

## CatBurglar, Part 2: "Mini-Olympics"

By Gark

### Rob's Story

Now after a few days, I'd had enough time to reflect on that wild Friday night with Lana. Finding out that Lana, the apartment complex's manager, was the cat burglar was pretty weird and all, but the wrestling match with Lana in my apartment was completely bizarre - not that I minded. After all, that was my particular 'need', wrestling with a strong beautiful woman. Although now I felt like it was Lana's need as well. She seemed to be a natural at wrestling, while I was more of a slow learner. But that was OK. I loved a challenge. And, she did seem to be enjoying herself. Why else would she schedule a rematch before leaving? Plus, she took some of my wrestling tapes to study - a very good sign!

I needed a break from these (mostly erotic) thoughts, so I went down to the pool for a few laps. Besides, Lana often frequented the pool at this time of day, and I hadn't seen her since that night. I put on my small, blue Speedo's and headed for the pool. As luck would have it, Lana was already there swimming laps. She was wearing that tiny black bikini I liked so much!

I jumped in and swam alongside her to the opposite end of the pool where we stopped to talk.

===== 01 =====

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

"My ego's intact, but I feel like my body's been put through a wringer."

### Lana's Story

It had been about 40 hours since I left Rob's apartment the other night, but who's counting I told myself, part of me wishing I had stayed the night. But I was an old fashioned girl, or so I told myself, and I didn't sleep with a guy on the first date, if that's what you could call it. The events of that night were unbelievable, and even though I knew that it all had happened, it still seemed kind of dreamlike. Nevertheless, I glanced over at the VCR, verifying the presence of the 4 wrestling tapes that I had 'won' from Rob. I'd viewed each of them once already. In two of the tapes, the action was staged and the men seemed kind of hapless, easily being dominated by the woman. I found the lack of realism uninteresting. But in the two DWW tapes, "Men In Trouble" and, "A Hard Man Is Good To Find", the action was real and the combatants were similarly skilled. This was much more interesting, even somewhat erotic. There was one common theme in Rob's videos though - the women were always topless. Perhaps that would be interesting for our next match, certainly a lot less confining, and, for another thing.....

I'd had enough daydreaming though. This was my normal time for a swim, so I put on my black bikini and headed for the pool. Maybe Rob would be there.

===== 01 =====

I dove in & started swimming laps. It wasn't long before I noticed Rob swimming alongside. We stopped at the far end of the pool for a chat. "So, how are you doing after the other night?"

"Yeah, me too. Wrestling uses a lot of different muscle groups. I'm sore in places I didn't even know I had. But it feels good to swim and loosen up again."

There had been considerable stiffness in one area in particular, but I had the good sense to keep my mouth shut about it. "Yeah, after that Camel Clutch you clamped on me, my neck has been kind of stiff."

"You mean you really don't know??"

I stepped a little closer, managing to get a closer look at her breasts bobbing up and down in the water as I turned my back to her. She pressed herself against my back and then went to work on my stiff neck muscles. Lana's hands felt strong as she kneaded my neck muscles back to life. "The Camel Clutch was when you were sitting on my back, pulling my head & chin back with your arms. Believe me, it's quite painful. I'll have to try it on you sometime."

"You must be a natural wrestler. I already knew all the holds you used against me, but I was able to use only a few against you. And here you come with no knowledge ahead of time, and put me in all sorts of holds."

Oh, she felt good as we embraced! Her legs locked around me, and her breasts pressing against my chest. I had little to say at the moment as my male appendage began to grow.

"What's a Camel Clutch?"

"No, of course not. Now come closer and I'll rub your neck while you tell me all about it."

Rob's neck really was stiff. I couldn't believe I had done that to him. I felt a little guilty, but then I realized Rob was actually praising me. So, maybe a little pain was part of the formula. I started a light chopping action as Rob continued.

I felt a little guilty, but only a little. "Beginners luck, I guess." Rob's neck seemed much better now and I spun him around to face me. I locked my legs around him at the waist and planted a big kiss on his lips. "Maybe you'll do better next time."

"So, where can I learn more about the various holds & their names?" It was then I felt the growing bulge in Rob's little blue swimsuit. But I didn't want to start anything right now, especially with office hours starting soon. I released Rob from my leg lock, but continued standing close to him. "I start work in a half hour," was all I said.

My mind was pretty much elsewhere, but I managed to respond to her question. "There's a few places on the internet with that kind of information. I can email you some of the links later if you want."

"Yeah, it always seems like a race, but undeclared."

"You're on!"

That rat, starting before I was ready! But it was exciting, too. A little impish-type cheating was fair in my book. I pushed off from the wall a moment later in hot pursuit. Lana was doing her usual freestyle swimming, as was I. We were pretty evenly matched, although I felt like I probably was a little faster. But she had a head start, so what now?

I was gaining on Lana, but at what price? If I tired too soon, she'd win for sure. As we approached the end of the first lap, I was still trailing by a 4 or 5 feet. As we reversed direction, I still felt good, so I kept up the elevated effort to catch up as we began the second half of the race.

