving her more leverage. But I was a bit stronger, especially in the wrists, which evened things out so well that neither of us was able to gain the advantage readily. I watched Ginger’s arms and shoulders straining against mine, and I have to admit that it was pretty exciting as I watched the muscles in her arms flex, straining against mine. The tension in her upper body showed off her breasts to great advantage, seeming larger than I knew.

We were getting nowhere, but that was all right with me. I think Ginger sensed the same thing, but was ready to move on. She inched closer to me, hands still clasped together, until our knees were just touching each other. Now we were pressed together fully from knees to shoulders, still struggling against each other’s arms. It was like a jolt of electricity shot through me as we touched so wholly.

Our faces were just inches apart and I could see Ginger grimacing with determination as we continued to struggle. Finally, after much straining, we fell down onto our sides and continued to struggle there, neither of us willing to unclasp at the hands. I was beginning to feel the strain, but I think Ginger was, too.

We started to roll around, first one of us on top, and then the other. Finally, I had Ginger chest-to-chest, her back to the mattress, with my body off to her side. I got my right hand free and grabbed one of her legs as she flailed to get free. I got my other hand free and quickly looped it

behind her neck. As I joined my hands together, I knew she wouldn't get free from this cradle pin. Ginger struggled and strained, tried to roll over, but nothing worked. I rocked her back onto her shoulders to end the round. "1... 2... 3... 4... 5."

I released her immediately and rolled to the side, more tired than I had realized. I noticed Ginger was still lying there, not yet ready to get up. Her slight breasts had flattened some in this position, but as Ginger breathed deeply, they seemed to loom larger once again.

I glanced up at the clock. It was 8:00 - thirty minutes had elapsed already, and I was ahead two to one. I glanced over at Ginger as she rose to her knees. "Okay, no more break time for you. Let's get going," she said.

"Okay." I said as I got to my knees as well. I couldn't believe she wanted to start so soon. We were both still catching our breath! But maybe she planned on wearing me down - who's to know?

"C'mon over closer and we can start this round in a double bearhug," she said, smiling devilishly. "I promise I won't squash you too badly."

I moved in close, kneeling, and we wrapped our arms around each other. "I may be behind two to one, but not for long," she said, clasping her hands together behind me.

"Go!!" was all she said as we clamped each other tightly. I hadn't realized how strongly Ginger would be able to clamp down on me with those long, well-muscled arms. Her hot breath was on me as we struggled mightily, trying to knock the wind out of the other. Her breasts pressed hard against me, flattening totally. I squeezed back as hard as I could, but Ginger was getting the better of me, and she knew it. Maybe earlier in the match, I could have had the advantage, but not now. As I weakened, Ginger threw me onto my back and jumped on board once more. This time I didn't try to use my legs to get free as Ginger moved towards a Schoolgirl pin. I could see this was Ginger's signature hold - all but inescapable. Her long legs held my shoulders down, rendering my arms all but useless. She grabbed a hold of them regardless, leaving me completely helpless. All I could do was look up at her determined, but grinning face. This time I purposely looked up her crotch, hoping to throw her off. A few more strands of fire-red curly hairs were poking free of that shiny black thong. Maybe this tactic was a mistake, as she seemed not to mind one whit.

"You should know that I'm not modest in the least. Look as much as you want, but I think I'll count you out while you do... 1... 2... 3... 4... 5."

And with that, Ginger quickly got up and went for the water bottles. I got to my feet more quickly than I wanted, hoping not to appear as worn down as I really was. We drank deeply, saying little.

We were tied at two rounds apiece. I knew it would be a battle from here and I wasn't that confident I could win. There were just seventeen minutes remaining once the mandatory two-

minute break was over. Thus far, Ginger had won both of her rounds by Schoolgirl pin. I wondered if that was her only finishing hold.

We got down to our knees again, which seemed to be the simplest way to start in our worn condition. This time we had kind of a stare-down before starting, Ginger starting it by staring at the bulge in my thong. “You know, two can play at this game,” she purred, obviously referring to me previously staring between her legs during the Schoolgirl pin.

