

CatBurglar, Part 1: "Surprise" (or, "One Good Perversion Deserves Another")

By Gark

Rob's Story

It wasn't long after moving into my apartment that I heard rumors of a cat burglar. Some of the other tenants had noticed things missing for a while, but they always seemed to turn up again. It didn't sound like much of a problem to me, so I just ignored it.

I liked the apartment complex because it had a nice exercise/weight room and a large swimming pool. I'm a fitness freak, so this was a good deal. Plus, it was close to work and to the health club where I also liked to work out.

I met Lana when I first came to look at the apartments - she was the landlady. Lana showed me a few apartments and the facilities. She was gorgeous, and what's more, she seemed intelligent and well informed on events of the day. What was she doing in a job like this in a place like this? Who knows, maybe she had no ambition.

As the months went on, I saw Lana around the complex fairly often. She always seemed to be wearing black clothing - black leotards & tights, or black bicycle shorts with black tank top, or a black one-piece swimsuit, etc. She had a great body, and these types of clothes really looked fantastic on her. Plus, she was my type - fairly tall & athletic, maybe 5'9", long dark hair, friendly smile, strong legs & arms, and very large breasts. Plus, she really was intelligent, having earned a bachelor's degree in nutrition.

I couldn't understand what Lana was doing here, or for that matter, why she was unattached. I'd asked her out a few times, but she turned me down saying it was against policy for her to date tenants. I figured it was a line of bull, and that she just didn't want to date me. So, I let it pass.

Lana's Story

I've known I was a kleptomaniac since I was about 18 years old. I didn't really steal things because I always brought them back. At least that was how I rationalized the problem. I lived in constant fear of discovery, and there have been numerous close calls over the years. All I wanted was to possess a thing, if even for just a short while.

Now I'm age 28, and my problem has kept me from staying in a relationship for more than a few months at a time. I mean, what if "he" found out I was stealing things, even though I always returned them. I'd even take things from my boyfriends for a week or two, before secretly returning them. Because of this, I always broke off relationships at an early stage. I just couldn't let anyone find out! What if they called the cops on me?

My current job afforded me much opportunity to pursue my addiction, as it seemed to feel. I was the landlady of a small apartment building, about 85 units in one three-story building. I got a unit in the building free of charge plus enough money on the side, just for looking out for the place - cleaning up the yard, mowing the grass, cleaning the indoor pool and weight room, etc. It was easy duty, and didn't require much of my time, which left me free to pursue my other addiction - physical fitness. I used the exercise room and swimming pool all the time. I did aerobics, lifted weights and swam laps endlessly. I even did some jogging once in a while, but this wasn't much fun because my big boobs bounced around too much.

I, of course, had a master set of keys for all units in the building. So, I knew pretty well which persons had what items in the building. I understood I was playing with fire, but if I was

We still chatted from time-to-time in the exercise room or at the pool after swimming laps. Lana was obviously fit & strong, which was a real turn-on for me. I've always been attracted to this type of woman, secretly hoping to indulge in my secret fantasy - wrestling with a strong, beautiful woman like Lana. Unfortunately, it looked like my fantasy would never come true. I was 28 years old and never had found a woman interested in wrestling with me. I had to be careful in bringing up the subject with my women friends lest they think me a pervert. I didn't feel that way, but I kept it a secret from all but a few of them, nevertheless.

Lana had been the subject of numerous wrestling fantasies for me, often dominating me, but sometimes losing, too. I felt like we would be a good match-up physically. I had paid close attention to Lana when she was lifting weights in the exercise room. I'd "spot her" so that I could get closer. She always wore a skintight black leotard and tights. It was spectacular watching her strain against the weights, chest heaving in and out! And what a chest it was! Lana had nice a "figure 8" shape, starting with her medium-sized rear end, moving upwards to her small waist, and finally her large chest, broad shoulders & nicely toned biceps. She was strong without overdoing it. In my imagination, it was me straining against her, muscle-to-muscle, instead of the weights.

Sometimes Lana worked out on the exercise bike. She wore these really tight, form fitting, black biking shorts, plus a black tank top. The shorts really showed off her thighs and legs. Again, Lana was strong, without really looking overly so.

I cruised by the pool and exercise area regularly and got to know Lana's schedule somewhat. I especially liked to show up while Lana was swimming laps in the pool and do some laps myself. We never spoke of it, but I'm sure there was a contest between us while we swam - who could do the most laps faster

caught, I figured I could always say I was doing some sort of maintenance.

My latest apartment of interest belonged to nice looking guy named Rob. I'd see him from time-to-time when I was swimming laps in the pool or working out on the weights in the exercise room. He always seemed to take a special interest when I was using the weights. Or, maybe he was just staring at my big boobs. I don't know, but I really didn't care. I'd adjusted long ago to males liking me for my chest.

At any rate, Rob was easy on the eyes himself, especially when he took his shirt off to work out. His chest was a little hairy, but nicely sculpted from his narrow waist and sculpted abs to his shoulders - kind of a "V" shape. His legs were nicely toned, but not to the point of being unattractive. I could see that he took good care of himself. He was maybe 5'10" and 165lb, with light brown hair and dark brown eyes - a real dreamboat. But I didn't dare get too friendly.

In our numerous conversations, I found out that Rob belonged to a health club and worked out there several times a week, plus every Friday night. This was practically an invitation for me to snoop around in his apartment for whatever might tempt me. I'd been there six or seven times now on successive Fridays, and I was getting comfortable with the place. I'd been careful not to leave any traces behind, other than the few knickknacks that I took & returned. One time it was a beautiful little shot glass from somewhere in Europe. I used it for a week and then returned it, being careful to put it back exactly where I had found it. Then I took a small, silver spoon from one of the kitchen drawers. It had some sort of inscription on it - possibly a family heirloom? I returned it the following week, and took something new.

On and on it went like this, and I was becoming braver each time. However, I did take precautions, too. I never turned on any lights in the apartment, instead using a small

than the other. Again, she wore black, usually a form fitting one-piece swimsuit, but sometimes an intriguingly tiny black bikini. Any type of a contest with Lana was intriguing, feeding my wrestling fantasies all the more. Sometimes I'd imagine challenging her to a match in the exercise room, or other times it was after swimming laps together.

To aid me in these fantasies, I had a collection of wrestling tapes, some of them fem-fem, but most of them mixed matches. I especially liked the topless, mixed ones from DWW. They were erotic, but at the same time, they were competitive. This was my favorite theme; to have an equally matched male and female wrestle each other competitively, and topless, too. I watched them frequently, usually imagining that it was Lana and myself struggling against each other.

