

The Softball Coach

By Al Harder

I was watching my guys, the best college wrestling team in the northeast, as they worked out in the weight room, when it happened. Sure, maybe we were past our allotted time, but when you bring your school as much acclaim as we did, you expect the other teams to cut you some slack.

But suddenly at the door was the girl's softball team. They'd started to come in when I hurried over. "What do you think you're doing?" I yelled.

"Excuse me, coach, according to the schedule we're supposed to get the weight room now," one of the players replied.

"Well, we're not done yet. You'll just have to wait."

Some of the girls started to grumble, and from the back someone said, "What's the hold up?"

"The wrestling coach says he won't give up the room yet, coach," the girl I'd spoken to replied.

"Oh really? Make a hole -- make it wide!"

The girls moved to either side of the doorway, making room for their coach to approach me. She wasn't exactly what I expected -- about five- three, and dressed as she was in her baggy sweatsuit, she looked pretty skinny. She was new at the school, and I hadn't had a chance to meet her yet.

"Okay, coach," she said, "what's the big idea?"

"We're not finished in here yet. Have your girls come back later."

"First of all," she said, her brown eyes hardening, "we're the WOMEN'S softball team, not the 'girls'. Secondly, your team was supposed to be out of there ten minutes ago."

"Tough shit. We've got the room and we're staying here until we're done."

She shook her head, saying, "I don't know what you think you're pulling, pal, but we're supposed to cooperate. The schedule was drawn up last month. Let's abide by it and not make this an unpleasant encounter, okay?"

"Look, lady, this is the top college wrestling team in the entire northeast. We get a lot of latitude from the administration here because of it. So, we'll use the weight room until we're done, and that's final!"

"I'm not going to stand here and argue all day with you, and I don't want to bring this to the athletic director's attention if I don't have to. You a sporting man?"

"What'd you have in mind?"

"Well, being as you're the wrestling coach, you must be a good wrestler, right? So, we wrestle. If you win, me and my team will back off until you're done, for the rest of the year. If I win, you have to abide by the weight room schedule."

I looked down at her from my six foot one and laughed. "You've got to be kidding. I've got almost a foot on you, and probably outweigh you by ninety or a hundred pounds."

"I don't mind if you don't. Rules are that pins don't count -- submissions only -- and no striking of any kind, no hair pulling, no eye gouging. Sound fair?"

I figured the AD would've backed me up if I told her to go see him, but the notion of putting this cocky little girl on her back and holding her down appealed to me. "Okay, you're on, little girl -- oh sorry, little WOMAN."

Her eyes narrowed. "The name's Coach Keller. Barb Keller."

"All right, Coach Keller. I'm Coach Dan Martin." I held out my hand. "May the best man -- I mean wrestler -- win." She took my hand and squeezed. She had a surprisingly strong grip for such a small girl. "Come on -- the mats are set up right next door."

All the guys on the wrestling team and the girls from the softball team crowded into the small gym we used for wrestling practice. My men lined two sides of the mat, the girls lined the other two sides. I went through some quick stretches, loosening up for the quick win. All I had to do was put this little girl in some hold and put the pressure on until she gave up. I figured it wouldn't take more than five minutes.

Across the mat my opponent was stretching out also, still in her baggy sweats. I had to admit, if we'd met under different circumstances I'd be thinking up ways to get her in the sack. She was damn cute -- button nose, freckles, curly brown hair and all.

When we'd both loosened up for about five minutes, she asked, "You ready, Coach?"

"I was born ready," I replied, to which a number of my guys laughed and called out: "Go get 'er, coach." "Dump 'er on her ass!" "Teach her a lesson, coach!"

The girls responded: "Tie 'im in knots, Barb!" "Make him submit!" "Rip 'im apart, coach!"

I took up a position on one side of the mat, crouched and with arms outstretched. "Hang on a sec," she said. "Let me get outta this sweatsuit." She yanked the baggy pants down past her shoes, then pulled the shirt off over her head. She was in a white leotard that molded itself to her body in a very sensual way. She wasn't quite as skinny as I'd first thought, and she was definitely a female of the species. Her tits were small and well-shaped, and her arm muscles were well-defined. She didn't have a bodybuilder's physique, more like a gymnast or aerobics instructor's.

But it was her legs that really stood out -- literally. Not huge, but exceptionally vascular. It was like a drawing in an anatomy book come to life -- I believed I could see every individual muscle in those legs. I revised my estimate of her weight from one hundred to maybe one-ten -- but I figured I had eighty pounds on her at least.

After tossing the sweats to a corner of the mat, she said, "Ready," and took up a position across the mat from me.

We began circling, closing the distance between each other. I noticed that she seemed totally at home on the mat, and apparently had some wrestling experience. I figured that she'd be quicker than I was, but I might still surprise her with my speed, as I was pretty

fast for a six- one, hundred and ninety pound guy. I knew I was stronger than she was, despite her obvious fitness, and my strategy would be to close with her, get her on the mat and get her in a hold. Then it was just a matter of time until she submitted. But I also knew that her legs could be a tremendous equalizer, and I figured to stay away from them if I could.

She tried to reach in for a single-leg pickup but I put my hands on her shoulders and held her off. As she tried to get close enough to me to grab me, I noticed that she was stronger than I'd thought. The shoulders under my hands were hard with muscle, and I was having a tougher time holding her off than I'd expected.

I leaned my weight on her and pushed her to her hands and knees, then reversed myself so that I was across her back and wrapped my arm under her chin. I heard some of my guys saying, "That's the way, coach!" "Yeah! Rip her head off!"

Surprisingly, she didn't panic. Somehow she grabbed my arm before I had the hold locked in tight and used a judo throw to toss me to the mat. I hit and rolled away, getting to my feet quickly. She'd been about to follow up but thought better of it when I got up so quickly. Her softball players cheered her on: "Nice throw, coach!" "Good move, Barb!"

She moved in on me again, quicker this time, and got inside my guard, picking up an ankle. I wasn't prepared for her strength as she held my leg and drove a shoulder into my belly. I went down on my back and my opponent tried to turn me to my stomach but I was able to wrench my leg away from her surprisingly strong grasp and roll away again. I scrambled up and nodded at her, to which she just smiled faintly.

We came together again, and this time I got the single-leg. It wasn't easy, but I pulled her leg in and put her on her back. Somehow she got her other leg up into my chest and grabbed my head, then flipped me over her head to the mat. I wasn't expecting it and landed hard, momentarily stunned. The woman was atop me in an instant, but I was able to throw her off with little difficulty.

My landing had slowed me, however, and before I could get back up she had a sinewy arm around my neck. It was apparent she really knew her stuff as she locked me into a sleeper hold. I wasn't being choked, but if I wasn't quick I'd be out very soon. Her team was ecstatic: "Way to go coach!" "Yeah! give it to 'im!"

I reached up and grabbed her arm, trying to break the hold. Her forearm and wrist felt like wire cable thinly covered with human flesh. Try as I might, I couldn't break the hold, though I did loosen it enough that the blood kept flowing to my brain. My guys were stunned, but tried to encourage me: "C'mon, coach!" "Get up and kick her ass!" "Don't let 'er beat you!"

I could hear the laughter in her voice as she asked me, "Wanna quit?" I growled in response and rolled to my hands and knees. She wrapped her legs around my body, and I knew I couldn't let her lock that hold in. Getting my legs under me I stood up and forced an arm inside hers, then bent forward and down, dropping to my knees and flipping her over my head to the mat. I took a deep breath and got ready to leap on her, but she wasn't there when I arrived.

She'd been able to roll, so the flip hadn't bothered her, and was on her feet before I landed. She dropped all her weight on my back, and it hurt like hell. Then my carotid arteries were again being crushed between her wiry forearm and surprisingly large bicep. Before she locked it in I twisted and was able to get her off me for a second, but she quickly resumed her attack, this time locking her arms around my middle and trapping my head between her thighs.

One quick jolt from those rock-hard legs and I knew I was in a lot of trouble. It felt like my head was trapped in the jaws of a vise, and someone was turning the handle, tightening those jaws. I immediately got the mother of all headaches, and I wondered if my head was getting flatter or if it was just my imagination.

Thinking that she might let go if she were upside down, I got to my feet. This didn't bring any relief -- quite the contrary, she squeezed my head even more tightly. She constricted her arms also, and I was forced to rethink the power this little dynamo possessed. "Down, boy," she told me, "or I'll really start to squeeze."

That scared me more than a little. "Start to squeeze"? Shit, she was crushing my head as it was. But, incredibly, the pressure on my head and torso increased by the second, and I dropped to my knees from the pain. "That's better," she said. "Anytime you wanna give, just let me know." She gave a wrench and we were on our sides, with her still maintaining the killer headscissors.

Her team was screaming at her to finish me off: "All right Barb! Squeeze the shit outta him." "Yeah! Knock 'im out!"

My team was pleading with me to get free. "C'mon, coach, she's only a GIRL for cryin' out loud!"

I just couldn't give up. Not to this little skinny -- well, not so skinny, there was some quality muscle on her body -- girl. I kicked my legs, trying to get her head, but couldn't do it. I rolled to my back, putting my full weight on her. She grunted a bit but kept up the pressure on my head. Her bear hug on my waist, however, loosened a bit. Quickly I got my arms inside hers and was able to pry her hands apart. Frantically I kicked my legs backwards and into a handstand, popping my head from between her thighs. I did a backward roll and ended up sitting on the mat eight feet away.