"OK, I'll give you my address when we get out." I decided to change the subject. Besides, it was getting cold just standing there in the water. "Say, you know how we always seem to be racing each other while we're doing laps?"

"Well, how about a little race right now? Loser buys dinner Tuesday night at a restaurant of the winner's choice. It'll give us a chance to discuss our upcoming match on Friday."

"OK! The first one to complete two full laps, starting ... NOW." I shoved off quickly, leaving Rob behind. I figured a little friendly cheating would be OK.

I caught him off guard, and although I couldn't see him, I could literally feel Rob's presence close behind as I approached the first turnaround. As I turned, I saw Rob approaching, much closer than I had imagined. I gave him a little smile as I dove forward on the next leg.

I was now approaching the  $\frac{3}{4}$  point and Rob was alongside, pretty much even. This was going to be a real race, right to the finish! I made my turn and headed for the finish line, Rob now slightly ahead. I poured on the coals. I wanted to win!

Sure enough, I had pulled out ahead of Lana, but at what cost? I was losing my wind, and tiring badly. But did she have the strength to pass me?

This was the second time that Lana had bested me, but at least she had had to cheat to do it, so I didn't feel bad. We got out of the pool and got our towels and sat down nearby to rest.

"If you always cheat like that, you probably could," I responded slyly.

"Maybe you could, but I'd win more often than you."

"OK, see you then." I watched her very fine ass wiggle as she strode away. Her legs were beautifully long and well toned. Her narrow waist accentuated her shoulder area, yielding a well-sculpted vision from the rear. And, knowing how her breasts jutted out in front made for a real turn-on.

I smiled to myself, satisfied for now. I didn't mind losing and having to buy dinner. It would be great just to go out on an actual date with such a stunning example of womanhood.

===== 02 =====

I picked up Lana at her apartment a few minutes after 7. My heart was thumping with anticipation, but I managed to put on a calm exterior. She showed up at the door wearing black, hip-hugger jeans and an off-white ribbed sweater. I was shocked to see Lana wearing anything but black, but she looked

I wasn't sure I could do it. My body was running out of gas, but I gave it my best. I pulled up as we approached the wall, and managed to touch a moment before Rob. It had been very close. I walked over close to him for a little hug. We were so breathless, that neither of us could talk. He smiled warmly at me and motioned that we should get out of the pool.

"Looks like I won again," rubbing it in just a little. "I could probably beat you at most anything," I teased.

"Sore loser. I could probably win a bunch even without cheating."

"Yeah, yeah," was all I could say. I'd have to think about this some more. "I have to go to work now. Pick me up at 7:00 Tuesday, and bring your wallet."

===== 02 =====

As I waited for Rob to show up, I realized that I was really looking forward to an actual date. My klepto secret had been totally interfering with my social life. I was actually relieved that my deep, dark secret was out, and Rob didn't seem too bothered by it. Plus, I had learned something new - wrestling with Rob was a lot

great. The ribbing of that clingy sweater really accentuated her figure.

Lana wanted to drive and away we went. And, boy did she like to drive fast! I had no idea where we were going, but we were getting there fast! After a few minutes, we pulled into a very nice Chinese restaurant. Did she know me that well?

===== 03 =====

As we walked into the place, I quizzed her about her selection. "Nice choice! Chinese cooking is my favorite. How did you know?"

"So, you must be a fan, too."

"I can manage a few dishes, myself. We'll have to give it a try sometime."

As the hostess led us to our table, I couldn't take my eyes off of Lana's sweater. Her breasts seemed to shimmy back & forth as she walked. Jeez, what a body!

"On Sunday, you were saying you could beat me at most anything. Do you still feel that way?"

"For instance..."

"Ah, no way - not at all of those things. Heck, I almost beat you at swimming even though you started with a big lead. And certainly not weightlifting, or whatever."

"Sure, what did you have in mind?"

of fun!! And, I wanted to talk with him about our upcoming match on Friday.

The doorbell sounded and I let Rob in for a moment while I got my purse. He was wearing blue jeans and a knit shirt. The shirt looked like it had been made just for him, closely following the taper from his waist to shoulders. We headed out the door and into my car.

===== 03 =====

"After enough Friday night visits to your apartment, it wasn't hard. There were all those Chinese take-out cartons sitting around, and the smell of ginger-spice was always strong in the air."

"Oh yeah, I can even cook a few Chinese dishes, too, though its mostly stir-fry."

Something else in common... hmmm. But then the hostess broke my train of thought and led us to a nice table with a beautiful view of a nearby lake.

We took a few minutes to peruse the menu and place our order. Afterwards, Rob began to quiz me.

"Oh, I was just teasing, but I bet I could beat you at quite a few things."

"Racquetball, basketball, sit-ups, pushups, swimming, arm wrestling or any other kind of wrestling, maybe even weightlifting."

"So, you want a chance to prove it??"

"Why not? Could be fun. But how, or better where, are we going to do this?"

