

Watch Out What You Wish For revised

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I really wanted to put the gloves on with Peg and act out my fantasy

This is difficult for me to write. Though my body has healed my mind has not. The few months that have passed since "the incident" as I like to call it have done little to help me gain back my self respect or my equilibrium. I have gone over it a thousand times in my mind and still I cannot lay it to rest. I am hoping that by recording, as carefully as I can, what occurred I will finally get the bitter taste out of my mouth. Perhaps confession will prove to be my catharsis.

Probably I should begin with a little history. I have been married to the same woman [let's call her Peg to protect our identities] for almost 25 years. We have raised two children and each of us are now in our late forties. We have a decent enough relationship, one that was for the most part traditional. She remained a homemaker until the youngest of our two children was 12. Her domestic skills are outstanding, the perfect wife. I was the breadwinner and titular head of household. We are a typical, suburban yuppie, middle class, white collar Family

Our relationship slowly began changing when my wife reentered the work force. As she advanced at work she became more independent and demanded more assistance from the kids and I in keeping the house in order. This was not a problem as I appreciated the financial help that her working had brought. We remained close as our relationship evolved into a partnership between two mature adults. The few differences we encountered were easily resolved by compromise.

Our sex life was really good, particularly early, in our relationship. We made love nightly for many years. That ardour slowly faded with the passage of time and by now we were down to Birthdays, anniversaries and the romantic holidays. We each pursued our own hobbies. Mine revolved around trying to keep myself in as good a shape as a middle aged guy could be. I took up Karate at 30 and advanced to Black belt instructor by my 40th Birthday. I jogged and did calisthenics daily.

I was in the Dojo 4 to 5 days a week and the gym the rest. I was in the best shape of my life at 45.

My wife pursued more spiritual undertakings in order to stay in shape. She was and is a yoga enthusiast. She fleshes out her physical maintenance with a treadmill, some lite aerobics, Jazzercise and Tae Bo. She too is in excellent shape for a woman of 47 though she does carry the ring of flesh around her middle that child bearing will bring. Daily ab training hasn't been able to remove those stubborn love handles. She loves to keep herself constantly busy working. She's always active with cleaning, gardening and other such chores. All of which serve to help her stay strong.

Physically we are quite unlike. I stand almost 6' tall and weigh 200 pounds. I have a medium build. I am harder than most men my age and a bit leaner than my weight would lead you to believe. My wife is 5'7" tall and weighs a sturdy 150. She, like all her family members, is big boned, not overly muscular but solid. She has gained about 15 pounds from when we first met. As I stated we both kept ourselves in relatively good shape. neither of us were zealots - we just liked staying healthy. That is probably where our troubles began.

As I approached 46 I gave up the Karate training - I found the Kicks too strenuous and besides at my age I was not going to be the second coming of Jet Li. I also stopped jogging to preserve my knees. I continued my daily calisthenics for a while but that eventually gave way to twice weekly sessions just to keep "toned". I only get to the gym now about twice a month. I have sold my business and now work from my home. My wife's daily physical routine has remained mostly unchanged

About 6 months ago my wife began nagging me to get back to a more structured training regimen. She believed I was laying around the house smoking too many cigarettes and swilling too many beers when I should have been maintaining myself.. I argued that I was still in great shape and still capable of giving most people a serious ass kicking. She disagreed, claiming I was kidding myself if I didn't think that what she called my laziness wasn't effecting me.

A few nights later at dinner, as we were bickering over my "problem" [by then it was a nightly discussion], she shocked me by saying that she didn't feel I would ever be able to resume serious training. When I asked why she said that I might still have decent short term energy but that my reserves would be too depleted for the long stretches of cardio exertion that are required to produce the real strength and stamina needed in combat. I might still have my knowledge, but lack of practice would seriously erode my ability to

execute. She went on to say that she didn't think I could last through 3 rounds of sparring with one of my former students. I said maybe if my student was Mike Tyson I couldn't but with any normal athlete I could easily go ten. That is if they could. That's when she crossed the line and fired back that I wouldn't be able to go ten full rounds with anyone in decent shape, not even her..