Of course, I could hardly tell Lana any of this. After all, I couldn't even get a date with her. I couldn't take much more of seeing her because my fantasies were becoming too erotic. So I started going to the health club more often and avoided too much contact with Lana. I considered her a lost cause. I went to the health club a few nights every week, plus every Friday night because that was when there seemed to be the most women. And, I did enjoy seeing those young, strong women. Maybe I'd even meet one that enjoyed wrestling?

I hadn't seen Lana very often these last few months. I mean, why bother if it was leading nowhere? It was during this time that I first noticed little things different around my apartment. Sometimes I just couldn't find something, only to have it turn up a few days later right where it was supposed to be - never anything substantial, just some little thing gone missing. I thought I was going crazy, but then I remembered the rumors about the cat burglar. This didn't seem like the MO of a cat burglar because these were just little things, and I always found them again.

penlight to find my way around. I wore my black leotard, black tights and long dark gloves. With my dark hair, I was nearly invisible as I roamed. I felt almost invincible!

On this particular Friday night, I would be returning a very old, gold pocketwatch that I had found in the top drawer of Rob's dresser. I'm sure it was pretty valuable, and I probably should have taken something less noticeable, but I was confident that I wouldn't be discovered. I was more interested in what new trinkets I might find this visit, and didn't let any misgivings get in my way.

From the vantage point of my apartment near the front of the building, I watched as Rob got in his car. He was carrying his satchel of gym clothes, so I knew he was going to the health club. He was always gone at least 2 hours, so I knew I had plenty of time. I watched TV for a while to make sure Rob was really gone, just to be sure.

I slipped into my tights & leotard and put my hair up in a ball before heading out the door in my stocking feet. I had on a black fanny pack where I kept my "tools" - a master set of keys, a small penlight and elbow length black leather gloves. Tonight I thought I'd try something different and slipped a black pullover ski mask into the fanny pack. I could pretend to be a master (or is that mistress) cat burglar. I also placed the pocketwatch in the pack. To anyone who saw me in the hallway, the outfit looked normal because I always worked out in these clothes. I headed for Rob's apartment.

As always, I was a little nervous unlocking the door and going in. My heart was pounding! What if something went wrong? As usual, I calmed down soon after entering. I noticed the smell of ginger root in the air - Rob must have had Chinese food again tonight. I stopped, took out the penlight and put on my ski mask & gloves. I really looked the part, which made it even more exciting! I set the fanny pack down near the door for now - it would only get in the way from here. I started browsing through the

I finally realized that these little "thefts" were happening on Friday nights when I was at the health club. I let it go for a few more times so I could test my theory. I took a good look around the apartment, taking a mental inventory of everything, before going to the club. Then when I got back, I'd do it again. I was able to confirm that something was definitely going on. Still, I wasn't overly concerned. But then a family heirloom - my grandfather's gold pocketwatch - went missing, taken right out of my top dresser drawer! Now I was mad! And, I was determined to get to the bottom of it all.

On the next Friday night, I went through my usual routine. I picked up some Cantonese take-out on my way home from work and had a quiet dinner. Then, around 7:00, I packed my duffel bag and headed out the door to the club. I drove off in the direction of the club, but then doubled back and parked my car on a side street a few blocks from the apartment building. It was dark outside, which aided my return unseen. I went in a side door, moved silently down the hall and re-entered my apartment. But I didn't turn on the lights. I took out a small flashlight and searched the apartment to make sure no one was yet here. Then I took up position in the bedroom, lying on the floor behind the bed. The intruder would no doubt approach the dresser to return the watch.

I lay there for a while, waiting for something to happen. It seemed to be taking forever, and I was starting to get cold feet. I mean, how could I be doing this!? What if the cat burglar was armed? Or, what if there were two cat burglars? I was getting ready to give up when I heard the sound of a key entering the lock and turning. It was too late now, so I stayed put. I'd have to see this through!

The "cat" moved around the apartment like they knew the place. The cat was certainly taking his time - almost like he was absorbing the essence of my living space. I still hadn't seen a thing, except for the occasional glare of

apartment, with only my penlight to guide me. I did it just like in the movies, with the penlight in my mouth, freeing my hands to explore the various drawers & whatnot. I knew the place pretty well by now. I looked through the kitchen & dinette, then the living room. Rob had an entertainment center with a large-screen TV, DVD player, etc., plus a big collection of CD's, DVD's and videotapes. I hadn't really looked through them before, so I took a few minutes to browse some of the titles. Now what was this and why hadn't I noticed these before? Rob had a large collection of female wrestling tapes, and many of them were mixed matches. Most of them were from a company called DWW. Now this was interesting indeed - apparently Rob liked to wrestle with women! Maybe I should pilfer one of the tapes this week? One title jumped out at me - *"Men In Trouble"*. That sounded just right, maybe even a little fun. I'd always enjoyed tussling with my brother's friends while growing up, so I was familiar with the male attraction for the "sport". And, if I must confess, I enjoyed it, too. The body-to-body contact had been very "stimulating", to say the least. But that was a long time ago. Maybe I could rekindle my interest in the "sport" by viewing the tape.

I was careful to rearrange the tapes so it wouldn't be obvious that one was missing. Then I headed for the bedroom to put the gold pocketwatch back in Rob's dresser drawer. I was eager to get back to my apartment and watch the tape, and wasn't as careful as I should have been. I pointed my penlight at the floor as I hurried into Rob's bedroom. The next thing I knew I was tackled from behind and thrown to the floor! The tape, watch, keys and penlight went flying as I hit the floor. Strong arms were holding me down as I tried to get free. I was near panic at being discovered and not thinking very clearly. I bucked up and down trying to escape from my attacker. Fortunately, I regained my wits swiftly. It had to be Rob! So, I was in no danger of being raped, killed or whatever. I just had to get free without him figuring out who it was. In the

a flashlight. I figured that whoever it was would not turn on any of the main lights. I gripped my flashlight tightly by my side and waited for the intruder to enter the bedroom.

Finally my chance came. The intruder entered the bedroom and was standing in front of my dresser, fumbling with something. I rose to my feet silently and crept up silently from behind. Wanting to have the element of surprise, I lunged at the intruder and tackled him from behind. He hit the floor with a thud, but I failed to hang on very well. We were rolling around, back and forth, struggling for position. I controlled his waist in a scissors from behind and moved to grab him around the chest. But when I did, something unexpected happened. I quickly realized that I had grabbed a very large female breast and that my adversary was not a "he", but rather a "she". I let go instinctively and got up. I stood in front of the door, blocked her from leaving, and then shown the flashlight in her face. She was wearing a ski mask, of all things! Obviously, with this kind of outfit, this was the cat burglar! I ordered her to remove the mask. As she did, I couldn't believe my eyes. It was Lana! Now what would I do? After all, I could hardly let her go. But I couldn't keep her here either, could I?

===== 01 =====

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

"I'm sure you can. I just never figured it would be you. How could you violate my apartment like this?" I replied hotly.