===== 04 =====

The food arrived and our conversation shifted to small talk. But the thought of the mini-Olympics kept coming to mind. Just what kind of events would Lana choose? And where would we have the contest? After all, I figured we'd need some privacy, at least for the wrestling part.

The evening continued well, and I discovered that we had a fair number of things in common. And Lana was very intelligent, more so than I had realized. That meant a lot to me. My previous relationships had always withered, unless the woman was fairly bright. We talked endlessly, but finally it was time to leave.

I walked Lana to her apartment and we had a major kiss with grope, her body firmly pressed against mine. I hoped that this might be my lucky night.

===== 05 =====

"Yeah, yeah. But you know you want it, too." She put too much into that kiss to be thinking otherwise.

"Yeah, OK. But don't make me wait too long. That would be too cruel."

"We could have kind of a mini-Olympics - maybe 4 events or so, and then a wrestling match as the final event."

"I have an idea. Let me work on it a little and I'll let you know."

===== 04 =====

The plan was coming together nicely. I knew I had him now. Boy would he be in for a surprise Friday night!!

We sat there long after the meal was finished, just talking. I felt like I'd known Rob for years. Sure, we had talked on and off for some time, but I had kept my distance before, and never let the conversation progress very far. Now it was different. I could let my guard down finally and let someone inside my head. What a relief! And, it didn't hurt that Rob was a gorgeous hunk. I was beginning to daydream about Friday night, but then the waiter came by saying they would be closing soon. We grabbed our stuff and left.

At the door to my apartment, I kissed him hard and our tongues danced around each other fiercely, almost like tongue wrestling. I so wanted to invite him in -- but not quite yet.

===== 05 =====

"Whoa, slow down there motormouth. I didn't mean to start your engine." But inside I knew that I had meant to do just that. I didn't believe in teasing, at least not without eventually delivering the goods, so to speak. But then I noticed my own 'motor' had started, too.

"Sorry, but I need to wait a little longer. It's been a while since I've been with a man and I just want to be sure. You know, I practically haven't dated since this klepto thing started."

"OK, it's a deal." I decided to change the subject. "So, as for Friday night, why don't you come over around 7:00? I'll have figured something out by then."

"It's a date, see you then!"

Now I was really intrigued, but I tried to act non-plussed, only saying "OK".

===== 06 =====

The next few days seemed to drag on forever as I waited for Friday night to arrive. My curiosity was getting the better of me. Just what was Lana planning? The anticipation was a killer.

I went down to the pool a few times, as much for practice as it was scouting for Lana. I never managed to bump into her though. However, on Thursday night, there was a sign leading to the recreation area that read 'Pool and Exercise Room Closed Friday Night For Maintenance'. I was a little surprised that it wasn't scheduled on the usual Sunday night, but then I quickly realized that this must be Lana's plan. We could have our mini-Olympics with complete privacy. At least I knew a portion of what was to be.

===== 07 =====

Finally Friday night rolled around. I put my blue Speedos and a towel into my duffel bag, walked over to Lana's apartment and rang the bell. She opened the door right away, carrying a duffel bag of her own.

It sounded like I was in for a battle, but that was what I wanted. And, I was determined to avenge my honor and beat her tonight. "Yeah, I figured that was the plan -- good idea! I'm looking forward to beating you, you know."

"So," I said with anticipation, "what's the first event?"

"Just in case, bring along those little blue Speedos."

===== 06 =====

I wasn't quite sure what I wanted to do for our mini-Olympics, but I knew it involved the swimming pool and exercise room. How could we get the place all to ourselves? It would be necessary for what I had planned.

I thought we should have another pool race. And, the adjoining exercise room had an extra large mat, perfect for our wrestling finale. So, I had worked out the first event & the final event, but what events should be in-between? And, how many events? I didn't want to take too much time before wrestling, but I also wanted to really test ourselves against each other. I wanted a strong guy, but I also liked the idea of dominating my man. Could I have it both ways? I decided to think that one over for a while.

===== 07 =====

"You probably saw the sign I put on the door downstairs. We can have the place to ourselves and really have it out."

"I know you are, but that isn't going to help any. I'm determined to have you at my mercy." And, just like that we were entering the pool area. I glanced around making sure no one saw us enter, and then locked the door afterwards. I had pulled down the shades on the windows earlier in the day so no one could see in. We would have complete privacy!

"We'll try a swimming race first. Let's get into

Whoa!! I had forgotten how uninhibited Lana could be. "OK, here I go," I replied as I opened my duffel bag and pulled out my stuff. Apparently Lana thought nothing of us stripping in front of each other, even though we had never seen the other naked before. As I watched her undress, I realized that Lana was watching me very closely, too. So, this had meaning for Lana, as well.

My heart skipped a beat as I watched her undress. Her breasts looked enormous as she stooped down to slip off her panties. Her nipples were pink and erect. And her dark brown pubic hair was neatly manicured. And, then she couldn't find her bikini top. I knew what was going on, but I played along for fun. "Gee, that's too bad! What'll you do now?"

