

Swift Finger Style

Joints creaked and muscled groaned as Master Han rose from his sleeping mat. The cool morning air, refreshing and invigorating in his youth, was now a heavy burden. His body wanted to rest and relax in its golden years. But duty and obligation, a life-time of waking at dawn and rising with the sun, kept him from succumbing to those lazy desires.

There were chores to be done, and no-one left to do them but him. And so he did as he always did, rose from his sleeping mat and walked to the kitchens. He started a fire, began filling the old cooking pot with vegetables and fresh spring water.

A few decades ago, the kitchen would have been filled with apprentices and disciples – students come to learn from the dojo's masters. Now it was empty. No students. No other masters. Just Han and the shadows.

Kids these days had no interest in martial arts. They were too busy with technological distractions.

Han shook his head sadly.

One day, he'd pass away. When that happened, there would be no true masters of the dojo's teachings left. The school's secrets and techniques would fade into obscurity, the fighting styles once taught here would disappear from the world.

"Everything changes," Master Han spoke to the empty kitchen, a lesson for shadows and ghosts and lonely old men. "Perhaps this new world we live in has no need for martial arts. Perhaps these kids will be so busy with a life of distractions that they'll never need to fight. Perhaps *I'm* the fool for wanting someone to pass on my knowledge on to."

The silence, as usual, gave no reply.

Han ate in silence, cleaned in silence, walked the empty halls of the dojo in silence.

He stripped out of his sleeping clothes when he got to the changing room, slipped on the traditional white gi of the dojo, donned a long, flowing robe over that – a symbol of his rank.

The clothes were comfortable. Nothing like the tight, restrictive clothing that seemed so popular outside the dojo. Han could move easily, fluidly, even with his old joints and weary muscles. With these clothes, he could flow and weave and dance in a fight, restricted only by his own abilities.

He walked bare-footed to the dojo's central training room – a large room that acted as a bridge between the dojo and the outside world. One could not enter the dojo unless it was through this room. It was a room that, a lifetime ago now, had been filled with students learning the basic forms.

In the centre of the room was a raised platform, a circular arena for sparring.

How long had it been since Han had sparred there?

How long since *anyone* had fought there?

Another sad shake of the head. Han set the thought aside, found a comfortable section of the floor, began his warm-ups.

Hours passed. Morning coming and going, Han going through the motions as he always did. Hungry Spider stance, flowing into Red Boar Fist, into Crow Kick. A hundred different stances with a thousand moves in each. Millennia of martial arts taught to him over most of a lifetime. The aches in his muscles faded, his joints and their pains forgotten.

So caught up in the forms, he almost didn't notice he was no longer alone.

He stopped mid-punch, turned around slowly, examined the newcomer.

A short girl, soft-looking at first glance. Short black hair contrasting with her pale white skin, dark eyes. The same meaningless distractions as all girls her age wore – make-up around the eyes, fake-blush on the cheeks, lipstick. She looked naive, girlish, especially wearing that pink dress.

Master Han was about to dismiss the newcomer entirely as some curious stray

who'd gotten lost. Then he saw her legs – what wasn't hidden by the dress. He saw her arms, the sleek, strong muscles. The calloused hands.

A fighter, there was no doubt about it. A good one, too.

Most untrained fighters believed that more was better – more muscle meant harder hits, meant they were stronger. Not true. All large muscles did was restrict a fighter – prevent them from being able to flow with the fight. Rather than size, it was the skill and leanness of the muscles that mattered.

And, from how this stranger held herself, Han was sure she knew far more than the average girl.

A potential student, after all these years?

"What is your name?" Han asked, taking on the formal tone of a master addressing an apprentice.

The girl bowed her head respectfully.

"Yuri, master," the girl answered humbly.

"For what purpose have you entered this dojo, Yuri?"

The girl's eyes flicked to his, a smile splitting her lips. Not a submissive gesture, as an apprentice would give, but a smile that held a barely-contained eagerness.

"To challenge you to a duel, Master Han."

For the first time in far too long, Han felt a wave of surprise hit him. A challenge? From this little one?

He would have laughed, if not for the disrespect such laughter would mean. No, this girl, this Yuri, was a fighter. She had the body of a fighter, if not the clothes or look of one. If she wished to spar, then spar he would.

"Very well," Han bowed his head. "I accept your challenge."