I was both pissed and amused at the same time. I told her she was right. If she was my opponent I couldn't go ten rounds. I said I couldn't because she'd never make it through the first one.

She really looked hurt that I thought so little of her as a potential sparring partner. She was particularly upset with my condescending attitude. She stood to clear the dinner table and said "we should find out". I warned that she should pray we never did and that she should be glad I wasn't taking her seriously. That seemed to end the discussion and I tried to put it out of my mind as my wife went about her chores.

Somehow I couldn't though. The thought of my wife in a pair of boxing gloves was, I am ashamed to say, arousing. I'm into that foxy boxing stuff. Just thinking of her that way made me desire her in a way I hadn't in years. I guess devotees of this Website understand - I though didn't and was as troubled as I was excited. I almost felt guilty for my thoughts. I had always dreamed of matches with women like Leila Ali or Serena Williams. Large, strong professional fighters or athletes who would be formidable opponents. Beautiful women who would battle valiently before finally succumbing to me. Then after the sweat drenched match they would beg their new master for passionate sex. I'd never thought of most women that way , certainly not my soccer mom wife. Now, I really wanted to put the gloves on with Peg and act out my fantasy. Only my fear of hurting her in order to enjoy some erotic fantasy kept me from pushing the subject.

I was prepared to forget the whole thing, but the next night Peg was at it again. We went back and forth for a few minutes and then she laid the bombshell on me. She said she had thought about what I had said and, as she put it, I was as full of shit as I was of myself. She said she was confident in her assessment of my stamina and, what's more, was challenging me to a ten round boxing match. She actually said challenging. Who talks like that?

I laughed at her and said - you make the arrangements sweetheart but if you do, remember - you asked for it. I was, as I see it now, goading her. I figured that I could make her quit with out hurting her too badly. I was more concerned with the hot sex I fantasized would follow my quick victory.

She really floored me next by saying that she had reserved a ring for the coming Thursday at the YMCA where she attended various Cardio classes . She said if I had nerve enough to be there at noon we'd test her theory. I was, to say the least, elated. I looked her squarely in the eye and said "sweetie pie you have a date" I finished with something lame like I hope you know what you're doing.

That ended the discussion and it was not mentioned again the following morning which was Wednesday. We ate breakfast together as we had every day since the kids moved out.. Peg went to work around 9:00 . I puttered around the house a while thinking about my wifes motivation for such a suicidal act. I was all for it but then again I wasn't the one who was going to get hit. She must have assumed that being a gentleman I really wouldn't hit her. I had never hurt any of the women I sparred with at the Dojo. She knew in our sparring we pulled our punches and our kicks. But this was different. Did she really believe that I couldn't sustain 30 minutes of Cardio that was interrupted by 10 one minute rest periods? And she'd been so formal, I challenge you, she'd said. Did she, who knew me best, feel I had deteriorated that far?

My motivation for indulging Peg was understandable. It turned me on And besides, I really wanted to force Peg to give up so that she would have to admit she was wrong about me. That was one of the things we occassionally argued about. Both of us accused the other of not admitting it when he or she was wrong. Now I could just walk around the ring for 10 rounds as she futilely swatted at me and prove her wrong about my stamina. But if I did she might not apologize. And besides, that wouldn't satisfy my sexual desires, Both my desire for eroticism and my desire to make Peg submit meant I'd have to really get her to fight and would have to hit her at least once. Could I really hit the mother of my children? If she wants me to my mind rationalized.

I gave up trying to figure out my wifes motives and decided to go the Y for an hour or so and see if 30 minutes of strenuous exercise really could really prove too much for me. As I arrived I noticed the Tae Bo class Peg sometimes attended was underway. Cardio seemed the way to go so I joined in the class.

I was new to the routine , I started slow doing everything at half speed as I learned what punch or kick followed in order. The entire class consisted of alternating squats with punches, hand movements and kicks done to a martial beat. Before long I had the hang of it and was up to class speed. I was impressed with the technique required to do the punches. If Peg was attending this class she would at least have a rudimentary knowledge of how to hold her hands and how to throw a punch. She should have good stamina too. Those are useful skills in boxing though I doubted this limited knowledge would be very helpful against someone as experienced as me. Even if that experience was in karate and not, strictly speaking, boxing I was still match hardened. In any match you not only have to know how to hit, you have to know how to be hit. Taking a punch will sap your strength faster than you can say ouch.