"OK, OK. But it better be good or I'll call the cops."

"Alright, but don't try anything stupid."

I flipped on the lights as we entered the living room. Sure enough, Lana was wearing her

dark, I'm sure he couldn't tell who he'd tackled. I kept my mouth shut so he wouldn't recognize my voice and concentrated on getting free. I didn't want Rob to reach the still-shining penlight a few feet in front of where we struggled. Fortunately for me, it was pointing away from us.

I was face down with Rob sitting on top of me, straddling my waist. My arms were still free and I used them to try to roll us over. We landed on our sides with Rob still behind me, but now he locked his legs around my waist. He reached for me with his arms and then it happened. Rob made contact with one of my boobs - he had a handful, so to speak, and I could tell he was surprised because he let go quickly and stopped fighting. I got up quickly, too, but Rob blocked the path to the door. He pulled out his own flashlight and shown it in my face, ordering me to remove the ski mask. I took it off slowly, hoping I could still avoid this somehow. But it wasn't to be. I could see the surprise on Rob's face when he saw me. There was no hiding it anymore - Rob had discovered my cat-burgling secret. Hopefully he could be civil about it and we could work something out. But what if he called the cops!?

===== 01 =====

"I can explain!!" I spouted quickly.

"I didn't mean to 'violate' anything. Just calm down and let me explain."

Oh God! That was the last thing I wanted him to do. I'd lose everything!! "Let's go have a seat in the living room and talk this over calmly."

"I've already done something stupid by being here. I don't need to try anything else."

black leotards & black tights, plus she had on long black gloves. She looked like a wraith as she walked over to the couch to sit down. Despite the situation, the sight of Lana dressed in those clothes in my apartment was a real turn-on. I couldn't believe it, but my male member was starting to get hard. I quickly sat down before Lana could notice. "So, just what do you have to say for yourself."

"Just what do you mean by that?" Had she seen my wrestling tapes? Oh God! Does she know my secret?

"That doesn't sound too bad, but still, it's something you shouldn't be doing."

"Am I supposed to be flattered?"

"Then why have you always turned me down for dates?"

"It's out in the open now. I know your perversion!"

"Just what do you mean?"

Now my secret was out, too. "Having a few

Rob seemed to sit down awful fast. Maybe he was just eager to talk, or maybe he was nervous about something. Then I remembered the wrestling tapes I found in the living room. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all. "I'll spell it out plain and simple. I'm a kleptomaniac. I can't help myself. I'm not some cat burglar; in spite of the way I'm dressed. It's just sort of a fantasy. I'm sure you know all about fantasies."

"Don't work up a lather, I'll get to that. But, I want you to know that I've always returned everything I've ever taken. It's just kind of a thing with me to possess a part of someone's life, even for just a short time."

"I'll grant you that, but it's just too exciting for me to give it up. If it's any consolation to you, I've burgled your apartment far more than any other."

"Well, I think so. I don't just do anybody. They have to be attractive, interesting people."

"It's because of the klepto thing. I mean, how would I explain this to someone?"

"Funny you should call it a perversion. You aren't exactly 'lily-white' yourself!"

"I saw the wrestling tapes. I know your perversion, too. You like to wrestle with bare-chested women."

tapes isn't quite the same as breaking into someone's apartment. I haven't done anything wrong."

"Oh, come on! You know what I mean." But she was right. I didn't want her to tell anyone.

"Well, I a ..." I was definitely caught off balance by that question.

"Not exactly."

"OK, I haven't. But I've thought about it plenty."

"No, only some roughhousing when I was young, but no actual wrestling. Just what are you getting at, anyway?"

My heart nearly leaped out of my chest. "Such as...."

"It's mighty tempting, but it still doesn't solve the problem of you burglarizing other apartments."

"OK, that doesn't sound so bad when you put it that way. But what about your wrestling experience. Have you ever wrestled a man before?"

"Meaning...."

"Have you done any actual wrestling?"

"No, its perfect! Neither of us have an advantage! We're both inexperienced. But, you

"So, I can tell anyone I please about the tapes?"

"Okay. I can keep a secret." I decided to switch tactics. "So, how many women have you wrestled?"

"You mean you've never wrestled with a woman before?"

"What does that mean? Have you or haven't you wrestled with women?"

"I'll bet you have. How about any other wrestling? Do you have any experience at all?"

"I'm just wondering if we can work out some sort of understanding here?"

"I'll wrestle with you if you don't call the cops, and especially if you don't tell anyone about my problem."

"Like I said, I'm not really burglarizing. Everything is always returned within a week."

"Not exactly."

"Nothing organized - I 'rassled' with some of my brother's friends when I was in middle school."

"No, not since then. Is that a problem?"

have to keep my secret, too."

I was disappointed about Lana not going topless, but what could I expect. Maybe though, this would be the start of something between us. "Just straight wrestling is fine. No holds that would hurt the other are allowed."

"You know - biting, scratching, punching, kicking, that sort of thing."

"Seeing as we're both inexperienced, let's stay away from submission holds and just go for pins - 5 seconds with shoulder blades to the floor."

Wow, Lana was really getting into this! "Just fine, except I'm gonna win. How do you want to start?"

I followed behind Lana, watching every movement, every curve of her body. "What do you have in mind?"

Lana was obviously very inventive. "That sounds like fun. Maybe you could indulge me a little by putting the ski mask and gloves back on. It's kind of a turn-on for me." Lana glanced back and saw the bulge in my gym shorts.

"Done. Now how do you want to do this? And don't even think for a second about me going topless! That isn't going to happen." At least not for now, I added under my breath. Still, I looked Rob over with interest. He was wearing a tight fitting white, cut-off muscle shirt and these little navy blue gym shorts. I have to admit that Rob looked real good. I just wished he'd go shirtless so I could see more of those washboard abs of his - up close and personal.

"Such as..."

"Sounds fine to me. How do we decide the winner?"

"Two out of three OK with you? I wouldn't want to beat you too quickly!"

"Let's go back to the bedroom." We got up and I led the way back to the bedroom.

"We already started to fight earlier. I think we should resume right where we left off."

"Yes, I can see that." I slipped the ski mask and gloves back on. Rob was standing there with his gym shorts bulging noticeably and his washboard abs slightly exposed below the cut-off muscle shirt. His level of excitement was obvious. I knew that I would be enjoying this, too. "How about some stakes?"

"Maybe, what kind?"

"Well, I'm not sure you'll go along with it."

"I'd like to see you lifting weights in the exercise room -- topless."

"You're really a good sport about this."

I flipped off the light switch. Dressed totally in black, Lana was very hard to see in the dark. "I had you in a leg scissors from behind." We got down on the floor and assumed our previous positions.

"Are you sure that's OK?"