I made no verbal reply, choosing instead to stare at her crotch area intently. Then Ginger upped the ante by licking her tongue around the sides of her mouth, and motioning me forward with her index finger. “Come and get me, sugar,” she growled with a raspy voice.

I was suddenly so hot that I nearly jumped out of my thong. But then Ginger flung herself at me, knocking me onto my back. It had been only a distraction, and she had done it well. Ginger was a hot babe, and I had taken the bait.

Ginger went right for the Schoolgirl pin. I caught her before she could get properly settled on top of me and shoved her to the side. As I partially rose to follow, Ginger caught me between those two incredibly long legs - those long, slender yet muscular, freckled legs that I had hoped would scissor me at some point. Well now I had my wish as Ginger applied crushing pressure to my waist area. I think the long length of her legs must have given her extra leverage, as the pressure was more intense than I’d ever have imagined. I tried to pry her legs apart with my hands, but she had locked them together too well.

I was caught in Ginger’s crushing leg embrace, wanting to get free, yet not wanting to at the same time. What I wanted made little difference though. I was really caught. Ginger knew it, too, advising, “You can submit, if you want. Or, I can just weaken you some more before pinning you the usual way.”

“No way!” I grunted defiantly. But I wasn’t feeling as defiant as I pretended. Helpless was a better description and I knew she was right. I couldn’t escape and I was only weakening myself further by thrashing around trying to twist free. It would be better to submit and save my strength for the next round.

I looked up at the wall clock. There were still twelve minutes remaining - plenty of time to even the score. “Okay, okay,” I grunted as Ginger squeezed hard once again. “I get the message! I submit this round to you and your legs!” Ginger released me and I let out a little groan followed by a deep breath.

“I didn’t realize how well leg scissors would work!” Ginger gleamed wickedly. “I’ll have to try that again! And, I kind of sensed that you liked it, too.”

“Yeah, yeah. In spite of the pain and all, it was kind of interesting being trapped that way.” I replied wearily. “Your legs are really awesome - long and strong!”

“Now you’ve got me wondering. It might be fun to be trapped like that myself, or something. It might be kind of exciting. Too bad though, I doubt you’ll be able to pull it off,” she teased with a devilish gleam.

“I’ll wipe that smirk off your face, just as soon as this break is over. I think I’ll use the whole two minutes.” I went over and took a swig from the water bottle. Ginger did the same. There was little further trash talk as we both rested. I made a big deal about kneading and stretching my stomach muscles, plus taking slow, deep breaths. I needed to recover in the little time remaining. Ginger looked tired, but not beat up like me, not even breathing that hard.

Nine minutes remained as we once again faced off. We kneeled once again, but this time I wisely avoided any stare-down she might try. I was behind three to two and needed this round to stay in the match. I just waded in and went after her, quickly grabbing her around the waist and lifting her off her knees briefly before flinging her onto her back. Still on my knees, I grabbed hold of her legs with my arms, well aware I was stepping into a scissors lock. Before Ginger could respond, I stood up partially and forced her legs back, high over her head. Her body was in a pretzel shape and I couldn’t believe how far her legs could bend and reach - excellent flexibility. Ginger’s body was compressed so completely that her knees were squashing her breasts flat and her bare feet were well behind her head.

And, I was the one holding her there, laying with my crotch against her nearly bare butt, my torso aligned on top of her long smooth freckled legs, keeping her secured. I spread my feet apart behind for stability, not wanting her to tip us over.

I couldn’t believe the flexibility in her body. Ginger wasn’t even complaining. I was so intent on getting a submission from her that it hadn’t occurred to me to count her out. She was in a pin position, after all. But that wasn’t where my mind was - I wanted a submission.

I marveled at her legs once more, their shapeliness, strength, and beauty as I held her down. “How about it, ready to submit?”

“No, not yet anyway,” she grunted in reply.

I could tell then that I was getting to her - Ginger was tiring, too. Thank goodness for that. But I was surprised to see she wasn’t heeding her own advice, conceding the round before being worn down too much.

We lay like that for some time, Ginger struggling and straining futilely to escape. “C’mon,” I said, “Give your submission.”