"Yeah, sure, OK. I suppose that's what you'll have to do." But inside of me, there was a growing disparity. How would I ever win any of the events with those two luscious breasts staring at me all the time?

our suits.' I started to open my duffel bag, then glanced over at Rob, who seemed to be hesitating. "Go ahead, no one's going to see us." I looked square at him as he began to undress. This would be some show, and for both of us, because he sure wasn't taking his eyes off of me, either.

I nearly gasped out loud as Rob slipped out of his undies. Was he ever hung! And this was without being turned on even! At least one question was out of the way now. He pulled on his suit, and the show was over. Now it was my turn. I slipped off my pants and shirt. Then I unsnapped my black, front-loading bra and slipped my black panties down to my ankles, kicking them over to the side. I put on my bikini bottoms and then pretended to rummage around in the duffel bag looking for something, finally saying, "Now where can that top be, I know it's got to be here somewhere."

"I don't know. Say... if its OK with you... maybe I could just go topless?" I put on my most innocent looking smile, flexing my body in a way to accentuate my breasts.

"Fine. Let's get into the pool." We jumped in at the same time. I could see Rob watching me as

My eyes were glued to the two large orbs as they bounced and floated their way into the pool. When we came up, there they were again, facing me, bobbing gently in the water. I was speechless.

"A... yeah... but never ones that large and nicely rounded." Oops, I didn't mean to be so dazed. I shook my head briskly back and forth and continued. "OK, OK. I'm ready now."

"That sounds fair, at least fairer than usual," I replied as we moved toward the pool wall.

===== 08 =====

And away we went. At least with swimming, Lana's breasts were under water where they wouldn't distract me. I poured on the coals and was about 1 length ahead after one lap. The look on her face as we passed going opposite directions was classic - distraught, but determined.

I was ahead by two lengths after the second lap, and I knew I was going to win as I headed into the third lap. As I turned for the final time and headed for the finish, I saw Lana doing the backstroke, her two large breasts jutting out of the water bobbing and swaying as she went.

I broke stride and stopped for a moment. The view was too much to be ignored. I just gaped at her as she made the turn and came back toward me. But then I saw that she had flipped back over and was coming full steam. My distraction had let her back into the race.

I lunged forward trying to establish some momentum, but there she was alongside, neck and neck with me. I swam with all I had, and thankfully it was enough. I beat Lana to the

we did. I had him now!

"OK. Let's get ready for the first event. C'mon, snap out of it. Haven't you ever seen a woman's breasts before?"

Well at least he liked my breasts a lot. That could work to my advantage. "We'll race three full laps, one more than we did last Sunday. I'll even wait this time so we can have a proper start."

"I'll prove that I don't need to cheat to win. Get ready... get set... go!!"

===== 08 =====

This wasn't going according to plan. I hadn't counted on my boobs thrashing around in the water so much, slowing me down. I was much faster when I wore my top. The race wasn't going well for me and Rob had a good lead. But I gave it my all, regardless.

At the end of two laps I could tell that I wasn't going to win, so I tried a new tactic. As Rob reached the turn-around point and headed back towards me, I flipped over onto my back and started doing the backstroke. My breasts were facing upwards, and I was hoping Rob might stop for a look. Then I could try the 'tortoise versus hare' strategy.

It worked! Rob had stopped to watch me as I approached. As I reached the edge of the pool, I turned over and kicked off hard. Maybe I could overtake him now. I swam with renewed vigor, wanting more than anything to win. I pulled alongside Rob at the midway point of the pool, and I thought I would move ahead of him. But it wasn't to be. I saw Rob's strong arms stroking as hard as they could as he pulled away a foot or two before touching the

wall by about a foot. I stood up and looked over at her. I could see she was disappointed, but that was OK. Lana stood up and I saw those breasts again - whoa!! We stepped towards each other, and I put out my hand for a shake, and she brushed it away, preferring to hug and kiss for a time.

===== 09 =====

"Oh, so that's what happened. I was wondering why I got so far ahead. But that was some tactic you used there at the end - it almost worked!"

"So, what's next?" I asked as we stepped out of the pool.

"OK, but don't expect to win. My arms are really strong."

"Well maybe you can show me."

"Why don't I dry off your front, too?" I asked surreptitiously.

I was surprised at the quick OK, but what the heck. I grabbed her towel and started wiping off her smooth, silky skin. And, her breasts were so firm that toweling them off was a lot of fun. OK, so maybe I knew why she agreed, but that didn't stop me from enjoying it.

"OK, OK. I was just making sure you were completely dried off."

I hadn't counted on left-handed arm wrestling. Just how strong was her left arm? I didn't want

finish line. I was bitterly disappointed, but I shook off my sour mood without too much trouble. I stood up and tried to put on a smile as we moved towards each other. Rob seemed to want to shake hands, but I had other plans, putting my arms around him and embracing tightly, pressing my body tightly against him.

===== 09 =====

"Congratulations on the first win. You swam a good race. I didn't count on my boobs slowing me down!"

"Yeah, it was a desperate move that almost did it for me. But now you're ahead one to zero."

"Let's towel off - just leave our swimsuits on. And then we can try some arm wrestling."