"All right coach!" "Yeah -- now show 'er who's boss!"

Unfortunately, I was dizzy and disoriented by the minute or so I'd been between her steely legs. I couldn't react when she attacked. She spun me around so my back was to her and pulled me backwards into her deadly embrace. She secured my arms and locked her hands behind my back, then wrapped those lethal legs around my waist.

My breath left my lungs in an audible wheeze as she crushed my midsection between her iron-hard legs. I was able to watch her thighs grow and bulge as she poured it on, and wondered that I'd ever thought her skinny. I tried to pull my arms free, but she had all the leverage she needed to keep them imprisoned with her own sinewy arms.

Her breath tickled my ear as she whispered, "You ready to quit yet?" I shook my head and she chuckled throatily. "Oh, stubborn, eh? Okay -- I can keep this up for quite a while. Let's see how long you last." Her strength amazed me -- she was really incredibly powerful. I could only get a little air to my lungs -- her python-like thighs rippled as she squeezed and squeezed, sapping my strength until I was helpless. Now only semiconscious, I looked around to see that my guys had left the gym, humiliated at seeing their coach destroyed by a much smaller girl - - woman. The softball team was screaming encouragement to their coach, at least it looked like they were. There was a roaring in my ears that prevented me from hearing much, and my vision was going gray.

She released my arms -- I was too far gone to use them to try to escape anyway -- and grabbed my chin in her strong hands, jerking my head back. At the same time she was pressing in on the sides of my jaw, and I swear I felt the bones bend. I reached up to pull her arms away, but in my weakened state she easily maintained the hold. Again I felt the steely sinews of her forearms and wrists rippling under my hands as she increased my pain.

She relaxed both holds, and I could breathe again! "Ready to quit yet?" she asked. Befuddled, I was a little slow to respond, and she said, "Okay, coach, let's see how you stand up to this one!"

In a flash her legs were around my head again, and she locked them into the classic figure-four. One muscular calf was locked under my chin and the softball-sized muscle it sported was threatening to crush my windpipe. "I know you can't talk very well right now," she told me, "but if you want to give tap my leg three times."

I frantically tapped her thigh before I totally lost consciousness and she loosened the leggy noose around my throat. "Say it," she ordered me. "Say it or I'll put you back in the scissors."

"I - I quit," I managed to rasp, desperate to keep her from locking those deadly legs around me again.

"Say 'Uncle'!" she demanded.

"U-uncle." She laughed and unlocked her legs, then stood up as her team congratulated her. "Nice work, coach!" "Yeah, way to put that guy in his place!" "Atta girl, coach!"

She knelt next to me as I lay on the mat and said, "Nice match, Dan. You lasted longer than most people do."

I was still pretty groggy as I asked, "'Most people'?"

"Yeah. I do this at a club just outside town to make a few extra bucks." She grinned and added, "That's a secret, by the way. If anybody finds out, I'll come looking for you. Okay?"

"Well I'll be damned. A wrestling hustler -- excuse the expression," I added hastily.

She just laughed. "Yeah, like a pool hustler, only a little more painful when you lose." She stood up and offered me a hand to help me to my feet. I wobbled a bit but managed to stay upright, with a little help from her.

"Barb, your women," -- she smiled when I emphasized the word -- "can use the weight room, and my guys will abide by the schedule."

"Terrific -- that's all we wanted, a fair chance."

I held out my hand. "Nice match -- I can't remember when I've enjoyed being beaten more." Another musical laugh from the pixie-like woman and her eyes sparkled as she shook my hand. "Now that preliminaries are out of the way, why don't you come to my office after practice is done? I think we should get to know each other better."

"Okay, Dan, I'll do that." She shook her head. "Damn if I didn't have you figured out all wrong. I figured you were one of those macho types who get pissed off when I beat 'em."

"Well, I don't like getting beat. But I did my best. Now, I'd just like to wipe the slate clean and get to know you. Okay?"

"Fine by me. Later, Dan."

Around five-thirty she banged on the door. "You decent?" she asked.

"Nope. C'mon in." She had the grace to laugh at the old joke. "Want some juice?" I offered, opening my mini-fridge.

"Sure, if you've got apple," she replied, and I tossed her a can. Sweat streamed down her face and darkened the sweatsuit she'd put back on. For a few seconds she held the chilled can against her forehead to cool herself off, then she popped the top and drained it in one long swallow. "Thanks, Dan."

"Have another," I said, tossing her another can. I opened a carton of orange juice for myself and we sat there for a minute or so, just looking at each other.

I shook my head and said, "I'm still stunned at how easy it was for you to beat me. You must've had some wrestling coach."

"I made my high school wrestling team and did okay in the meets," she told me. "Hundred and five pound weight class. But when I got to college they wouldn't let me on the team -- no complaints, the guy in that division was damn good and beat me out fair and square. But I found a guy willing to teach me in my spare time and kept working at it. He kept me at the weights, too, and I just kept getting stronger."

"You go back and try for the team again?"

"Nah. By that time the softball coach and the soccer coach were after me for the women's teams, and I wouldn't have been able to devote enough time to wrestling." She took a sip. "So I lettered in two sports and got my degree and here I am."

I cleared my throat, not sure how to continue. "Ahem. Um, well, you sure can take care of yourself out there. And I --well, um --"

Barb grinned and her eyes sparkled. "You trying to ask me for a date, coach?"

"Well, yeah, coach." We both laughed. "Look, I'm sorry we got off on the wrong foot. My team's so good we've been able to have our way around here for quite a while. I guess it was good for us -- me -- to get taken down a peg. And," I said with a sly smile, "I may ask you to help me coach sometime." She laughed. "And I really like your spirit, and your attitude. So, whaddaya say?"

"What'd you have in mind?"

"I hadn't thought it out that far yet."

She drained the apple juice and said, "Tell you what. I'm working tonight. Why don't you come out and watch? Afterwards we can get a late supper."

I was a little dubious, but also curious to see what Barb did at her second job. "Okay."

"Great! I'll pick you up at seven outside the gym, okay?"

I was there on time -- actually, a little early. Exactly at seven Barb roared up in a ticket-me-red Ford AC Cobra. I raised my eyebrows as I got in. "Pretty slick wheels for a teacher," I told her.

"My second income is pretty good," she laughed. "You might want to buckle up." I did and she took off, the acceleration slamming me back in my seat as she took the car up through the gears. The wind and engine were too loud for any kind of conversation, so I contented myself with watching her drive. Sinews rippled in her arms and legs as she shifted up and down, keeping the car going at the limits of adhesion. She was dressed in a white sleeveless silk blouse, red leather miniskirt, and shiny black boots. I admired the way she looked in the outfit as she roared her way through the small college town and into the country.

After about thirty minutes she pulled up in front of a nondescript building. A dim neon sign proclaimed that the place was called "Angel's". Barb brought the car to a halt with a squeal of brakes and leaped out, tossing the keys to a kid. "Careful with it, Billy, or I'll come looking for you," she told him, making him laugh. I followed her through the door.

There was a woman taking admission fees just inside the door. "He's with me," Barb told her, and I got into the club without paying. Barb opened an inner door and led me to a seat.

I don't know what I was expecting, but it wasn't this. There were tiers of tables around three sides of a regulation wrestling ring. The fourth side of the ring was against a wall. The wall was broken by two curtained doorways, which I figured was where the wrestlers would come from. Some of the tables were large and had up to eight padded chairs around them, others were smaller and had room for only two. Most of the tables were full of people, divided almost equally between men and women. One row of tables near the ring was apparently set aside for the wrestlers and their guests, because Barb led me there without hesitation and appropriated two seats at a table for eight.

There were three other people at the table, two women and a man. "Angel," Barb said, and a woman with long blonde hair looked up, "this is Dan," Barb said by way of introduction. "Dan, Angel owns and runs this place."

Angel's long, platinum hair stirred as she held out a large, callused hand for me to shake. "Pleasure," she muttered.

"Angel's not much for conversation," Barb said with a laugh. "This is Lily," she added, introducing the other woman at the table.

Lily was a tall black haired woman, dressed all in black leather, from the vest that showed off her brawny arms and barely contained her breasts (one of which was adorned with a tattoo of some sort), to the miniskirt that revealed long, muscular legs, and finally to the knee-high black boots with five inch heels. She stood up, standing at least six inches taller than me in her heels, and took my hand in a firm grip. "Hi Dan," she said. "This is Paul," she added, indicating the man at her side. "Paul, this is Barb and Dan." Lily smiled at me and told Barb, "He's scrumptious, darling. Just scrumptious."

Barb took my arm -- rather possessively, I thought -- and said, "Don't even think about it, Lil."

We all sat down and a waiter came over. I ordered club soda -- I didn't know how long the evening would last and didn't want to get drunk. Barb had her usual, apple juice. "I'm not on until a little later," she explained. "I'll sit here with you for the first match."

Just then the lights dimmed, except for the spotlights illuminating the ring. Angel said, "That's my cue," and stood up. I was surprised -- she hadn't seemed nearly so tall sitting down. She had to be six-three or so. Her long, straight platinum hair hung to her waist. She was dressed in a black tux jacket that was open in front over a red bra and red silk miniskirt. A black bow tie was around her neck. White patent-leather boots with low heels rose to just below her knees. She strode to the ring, mounted the steps and slipped through the ropes with practiced ease.

"Angel's a kick-boxer and has a black belt in karate," Barb whispered. "She started this place about a year ago."