“No!” she replied, huffing defiantly. “If I win this round, then I win the match.” After noting a certain female scent, I suspected she rather liked being captured in this manner.

I looked up at the clock. Only five minutes were left. Maybe Ginger’s plan was to run out the clock without a winner. I finally realized that I had pinned Ginger many times by now, but that didn’t matter to me anymore. I was bent on getting a submission from her.

Ginger was plenty tired, so I decided I could take a risk and switch holds. I flung her legs to the side so that she landed in a near sitting position. She was too tired to move quickly, and I came up from behind and locked my legs around her waist for a scissors. I knew this wouldn't be enough to finish her, though, so I looped my arms around hers and then clamped them together behind her head. I had Ginger in a scissors and a full nelson simultaneously! I applied serious pressure, and Ginger let out a high squeak immediately. I knew it hurt, so I didn't want to overdo it. But what would it take to make her submit?

"Now will you submit?" I asked as I applied more pressure to the full nelson. "You know you can't get out of it. But the question is... how much pain can you take?"

I increased the pressure and I could hear her squeak in pain once again. Finally, she moaned, "OK... OK... I... submit."

I quickly released her and began kneading her neck with my hands, somewhat regretting what I had put her through. After a few moments we stood up to get some water. Ginger pulled me close, saying, "That was an amazing round. I'd gladly suffer that any day, so don't go getting worried about me. It was a real turn-on being captured so completely. And, I think you understand that feeling yourself."

She gave me a quick kiss on the cheek, and then turned away to get the water from the cooler. The intention was clear. We were lovers, but the time wasn't right, just yet.

As the two minute break was nearly timed-out, I saw there were still a few minutes remaining on the clock. Both of us were pretty much beat up and worn out. We were tied at three wins each. I wasn't sure what was next.

"The time is nearly up. Are we done? Or should we go again?" I asked.

"I may be tired and spent, but I'm not done with you yet," Ginger replied tiredly.

"So, what's next? One more round..."

"Ginger seemed to consider things a moment. Then she replied, "Yeah, but since we seem to have switched to submission wrestling, let's make it submission only."

"Okay. That's probably the best way to settle this thing," I agreed readily.

Ginger smiled devilishly before replying, "And in the nude!! Winner takes all, so to speak!!"

"You're on! But with one suggestion... We start the round wearing our thongs, but the winner must strip the loser naked before they can force a submission. So... no submissions allowed unless the loser is naked."

“That sounds particularly good - luscious even. It shouldn’t be that hard to get your thong off. You’re practically coming out of it as it is,” she said, staring fixedly at my crotch.

“I have the feeling yours is so slippery that it’ll slide right off you with little or no resistance,” I replied.

She smiled devilishly at that. We set our water back in the coolers and returned to the center of the room. Ginger closed the door and set the lock for effect. “You won’t get away from me. I’ll have you at my mercy in no time,” Ginger taunted.

“No, it’s you who’ll be at my mercy, whimpering out your submission to me.” And, I meant it, too.

Up until now, the match hadn’t been overtly sexual, but now we agreed that things would be different. We each meant to conquer the other physically, as well as sexually.

This time we started in the standing position, staggering a little, circling each other warily, lust in our hearts, but wrestling as the means of its attainment. Ginger tried rushing me as she had earlier, but this time I was ready for her. I sidestepped her rush, clamping her in a headlock from the side. She stopped dead in her tracks, clawing at my arm for her release. I worked the headlock for a few moments, and then dropped down to the mat with her, flipping Ginger onto her back. I jumped on top of her with my head towards her feet, fully intending to go after her thong. I grabbed at it, yanking it down her long legs as quickly as I could. A bright red curly thatch greeted my eyes, but I couldn’t pause to gawk at the incredible sight. Unfortunately, Ginger’s legs were so long that I became overbalanced and fell down upon her legs, still feverishly working her thong down around her ankles. At last it came free and I flung it aside.

I turned my head for a good look between her legs and was greeted by a fierce head scissors. And to make matters worse, Ginger now had a hold of my thong, and it was already down to my knees. There was nothing I could do to stop her, even if I had wanted, and soon my thong was gone, too. But I did manage to return the favor, catching her in a headlock as well.