"It takes strategy and skill, too, you know."

"Count on it! Hey, why don't you dry off my back for me."

"OK, but do my back first." I had just mentioned strategy, and now I was applying it. Rob would be a pushover after toweling me off, and he had no idea.

"C'mon over to the table here and let's get the show on the road." I motioned to one of the more sturdy tables in the pool area.

We sat down across from each other. "OK, the first contest will be left handed. Then we'll try it again right handed."

to show my concern. "OK, sounds fair to me."

"OK, anytime you want."

Now how was I going to win with those two large boobs staring right at me? But then we started. Lana was much stronger than I thought and I was genuinely having a hard time. I strained against her as hard as I could, but my arm just kept sinking slowly as she overpowered me. I was stunned!

"It ain't over yet!" I grunted between breaths.

"OK, you win! But where did all that strength come from?"

"Yeah, but I do a fair amount of weightlifting myself."

"Now I see. But I'm definitely right handed. I should do better next time."

"Fine." I followed Lana to the exercise room where we lay down on the exercise mat. It was about 10 ft wide by 20 ft long, with the long edge bordering a totally mirrored wall. The mat was plenty big, and the mirror could add a little spice to the contest ahead. My eyes watched her tight ass in the mirror.

"Put out your arm and let's go then." We extended our left arms and clasped hands. And then along the table surface we laid our right arms down flat and grasped hands again below our already clasped left hands. "All set?"

"Just a second while I get myself settled." I purposefully shifted my breasts up and rested them right on the tabletop. "Alright, ready, set go." The battle was on. I knew I had my best chance of winning with my left arm, being ambidextrous and all, but Rob didn't know that.

I had him and he knew it! The look on his face was worth a million bucks. Just a few more inches would do it. "You seem a little surprised."

"But it is, and you know it!" I finished him off, pressing his hand against the table surface.

"Weightlifting helps a lot, you know."

"Oh, did I mention that I'm ambidextrous? And by the way, the score is now one to one."

"Okay, for the right handed arm wrestling, we'll lay down on the mat opposite each other, and then clasp hands."

I especially liked the exercise room with its mirrored wall. It was great for exercise, and

I noticed an ice chest on the floor nearby. "Is that yours?" I questioned.

"How about after arm wrestling?" We were laying face down on the mat as Lana extended her arm towards mine. Our faces were only inches apart, and I knew this time the contest would be more personal as we looked each other in the eyes. At least Lana's breasts were pretty much out of sight this way.

Lana almost had me at first, but I caught her before it was too late. "Not this time!" I gasped as I pressed back for a slight advantage.

I knew I could beat Lana if I just held out against any sudden exertion on her part.

I had to give her credit. She nearly beat me and I felt fortunate to have won. Lana rolled over and headed for the beer cooler. We each had a cold one as we contemplated the next contest. "I believe I'm up, two to one. So, what's next?"

"Such as..."

"Basketball and a 5K run aren't exactly practical given our circumstances."

would be even better for wrestling. I noticed Rob checking me out in the mirror almost immediately.

"Yeah. I stocked it with a six-pack of those green beers you like so much. You want one already?"

"Okay. Ready, set, go!" I pushed real hard, hoping to catch him off guard. But I only gained a couple inches advantage, before Rob responded in kind.

Rob was really strong this way and I had a real contest on my hands, so to speak. "Maybe not, maybe so..." I huffed back at him. I could feel his hot breath as we strained and struggled against each other. I hadn't realized that we would be so close to each other in this sort of match - definitely a more intimate way to arm wrestle.

I was beginning to fade, and I knew Rob would win if I didn't act fast. I pushed as hard as I could, but could only gain the upper hand slightly. I knew it was over now.

"I dunno. There were a few things I was thinking about."

"Oh, sit-ups, pushups, one-on one basketball, 5k run, leg wrestling..."

"Yeah, I know. I had considered starting the

"Maybe next time. So, how do you leg wrestle?"

"It sounds kind of complicated."

"Why do I get the feeling that I'm being set up?"

"Yeah, well next time I get to choose the events."

"OK. OK. But there will be another time one of these days."

"Alright already." I lay down and then Lana laid down next to me on my right, but in the opposite direction. Our elbows were about even with each other.

I locked up with Lana, glancing over, noticing her breasts heaving up and down as she breathed. I had a sinking feeling about this, but what the heck. At least it was only practice.

Before I knew what hit me, Lana had ensnared my leg and rolled me over. "Wow. That was over fast!"

I lay back down again the same way for a right-legged battle. At least this time I knew what to expect as Lana started the count.

mini-Olympics outdoors first before moving inside."

"We lie flat on our backs, facing opposite directions, but side by side. They we lock our inner arms together. I'll say 'Ready, Set, Go'. On 'Set', we'll raise our inner legs straight up. On 'Go', we lock legs, trying to turn the other over, thereby winning."

"It's much easier than it sounds. We can try it both right-legged and left-legged."

"Maybe because you are..."

"If you hadn't noticed, you aren't doing so badly - ahead two to one."