Yyeeooww! Lana was getting in the mood to rumble! "Um.....OK." I grabbed a 'handful' and said, "Ready... Set... Go!!!"

===== 02 =====

We resumed our battle from where we had left off, so I had Lana in a leg scissors from behind with both of us sitting somewhat upright on the floor. I quickly moved my left hand onto her other breast and then squeezed Lana from behind in a reverse bearhug. The leg scissors wasn't doing much other than preventing Lana from escaping while I continued to apply pressure with the bear hug. We rolled and Lana thrashed around, but I continued to apply pressure with the bearhug. As we rolled around on the floor, I had to release the bearhug, but I still had Lana's waist trapped in a leg scissors. As far as I could tell, she was on her back, but the darkness made it difficult to see. Lana's penlight was still on, but pointed the wrong way. I reached over and managed to grab it

"If I win, my prize is to take my latest 'loot' home with me for a week. Oh, let's make that 3 or 4 tapes, OK? What do you want if you win?"

"Go on. I'm a big girl. I can handle it."

"I knew you were watching too closely while I was working out! But that's alright, no problem at all."

"Oh, that's OK. I'm not inhibited in any way. So, let's get into position. Let's see, the lights were off and we were on the floor over here."

"And you had your right hand on my right boob."

"Heaven's yes! Like I said, I'm not the least bit inhibited. Physical contact is part of wrestling. I won't hesitate to grab you any way I need to to win."

===== 02 =====

When Rob grabbed me from behind with his other hand, I noticed that I was getting a bit excited myself. Having both of my boobs trapped in a crushing bearhug was actually kind of 'hot'. But, I was determined to break loose and turn the tables on Rob. After all, we were about the same height and weight. I knew I could take him if I tried hard enough. And it would be pretty satisfying to beat a man in a fair fight.

I rolled around to the side, but Rob still clung to me like grim death, his hands never leaving my boobs, squeezing all the time. I could tell he wanted my breasts big time. Maybe I could use that against him at some point?? In the meantime, I forced us to roll around some

and shown it on Lana from bottom to top, pausing momentarily at her chest. I was disappointed that I couldn't see her face under the mask, because I wanted to see how she was holding up. I squeezed hard with my thighs and Lana's hands went after my legs, trying to get free. While she was occupied there, I reached over and grabbed the mask, yanking it off and tossing it aside.

I was greeted with a determined look and a smile. Lana was doing fine, maybe even getting into the action. And, I was really enjoying the action, too. I mean, what could have been better? Unbeknownst to me, I was about to find out.

Lana pried at my feet, calves and thighs trying to force my legs apart. I could see she'd never been caught like this before and was unsure how to get loose. Finally she got my feet apart and managed to twist around to face me with my back to the floor. Her breasts plopped down against me just below the waist, right against my manhood, as she freed herself from the scissors. What a distraction! I dropped the penlight and my legs fell further apart as Lana scrambled up on top of me.

Lana had me down with my shoulders pressed against the floor. In a sudden reversal, Lana was now pinning me. She sat on top of my waist and grabbed both of my hands to hold them down. I managed to get my shoulder up momentarily as Lana reached for something. She now had the penlight in her mouth and was shining it at me as she held me down. She shown the light all around, seemingly aroused by the circumstances. In the reflected light, I could see her face smiling down at me. At that moment, I knew I was in a schoolgirl pin. Did Lana know the hold she had put on me? Or had it just come naturally?

I couldn't let Lana win this easily. I decided to try the prescribed escape from the Schoolgirl pin. I lifted my legs suddenly, trying to hook them beneath her arms. But my legs weren't limber enough and I fell short of snaring her. I

more and Rob's hands finally came off of my chest and I could breath more freely again. But now, Rob had his legs wrapped around my waist and was squeezing something fierce - out of the frying pan and into the fire!! It was hard to free myself in the dark, I couldn't even tell which way Rob was facing! And, I couldn't see the best way to pry his legs off me. Rob squeezed again, and then suddenly there was a small light. Rob had my penlight and was looking me over. I got a good look at him, too, and saw his legs clearly - nice muscles!! But they were crushing me! Suddenly Rob ripped off my ski mask, which was fine with me, as it was getting very hot underneath. At least it wouldn't be in the way now.

I reached for Rob's legs, prying them apart a little. I spun around so I was facing Rob and managed to get to my knees. 'Faced off' in this position, Rob was unable to squeeze to any real effect, so I finally got some relief. For some silly reason, Rob still had the penlight and was shining it on me. I lunged toward him, grabbing both of his arms, knocking the penlight free. It shown back toward us as we struggled.

I had Rob down and his shoulders were pinned to the floor, in spite of him having my waste still caught in a leg scissors. But could I hold him there long enough for a pin? Rob knew he was in trouble and tried to break free. He dropped the scissors lock and tried to roll free, managing to lift his shoulder off the floor briefly. But I still had a solid lock on his arms, and I forced his shoulder back down. With my waist finally free of the scissors, I quickly jumped on top of Rob, straddling him with my legs about his waist. He was down, but not out. I took a chance and reached over and snatched the penlight from the floor. Rob nearly escaped, but I got him back down. Like my cat burglar alter ego, I put the penlight in my mouth and shown it on Rob. Now that I could see better, I scrunched up a little higher on him for better control. My rump was now firmly planted on Rob's chest and my knees held his shoulders down. I pulled off my elbow-length

did manage to get one shoulder up off the floor, buying myself a little more time. In response though, Lana moved up on my body further and was now completely out of range of my legs.

She looked down at me some more, training the penlight over me expertly with her mouth. My mind started to wander as I realized the penlight was shaped like something else, especially when I noticed the exquisite control she exhibited over the oblong object. I doubt she was aware, or was she??. I couldn't tell. My imagination ran wild and I was getting very aroused. And then Lana gave me the coup de grace - she slid a little further up and now had her crotch just inches from my face. Was this going to be a face-sit pin, or what? I could tell Lana was aroused, too, as her feminine scent filled my nostrils. I was beaten & powerless beneath her, and Lana knew it. She looked somewhat smug sitting there on top of me, a big smile on her face.

===== 03 =====

"Yeah, yeah. I'm OK - just a little surprised at how easily you beat me."

I sat up now and Lana sat down opposite me.

"I didn't hurt you did I?"

"Good. I really enjoyed it, too."

"Well, you said it was OK. Besides, I think you got even with your finishing move."

"Still, maybe we should have some sort of signal that things are getting too rough."

leather gloves and threw them to the side - way too hot to leave on. I sat there for a moment watching him thrash around helplessly beneath me. What a rush! And then I noticed! I was actually getting moist! What a turn on!