They circled each other on the platform, eyes locked. The girl's stance was low, defensive. Not perfect, but not bad. A younger Han would have been able to break it with ease, but he was sluggish and weak with age.

He darted forward, thrusting his palm at her shoulder.

The girl didn't try to block. She dodged aside with the speed of youth and the nimbleness of training, landing a soft blow on Han's rib as she danced passed him.

A blow too light to do real damage. It was a message. She was holding back, and she knew he was doing the same. The next time, she'd strike harder.

Interesting girl. If he were twenty years younger...

His eyes glanced down at her body again, slender and athletic and toned. A fighter's body.

Youth had taught him many lessons about women. The girls at the dojo, he'd learned, were always the best in bed. All that energy, all that training, made their bodies resilient and tough, able to take everything he'd had to give. They had the leanest bodies, could keep going for hours and hours. Were more than willing to get a little rough.

Concentrate, he scolded himself.

This was a formal challenge. Not a place for memories and daydreams. His pride was on the line, as was the pride of the dojo and its styles. Getting distracted was not an option.

Still, it was not easy to maintain concentration.

It'd been too long since he'd sparred with someone, too long since he'd been faced against a pretty girl. He was rusty, and he was sexually deprived. Those two things together kept him from the state of total focus that had once come so easily.

Yuri was fast, agile. She dodged all his attacks with ease.

With any martial art, there was the 'ultimate balance'. In the moments before attacking, you gave yourself away. Pull your arm back, fist clenched, and you tell your foe that you're about to swing a punch their way. Bend your knee and brace your leg, and you

announced your intention to launch a kick. In order to deliver a powerful blow, you needed to tense the muscles for the attack, and that gave away your plans. The stronger the blow you wanted to use, the more you gave yourself away before even swinging. Attack swiftly, without tensing in preparation, and the blow you'd deliver would be too weak to do any damage. The 'ultimate balance' was the balance between speed and strength.

If Han attacked with full strength, he'd never land a blow. Not against this young, nimble opponent. But neither could he attack with just speed – he wouldn't be able to do enough damage to end the match.

His body was too old, too weak, to keep up with this youth's.

Of course, he reminded himself, there was *that*.

The secret martial art of his dojo.

He launched a volley of powerful blows, all easily avoided by the pretty young girl. As she danced aside, her small breasts jiggled, the straps of her dress sliding further down her shoulders. It didn't look like she was wearing a bra.

The martial artist's conundrum. Strength or speed. Most forms of martial arts sought to address the issue – blending strength and speed into elaborate attack patterns. They sought to find a fighting style of 'ultimate balance'.

This dojo, its founder, had another idea.

Han shot forward, arms and legs relaxed. No powerful attack planned. The speed caught Yuri off-guard, too fast for her to block or dodge.

Middle finger, index finger, thumb. All three pressed tightly together jabbed into Yuri's shoulder.

Not a powerful blow. Barely even enough to notice. A bee's sting packed more of a punch, a gentle tap on the shoulder would inflict more physical damage than a jab from the Swift Finger Style martial art.

As Han jumped back, out of Yuri's reach, he stared at her intently.

A faint blush had appeared on the girl's cheeks, her body seeming more tense than a moment before to Han's trained eyes. The most noticeable difference, however, was the girl's dress. Or, more accurately, her nipples. They were hard, painfully so by the look of them. A pale pink blush flowed over her chest from the spot Han had jabbed so weakly.

A perfect hit on the pressure point.

Who needed powerful blows when a simple, gentle finger-jab could disable your opponent at will? The dojo's secret martial art, a secret answer to the question of speed, power and balance.

Swift Finger Style – the unbeatable martial art.

Before the girl could react, Han shot forward again, this time using both hands. Perfect hits on two more pressure points. He jumped backwards, watched with keen interest. It'd been years since he'd used *these* techniques.

An unfocussed haze had filled Yuri's eyes. Her body quivered and shook, breasts vibrating with the tiny movements.

The human body had so many pressure points, and each one reacted differently when pinched correctly. There was one that would make a person lose control of their bowels, one in each arm that would disable that arm's muscles, one in the throat that would prevent a person from being able to use their tongue for a few hours.

Han's first attack had triggered upper-body arousal. The second and third had reduced the girl's capacity for thought and caused the muscle-spasms she was now experiencing.