"Promises, promises. Now finish that beer and lie down on your back. We can practice once first." I had had quite a bit of experience at this in my younger days, especially at summer camp with the other girls. But I'd never tried it with a man. Still, I was confident I could beat him.

"OK now. Lock elbows."

"Ready... Set... now raise your right leg straight up... Go!"

"Yeah. That's the way it usually is, although once in a while it takes longer. Now this time it counts. Let's get ready."

"No, that's OK. Might as well get this over with."

"Just being realistic - I can see you have a black belt at leg wrestling, or something."

We got ready, but I knew the outcome was inevitable. Lana started the sequence again.

Like I said... inevitable. "Let's get on to the next event. And, when are we going to wrestle?" I said with a trace of irritation.

"I can take it. I just can't wait to get a hold of you and wrestle you down."

"Yeah. What'll it be this time?"

I felt confident at both, but was a little more worried about Lana's arms after arm wrestling, so I decided to stay away from push-ups. Besides, with her big boobs, she wouldn't have as far to the floor. "I'll choose sit ups."

I lay down on my back and Lana held my ankles in place as the second hand on a nearby wall clock approached the 12, upon which I started.

I was going hard, determined to win & tie the score. But as the minute mark approached, I was beginning to tire. As the clock finished out, I heard Lana say '52'. Was it enough to win?

"Ready... Set... Go!" This time was as easy as the last. I hadn't lost my touch! "I believe we are tied up now at two apiece. You want a breather before we go again with our left legs?"

"Gave up already, eh??"

"OK, left legs this time. You lay down first."

"Ready... Set... Go!" This time was easy, too! "I'm ahead three to two!"

"Can't take the pressure, being behind and all?"

I was getting hot for it, too. "Just one more event, and then we wrestle. OK?"

"You pick - sit ups or push ups?"

"Alright. The contest is to see who can do the most in 60 seconds. I'll hold your feet for you first, and then you hold for me. You must touch your elbow to the opposite knee each time for it to count."

I counted "One... two... three..." Rob was going fast, about one a second! But could he keep it up for a full minute? And could I best him? I knew I was good, but my personal best was about 50.

I huffed and puffed for a minute or two, and then said, "OK, now your turn."

I couldn't understand how someone with such large boobs could go so fast. They were flailing back and forth, to and fro, and it was all I could do to keep the correct count going. It really looked like Lana was going to win. If so, would we still wrestle? I was getting worried, but then Lana started to slow down. As the last 5 seconds approached, Lana was at 50, but fading fast.

'All right!' I said to myself! "The score's tied at three apiece, and wrestling's next!!!"

"Oh yeah, you're going down... and staying there! I am so looking forward to this, wrestling topless with you!"

"Nice effort, very nice effort. That'll be hard to beat."

I lay down and Rob grabbed my ankles. Could I beat 52? The clock ticked down and Rob yelled 'Start! I immediately began thrusting myself upwards, touching an elbow to a knee each time. I was pacing myself, trying for one each second, and I was keeping pace at the 30 second mark. But could I hold out? I never had gone this fast before.

My stomach was on fire & I felt completely winded as the end approached. But this was not to be as Rob called 'time!' soon after counting 51. So be it! We'd settle things by wrestling.

"How about another beer break first?" Rob answered by getting up and bringing over a couple of cold ones. "Feeling lucky tonight? Think you can take me?" I asked with a little attitude.

He was anxious, and so was I. My wind was gradually returning and I'd soon be ready. I drank my beer quickly, not wanting to wait any longer than necessary. I had a little buzz going and I was thinking about seeing Rob fully undressed earlier, and I wanted so badly to wrestle naked with him! I was horny as heck for Rob and I wanted to wrestle him down & dominate him completely! But I put those thoughts aside telling myself, 'wait until next time... be sure he's the one...' I shook off my stupor and finished my challenge. "This will be a one round submissions only match with no

'Yeargh' I said to myself. "You're on!!" I slammed down the rest of the brewski as did Lana. I watched as she moved out onto the mat, her breasts swaying slightly as she walked.

===== 10 =====

Lana's breasts glistened with sweat, and her female scent was heavy in the air as we approached each other to lock up. It would be a hard battle with no pause until one of us surrendered to the other. And after the earlier loss to Lana, I was very, very determined to win, ultimately forcing her to submit to my manhood!!

We locked up arm to shoulder, jockeying for position all around the mat. Her boobs were flailing around wildly as we shifted around trying to unbalance the other. I saw my chance as we maneuvered near the mirrored wall. I broke free momentarily, pushing Lana back against the wall, and then rushed forward, smashing into her face-to-face, pancaking her large breasts flat against my chest. I grabbed Lana's hands and held them against the wall, too.

She struggled against the pressure I was applying, but I was determined to hold her here. Lana didn't seem quite as strong as the last time we fought.

Lana tried to trip me to the floor, so I had to back off a step. The view from here was spectacular as Lana gulped in deep breaths as she struggled to get loose. Her impressive breasts heaved in and out mightily and I was having trouble thinking about anything else.