"Welcome to Angel's," Angel said in a husky voice. "Tonight, for your pleasure, we have five scheduled matches. The first match is a submission-only wrestling match. No punching, kicking, biting, or scratching. Everything else is legal." She gestured to her right and a man emerged from one of the curtained doorways. "In the blue corner, at six-one

and a hundred eighty-three pounds, Sam Walters." Sam had on only a pair of green trunks. He looked to be in pretty good shape, with fairly long brown hair and a mustache. "His opponent is five-five and weighs one forty-one, Melinda Sinclair." Melinda was a redhead with a hard body and large, obviously surgically enhanced boobs, dressed in a pale blue posing bikini, also barefoot.

"I'm in the third match, so I can only sit here for this one," Barb told me. "Melinda shouldn't have any trouble at all with this guy."

"No trouble?" I asked. Despite the fight we'd had earlier I still found it hard to believe that an in-shape man, who outweighed his opponent by forty pounds, would not beat this woman.

"Melinda's got a real mean streak," Barb said. "She enjoys using a choke hold, and she's been known to go for a man's --vulnerable spot -- if she gets in trouble."

"In other words," Lily chimed in, "she grabs 'em by the balls and won't let go."

I raised my eyebrows at that. "Neither of those holds are illegal in this match," Barb reminded me. "I've used the choke myself, but never the 'crotch clutch'. Melinda's not quite as nice as I am."

Melinda was rolling her head and swinging her arms, loosening up her muscles. And I could see that she had 'em. Her thighs, I saw, were thicker than her opponent's, though he had her beat in arm size. The bell rang and Sam grabbed for Melinda's head, trying for a headlock. I immediately saw that if he'd ever wrestled before he'd forgotten most of his training. Melinda grabbed a wrist, ducked under, and lifted him across her shoulders, then completed the move by flipping Sam to his back. Hard.

I found myself critiquing Melinda and Sam's technique in the ring. I could tell that Melinda was still a beginner, but had learned the basics well. Sam was trying to do what he'd seen on TV, the grunt-and-groan melodramatic bullshit that the major wrestling federations called "pro- wrestling". Melinda knelt astride Sam's chest and he did what he'd seen for years on the tube -- kicked his legs spastically, as if that would throw Melinda off. She ignored his bucking and just reached down with one hand for the choke.

I saw Sam's face change as Melinda clamped her fingers shut on his windpipe. He was barely a minute into the match and already totally panicked.

The choke, the way Melinda was using it, was easy to break, theoretically. You drive your thumb into the pressure point on the inside of the wrist until the grip loosens. If that didn't work you grabbed your opponent's thumb with your hand and bent it back until either the hold or the thumb was broken. Sam didn't seem to know either method, however.

Sam flailed away with his arms, not coming close to knocking Melinda off, and not even thinking about grabbing at the hand that she was using to choke the life out of him. Melinda grinned down at Sam and said, "Jeez, this is too easy. C'mon, pal, at least make it a challenge for me."

Sam tried to bridge but this just gave Melinda a chance to wrap her legs around his waist. She locked her ankles and I saw the thick muscles in her legs bulge as she gave Sam a taste of their power. "Oooh, does it hurt?" Melinda asked with mock concern as Sam gagged. "I swear, you're such a wimp to let me beat you this way," Melinda taunted. "This is no challenge. Let's try something different."

She let Sam go and got up, hauling Sam up by an arm. Sam tried to grab her, but she easily avoided him and secured a headlock, then flipped him over her hip. This time she dropped on him so that her ass was covering his face and she was facing his feet.

Sam was kicking and flopping around like a beached fish, trying to dislodge Melinda, but she wasn't disturbed. She put her hands on her hips and flexed, what the bodybuilders call a "lat spread". The crowd cheered and whistled as she kept her ass tightly against her victim's face. Sam flailed with his legs, but all that did was bring his ankles into her reach. Melinda grabbed one ankle in each hand and pulled them toward her, folding Sam up like a jackknife.

Sam's groans of pain were muffled by Melinda's ass, but still carried through the room as she easily held Sam in that painful position. After a minute or so of this Melinda raised herself slightly off Sam's face and asked him, "Had enough, pal? Or should I hurt you some more?"

"N-n-no way," Sam moaned.

"Okay pal, you asked for it!" Melinda leaned forward and stretched her legs out, then locked her legs around Sam's head in a reverse headscissors. Sinews rippled in her thighs as she applied pressure to the hold, and her calves bulged up like softballs.

Sam was now totally panicked, and his arms whipped around until he accidentally caught one of Melinda's boobs with his elbow. "Ow!" she exclaimed. "You dirty son-of-a-bitch!"

"Uh-oh," Barb muttered. "He shouldn't have done that. Ever since the operation Melinda's been real protective of her chest."

Melinda released Sam's legs. "I wasn't going to do this" she told him, "but you REALLY pissed me off!" She reached down with one hand and grabbed his crotch. I watched the muscles in her forearms ripple as she squeezed Sam's balls. His screams became higher-pitched and he jerked around more spastically than ever. "Better not move around too much," the redhead told him. "I just might pull these little things off by accident."

I took a glance around and saw that most of the guys (like me) had their legs crossed and looked very uncomfortable. I could see that Melinda was treating Sam's balls like one of those hand exercisers -- she was squeezing hard, then relaxing, then squeezing hard again. After about three minutes of this, with Sam's cries growing weaker all the time, Melinda asked him, "Have you learned your lesson? Are you ready to admit that you're my inferior? I can squeeze a *lot* harder than this." Melinda loosened the scissors lock around his head enough for Sam to speak.

"I give I give I give please please let me go you win you win!" Sam told her.

"You submit to me?"

"Yes yes please let me go!"

She gave another sudden taste of the power of her legs. "Do you admit that you're inferior to me?"

"Uhhhh -- yeah, please, no more."

"Hmmm. Well, do you apologize for hitting my tit?"

"Yes yes yes I'm sorry I didn't mean it!"

"Well, since I'm feeling very kind hearted at the moment, I accept your submission," Melinda said. She gave his balls one last squeeze, bringing another yelp from Sam, before releasing him and standing over him in triumph. "Stay down there," she growled as Sam started to rise. She put a foot in his crotch and posed for a few seconds before turning and walking away. "You can get up now," she told him as she left. Sam got to his feet slowly and headed to the dressing room.

"Well?" Barb asked me with a grin. "What did you think of that?"

"This is weird -- are all the matches like that?"

"You mean that short, that nasty, or that amateurish?"

"All."

"No. The first match is usually a squash -- we get a guy who doesn't really know what he's doing up there and beat him quick. It's good experience for the newer women. The next match should be more competitive." Barb smiled at me. "I'm going to leave you with Angel and Lily for a while. I'm up in the third match, so I've got to get ready." She headed for the locker room.

Lily smiled at me. "What do you do, Dan?"

"I'm wrestling coach at North Adams College."

Angel showed some interest at that. "You interested in making a coupla bucks? We need to get some new men for the shows."

"I'll think about it. Barb already beat me once, so I don't know how well I'd do up there."

Lily ran her hand down my arm lightly. "I think you'd do great," she said throatily. "I'd love to see what you've got." I gulped at that and looked at Paul, who didn't seem to mind. "Well?" Lily asked. "Don't you think it'd be fun?"

"Um, well, I guess," I stammered.

"Careful Lil," Angel told the powerful brunette. "Barb might not like you putting moves on Dan."

"I suppose not," Lily pouted.

Angel lit a thin cigar and smoked in silence, then a dimming off the lights indicated that it was time for the next match.

Angel moved into the ring to announce the second match. "Well, that was too easy, wasn't it?" she asked. The crowd seemed to agree with her. "Hopefully the next bout will be more competitive. This bout is a pro- style best of three falls match. Introducing the celebrity referee for this match. You've seen her in the WWF and the WCW, and maybe in Japan if you were lucky. She's a legitimate kick-boxer and martial artist as well as a pro wrestler. She's been called Medusa and Alundra Blayze, but her real name is Debbie Micelli!" The crowd cheered as a lithe blonde woman came out in a striped tank-top, black shorts, and black boots. "We're trying to talk Debbie into wrestling for us exclusively, so help us out!" The cheers got louder and Debbie waved.

"Now, the first contestant is six feet two inches tall and weighs two thirty-one. From Omaha Nebraska, Tim Walton!" Tim came out to catcalls and waved. He was a dark-haired guy, in his early twenties, who looked like he worked out every day. He had a bodybuilder's physique. He wore a red singlet with white pads and boots.

Angel continued the introductions. "His opponent is five-eleven and weighs one eighty. From Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Lisa Mitchell!" Lisa emerged from the curtained doorway and raised her arms to acknowledge the cheers. She had short jet-black hair, broad shoulders, and was very well-muscled. She wore a sleeveless red cutoff T-shirt that revealed her chiseled "six-pack" abdomen and husky arms, and a black thong bottom held up by suspenders that emphasized her thick chest and showed off her sinewy legs. Black boots and kneepads completed her outfit.

"Jesus," I thought, "she's nearly as heavy as I am." Remembering what Barb had done to me, I wondered how badly I'd have been beaten by some woman who was very close to my own weight.

Debbie called the two wrestlers to the ring center and gave them their instructions. Angel rejoined us and picked up her cigar. "How real is this?" I asked her.

She puffed at the cigar and replied, "Totally real. No rehearsal, no choreography, the wrestlers don't cooperate. No bullshit in the ring either." Angel took another puff. "Anybody tries any dirty stuff has to answer to me."