After about 20 minutes I grew tired from the non stop movement so I decided to swim for a while to finish up my required half hour. I put on my bathing suit and grabbed a lane in the lap pool. I spent the next 20 minutes slowly swimming laps. I had now been active for 45 minutes and I was still feeling great. Peg was nuts. There wasn't anything wrong with me.

It was my night to get dinner so I gave up my lane and changed back into my shorts. As I was leaving I spied Peg on the treadmill, in for her afternoon walk. She liked to spend an hour each day briskly walking. She joked that it gave her young legs. I stopped by the treadmill and made small talk for a few minutes. I joked that I had just completed my training camp, Peg looked annoyed. The tension was obvious so I left.

At home that night we ate dinner together in silence, each with our thoughts of the next days pending activity. I didn't know what was on Pegs mind but I was thinking - this was too good to be true . I'd let her hit me once or twice to keep it interesting and then I'd punch her just hard enough in the gut to make her cry Uncle. I was sure she couldn't hurt me and I was experienced enough not to hurt her. A few minutes of activity and then the torrid sex we hadn't had in a while would follow. Thinking back I am reminded of the old saying. Be careful what you wish for. It may come true.

Thursday morning came and I was up at the crack of dawn. I couldn't wait for noon.. I made a pot of coffee and then yelled upstairs for Peg to come down and rattle those pots and pans as I liked to put it. I had a ravenous appetite. Peg was quiet as she prepared our eggs. she seemed lost in thought. As we ate Peg became a little more

talkative. So will I see you at noon she suddenly asked. Absolutely I said. I wouldn't miss this opportunity for the world. This is every husband's dream come true. His wife in front of him and a get out of jail free card to hit her. After 25 years you've earned a few shots. You've earned one or two yourself my wife retorted. I couldn't resist asking her why she was so intent on committing Hari Kari. It's that attitude she replied. That cocksureness that I am so physically inferior to you. You may think that I am a joke but I assure you I am not. I never said you were a joke I replied. Your attitude says otherwise she shot back.

I didn't want an argument so I changed the subject slightly. At the Gym yesterday I did 45 straight minutes of training. Your premise that I am out of shape is blown to smithereens.

Is it she responded. I watched you. You did 1/3 of a cardio class and then loafed around the pool for 20 minutes. What does that prove? You can Float? It proves I still have stamina I said.

What about you. Do you really think some pumped up jazzercise class and a daily walk qualifies you to step in the ring with someone like me. What's going to happen when I hit you?

Look she said. I grew up with 4 brothers. My dad made all of us settle our disputes by putting on the gloves. I always gave as good as I got. I know what it's like to be hit by a boy. Maybe so I countered, but I'm a man, not a boy and I outweigh you by 50 pounds. I am just a lot better than you. That last line was said solely with the intent of angering her. Common decency required that I try to talk her out of her foolishness but you and I both know I really didn't want her to change her mind.

My mind's made up Peg said. as if on cue. If you want to back out just say so. Stop making up excuses. Backing out is the last thing on my mind, I said. I was just making sure you realized the consequences of what you're doing. If you're good with it I'm all for it. Then I teased that I would kiss the boo boos when I was finished just to keep her irritated. Nothing else was said on the subject. about 9 am Peg said she had a few errands to run and she'd see me later for our "date"

I put on a pair of black stretch workout shorts, a tee shirt and a pair of flip flops and then hung around the house until it was time to leave I arrived at the Y about 20 minutes before our scheduled bout. I was surprised to see my wife already there walking on a treadmill. I went into the private by reservation only ring room to await the appointed time. I saw no reason to warm up as I was convinced I wouldn't be working up a sweat. I paced around the ring anxious for the minutes to pass. At precisely 11:55 Peg and a woman I did not know entered the room. They were carrying 2 pairs of 8 ounce gloves, some tape and our mouthpieces. Peg introduced the woman as Debbie [another fictitious name]. Debbie was a coworker of Pegs. She was to help wrap our hands and lace up the gloves. Once the fight began she was to count at knockdowns, help with our mouthpieces and bring us water between rounds.