There was little Rob could do to escape, or so I thought. Suddenly his legs came up from behind, trying to hook me and knock me off. But I was too far forward, and Rob's reach fell short. In response, I scrunched a little farther forward so my knees were now along side Rob's ears. Then I used the penlight to watch Rob as I did - I could see his eyes grow large as he realized the position he was in. Just thinking about the possibilities gave me the willies. I knew I'd have to get Rob down like this some other time in more intimate circumstances. But for now, this would have to do. What a rush! He looked so helpless beneath me! And it was written all over his face.

===== 03 =====

"I think you've had it! One... two... three... four... five. I win round one!!!" Reluctantly, I got up off of Rob and flipped on the overhead light. I wanted a good look at him laying there in defeat. Rob just lay there looking very wiped out, too whipped to say much. "You OK 'honey'?"

"My chest and waist don't feel like it was easy. You crunched me good."

"No, no. In spite of the pain, I rather enjoyed it."

"I'll bet you did. Your hands were all over me."

"It could be.... maybe so." I decided to tease him a little and not admit it outright that I was really turned on, although it had to be obvious.

"OK, maybe we should. How about the word

"Yeah, that'll work. Wanna take a break and get something to drink?"

"You have me at a disadvantage, knowing all about me from poking around my apartment. I'll have to get to know you better." We got up & walked over to the refrigerator and grabbed a couple of those green beers as we continued to talk.

"Yeah, it tastes real good after a hard work out."

"No, I don't mind at all. But don't get me wrong, I still want to win and won't give up without a fight. Still, being beaten was pretty good. But I think winning would be pretty good, too."

"What, are you retiring already, after just one match?" I shot back.

I finished off my beer, too, and set it down hard on the countertop with a thud. "OK. I'm ready, but to take you down. Where should we fight?"

"Sure. Let's just move a few of the breakables out of the way." We went into the living room and shoved the TV and coffee table to the side. Lana looked great in her black leotard. The gloves and ski mask were gone, but she still had on the black tights. "What do you think, lights or not this time?"

I nearly jumped out of my shorts. She would have to talk about gagging on the penlight. By the look of innocence, I could see Lana had no

'Ouch' as a signal to let up a little?"

"Sure, I'll have one of those German beers in the green bottle. Oops, I forgot I wasn't supposed to know that."

"Fine with me, as long as you can handle the klepto thing." I took a swig from the bottle as I redid the scrunchy in my hair. "Ooh, that hits the spot!"

"You know, you don't seem too upset after being beaten by a woman at wrestling."

"It's too bad you'll never know." I teased.

I took another hit on the beer and finished it off. "No way smart boy! I'm ready to put you down hard again. Are you ready for me?"

"How about the living room this time?"

"I almost gagged on the penlight last time. Let's leave a couple lights on, but kinda dim." Now why did Rob look at me like that?

idea what I was thinking. I dimmed one of the lights nearby and turned off the rest. "Is this OK?"

"I think we can just face each other standing up and go at it from there."

===== 04 =====

We stood there circling each other, back and forth, round and round, not knowing what to do first. We were both so inexperienced that we didn't know how to start. I watched Lana carefully, looking for an opening, and I'm sure she was doing the same. Finally we moved towards each other and clasped each other's hands as our bodies met at chest level. I think Lana intentionally pressed her breasts against me, but that was fine. Still, I couldn't allow myself to get distracted, or I'd be doomed. Luckily the penlight was still in the bedroom, so that distraction was gone for the time being.

We struggled for dominance, pushing at each other's hands, trying to force the other down to the floor. Lana was really strong from weightlifting, and I was having no easy time of it. Thankfully, I worked out with weights, too, so I was able to hold my own against her.

Finally, Lana forced me against the wall, still standing upright with our hands clasped together. I was pinned against the wall as Lana pressed tightly against me.

===== 05 =====

"No way." I sputtered. "Even if it was allowed, you'd never be able to hold me long enough."

"It's no trouble. And, by the way, if you're planning on winning, you'll have to earn it."

'Oh god!' I thought to myself. Is Rob thinking what I think he's thinking? That horny devil!! I kept my face expressionless, just in case. It must be that. No wonder he was so helpless earlier. "Fine with me. How should we start?"

"OK, let's go!"

===== 04 =====

I was glad to be ahead one to nothing. Frankly, I felt a little lucky at being able to turn the first round into a win. I mean, things had been going badly for me most of the round.

But now it was round 2 and I wasn't sure what to do next, starting 'freestyle' and all. It was a lot easier figuring out what to do last round when Rob put the bearhug on me to start. This time I'd just have to grope around for an opening. I watched Rob intently, trying to figure out what he'd do. We circled, eyeing each other warily. Then I realized he didn't know what to do either, so I stepped toward him and extended my hands. He met my challenge as we clasped each other's hands and started to struggle. Rob was plenty strong, and I wasn't sure whether I could best him like this, so I moved in close and swung my boobs into play, pressing against his chest every so often. I could see this was having the desired effect, as I was able to force Rob against the wall. I stood there holding Rob to the wall with my body pressed against his. My hands held his down and my boobs pressed hard against his chest as Rob tried to wriggle free.

===== 05 =====

My head was pressed up against Rob's shoulder tightly as I held him, so I decided to take the opportunity to demoralize him a little. "I think I should pin you right here."

"You should just save yourself the trouble and give up right now."

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched."

===== 06 =====

I pushed back hard at Lana, forcing her to retreat a few steps. I managed to get one foot behind her and trip her. As she tumbled backwards trying to regain her balance, I managed to steer her onto the recliner chair. I pounced on her in the chair and held her down. Lana's hands had gotten free as she fell, but I quickly grabbed her wrists and held them over her head. I couldn't help noticing her chest heaving in and out from the exertion. Lana looked beautiful below me, even though she was mussed up. I pressed against her hard with my chest and held her down tightly. My bare legs brushed against her black, nylon tights, imparting a sensual feeling. I enjoyed myself for a few moments and then decided it was 'payback' time.

===== 07 =====

I whispered in her ear, "I think I should pin you right here. I don't think you can get loose."

"You're a fine one to be quoting the rules. A moment ago you wanted to pin me standing against the wall."

I didn't really want to bend the rules and pin Lana like this anyway. But it was fun to tease her back. "I suppose we could follow the rules. But that doesn't help you much. I don't see how you're going to get free."

===== 08 =====

I had Lana down good, and I couldn't see anyway out of it for her. But how was I going to turn this into a pin. Maybe I could wear her down & then let her up and pin her. Unfortunately, Lana had her own answer to the problem. She was thrashing and bucking wildly, when suddenly the chair toppled over

"I've got you outclassed in every way and you know it."