I noticed the sleeve of her tux jacket had ridden up a bit and was revealing the start of a very thickly muscled forearm. It was obvious, given Angel's size and apparent strength, that not too many people would want to cross her. She emanated a "don't fuck with me if you know what's good for you" attitude that would dissuade just about anyone. I felt that this woman, with her background in karate and kickboxing, wasn't someone to fool around with, and she'd be quite vicious if her rules were bent.

Debbie had Lisa and Tim shake hands and return to their corners, then called for the bell. The two grapplers came out quickly, meeting in the center of the ring. They locked up in the old collar-and-elbow hold. Muscles bulged on both fighters as they struggled to gain an advantage. Lisa slipped the hold, got a shoulder into Tim's armpit, and tossed him to the mat. Tim rolled with the toss and got quickly to his feet, anticipating a follow-up.

Sure enough, Lisa tried for a headlock. Tim caught one of Lisa's arms and ducked, taking her to the mat with a fireman's carry. I could immediately see that Tim was a better wrestler than Sam had been. Tim held on to Lisa's arm and applied an arm bar. Lisa rolled toward Tim and took away his leverage. Tim tried to turn the hold into a hammer lock, but Lisa was too strong and pulled her arm free. The two wrestlers rolled apart and regained their feet.

"You'll see some differences between this match and the last one," Lily told me. "Number one is no throttle holds and no crotch clutches." She grinned and continued. "Closed fists are still illegal but forearm blows aren't. Kicking and kneeing --but not to the crotch -- are definitely allowed." At that moment Lisa, feinting another headlock, made

Tim duck his head. Her real attack was a kneelift that caught Tim in the forehead and drove him three feet back. "See what I mean?" Lily asked.

Tim stumbled and fell to his back, obviously stunned by the blow. Looking at Lisa's big legs I could understand why. Lisa leaped at Tim, attempting to take advantage of him while he was still dazed. She landed atop him and tried to wrap those husky legs around his waist, but Tim was able to get a hand on the bottom rope and pull himself partway out of the ring. Debbie ordered Lisa to "let him up -- he's in the ropes", and Lisa disentangled herself and backed away.

Tim pulled himself to his feet and shook his head, trying to clear it. "Come on, Tim, off the ropes," Debbie ordered. Tim came away from the ropes and Debbie told Lisa and Tim, "Wrestle!"

Tim circled to his right, still trying to shake off the cobwebs. Lisa, maybe a bit overconfident, moved in quickly. Tim ducked, got a crotch hold on her, then picked her up and bodyslammed her. Lisa jumped up immediately, obviously annoyed, and charged back in. Tim brought a foot up into Lisa's midsection as she raced in. Lisa grunted as his boot slammed home, but showed no other sign that she had felt the blow.

"Wow!" I exclaimed. "That should have knocked her back at least a little bit."

Lily gave me a superior smile. "You poor naive man," she said, patting my hand. "Lisa does at least three hundred crunches every day. The only thing that might penetrate her abdominals is a cannonball -- and then only if she wasn't expecting it."

It was apparent that Tim's boot hadn't done any damage. Lisa forced Tim back into one of the corners and drove her shoulder into his gut, eliciting a gasp from the man. "Okay, Lisa, let him out," Debbie ordered. Lisa, rather than stepping back, smashed a forearm uppercut into Tim's jaw that drove his head back into the corner padding. "Break!" Debbie barked. "One, two, three --"

Lisa backed off at three and just smiled and nodded as Debbie lectured her on obeying the rules. "Lisa's been known to stretch the rules from time to time," Lily told the table at large.

As Debbie finished her speech, Tim started out of the corner. Lisa saw him coming and drove an elbow into his chest, sending him back into the padding again. She then turned her back to him, reached back with one brawny arm and wrapped it around his head, then flipped him over her shoulder to land with a thud on the canvas.

Most of the time, when you see a pro wrestling match on TV, you can tell that the wrestlers are cooperating. That is, if you watch closely, a man will help his opponent "throw" him to the mat by jumping a little. Tim wasn't doing that, I could tell, but Lisa had just snapped him over easily with one arm. I was even more impressed by that than by the kneelift she'd hit him with earlier.

Tim tried to sit up, as if he knew what was coming next, but Lisa grabbed him by the shoulders and drove a knee between his shoulder blades, then yanked him back down so he was on his back. She moved quickly, sitting on the mat behind him and wrapping her long, muscular legs around Tim's head. Tim struggled as well as he could, but Lisa wouldn't be denied. She pulled his head up high between her tree-trunk thighs and locked her ankles.

Tim knew instantly that he was in trouble. He thrashed his legs around, seeking the ropes, but Lisa had him trapped in the middle of the ring. He pulled at Lisa's thighs, trying to force them apart, but I could tell that his arms would be no match for the power in her legs. Lisa leaned back on her arms and arched her back, delivering bone-crushing power to the skull trapped between her thighs. Tim moaned in agony, a frightening sound to me, since I could remember my own head between Barb's legs and could only imagine the power this near-six-foot Amazon could generate.

Tim had the right idea. He tried to roll Lisa over so he could (theoretically, anyway) pop his head out, much the same way I'd done against Barb. The first problem for Tim was that Lisa would be **extremely** difficult to turn over due to her height, weight, and strength. Tim's second problem was that after only ten seconds or so in Lisa's vise he was nearly unconscious.

Debbie checked and made sure that Lisa wasn't choking the man. Lisa snapped her hips from side to side, shaking Tim's head like a dog might shake a rat. "Ask him, ref!" Lisa commanded, her thigh muscles bulging as she put more pressure on the sides of her victim's head.

"How about it Tim? You ready to give up?" Debbie asked him.

I doubted if Tim could hear her -- by now, judging by my own experience earlier, the only thing he could hear was a loud roaring as his brain fought to remain awake. Lisa arched her back again, and I watched the thick muscles in her thighs writhe beneath the skin as if they wanted to break free. Tim's moans had subsided into what I can only describe as whimpers as Lisa applied more pressure to his trapped head.

"Give it up, Tim!" Lisa yelled. "Give up or I'll *really* start to squeeze! Your new nickname is gonna be Flathead! Come on! Give up! Give up! Give up!" She punctuated her repeated demands with jolts of power from her titanic thighs. I saw Tim's eyes close and his arms go limp.

Fortunately for Tim, Debbie saw it too. "He's out!" she told Lisa. "Let him go!"

"Not yet!"

"Now!" Debbie yelled. "Now or you're DQ'd!"

Reluctantly Lisa unlocked her legs and let Tim's head thump to the canvas. "All right, all right. Spoilsport," she grumbled. She rose to her feet and stood over Tim as Debbie raised her hand.

"Winner of the first fall, Lisa Mitchell!" Debbie announced. "There will be a two minute break between falls."

I was worried about Tim. Two paramedics came out and administered smelling salts to the unconscious man. Even so, it took over a minute for Tim to come to, and when he got to his feet he appeared very shaky.

"He looks like he's finished," I remarked to Angel.

She glanced at the ring and said, "Yep. Well, he's wrestled here before, and he knew what he was getting into."

"Don't worry, Dan," Lily told me. "Tim's tough, and Lisa really won't hurt him *too* badly."

I looked at Lisa. Sweat had darkened the red crop-top she wore, and it clung to her breasts in an interesting way, but I wasn't looking just at that. I saw the thick, muscular legs, the armor plating of her abdominals, the broad shoulders and brawny arms, now glistening with perspiration. "Better him than me," I muttered.

Angel snorted a little laugh. "You're not anxious to come join us then?" she asked. "Damn it, I've gotta sign the guys up *before* they see any matches."

Lily chuckled at that. "I bet *I* could -- persuade --Dan." She took my hand in both of hers. "I've got all kinds of ways to get men to do what I want." Now she licked my palm, and I shivered involuntarily. I looked at Paul, who didn't seem to mind that Lily was coming on to me. "Don't worry about him," the dark haired beauty told me. "He does what I say, right Paul?"

"Yes Mistress Lily," Paul replied quickly.

"So what do you say, Dan? Shall I try to persuade you a little?"

Okay, now the black leather getup made sense -- she was a domina. "Um, I think I'd rather wait until Barb comes back."

At the mention of Barb's name Lily released my hand. "Oh, well," she sighed, "can't blame a girl for trying."

The bell rang for the second fall. Lisa took a couple of steps out of her corner and looked at Tim, who was still trying to regain total consciousness. Lisa had a mocking smile on her face, and she crooked a finger at Tim, telling him, "Here I am, come and get me."

To his credit Tim tried to do just that. Lisa offered her hands for a test of strength and Tim entwined his fingers with hers. They both put everything they had into the knuckle lock. Their chests crashed together as each tried to roll the other's wrists over. Tim was facing our side of the ring, and I saw his look of determination change to one of surprise,

then pain as Lisa got the advantage. The sinews in her forearms stood out boldly beneath the glistening skin and enormous veins popped out as she crushed Tim's hands in hers.

Unable to endure any more, Tim dropped to his knees before her. Lisa stood on her toes as she applied more pressure to Tim's wrists. Sweat poured down her body, collecting in the deep crevices between her muscles. Tim was moaning, and Debbie asked if he wanted to quit. "No! Aaaarrrrrrggggghhhh!"