I joked that if Debbie was counting at the knockdowns she would be the busiest person in the room. Before Peg could reply Debbie suddenly blurted, "you were serious about this Peg?. What if you get hurt? If either of us is hurt, and Peg stressed the either, you call for help. To me Peg just said - last chance to back out hon.. I loved her attitude, It made it seem almost like a real fight.

I laughed at Peg to throw a little coal on the fire.

Debbie proceeded to wrap first Pegs hands and then mine. After that she helped us both lace up the Red Gloves. We agreed to both be barefoot. I would wear my black shorts. Peg wore a stretchy pair of black leotard half trunks. She was braless but had on a gray sleeveless undershirt to cover her still firm medium sized boobs. She really looked quite impressive standing there in her boxing attire.. The sleeveless shirt tended to emphasize the thickness of her arms. Peg had those kind of arms that don't appear muscular.because they're the same size flexed or unflexed In a blouse they just looked fleshy but in a tee shirt their girth was noticeable. Her breasts under the clingy material and the love handles were the only part of her that didn't look hard. Her legs and neck were solid and powerful looking. I don't know why I never noticed before that my wife, unlike most women, did not appear frail. If she was facing any of those so called Hard Bodies, those tall, skinny young chicks who spend 3 hours in the gym every day, I would have easily made Peg the heavy favorite..

As Debbie finished lacing up my gloves, feeling guilty, I gave Peg one last chance to reconsider. Peg eased my consious by repeating the backing out bullshit, telling me I had

the same opportunity. Her attitude was making it easier for me to contemplate striking my woman.

Her formidable appearance made me feel like less of a bully. Even if I was a head taller and 50 pounds heavier with muscles that did grow when I flexed.

Peg pounded her gloved fists together as we both stood from our stools - Debbie rang the bell.

What follows is as unadorned a rehashing of the match as I can manage;

Round One:

We approached each other from opposite corners until we were about 3 feet apart in the center of the ring. We both were in classic boxer stances with my wife holding her right guard about nose high, just behind her lead left. She at least looked like a boxer. I had my arms fairly far out in front of me. At the time I wanted to make sure that I didn't hit her hard enough to make her quit before it got interesting. I figured with my arms extended it would take the force out of my punches while leaving her an open target to hit. I began the action by pawing lightly at her face.. She easily blocked the jab so I threw a soft punch towards her middle which she ignored and let through. I paused to see if she was still game. Peg than threw her first punch, a left jab that she basically pushed towards my face. I ignored that tap but then she threw a quick looping right which slapped hard against my left ear. That made my ear ring and angered me a bit. I brought my hands up a little higher and closer to my body and prepared to make my wife submit. I jabbed towards her face 2 or 3 times, more as feints to get both her hands up high, and then threw a decent punch at her belly. She grunted as it landed and moved back. I stepped in and landed a jab high on her forehead which caused her to back up still further. After the 2 steps back she was out of range so I stopped to see if she would quit. As soon as my punches stopped she began throwing her own as she literally jumped to try and reach my jaw with a looping right. That missed but she continued swinging , ten punches at least, until she finally hit me square on the nose. That smarted so I brough my fists up to protect against another. With that Peg threw 4 more hooks, rapid fire, to my stomach. She wasn't really hurting me but she had scored and I felt that made me appear foolish. I began throwing punches in earnest. Peg bobbed and weaved staying low and underneath my punches. She really could box. Occasionally, after slipping my jab she

would either throw a hook towards my ribs or a jab to my nose. Before I could get through her guard with any of my heavier punches the bell sounded the end of the round.

We returned to our corners and I was steaming. Peg had actually survived the round with me, and to be honest, had probably stolen it with her strong flurry in the middle I was sure I would never hear the last of it. As if on schedule Peg teased that someone had once said she couldn't go one round. As we stared at each other from our stools across the ring I said she wouldn't last another. "No more love taps, from here on out your getting punched" I said Peg replied that I should "bring it on if I could" I thought to myself If thats what she wants thats what she'll get. She had displayed decent boxing skills and a fair punch. I no longer felt like I was picking on a defenseless opponent. I would give her the courtesy of going after her for real. The competition would make my inevitable victory seem more satsifying.