===== 06 =====

Rob surprised me with the sudden surge of strength. I thought I had him trapped. Maybe the teasing wasn't such a good idea. But then, it had been fun. Rob pushed me backwards and then tripped me into landing in the chair. Now I was trapped and Rob was holding me tight. I could hardly even wriggle around. The sides of the chair were too high to roll sideways and Rob was perched on top of me pressing his chest against mine forcefully. The tables had turned, but strangely, it didn't seem so bad. I hadn't had this much fun in ages, and the prospect of losing didn't really bother me. It was such a turn-on, regardless. But I still wanted to win. Perhaps I could yet turn the tables. 'Hmmm, turn the tables' I thought to myself. Maybe there was a way!

===== 07 =====

"Hey, I thought the rules were '5 second pins - shoulder blades to the floor.'"

"That was then, this is now. I'm all for following the rules at the moment." I gave Rob a big smile, hoping to convince him. Hey, why not use my feminine wiles?

"Just leave that to me. I'm sure I'll think of something."

===== 08 =====

Rob's teasing was a strong motivator. But how would I get loose? I remembered the 'turn the tables' idea – maybe it would work. I thrust my hips upward against Rob and started to bounce around. Yes!! The back of the chair gave way a little, proving that we were in a recliner chair! If I could just get the chair to recline all the

backwards and I went flying, landing near the wall. I was a little dazed & surprised and didn't get up right away - big mistake on my part!

Lana was on me in a flash, sitting on me, holding me facedown to the floor. I twisted around trying to shake her off, but she just secured me even more by twisting my left arm behind my back. When Lana applied pressure to my arm, I knew she was getting into this wrestling thing. The pain was intense, but I wasn't ready to call out the 'Ouch' code word. I could handle this level of pain; at least I thought I could. Occasionally, I caught a look back at Lana, and I saw her smiling devilishly. She seemed to be enjoying my discomfort an awful lot! I'd have to get even somehow! But I knew it wouldn't be any time soon.

The next thing I knew, Lana was yanking my head backwards with one hand, while still keeping me in a hammerlock with her other hand. What the heck?? I was in a Camel Clutch! How did she know to do this? I began to wonder if I'd been set up, but no, Lana had seemed not to know what to do earlier, so maybe she was just a 'natural'. I wasn't sure whether to feel good about that or not.

At least Lana was only applying pressure to my neck with one arm - it could have been much worse! But then she yanked on my arm again for good measure. I was in a real pickle! But at least I wasn't being pinned. I could see Lana's face just inches from my own, observing my predicament with glee. Lana was seriously enjoying herself at my expense.

Inexplicably, Lana released the Camel Clutch and slid over along my side. Then she tried to roll me over, probably hoping for a pin. But I was still in reasonable shape; I had been in a lot of pain, but I wasn't worn out. I jerked my arm free and rolled away from Lana and got to my feet quickly. I didn't want to be trapped down there again!

===== 09 =====

way, maybe I could figure a way out of this mess. I bucked around like a wild bronco and finally the back of the chair went down. As it did, I kicked off from the floor with my feet and shifted my weight towards the back. The chair toppled over backward with both of us in it. Rob flew all the way over the back, landing on his belly face down. I managed to stay in the chair for the most part, and then I rolled to the side to free myself. I pounced on Rob before he could get up, sitting on his butt with my butt. I grabbed one of his arms and pulled it behind him, getting Rob in what I assumed was an armlock. I had turned the tables on him again.

I pressed my advantage and applied pressure to Rob's arm. Listening to him grimace was delightfully wicked. I had no idea this could be so much fun! I decided to step up the punishment a notch and laid forward against Rob's back, still holding him in an armlock with my left hand. Then I reached around his neck and pulled upward on his head, applying as much pressure as I could muster to his neck. This was unlike anything I'd experienced before, having complete control over someone in a fight. It was a real upper, even better than the 'klepto' thing. Plus it was a real sexual turn-on. I hadn't been this horny in ages!

And, I didn't mind the pain thing. I knew Rob would retaliate, and I was glad he was man enough not to squeal 'Ouch'. I was certain I could handle the pain, too, when the time came.

But how was I going to finish him off? He certainly was on the defensive now and probably pretty worn down. Maybe I could just roll him over and pin him. I kept hold of the arm lock & I rolled alongside of Rob, trying to roll him over onto his back. Big mistake! Rob managed to break free and roll away. I should have punished him longer! Instead he was standing a few feet away from me massaging his arm and neck.

===== 09 =====

"What's the matter, can't handle a little pain?"

I was stalling for time, trying work a little life back into my arm. "I can handle anything you can dish out. Wait until you're on the receiving end."

"Just wait. You'll get yours."

===== 10 =====

I wasn't sure what to expect next. I was now in defensive mode, just trying to hold Lana off. Who knew what she would do next? Lana seemed able to improvise as we went. I had seen plenty of wrestling tapes and knew something about wrestling holds, but I had never been in a match before. And Lana was clearly more of a natural wrestler than me. I needed experience, whereas she gained it quickly as we grappled.

Then Lana rushed me, knocking down on the couch. Her legs straddled me at the waist and her breasts loomed large in my face as she held my arms back over my head. The bulge in my shorts grew even larger as we struggled, sometimes rubbing against Lana in the most intimate of ways. I could tell she was hot, too.

Lana was definitely distracted. Her breasts were pressed against my mouth and she was grinding away at my manhood with her womanhood, probably trying to weaken my resolve. As good as this was, I had to fight on. I pushed towards the right and we ended up lying on the couch on our sides, facing each other struggling for the dominant position. Our hands were still locked together, and our legs had become intertwined. We pushed and rocked and rolled around as our waists ground against each other. This was better than anything I had ever experienced and I had to be careful not to 'blow it', so to speak.

After much struggling, I decided I was not going to be able to get on top of Lana while we were on the couch. So, I pushed off hard with my legs, pushing us onto the floor. Lana landed hard, with me on top. I could see she was a little dazed, but I didn't let that stop me.

"You'll have fight better if you expect to do that." Although, the prospect didn't seem all that bad.

===== 10 =====

We stood there facing each other, not bothering to circle this time. The toppled chair was out of the way, but the couch was still available. Plus, Rob's back was towards the couch. I rushed him fast, knocking him onto the couch. Now I had him on the couch the same way he had had me on the chair! I spread-eagled my lags across Rob's waist and held his arms back over his head with my hands. I could feel the bulge in his shorts as we made erotic contact with each other. This was almost too much to bear! Right then and there I decided that Rob & I would be wrestling again soon and in more 'interesting' circumstances.

As delightful as this hold was, I still had the problem of pinning Rob. I wasn't sure what to do next, so I 'lap-danced' him a little more for good measure. Then I put my boobs in his face - maybe a smother would soften him up a bit? Although, Rob being hard felt pretty good. Maybe I should just stay put for now, and 'milk' the situation a little longer..