"You sure, Tim?" Lisa asked him. Tim's only answer was to try headbutting her in the belly. Lisa just laughed, and Tim looked very woozy after the move. "You ought to know better than that," Lisa taunted. "I bet you've just made your headache about ten times worse, right?"

Lisa released Tim's hands and he fell to the mat on his face. She then took his arm and hauled him to his feet. Positioning herself behind him, Lisa wrapped those muscular arms around his waist and began to squeeze. Tim moaned and probably would have fallen again if it weren't for Lisa holding him up. Her biceps bulged, digging into Tim's ribs. Tim tried to push her arms down, but she held him effortlessly.

Then Lisa leaned back and straightened her legs, picking Tim bodily off the mat. Now all his weight was being supported by Lisa, and it was obvious that she could keep him up there forever if she wanted. Tim was worse off now, because he couldn't rest some of his weight on the mat. Gravity was Lisa's ally as she ground her softball sized biceps into his ribs. Tim was having a great deal of trouble breathing, and he grabbed at Lisa's wrists, trying to find the pressure point. "You ready to submit?" Debbie asked the beleaguered man. Tim couldn't speak -- all he could do was shake his head.

Unlike Sam earlier, Tim knew where the pressure point was and he dug his thumbs in with all his remaining strength. I saw Lisa's face change as Tim loosened her grasp. He slipped down until his feet were on the floor again, then used the additional leverage to put more strain on Lisa's wrists.

Finally he was able to break the hold. Lisa stepped back, shaking her hands to restore the circulation. Tim just dropped to his knees, hugging his midsection. I knew then that the match was as good as over. Tim's best chance was to strike now, but he didn't even have the strength left to stand up.

Lisa moved back in front of him and motioned with both hands for him to stand up. "Come on, Tim, at least get on your feet." Tim made it to one knee, but when he tried to stand he gave a loud groan and sank back to the canvas. "Guess I'll have to give you a hand," Lisa said. She grabbed a handful of Tim's hair and pulled him up. Debbie immediately ordered Lisa to release Tim's hair, but Lisa continued to pull until Tim was more or less on his feet.

She let his hair go before Debbie could start her count, then put one arm over Tim's shoulder and the other between his legs. Straightening up, she lifted the man easily and stood with him held across her chest. Then she suddenly dropped to one knee, smashing Tim's side down on her upraised thigh. Still holding him, she stood up and repeated the brutal move. Finally she let go and pushed him off her leg to land sprawled in the center of the ring.

Lisa stood up and ran her hands over her taut, steely muscles, giving the crowd a show. I was reminded of pro wrestling by the posing, but this was real, I knew. The fight was totally unrehearsed, and Lisa had totally dominated the bigger man.

Again Tim tried to get up. He got to his hands and knees and stayed there, head hanging down, sweat dripping from his face. He was totally exhausted. Lisa pointed to him and asked the crowd, "Shall I finish him off now?" The response was a decided YES, and Lisa said, "Sorry, Tim, looks like the party's over for you!"

Lisa walked over and clamped her legs around Tim's head. Reaching down, she got a waistlock and snapped him up and over one shoulder, releasing his head as she did so. Reaching around, she maneuvered him into a hold known as the rack.

Tim was across her broad shoulders, back down. Her thick trapezius muscles dug into the small of his back, and her arms bulged as she pulled down on his chin with one hand and one leg with the other. Tim screamed out his surrender immediately and Debbie ordered Lisa to let him go.

"What?" Lisa asked her. "I can't hear you!"

"Put him down NOW!" Debbie yelled. "He submitted!"

"Oh all right, if you insist." Lisa dropped Tim to the canvas where he lay wriggling in pain.

Debbie raised Lisa's arm in a token of victory, then said something to her. Lisa just laughed and doubled up her arm, showing Debbie her muscle. "Any time, Ms. Big Shot Pro Wrestler," Lisa said.

"I wonder what that was about," I said.

"My guess is that Debbie offered to teach Lisa a lesson and Lisa agreed," Lily said with a smile. "That's how grudges get started."

"I thought it was strictly mixed wrestling," I said, somewhat confused.

"Nope," Angel put in. "Sometimes a couple of the girls have a grudge, and they fight it out. Clears the air," she added.

Lisa had left the ring to the cheers of her admirers and I was glad to see that Tim was sitting up. Debbie helped him to his feet and supported him as he headed to his dressing room.

"Barb's next, right?" I asked.

"Yeah," Angel said. "Hope you enjoy watching her put the squeeze on a guy."

"Well, she squeezed *me* pretty good earlier today. I guess I'd like to see her do it to somebody else," I replied. Angel grinned and headed for the ring to introduce the next match.

Melinda, the woman who'd won the first match, sat down at the table and ordered tequila. She was wearing a pair of skin tight black leather pants with red spike-heeled boots and a red tube top. When the bottle arrived she poured a shot and tossed it down. She leered at me and asked Lily, "Who's the fresh meat?"

"Melinda, this is Dan," Lily said. "Dan's with Barb."

Melinda looked me up and down, much like a lioness eyeing a particularly choice steak. "Yeah? Barb's got good taste." She leaned closer and I got a whiff of her musky scent. "I wouldn't throw 'im outta *my* bed. How about it, Danny-boy? Wanna fuck?" She thrust her chest out at me. "You gotta admit, I've got Barb beat in the tit department."

I wasn't sure how to respond -- after seeing what she'd done in the ring, I sure didn't want to piss Melinda off. Fortunately for me, Lily chimed in. "Hey, Mel, I wouldn't toss him out of my bed either, but I also wouldn't want Barb pissed at me."

Melinda gave me another once over. "It might be worth it," she mused, "but I guess you're right, Lil."

Lily got up. "I'm in the fifth match so I'd better get ready. Mel, look after Paul, will you?"

Melinda transferred her attention to the man at Lily's side. "Sure, Lil," she said, licking her lips. "C'mere cutie," she told Paul. Paul swallowed, then moved to sit next to Melinda. "Don't worry," the redhead told Lily, "I'll take good care of him." She pulled Paul out of his chair and into her lap, where she rested one hand between his legs.

In the ring, Angel was introducing Barb's opponent. "He's six feet three inches tall and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds, Chris Miller!" Chris was a blonde surfer-type, with a bodybuilder's physique. He flexed for the women, and they seemed appreciative. He was in baggy flowered swim trunks and barefoot.

"His opponent is five feet three inches tall and weighs one fifteen, Barb Keller!" Barb came to the ring wearing a purple posing suit that really emphasized her taut body. I could now see and really appreciate her armor plated midsection and the sleek muscle under her skin. Barb grinned at me and blew me a kiss. "This match will be fought under the same rules as the first -- submission-only, no punching, kicking, biting, or scratching. Everything else is legal."

Angel returned to our table. I couldn't help but be nervous for Barb -- Chris towered a full foot over her and weighed exactly twice as much. I guess my concern showed, because Melinda laughed and said, "Awww, ain't that cute? Danny-boy's worried about his girl."

Angel took a puff of her cigar and told me, "She'll be fine -- Barb's one woman who can handle herself." She grinned. "Actually, I'm worried about Chris."

"Is he your latest stud?" Melinda asked, pouring another shot of tequila.

"Yeah. Hell of a fuck, he's got a lot of stamina."

Melinda tossed the shot back and grinned. "He's gonna need it tonight."

Barb wasted no time when the bell rang. She practically raced across the ring at Chris. He seemed a little surprised by this and was slow to react. Barb picked up one leg and dumped Chris to his back. Chris rolled away and was able to free his leg from Barb's grasp. He did a fancy kip up from his shoulders right to his feet, then grabbed for Barb's head. She caught his arm, ducked under and dumped him back to the canvas with a fireman's carry takedown. Chris pulled his arm free before she could lock it up and rolled away again. This time he wasn't quite as fast getting to his feet.

Barb shot him a cocky grin and said, "C'mon stud, let's party." Chris didn't reply, and I knew he was getting pissed off. Bad move, I thought to myself.

Sure enough Chris charged at Barb. He was pretty quick, but when he got there Barb had vanished. Well, that's what it looked like. I'd never seen anyone move that fast. One instant she was standing there, grinning, with Chris on the attack, and the next she was behind him, her arms locked around his waist. A sudden heave backwards and she'd suplexed the man to his shoulders!

I was astonished. In spite of our earlier confrontation, I found it hard to believe that Barb had suplexed a guy weighing twice as much as she did -- and a good forty pounds more than me. And it had seemed so effortless. That was the moment I realized that Barb had taken it easy on me -- and that made me wonder how fast she would have beaten me if she hadn't held back.

Chris hit hard and lay there for a second. I knew he was hurt, but I figured part of his inability to move had to be shock. Barb didn't waste any time. She grabbed his ankles and turned Chris onto his belly, then locked his right ankle behind the opposite knee and applied pressure to the left ankle, completely tying up his legs. She moved up his back,

letting her weight keep the legs locked, and grabbed the man's chin with her hands. Barb pulled hard on his chin, yanking his head backwards viciously. Her arms seemed to explode with muscle as she put pressure on his neck.

"How's it going, big fella?" Barb asked, laughing. Chris didn't seem to be in any mood to answer. "I bet this hurts, doesn't it? What's that?" Barb moved her head forward, as if she was listening to him. "You want more? Okay!" Barb stretched his neck further, until Chris moaned in pain. "Yeah! A little more? Sure!" More tension, more pain, more groans from Chris. He tried to pull her hands apart, but remembering the feel of her steel-cable wrists from before, I didn't think he could get loose that way.