So many spent their lives learning how to break bones and beat opponents, never realising just how frail the human body truly was.

With a few well placed jabs and pinches, a man could break another in unimaginable ways.

Yuri's stance faltered, arms and legs trembling – next to useless now.

He hopped forward, a life-time of practice guiding his fingers to pressure points here and there, shoulders and stomach, sides and thighs. He slid around her, jabbed a few spots in her back.

All the while, Yuri stood there unmoving.

That was the purpose of the first few jabs of the onslaught. Standing paralysis. The last few jabs would release the girl's body, though the pressure-points pinched in between were far more complex than simply freezing and releasing muscles.

Han danced back, the flurry complete.

Yuri trembled for a moment longer, dropped to her knees.

It'd been a long time since he'd used Swift Finger Style for *this*. But, some things a man would never forget. He watched, feeling the erection growing under his robe and gi.

The heat was already taking over the girl's body. Her hands groped at her body, her small breasts and crotch.

She wouldn't be able to resist.

No woman had ever been able to resist.

Yuri grasped herself more desperately, forgetting where she was, what she was doing, that there was someone standing just a few feet away from her. All that mattered was the itch she couldn't scratch, the hunger she couldn't sate.

The light pink blush had gone a deep crimson, eyes fading from haze to desperation. The pressure she was feeling was overwhelming, he knew. Driving her insane with lust – an animal need to be bred.

Han stepped forward, drawing the girl's desperate eyes.

She realised she wasn't alone. That there was someone who could feed her desires, sate her lust.

Yuri pounced, tearing Han's robe open, tugging down his trousers with a crazed wildness. She didn't stop to stare at his cock, didn't waste time with foreplay. Yuri lunged, taking it into her mouth, sucking on it hard, forcing it deep into her throat.

Han looked down at the cute girl, a smile tugging at his lips.

This, he mused, was another reason he missed having apprentices and students. Back in his prime, the dojo had been filled with a delicious picking of pretty girls to *train* with.

The girl choked on his cock, suffocating herself with it. Saliva coated the corners of her mouth, her eyes wild.

Han grabbed her head, dragged it off his cock and pushed her backwards.

Surprise entered the wildness in Yuri's eyes.

She whined, sounding more animal than human. Pleading, begging wordlessly for Han to mount her, to give her what she so desperately needed.

He smiled, tossed his robe aside, stepped forward.

Time to teach his new acolyte her first lesson.

Yuri could feel the heat wearing off. How long had it been? An hour? Two?

She was riding the old master's cock. Bouncing on it, her clothes long since discarded. Eyes closed, she enjoyed the sensation of it, the feel of it pounding at her insides.

The warmth might be fading, but she'd enjoy every ember of that flame for as long as she could.

As the heat faded, aches and sores replaced it.

She could feel each of the spots he'd pinched, every pressure point he'd used to make her lose control. Every one of them stung, a pleasantly hot sensation that only added to the bliss of having a cock inside her.

When it finally finished, the heat all gone, her body more worn out than a full day of intense training, Yuri slumped. She rolled off the master, stared at the ceiling – fought off

the desire to close her eyes and sleep right there on the raised platform.

Beside her, the master chuckled.

"Been too long," he said softly.

Yuri said nothing, her mind focused on the painfully pleasurable spots across her body. The pressure points. Slowly, the sensations were fading in them. She concentrated, memorised where each one was.

The master sat up, snatched his robe from the floor and slipped it on.

"I assume this was enough of a demonstration of this dojo's fighting prowess," the old man began awkwardly. "If you would like to join the dojo as a student then-"

"No thank you," Yuri said quickly. She sprang to her feet, grabbed her dress and quickly put it on.

"B- but," the master stuttered.

Yuri ignored him, walked to the dojo's exit.

So that was the infamous Swift Finger Style? The martial art her mother had told her about, a fighting style that could make women lose all control of themselves. She pressed her index and middle fingers together, added her thumb the same way she'd seen the master do.

The pressure points. That was the key. She recalled the feeling each one had given her when pinched.

Yes, that was it.

With a bit of practice, she could replicate it. Maybe even improve the style.

And she knew just the girl she wanted to try this newfound gift on.

A grin spread Yuri's lips as she walked away from the dusty old dojo.