We were ‘sixty-nined’ together now, rolling around on the mattresses back and forth, neither willing to let loose, punishing the other as much as possible. I could see Ginger’s ass clearly as we rolled around, somewhat disappointed that I couldn’t see more. I wondered what Ginger’s view was like.

As we rolled, Ginger worked at separating my legs from her head, momentarily leaving her torso unprotected. I switched positions instantly, moving from a head scissors to a body scissors. I was so proud of myself that I didn’t realize Ginger was doing the same thing to me.

We must have looked like two pretzels, completely entangled in the other. It was a kind of sixty-nine, but now with body scissors. We now had an up close and personal look at each other’s rear ends and inner thighs. As I was picking out the individual freckles on her ass, noting that her freckles extended all the way up her thighs, Ginger suddenly started spanking my ass, and very hard indeed! I rolled us around some more so that she was now face down and unable to use her

hands effectively. Then I started to spank her ass, too, and I didn't hold back. Her butt turned cherry red with my handprints, until she rolled us back again and flailed away at me. This was getting us nowhere, as we weren't about to submit due to spanking. But it was rather fun, depending of course, on whether you were on the receiving end or not.

"How about a mutual release?" I asked, tiring of the deadlocked situation.

"Agreed," she replied, releasing the pressure on my torso. I did the same, and as we slid apart, Ginger managed to slide her sweaty breasts across the full length of my penis. I shuddered from the contact, nearly exploding, but quickly responded placing my fingers across her clit as she tried to pull away. I noticed her shudder as well. Things were about to get very interesting.

We stood up to begin again. Ginger was smiling devilishly. "I've found your weak spot. I think my breasts have a new task," she cooed, staring directly at my fully erect penis.

I stared right back at her bright red curly thatch. "That may be, but you have a weak spot, too, and I plan to work on it as well," I replied with my best husky voice.

Ginger raised her hands, indicating that we should try another test of strength. Perhaps this was foolish of her, based on our previous test of strength. She might be strong, but I was stronger in the arms. But who knew her motivations??

As we tested each other's mettle, a surprising thing happened. Ginger came towards me and hopped up onto my body, wrapping her long legs around my waist while I was still standing upright. In this position, my cock was pressed against the very moist lips of her vagina. We both let out an immense shudder as we realized our predicament. Just who was getting the better of whom?

I didn't know and part of me didn't care. Ginger tried to control the pace of things, rocking slowly up and down as I tried to maintain our balance. Maybe I should have just let us topple to the mattress, but I liked it too much. Still, I had to find a way to regain control as she stroked my rod with the lips of her pussy.

Before Ginger could fully exploit my predicament, I realized that the wall could be my ally. I quickly maneuvered us so that Ginger's back was against the wall. Now I was the one with the leverage, and I controlled the rhythm of our embrace. And now it was Ginger who was gasping for relief. I was in control, feverishly pumping away at her clit with the tip of my hard rod.

As her predicament worsened, Ginger abandoned the handclasp, reaching towards my face, hungrily kissing me on the lips. Then she pawed and clawed feverishly at my shoulders and chest. At last she whispered hoarsely, "Take me now... I submit!!"

I dropped us softly down onto the mat, still intertwined. Almost as soon as I entered her warm loins, we both exploded, shuddering in each other's arms repeatedly.

We just lay there for a time in each other's arms, basking in the afterglow of an incredible experience. Finally, Ginger spoke, "I've never experienced anything close to that... ever," purring softly.

"I was thinking the same thing. We have to do this again," I whispered softly, cuddling up against her.

"And again, and again..." she said dreamily

"And again..." I continued.

"Next time, I think I can take you," she said starring dreamily into my eyes.

"You're welcome to try, whenever you want," I responded.

"In that case, maybe it would be easier if you moved in with me, you know, sort of like battling roommates. Then I could exact my revenge at a moment's notice," she purred into my ear.

And with that, I noticed that a certain part of me had arisen once more. Ginger noticed as well, hopping on top of me this time, riding me at her own pace. I just lay back to enjoy the ride, counting the freckles on her body delightedly.

The End