"Nope! Unh-unh! You ain't going anywhere, stud," Barb told him as she easily maintained her hold. "Not unless I let ya up." It was obvious she could torture Chris in this position as long as she wanted. "This is getting boring," Barb said. "Let's try something a little different."

She shifted her grip to Chris' wrists and yanked his arms behind his back, She put a knee in the small of his back and hauled back on his arms, then slowly began to stand up. Keeping one foot between Chris' shoulder blades, Barb got to her feet while maintaining her hold on his arms. She pulled hard until I was sure she'd pull his arms out of their sockets. "How's this, huh?" she asked him. "You like to surf, don't you beach boy? Pretty good surfboard, huh?" She now put both feet in the middle of his back. "How 'bout that? I can hang ten!" Barb laughed.

Chris struggled and was able to wriggle around enough that Barb lost her balance. She released the hold and rolled to the side, jumping right back up to her feet. She stood to one side and watched as Chris slowly got to his hands and knees, then to his feet. He shook his arms and winced as he took a step, obviously still feeling the effects of the strength-sapping holds Barb had tortured him with.

"Come on, stud! Ready for some more pain?" Barb asked him with a cocky grin. A grab for a headlock was Chris' answer. Barb caught his arm easily and flipped him to the mat. Chris landed hard on his back, too dazed to go anywhere. Barb quickly grabbed his legs and turned him over into a Boston crab. Her arms and legs bulged as she leaned back, putting pressure on Chris's spine. Chris slapped the mat and moaned as Barb bent him in a direction he wasn't meant to bend. Fortunately for Chris, it's tough for a smaller person

to keep a Boston crab on a taller person, especially when the tall person is also fairly strong. Chris was able to straighten his legs and force Barb off.

Barb turned around and grinned at Chris again. Chris was gingerly feeling his back, making sure he could still move. "I know a good chiropractor," Barb told him. Chris just snarled in reply. Barb told him, "Now that's no way to address a woman who can turn you into a pretzel, stud. You need to be taught some respect." Barb moved in and Chris reached for her, but Barb ducked and pulled on his arm. I expected her to dump him to the mat again, but Barb just stood up with Chris draped across her shoulders. She showed no signs of strain as she hefted his bulk. The fact that she was supporting twice her own bodyweight on her shoulders didn't seem to bother her a bit. She spun around twice before dumping Chris over her head to the canvas. He laid there, momentarily stunned.

Barb dropped to the mat behind him and snaked her legs around his neck. "I'll tell you what, stud," Barb said. "I've got a hot date, so I'm gonna finish this off quick. I'm sure you won't complain too much about that." She put him in the same figure-four she'd used on me earlier in the day. Her calf muscle knotted up and threatened to crush his windpipe, and I felt my own throat close in sympathy. She leaned on her elbows and arched her back, putting all her strength into the deadly hold.

"I know you can't talk very well right now," she told him, and I recognized the line -- she'd told me the same thing earlier. "But if you want to give tap my leg three times."

I watched as Chris tried to pry her legs away from his throat, but I knew that even his big arms had no chance against her muscular legs. She poured on the power, sweat now streaming down her face, and Chris' arms dropped limply to his sides. She let up a bit then and repeated her "tap my leg" speech. Chris weakly raised one arm and tried to tap her leg, but was too far gone. She let up a little more and slapped his face until he was conscious again. "Hey! Big guy! Wake up!" she told him. When his eyes opened again, she said, "DO YOU SUBMIT?" Chris nodded weakly, and Barb ordered him to "Say 'Uncle'!" I saw Chris' lips move, apparently surrendering, because Barb unlocked her legs and stood over him. She blew me another kiss and waved before trotting off to the locker room to the appreciation of the crowd.

Angel got up and beat the paramedics into the ring, reviving her latest "stud" with smelling salts. He came to about a minute later and she watched critically as the attendants helped him off. Taking the mike, she started to introduce the next match.

"This will be a full-contact martial arts match," she announced. "In the red corner, wearing the black pants, Michael Johnson! Michael is six-five and weighs two fifty-one. He has a black belt in Tae-kwon-do." Michael was a big, mean looking black man with a shaved skull.

"His opponent," Angel continued, "is six-four and weighs two eleven." Angel removed her tux jacket, revealing a large chest clad in her red bra, broad shoulders, and well-muscled arms. She unwrapped her miniskirt and pulled off her boots, leaving herself dressed in just a red thong bikini. "She's a black belt in Karate and a champion kick-boxer and Muy-Thai fighter," Angel went on, as cheers rose from the crowd. "Yes, it's me," Angel announced, as she tied her long platinum hair back with a red bandana.

Melinda laughed wickedly. "I wonder what Mikey did to get Angel pissed off enough to get in the ring," she said. Lisa, the woman from the second match, sat down at the table.

"Hey, Mel," she said, then gave me the eye. "Who're you?" She was dressed in a pale blue tube top that revealed her thick upper body and a pair of painted-on hotpants in dark blue satin. White boots with three-inch heels completed the package.

Before I could speak, Melinda told Lisa, "That's Danny-boy. He's with Barb."

"Oh, this's the guy, huh? Barb said somethin' about a new fella and how I better keep my hands off." Lisa grinned at me. "I'm feelin' pretty good, so you're safe for right now, Danny-boy," she told me. "Beer," she told the waiter, then pinched his ass as he went to get her drink.

"Does Angel usually fight?" I asked Melinda.

"Nope. That's why I figure Mikey said or did something that pissed her off."

"Yeah," Lisa chimed in. "He's fought here once before, maybe he didn't think he got paid what he was worth." Her beer arrived and she chugged it down, then signaled the waiter for a refill.

"What're the rules in this match?"

"One round, no time limit, basically anything goes -- except groin shots and biting," Lisa told me. "To win you gotta knock yer opponent out for a count of thirty or get him to say 'stop'."

The bell rang. Mike and Angel came out fast and hard. Mike ripped a front kick to Angel's midsection that stopped her momentarily but didn't appear to hurt her. She blocked a follow-up punch and fired back with a right that smacked into Mike's cheek and twisted his head around. He rolled with it and stepped back, then brought his knee up as Angel stepped in.

Mike's knee thudded into Angel's ribs, halting her in her tracks. He drove a palm-strike into her chest, forcing her to take a step back. His fists blurred as he fired punches at her head and body. Angel's hands blurred as well as she blocked every one of his blows, and the smack of flesh meeting flesh sounded like a machine gun.

Mike paused for an instant and Angel immediately went on the attack. Mike's defenses weren't quite as good as Angel's, and several times her fists got through, pounding into his ribs or face. One particularly vicious punch gashed Mike over the right eye, and blood started dripping down his face. Mike tied up Angel's arms and tried to clinch, but it didn't do him much good as Angel switched to knee strikes into his sides. Mike tried to get away and back off, but Angel had his arms completely tied up. Muscles bulged under her tanned skin as she pummeled his ribs. I watched her quadriceps flex and relax as she smashed knee after knee into Mike's vulnerable body. Mike grunted in pain as her knees thudded into him over and over.

Sweat coated both their bodies, and this enabled Mike to finally pull free. He stepped back, and Angel let him have a moment's respite. Mike was breathing hard, his chest heaving. Angel looked him up and down, a sneer on her lips. "Still think you're a real tough guy?" she asked him. "Come on, tough guy. Prove it."

Mike growled something unintelligible and took a step toward her. Angel reacted quickly with a jumping front kick. The tough sole of her foot smashed into his chin with a resounding smack, and Mike was lifted off his feet and driven five feet backward from the force of the kick, ending up on his ass. "I seem to remember somebody saying nobody could beat him if he really put his mind to it," Angel taunted. She doubled her arms, showing her mountainous biceps. "You want to rephrase that now, or do you still think I can't take you out any time I want?"

Mike's face twisted in fury and he leaped up, charging at the big blonde. Angel stepped aside and smashed an elbow to Mike's lower back that didn't do his kidneys any good. The force of the blow, added to Mike's momentum, sent him reeling into the ropes. Angel spun around and buried a fist into the same spot her elbow had just hit. Mike groaned and bent backwards, both hands going to the small of his back.

Angel grabbed his chin in one hand and yanked his head back, trapping his arms between their two bodies. She then began battering his stomach with big, looping blows using her free hand. Her huge fist smashed into Mike's midsection like a piston. Mike worked his arms free and tried to block the hammering blows, but Angel smashed right through his defenses as if they weren't there. Mike tried to twist out of her grasp, but Angel held him easily. I saw the big man's legs start to buckle as Angel's onslaught took the fight out of him.

I guess Angel got bored, because she finally just let Mike go. His legs couldn't hold him up and he dropped to his face on the canvas. She turned him to his back and flexed again, this time a crab pose that made every muscle in her body stand out boldly. Sweat gleamed on her body, highlighting the protruding muscles.

"Like I told you, tough guy, I can take you any time I want," Angel told her supine opponent. "If you'll admit I'm your superior I'll show you some mercy and let you get out of here now. If you still need convincing -- well, let's just say this offer won't be repeated."

Mike said something I couldn't hear and Angel scowled. "Okay, tough guy, no mercy," she told him. "Get up." The man rolled to his hands and knees, then levered himself to his feet. He stood there, swaying like a sapling in a strong wind. Angel nailed him with a quick left jab that snapped his head back. Mike tried to counterpunch, but the beating

Angel had administered had slowed him down too much. She caught his fist and gave his arm a twist, then slammed a kick to his midsection. The force of the kick lifted Mike a foot off the mat. Angel kept his arm trapped and kept kicking him, her foot slamming into him with the force of a sledgehammer.