Suddenly I felt a foot against my stomach, propelling me backwards. I stumbled and fell to the mat. I knew Lana would be coming at me quick & I reacted instinctively, rolling to the side. I heard a loud thump and saw Lana

resting - we'll fight to the finish!"

I watched the bulge in Rob's Speedo's as he approached, and wasn't so certain I'd made the right choice. Maybe naked wrestling would have been better.

===== 10 =====

It would be an intimate battle between us, a decisive competition between the two sexes. And, I wanted so much to best him. We circled each other slowly. Rob looked very intent, obviously keenly interested in defeating me. But I wouldn't let that happen. I would win this battle of the sexes and dominate him completely!!

As we jostled each other around, my mind was still dwelling on the bulge in Rob's Speedo's. So it shouldn't have been any surprise when Rob slammed me against the wall, knocking the wind out of me somewhat. I guess I hadn't fully recovered from the sit-ups. I was weak as a lamb as Rob had his way with me, pressing his chest against me ever harder, making it hard to regain my wind.

My boobs were squashed flat, but that was no problem. In fact, it felt kind of good as we squirmed our sweaty bodies against each other. I wrapped a leg around one of Rob's and tried to unbalance him, but he was determined to keep me trapped, moving away a little and freeing his leg.

At least he was off my chest now and my breath was coming back a little. I pressed back against his hands, which were holding mine to the wall. I could see Rob ogling my boobs as I strained to get free. Now was my chance. I raised my right foot, not really kicking, but connecting with Rob's stomach, and pushed him away hard.

Rob tripped and fell down to the mat on his back. I moved in quickly and leaped at him,

lying face down just a few inches away. I jumped onto her back and sat on her ass. It felt full and firm at the same time as I rested there for a moment. Lana tried to get away by twisting to the side. But then I grabbed her arms and pulled back, putting her in a painful surfboard hold. I glanced over at the mirror as I pulled Lana's arms back. Our sides were to the mirror, and I could see her breasts lift off the mat as I applied pressure. If only there had been a camera!

I had control now, and Lana wouldn't easily escape. I applied pressure to the hold periodically before easing off. I felt this would be more effective than continuous pressure. Each time I applied pressure, I swung Lana around a little more, so that eventually we faced the mirror. This was a great position! I could see Lana grimacing against the pressure, and those huge breasts were just flopping around helplessly. Even though we had barely begun, I decided to ask for her submission.

===== 11 =====

I pulled back hard on her arms. "Ready to submit?"

"C'mon, you know you want to."

"Maybe this will help you decide." I yanked back even harder. Lana's breasts shimmied from side-to-side in the mirror.

===== 12 =====

I decided more drastic action was needed. I released Lana's arms and slipped down onto her back, intending to apply a Camel Clutch. But Lana had other ideas. As I reached towards her chin, Lana bucked like a bronco and knocked me up over her head. I hit the mat with a surprising thud and I heard her behind me, scrambling towards me on all fours, hoping to take advantage. All I could do was roll to the side hoping to evade.

Lana slammed into me, but not as hard as I

but he was too quick and rolled away before I landed. I hit the mat hard, again losing my breath. I was weak as a lamb again, and I could feel Rob climbing onto my back and grabbing my arms. How could this be happening?

My breath and my strength were returning slowly, but it didn't do me any good trapped in this hold. My somewhat confused mind recalled the name of the hold - surfboard, I think. 'Aaarrggghhh', Rob was pulling again. How would I escape from this hold? Then he released. Either he was being nice, or he couldn't apply pressure for long at a time. I suspected the latter as I remembered the determined look in his eyes.

I could now see myself in the mirror as Rob applied pressure from time to time. And, I could see Rob tugging at my arms. He looked handsome in an odd sort of way, muscles flexing and all, as he besieged my body relentlessly.

===== 11 =====

I so wanted to submit, but I couldn't give up so early in the match. He'd think I was a wuss. "Uumpphh, no way!" was all I managed to spit out.

"No... no way!!" I stammered.

===== 12 =====

The pressure was nearly unbearable as Rob poured it on, yanking my arms back again and again. And then, it was over, at least for the moment. I felt Rob lean forward, his arms coming forward around my head. Maybe he wanted to get even for the Camel Clutch I used on him last time. I bucked upward, knocking Rob forward to the mat beyond my head. Now it was my turn!

But I was too spent to take advantage quickly enough. Rob had started to roll over and get up

expected. Her breasts bounced and shimmed as we made contact, and soon we were wrapped up in each other as tight as a pretzel. The body contact was intense as we rolled around the mat. Lana didn't seem so strong anymore, perhaps from all the contests we had been through. Our sweaty bodies clung against each other as we struggled. My hard rod kept slamming against her vulva as we fought. Lana's female scent became even stronger as we continued to fight. But I could tell she was weakening and would soon be mine. Finally, I pried myself loose, intending to try some sort of submission hold on her.

I got to my feet quickly, but Lana was slow, I waited for her to get up and we circled slowly. The sweat was glistening from our bodies as we sized each other up for what must be the final showdown. The overhead light reflected off her glistening breasts, and I was determined to have another grab at those magnificent orbs before finishing her off.