Before I knew it, Rob had propelled us to the side and was trying to break free. No... he was trying to roll on top of me!! I quickly trapped one of his legs between mine and then concentrated on rolling him onto his back. Unfortunately, that was what he was trying to do to me. We struggled like that face-to-face lying on our sides on the couch, glaring into each other's eyes with determination. Rob still had plenty of fight left in him, but so did I!!

But Rob had the advantage here with his back towards the couch. He pushed off with his body and rolled us off the couch and onto the floor. I was a little stunned as I landed on my back with Rob's full weight on top of me. Now

I slid across her body until I was lying sideways across her chest. I tucked her left arm between my thighs and I grabbed her right arm with both of my hands. Now I had Lana in a solid crossbody pin and I knew she wouldn't get free.

Thank goodness I was able to get this hold on her. Lana was probably the better wrestler, but still, I was on top of her in the dominant position. It felt great! And to feel **her** struggling to get free was a fantastic sensation!

===== 11 =====

"I think I've got you this time! One... two... three... four... five. I win the second round!!!" I was elated, but was careful to not show it too much, not wanting to rub it in.

I didn't want to let her up - it felt too good holding her down. But I rolled off and we got up and went into the kitchen for some brews. This battle couldn't be going better. It was all my fantasies wrapped up into one - well almost anyway. It was too soon to hope for my ultimate fantasy - nude wrestling.

"Oh, just some horny thoughts. Ya know, this match has been a major turn-on." I took another belt from the bottle.

"I know what you mean. It's almost better than sex."

"OK, as in..."

I was in trouble again!

Before I could recover Rob had rolled around and had me in some sort of pin hold. He had one of my arms captured with his hands and the other one trapped between his thighs. A wicked thought crossed my mind, but my hand was trapped too tightly to act on it. Rob's chest pressed down hard against my boobs as he held me down. I was really trapped, and you know, it didn't feel all that bad. In fact, it was nearly as fun as winning. I wriggled around some more, but I could see it was all over for me this round. At least there was one more round to go.

===== 11 =====

"Yeah, you win this round. But there's still one more to go. Why don't you let me up and we can have another one of those green beers before round three?"

"Hey bub, whatcha thinkin' about so hard?"

"You're not the only one. While we were fighting, it was all I could do not to rip the clothes right off your body."

"Yeah, I know. But before we go further in that direction, maybe we should change the subject."

"My klepto thing. You know, the 'high' I get from wrestling is better than anything I've gotten from my little klepto thefts. Maybe we could wrestle once in a while, and maybe that would keep me from stealing."

"Sort of community service work on my part, you know, protecting society and all." With that Lana pounded me hard on the arm.

"OK then - in the bedroom on my king sized bed."

"I think I'm a bit overheated myself!" Jeez, I almost had a heart attack when Lana unbuttoned her leotard. She wasn't wearing any underpants!! Lana had definitely been telling the truth when she said 'I'm not inhibited in any way.' But, then just as quickly, Lana refastened the leotard. I had to do something. "I think I need to cool off, too," and I slipped my shirt off over my head and tossed it aside.

"We have to fight on the bed. If either of us falls off, we have to break & re-start again on the bed. And no standing up - only kneeling while on the bed."

"You smart ass. Come on, finish that beer so I can whip your sorry butt." I chugged the last of my beer and eyed Rob. "OK. I picked the setting for the second round. You pick the scene of your doom this time."

"I'm not sure I'm ready to get into bed with you", I teased, "but seeing as we're going to be fighting, I suppose it'll be alright." We walked back toward the bedroom with Rob behind me. I made sure my hips swayed just right as I walked. I turned on a lamp by the bed as Rob closed the door. It was the only light in the room. Rob was on the opposite side of the bed and we both stood there staring at each other. I reached between my thighs and unsnapped my leotard. I slid out of my black tights and then snapped the leotard back together again. "I was getting too hot in those things." was all I said. The look on Rob's face was worth a million bucks. I think he almost fainted.

The sight of those washboard abs was enough to drive me to distraction. And the 'V' shape of his torso looked real good. His chest was pretty hairy, and for some reason, this made me want to beat him all the more. Dominating a 'real' man would be exciting! This was shaping up to be an interesting fight, especially with so much more bare skin exposed now. "OK, how do you want to do this?"

"Sounds good to me."

From opposite sides of the bed, we crawled on our hands and knees towards the center area. I noticed Lana staring at my chest, and I liked it, so I stared right back at her chest. Our eyes met, and she broke out in a wide smile. But it was just a distraction as Lana lunged forward, knocked me to the side, and quickly put me in a headlock. My back was toward the bed as she held my face against her breast, applying pressure to my neck and head. Where did this hold come from? I guess Lana was just a natural wrestler.

I could see Lana's strategy was to wear me down. And there was little else I could do but struggle to free myself. I knew my best hope was to push her arms up over my head, but that was easier said than done. I twisted my body back and forth as I struggled against the pressure of the headlock. I could feel her arms inch upwards once in a while as I pushed, only to have them slide back down around my neck again. I think Lana's arms must finally have cramped up or something because I finally succeeded in freeing myself. Lana took her time clearing the area, so I quickly grabbed her from behind with an arm bar on her left arm and a half nelson around her right arm to the neck. Now I had the advantage, and a big one at that!

I could see the hold was taking a lot out of Lana, but I was kind of beat up, myself. Once in a while I'd see our reflection in the full-length mirror on the wall. Lana's expression has haggard, but determined. And, what a display of beautiful woman I was seeing. Lana's incredible figure was outlined for me in the mirror! I was turned on like never before! Plus, I had her in big trouble. Maybe I could win this match after all.

Lana must have been getting desperate because she started bucking around like a wild bronco. It was all I could do keep the holds on her, and then we tumbled off the bed, hitting the floor hard. I was a little stunned, but I think Lana was, too. With both of us in such a weakened

I 'sauntered' onto the bed, trying my best to draw Rob's rapt attention. I leaned forward, making sure plenty of cleavage was showing. At the same time, I eyed Rob, looking him over from top to bottom, lingering for a moment on his abs and chest. I was going to enjoy destroying him! I made the first move, jumping at Rob and knocking him onto his back. I reached around his neck, trapping him with my arm. I locked my hands together and applied pressure. I pressed my right boob against his face for good measure. Rob was in for a rough ride!

I held Rob like this for a few minutes as he struggled to get free. This was fine with me. The more he struggled, the weaker he'd get, and the easier it would be for me to beat him. Finally though, Rob managed to push my arms up and over his head, and twisted free. I was confident that he would be a pushover from here on. I moved away slowly, getting ready to face Rob in the center again. Unfortunately, Rob had other ideas. Instantly, he was on me from behind, trapping one arm behind my back, and then trapping my arm and neck in some sort of lock. I filed away a quick thought, vowing to learn more about this hold later! In the meantime, how was I going to get free?