She let his arm go and shoved Mike back into a corner. A powerful elbow strike to the mouth split Mike's lip. Blood flowed from the gash over Mike's eye as well, turning his face into a crimson mask. Mike brought his arms up in a weak attempt to protect his face and head, so Angel switched her attack. A series of kicks to Mike's thighs buckled his legs and he dropped to his knees before her.

Angel paused a moment and wiped the sweat out of her eyes. Mike was glassy-eyed and nearly unconscious. Putting a hand under Mike's chin, Angel forced his head back until he was looking at her face. "Remember this face, tough guy. It's the last thing you're going to see before going nighty-night," she told him. Mike tried to say something, but Angel wasn't having any. "You had your chance before. Like I said, no mercy." She shook his head. "And if I *ever* hear about you bad-mouthing me or my place again you'll really regret it. I will destroy you."

She slowly pulled her fist back, then smashed it into the side of Mike's jaw. He fell to the canvas again, his face splatting against the mat. Angel stepped back and said, "Somebody count to thirty." Everyone in the crowd started counting in unison, and Mike hadn't stirred when we reached thirty.

Walking to the corner, Angel took a towel and wiped her face. "Get him out of here," she ordered. The crowd roared its approval and she acknowledged the cheers graciously. "I'm going to get cleaned up -- have some drinks and relax. The last match will start in about ten minutes."

Suddenly Barb was back at the table. She sat down in my lap and wriggled her butt until she was comfortable, which caused the predictable reaction from me. Barb grinned at me to let me know she felt it too. She put an arm around my neck and pulled me close. "How'd you like my bout?" she whispered.

"I was impressed -- and thankful you took it easy on me," I told her.

She nibbled on my neck. "You're too cute -- I couldn't bring myself to really hurt you." I was a little surprised by the overt affection, and I guess it showed because she said, "Beating someone up always makes me horny as hell -- I guess I forgot to mention that."

"I don't mind," I whispered back.

"Good." She giggled. "It was all I could do to keep from tearing your sweats off and fucking you right on the mat in front of my team earlier. Besides, I figured Mel and Lisa might be getting ideas about you, and I wanted to make sure they know you're mine."

Angel came back and sat down, lighting another cigar. "Did I miss much?" Barb asked the table at large.

"Angel kicked the shit out of that asshole -- what'd he say to get you so pissed off, Boss?" Lisa replied.

"He was bad-mouthing me and my place -- and all of you -- in Gold's the other day. I got wind of it, we had a confrontation, and he said he could 'beat anybody -- especially big blonde bimbos'," Angel said as she exhaled a lungful of smoke. All the women at the table went "Ooooooh," in unison.

"And that's **all** you did to him?" Lisa asked. "Shit, I would've ripped his arm off and beat him over the head with it."

"I know," Angel said with a faint smile. "But I'm in a good mood tonight, so I let him off easy." I shuddered, wondering what happened when Angel was really out to hurt someone. "Time for the last match," Angel said, getting into the ring to announce it.

"The next match is a no-holds-barred streetfight. The winner will be the fighter who throws the other out of the ring over the top rope. In the red corner, at six-three and two forty-five, Vinnie Garibaldi!" Vinnie came out in a pair of jeans, wearing motorcycle boots and black fingerless gloves. He had greasy black hair and scowled at everyone. He was big and powerful-looking, but not particularly hard -- I saw the slackness in his gut.

"His opponent is six-two and weighs one ninety-nine. She is Mistress Lily St. Cyr!" Lily came out, still dressed all in black. She'd retained the leather vest, but the miniskirt had

been replaced by black leather shorts, and she'd shucked the high-heeled boots for a pair made for wrestling that laced up past her knees. Like Vinnie, she wore black fingerless gloves. A coiled black whip dangled from one gloved hand. In contrast to Vinnie, Lily looked hard as granite.

Barb laughed as Angel sat down. "So Lil still won't admit to being over two hundred, huh?" she asked.

"Nope," the powerful blonde replied. "She insists she's not an ounce over one ninety-nine -- says my scales are all rigged."

"What'd she weigh in at on those 'rigged' scales?"

"Two-oh-nine," Angel said with a grin. I was a bit surprised -- Lily didn't look that heavy. Then I took a really good look at the thick slabs of muscle that she sported on her arms and legs and believed it.

"I'm gonna stomp you into the ground," Vinnie growled at Lily. "No fucking dyke pushes *me* around."

"You're welcome to try, greaseball," Lily replied. "I can't wait to put you in your place."

"What's the story?" I asked Barb.

"Vinnie tried to put the moves on one of Lil's girls," Barb replied. I looked surprised and she continued, "Lil likes boys *and* girls -- sometimes together, sometimes not. Anyway, Lily told him to back off and he called her a fucking dyke. Lily gave him a shove and nearly put him through a fence, then told him to be here if he wanted to make something out of it."

Lily draped the whip over one of the corner posts. When the bell rang Vinnie charged her, showing either a great deal of courage or a total lack of common sense. Lily was ready for him. She fired a hard punch at his body, her black-gloved right fist burying itself deep into Vinnie's belly.

Vinnie was stopped dead in his tracks by the powerful blow. Lily's fists blurred as she pounded Vince's gut with lefts and rights until he dropped to one knee. Grabbing his hair, Lily pulled Vince up and drove her forehead into his face. Blood started flowing from Vinnie's broken nose, and right away I could tell that for all practical purposes the match was over.

Vinnie staggered several steps back and took a seat on the mat, stunned by the headbutt. Lily didn't give Vinnie any chance to recuperate. She pulled him up by an arm and wrapped her big arms around Vinnie's waist. Lily's strength was amazing -- she easily held Vinnie's near two hundred and fifty pounds up in a crushing bear hug. Her arms dug into the big man, and bulges of fat appeared immediately above and below where Lily was squeezing.

Vinnie strained to loosen Lily's grip, but could make no impression on her. Lily's arms bulged even more, bringing a moan from her victim. "Music to my ears," Lily said. "Come on, big man -- give me some competition."

Lily tossed Vinnie contemptuously away. He landed with a thud and lay on his back. I immediately saw that on the mat was exactly where you didn't want to be against Mistress St. Cyr, as Lily started stomping Vinnie to the chest and stomach.

"'Street fight' rules," murmured Barb in my ear. "Vinnie made a big mistake when he agreed to this kind of match."

I saw what she meant. Vinnie's body was already bruising where Lily's boots battered him. I swear I heard one or more of his ribs break when Lily smashed her heel into his side. Vinnie struggled to escape Lily's assault by crawling away.

Lily let him go. "That's it, you worthless piece of shit!" she told him. "Crawl away like the little worm you are. I've barely started on you! Get up, scumbag!" Vinnie pulled himself to his feet using the ropes. Lily motioned him to "come on" and he charged her again. Now I knew he wasn't brave -- Vinnie was just plain dumb. Lily flexed all her muscles and let him hit her. It was like Vinnie ran into a granite wall. He bounced off and landed on his ass again.

Lily laughed and flexed her arms, showing off her enormous biceps. "Come on now, a big he-man like you should be able to hit harder than that!" she taunted. He got up and started toward her, but Lily showed amazing agility for her size, sending a vicious spin kick into his chin.

The force of the kick snapped Vinnie's head around, sending blood from his broken nose spraying through the air. He careened into a corner and thudded into the turnbuckles. Lily gave him no time to rest. She forced his head over the top rope and crossed her arms behind his head, forcing his throat against the top rope. Lily then grabbed the ropes on either side of Vinnie's head. Her thick forearms bulged as she strangled him mercilessly against the top rope. He tried to pull the rope away from his throat but couldn't, Lily had him totally trapped. His legs gave out and he would have fallen except that his neck was hooked over the top rope and Lily wouldn't let him go.

Finally Lily released the choke hold and gave the top rope a yank, sending Vinnie's nearly-lifeless body crashing to the mat in the center of the ring again. Lily walked over to him and lifted a foot to stomp him again, then decided against it. "Hurting him's no fun when he can't feel it," she told the crowd. She exited the ring and picked up my club soda. "May I?" she asked, and I nodded. She took the glass into the ring, took a sip and then sprayed it into Vinnie's face.

The club soda mixed with the blood on Vinnie's face, making it look much worse than before. Vinnie snorted and started to sit up. Lily put the drink on the ring apron, then grabbed him by the hair and pulled him to his feet. "Ugh -- what is this shit in your hair?" she asked, wiping her hand on his pants. He swayed on his feet, obviously ready to fall down again at any second. Lily picked him up effortlessly and body slammed him to the canvas. She pulled him back to his feet and slammed him down again. Then a third time. Then a fourth. Finally, she stood over her victim, sweat dripping down her body.

"I'm getting hot," Lily said, wiping her forehead. "Picking up two hundred forty pounds of shit's a tough job." Lily pulled her vest off, exposing her beautiful breasts and thickly-muscled back. She tossed the vest to Paul, still sitting on Melinda's lap. "Don't get too comfortable, Sweetie," she called to him. "You're still mine."