Lana made the first move, 'rushing' me. But it was almost like slow motion. I grabbed her arm and spun her around. Then I grabbed Lana in a reverse bear hug, locked right on top of those glistening, almost glowing, orbs. I squeezed hard, taking her breath away in an instant. I kept the pressure on, enjoying myself immensely. But I still needed to make her submit, and I didn't think this would do it. So I slipped Lana into a full nelson and bore down on her with heavy pressure. Maybe this would finish her off.

I maneuvered Lana around until we were facing the mirrored wall. Her arms were extended above her head and I had a magnificent, unimpeded view of those large, jutting breasts. I saw that Lana watched in the mirror as well.

===== 13 =====

"Ready to submit? C'mon... just say 'uncle'".

as I smacked into him. We landed back on the mat, hand-to-hand, face-to-face, chest-to-chest and crotch-to-crotch, legs intertwined as we rolled around the mat trying to subdue each other. I was still weak, and the closeness of his body was extremely distracting. The bulge in his Speedos ground against my own swollen mound as we rolled to and fro. At one point, I thought I had him, but Rob knocked me aside before I could secure a hold. The ease with which he escaped unnerved me more than a little, and I realized I was desperately worn down.

I 'jumped' to my feet, but I was lethargic. I tried to clinch against him like boxers sometimes do, a delaying tactic to be sure, but Rob spun me around. In an instant, he had me in a reverse bear hug, squashing my boobs flat with incredible pressure from his arms. I flailed and kicked out, but nothing worked. I was trapped and Rob knew it.

I had little strength in reserve, and that was fading fast as Rob poured on the pressure. I kicked and flailed, which did little good, depleting me even faster. But I'd be damned before I submitted from a "boob-lock". I quit struggling, hoping to regain some measure of strength. But it was no use. I could barely breathe from all the pressure. And then, the pressure on my boobs released, but just as quickly my arms were straight up in the air and there was an intense pressure on the back of my neck. Rob had me in a full nelson!!

I knew there was no escape now. I was too tired to break free. Rob pointed us towards the mirror and I could see him admiring the view. I could feel his pecker pressed against my behind and I was horny as hell. I'd let him have whatever he wanted tonight. I smiled at him briefly.

===== 13 =====

"Yeah, yeah. I submit," I said rather quickly, just wanting to get on with the good part - the part where we take off our clothes and make mad passionate love. I was ready as I'd ever

"Just hold that thought for a minute." I pushed her forward, releasing her neck, but pancaking her breasts against the mirrored wall.

"Oh, nothing you haven't already done to me." And I began to grind my male member against her rear end. In my current state of arousal, it didn't take long, and I 'exploded' inside my Speedo's.

I released Lana, turned her around and embraced her, whispering, "Last time it was me who was left wanting. This time it's you. Remember what you said...to the victor goes the spoils."

"Yeah, I suppose so. But you deserved it."

"Gonna what?"

"Ummm... yes!!!. Sounds great!"

"You sound serious... even vindictive," I teased, kissing her passionately.

We released each other and slowly put our clothes back on. It was another night I would never forget. I walked Lana to her door, where we embraced once more. "So, any ideas for next time?"

"Yeah, yeah, you know what I mean."

Now I was really curious. "Being..."

been for sex, desperate almost.

I had been expecting to be set free, but instead I was pinned against the wall. "Hey what are you doing?" I asked urgently.

"But what about me? I really wanted it tonight."

No... no... no... I said to myself. But I guess turnabout is fair play. "What a time to get even!!"

"Next time... next time I'm gonna..."

"Next time, you know... next Friday night... we're gonna wrestle... naked!"

"No fooling around... no preliminaries, no other contests. Just one round of straight, naked wrestling!"

I kissed Rob hard on the lips. "Maybe so. You know... now we're even up in wrestling as well as being spurned sexually. The next match should be very interesting."

"Why, isn't naked wrestling enough for you?" I teased.

"Yeah, well. I was considering things as we dressed, recalling one of your wrestling tapes, and figured one thing out."

I nearly jumped out of my pants! "Yesss!!!" was all I could answer.

Smiling deeply, I replied, "I'm all for that!"

"You bet!" And with that, Lana turned and went through the door, leaving me panting in the hallway. I was spent, but I could hardly wait. I walked down the hall, smitten... madly in love. At last, a woman that was perfectly in tune with me.

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**The End Of Part Two**

"We should have a sex fight... you know... where you can only win by making the other person orgasm before you do."

"That pretty much guarantees a sexual encounter. You know... no sexual frustrations for either of us."

"OK. Then we're on for next Friday night."

"Goodnight sweet love" I whispered quietly after the door had closed, not wanting Rob to hear. What had come over me? Had I fallen for this guy? Was fighting with him making me love him? Talk about weird! As I considered this some more, I found my fingers working their way towards my clit. I'd rather it was Rob right now, but this would have to do...

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**The End Of Part Two**