I panicked for a moment, losing my confidence, wondering whether I could still beat Rob. The pressure was intense and I was almost ready for our agreed upon codeword, but I didn't want to wimp out. Regrettably, Rob was still kneeling behind me, keeping me in that awful hold. I had to get free!

I could see Rob's smug expression in the mirror. I'd wipe that smirk off his face one way or another! I thumped & thrashed as best I could, and managed to knock us off the bed. We landed with a hard thunk, but at least I was free, though a bit stunned. By the rules of the match, we had to break all holds and restart. At least Rob looked to be in no better shape than me.

state, this was shaping up to be a real fight to the finish.

Lana walked / staggered over to the opposite side of the bed clearly taking her time. I was glad for the moment's respite.

===== 13 =====

"Pretty intense ..."

"You're pretty tough yourself, although I always imagined you would be." Oops, I slipped up. I hadn't planned on letting Lana know about my fantasy battles with her - at least not yet.

"Yeah, so what of it?"

"About like you're doing now."

"You usually won - maybe 2/3 of the time."

"Maybe it was only 1/3," I sniped back.

===== 14 =====

Lana slowly climbed back onto the bed on her knees. I did the same and we moved towards each other to finish our wrestling battle. I knew it wouldn't be easy, but the intensity with which Lana attacked me was amazing. We grabbed at each other, struggling on our knees in the middle of the bed. The bulge in my shorts was larger than ever, my manhood threatening to peak out from under the waistband of my shorts. I wasn't too worried though, because Lana's female scent was heavy in the air. Like I said, 'almost better than sex!' But I couldn't fold now. I had to persevere!

Finally, Lana forced me down, managing to get me a head scissors. Things looked bad! I wasn't sure how to get out of this hold, which seemed to come so naturally to Lana. I couldn't see much, except the view of Lana's crotch just inches away, and those three little snaps on the underside of her leotard. I imagined them popping open, but no such luck for me. I groped around with my hand, trying to push

I needed a moment to catch my breath, so I slowly walked over to the other side of the bed. Rob was breathing deeply, too. We were both beat up pretty good.

===== 13 =====

"Yeah, you got that right. You're tougher than I thought."

"So, you've been fantasizing about wrestling me. Is that right??"

"I'm flattered, that's all. How'd I do?"

"Win or lose??"

"Only 2/3 of the time? I would've thought much higher," I teased.

===== 14 =====

I climbed onto the bed, feeling a bit more energized, eager to take Rob down and beat him. We clinched in the middle, clawing at each other, looking for an advantage. I liked the feel of Rob's naked chest against me as we struggled. His hot, panting breath was against my ear - we were that close together! Even the smell of his sweat was intoxicating, and I noticed that I was turned on more than ever before. But I couldn't let my fantasies sidetrack me from my goal. I renewed my vow to dominate Rob in this final round.

At this point, I could tell that I had more energy than Rob. I pushed him over and got my thighs around his neck, squeezing hard. I wanted to finish off his resistance here, and then roll him over for the pin. I squeezed harder and harder, and I could see Rob was desperate. He flailed around with his arm, even managing to attack my left boob. I let him go for a moment because I liked the contact, and, he was too weak to do any harm anyway. As I

Lana away, surprising myself by grabbing one of her breasts. I squeezed hard, but wasn't very effective. Lana just grabbed my hand away and scolded me a little.

I was pretty out of it and knew I was about to lose. I had no energy to continue. Lana had all but won, and she knew it. But that was fine with me. She had made my wildest fantasies come true, and for that I felt like the luckiest man alive. Lana released me and forced my back to the mattress. Then she climbed onto me for another schoolgirl pin, moving high on my shoulders. And then her crotch was just inches from my mouth. Her feminine scent was almost overwhelming. I was ready for whatever was next. And then, Lana orgasmed; not just once or twice, but **three** times.

===== 15 =====

"For you, maybe," I replied still thinking about my unsatisfied bulge. "For me it was **almost better than sex.**"

"You know, you could make it all better for me."

"I was afraid of that. Maybe next time." Lana grabbed my arm and helped pull me off the bed. We stood there wrapped in each other's arms, embracing for a moment before parting ways.

"Sure. I'll beat you next time."

"OK, it's a date!"

realized the proximity of Rob's face to my crotch, I felt my temperature shoot up. I was close to orgasm, and there hadn't been any actual sex!

Rob was looking pretty subdued, so I released him momentarily so that I could climb on top. I decided to re-use the same pin from round one. I sat on Rob with my knees over his shoulders. I grabbed his hands in mine and then shoved my crotch down close to Rob's mouth. His eyes grew big, and then Rob seemed to resign himself to his fate. I got real hot at this point, clenched his hands tightly and then let out a few moans, followed by a low scream, and then finally a few whimpers. I hadn't come like that in ages! I just basked in the glow of it all, still holding Rob down, a big Cheshire cat of a smile on my face.

===== 15 =====

"Better than sex is right!!" I exclaimed.

I ignored his obvious 'need', although my need had definitely been satiated, even with my clothes still on! I wasn't ready for outright sex yet, at least not on our first outing. "Oh, by the way, One... two... three... four... five. I win!" as I sat there still on top of Rob.

"Too bad for you that you lost. I think we'll leave it at 'to the victor goes the spoils.'" I climbed up off of Rob, quickly getting off of the bed. It was too dangerous being there with both of us so hot and horny.

"So, you want a rematch?" The thought was already exciting!

"No way. But, give me a chance to study these tapes first. How about in a week, you know, next Friday night?"

And then we kissed long and hard. As we embraced, I realized that this was our first kiss. It couldn't have been better. Finally, after a lengthy clinch, Lana picked up her stuff and slipped out the door. I mused that we'd pretty near had sex before having our first kiss.

When I was sure she was gone, I grabbed a bottle of hand lotion, intending to relieve a certain pressure I was feeling. What a night it had been. I found myself thinking about cat burglars in a whole new way.

=====

The End Of Part One

We kissed passionately, and I started feeling all romantic. I had to get out of there quick before we went further. I couldn't let things go too far on our first date. I chuckled to myself. It was just like me to think of this as a date. But, we had just made a second date, even if it was a rematch.

I grabbed my gloves, tights & penlight from the floor and stuffed them into my fanny pack. I grabbed a few more wrestling tapes and stuffed them in the pack as well. Then I headed for the door. As I left, I turned to look once more at Rob. I felt guilty as I saw the bulge in his pants. He'd have to deal with that on his own tonight. But I knew that very soon things would be different. I smiled brightly as I shut the door behind me, even though I'd much rather have spent the night with Rob. As I walked down the long hallway, I felt myself already anticipating our next wrestling encounter. Things were definitely looking up. At last someone knew about my problem, and I knew that that was fine!

=====

The End Of Part One