Sweat glistened on her torso, highlighting the bulging muscles. I saw that the tattoo on her breast was the tail of a bright red Oriental dragon. It started on her left upper chest

and the tail coiled around her nipple. When she turned her back I could see another dragon, this one green, that stretched across her broad shoulders. She sat down behind Vinnie and wrapped her muscular legs around his body, locking her ankles. Having experienced the crushing power in Barb's legs, I could only imagine the force this woman, who was taller and heavier than I was, could generate with her massive lower limbs. I almost felt sorry for Vinnie.

She jolted him with a sudden burst of strength. Vinnie groaned in agony as her rock-hard thighs bit savagely into his sides. I clearly heard one of Vinnie's ribs snap as Lily applied more pressure. Now Vinnie was whimpering as the pain Lily inflicted grew worse and worse. "Ah, more sweet sounds of agony," Lily said. "I love it when they moan like that." Wrapping an arm around Vinnie's head, she pulled him back. She put an arm bar on one of Vinnie's arms with her free hand and pulled it across her armor-plated abdominals. I had no doubt she could snap his arm like a stick if she wanted to, but apparently the pain she was inflicting was sufficient. She held him in that torturous position for over a minute, stretching Vinnie's spine and holding his arm on the point of breaking.

Eventually she thought of something else to do to her helpless opponent. She let him go and stood over him. Wiping sweat from her brow, she flicked it into Vinnie's face. He could only lay on the mat, making moaning noises.

Lily picked Vinnie up again, and I watched her sinews writhing beneath the skin as she muscled him to her shoulder. This time she paraded around the ring, carrying Vinnie with little visible effort. Backing into a corner, Lily took three running steps and leaped into the air, powerslamming Vinnie to the mat and landing atop him.

Lily stood up again, leaving Vinnie lying on the mat. Only the rise and fall of his chest and the blood bubbling from his nose with every breath showed that he was still alive. Lily picked my club soda up from the apron and poured what remained into Vinnie's face. I winced as the ice cubes bounced off Vinnie's nose. Vinnie slowly began to stir, and was able to sit up after several minutes.

Meanwhile Lily just watched him, one hand rubbing her chin, as if trying to decide what to do to her prey next. Making up her mind, she walked over to him and waited until he was on his hands and knees. Putting one big hand around Vinnie's throat, she "helped"

him up. Then, to my amazement, she continued lifting until his feet were several inches off the floor, suspended there by Lily's hand around his throat.

Lily's bicep swelled to gigantic proportions as she held Vinnie in the air. An amused smile crossed her pretty lips as she watched Vinnie's eyes bulge in terror. He dangled helplessly in her iron grip. Bending her knees slightly, Lily picked him up even higher and then drove him to the mat with a chokeslam. Vinnie landed with a loud SPLAT and twitched once or twice. Lily smiled down at him again. "Not bad for a broad, huh?" she laughed. "I bet that hurt." She knelt down and lightly slapped his face. "Wake up, slimeball," she told him.

She pulled him up by an arm and draped his limp body across her shoulders. Carrying him easily, she walked to the side of the ring. At first I thought she was going to toss him over the top rope to the floor to finish this mismatch, but she carefully set him on his feet with his back against the ropes, then draped his arms over the top rope. Lily then pulled the second rope up and over his arms, trapping him.

Taking a step back, Lily measured the distance and whipped around, her left fist crashing into his cheek. Vinnie's head snapped to the side and a gash opened under his left eye. Reversing the move, Lily sent a right backfist into his other cheek, and Vinnie had two gashes on his face. Stepping in, she sent her gloved fists smashing into Vinnie's battered torso over and over. She spun again, and this time her left boot crashed into the man's jaw. Now blood started oozing from Vinnie's mouth. Spinning the other way, Lily drove her right foot into the other side of Vinnie's jaw. Finally his arms slipped out of the ropes and he fell to his face at Lily's feet.

The only word to describe the expression on Lily's face was satisfaction. There was a cocky grin on her face as she said, "Well, I guess you've learned your lesson, scumbag. So I'll be merciful and end this now." She picked him up and pressed his limp body over her head, then paraded around the ring. She looked magnificent, her thick muscles bulging as she showed her broken foe to everyone. Finally she tossed him over the rope and he fell to the floor, ending the match. Paramedics hurried out and carried Vinnie off on a stretcher.

Angel entered the ring and held Lily's hand in the air. Lily then vaulted the ropes and picked Paul up by the collar of his jacket, plucking him out of Melinda's lap. She kissed

him hard, then pulled Melinda up and kissed her too. "Coming?" she asked Mel as she dragged Paul toward the back. Melinda didn't hesitate -- she hurried after Lily and Paul.

"Hope you enjoyed the show, everyone," Angel called out. "See you next time." The crowd began to disperse, many of the women dragging men with them as they left. One broad-shouldered six-footer carried her man in her arms. He didn't seem to mind.

"I gotta check on Chris," Angel told us as she returned to the table. "Dan, if you decide you'd like to earn some extra bucks, give me a call." She pulled a business card from her cleavage and tucked it into my shirt pocket and lightly slapped my cheek. "You are kinda cute, Dan. I always knew Barb had good taste." Barb laughed at that. "See you later," Angel said, hurrying off.

Lisa looked at Barb and me with a smile. "Guess I'll head out too." On the way out she grabbed the waiter whose ass she'd pinched earlier and kissed him. He grinned and she tossed him over her shoulder and carried him out -- he didn't struggle.

Barb kissed me and then stood up, pulling me after her. "C'mon," she said. We headed out and found her car. "Buckle up," she ordered, then the big V-8 started with a roar and she sent gravel flying as she raced out of the parking lot.

"Where we going?" I asked her.

"You hungry?" she asked.

"Well..."

"I hope not. I've got something else in mind," she continued.

"Your place or mine?"

"You live close to the campus?" I nodded. "Mine then. It's closer."

Ten minutes later she slammed on the brakes in front of a good sized house and dragged me to the door. She fumbled with the lock and then shoved the door open and pushed

me inside. I stumbled into a couch and fell across it. Barb locked the door behind her. "Now I've gotcha right where I want ya!" she laughed.

I started to get up but Barb leaped on top of me and wrapped her legs around my waist, not too tight. Then she started kissing me. I tried to roll us over but Barb gave me a quick squeeze and said, "Unh-unh, pal, this is my party. I get to be on top." Then she took my wrists in her hands and pinned me to the sofa. There was a mischievous smile on her face and she told me, "Now you're at my mercy. Give!"

A not-too-gentle jolt from her steely legs reminded me that this woman could probably cut me in half if she wanted to, and there was very little I could do about it. "Okay, I give," I told her.

"Say 'Uncle'!"

"Uncle," I laughed.

Barb grinned and released my wrists, then ripped my shirt off me. Licking and kissing my chest, she then unbuckled my belt and pulled my pants down and off. She grinned even more when she saw my cock standing at attention. Standing up, she pulled my ankles and I slid off the couch to the thick carpet with Barb standing over me. I tried to sit up but she planted her boot in my chest and gently shoved me to my back. Slowly Barb unbuttoned her blouse, making a game of it. Turning her back, she freed her arms from the blouse and pulled it around in front of her, showing me her naked back. Suddenly she flexed and all the beautifully sculpted muscles in her back jumped to attention. I gasped at the sight and she laughed again. "Good reaction," she told me, turning around.

She held the blouse up in front of her chest, teasing me. Slowly she lowered it, giving me a peek at her breasts, then she tossed it aside. Her tits were not large, but they were perfect for her, with pink areolae and nipples that were just as erect as my prick. Now Barb unwrapped her skirt and tore her panties away, revealing curly hair dripping with anticipation and want. She knelt astride me and guided me into her. Lowering her lips to mine, she thrust her tongue deep into my mouth and started riding me. I rubbed the balls of my thumbs in small circles around her nipples, and she moaned in ecstasy. She tightened her legs around my hips, but not painfully. Her fingers twined in my hair as our

tongues jousted for supremacy, then suddenly we both came. Her sinewy arms and legs squeezed me as if to draw every drop from me, then we slowly drifted back to earth.

We spent the next few hours making love in several different places in her house -- we never did make it into the bedroom, though. We ended up tangled in each other's arms on the sofa and that's where we spent the night.

The next morning Barb woke me up by gently blowing in my ear. "Hey, lover," she said, and I was thrilled to hear that word from her. "Good morning."

I stretched, my body aching slightly from yesterday's exertions. "Same to you," I murmured. "I think I love you," I added.

"You 'think' you love me? That ain't good enough, pal," she told me, moving so she sat on my chest. "I'm sure about it, so unless you want another squeezing session I suggest you amend your statement."

"In that case, I definitely love you." I laughed. "And to think it all started because I was a jerk and didn't want to let your team use the weights."

She laughed along with me. "Oh, by the way, Dan," she added, "I know you think if we'd gone to the athletic director he'd have sided with you and told me to back down." I nodded, and she kissed my nose. "BZZT! Wrong answer, thanks for playing. See, the AD and I had a little -- encounter -- before the semester began."

"Don't tell me -- that's how you got the job."

"How'd you guess? Anyway, he's not going to cross me for a while -- at least until his ribs stop aching. His ego couldn't let him admit I had him beat, so I had to squeeze pretty hard. Besides," she added with a grin, "he's not as cute as you are."

"He's more old fashioned than I am," I told her. "He still thinks women should be kept barefoot and pregnant." We both laughed at that. She kissed me, and two thoughts came to my mind. One, that I'd have plenty of chances to wrestle Barb again. Two, maybe I could figure out a way to beat her. I was right about the first -- so far I'm wrong about the second.

But it's still a lot of fun when I try...