Round Two

At the bell I strode forward prepared to punch her out. I threw stiff jabs enough of which got through to get her back pedalling. I was the far more match experienced fighter and was able to keep her too busy defending herself to throw any punches. This assault went on for a minute or so until I had to pause to catch my breath. When I did Peg stepped in and again began throwing another 10 punch flurry. Nothing much got through but she was numbing my arms while using my own tactic against me. She was keeping me too busy to attack. After about a minute she slowed in order to preserve energy. I again moved forward behind my jab. After one got through I was able to land another body shot and followed that with an awkward right that smacked her cheek. That got her into full retreat. This should be all she wrote I thought,

I pursued her into the neutral corner where she covered her face with both hands. This allowed me to punch underneath at my preferred target, her stomach. She grunted as my punches landed but kept her arms up preventing me from scoring head shots. Once again I tired so I sterpped back to catch a breath. To my surprise Peg immediately started throwing another flurry. Several of those punches landed to my head. They felt harder than the punches she'd landed in the 1st round. I attempted to retaliate but Pegs defense, though a trifle unorthodox, was adequate enough to protect her until the bell sounded.

We stood staring at one another for a few moments and then she abruptly turned and returned to her stool. I followed to mine. Debbie offered us both water which we each readily accepted..

As I sat it suddenly occurred to me that not only had Peg survived 1 round - she now had survived 2 and it didn't look like she would quit unless I really hurt her. It still did not occur to me that anyone other than myself could be victorious. I was more than a little winded by then and the sweat was unexpectedly already flowing. As I looked at Peg she was also drawing deep breathes and was covered in a thin film of perspiration. The thin shirt she wore was drenched and clinging to her like a second skin, Her nipples were hard and practically forcing themselves through the coarse material. To me she looked incredible. Too bad I thought that I would probably have to knock her down to make her quit. I gave it another shot and asked her if she wanted to give up. She laughed and said I'd shown her nothing that would indicate I could finish 10 rounds. But if I wanted to admit I wasn't in decent enough shape she was willing to call it a draw. I told her I couldn't accept that - I would need to hear an apology. That was your last chance she said under her breath... We quietly stared at one another for the rest of the break. The only sound the occasional smacking together of Pegs gloves

Round Three

As I arose from my stool I decided that as much as I hated to appear like I was really trying in the match I had no choice. It's funny now, thinking back, that I considered even having to try a blow to my ego. As we approached each other I came out aggressively behind a stiff left jab. I wasn't throwing wildly. I studied her hands and at just the right moment I popped a double jab. The second jab landed flush and I followed with a right cross which actually turned Pegs body toward the ropes. I managed to get in another short punch to her exposed kidney before her momentum turned her all the way around. As I tried to get around in front of her to get in another shot she continued moving around me until my back was to her and she could retreat. Damn - I was sure I had her. I turned prepared to chase her across the ring. She surprised me again. She charged at me with both hands swinging. She was like a buzzsaw. Her hands were really quick. These were decent punches coming in non stop from every angle. She punched like that for a full minute. Probably only 1 in 3 actually landed and even though individually the punches didn't rock me they were having a cumulative effect. My nose had gotten bloodied forcing me to breath through my mouth. Improper breathing would sap my

energy quickly. My left eye was also swelling. That would be making it difficult to see her rights coming. She finally ran out of steam for the moment and I had the opportunity to get my fists moving again. I tried throwing a haymaker at her jaw but I missed badly as she ducked under it. A follow up hook landed by her right eye just as the bell to end round 3 clanged.

Unlike the previous round Peg returned quickly to her stool and asked Debbie to come to her corner. I remember thinking my last punch had made her want to quit. That was okay with me. This wasn't turning out as I had fantasized. Peg was proving to be a much more skilled boxer than I would have ever believed. The only part that was fulfilled from my fantasy was the sweat. I was drenched in it and I was by now breathing a bit raggedly. I didn't find being this tired with a bloody nose, a black eye and a ringing ear very sexual.

But quitting wasn't what was on my wife's mind. The sweat on her breasts was making them sore where the tight tee shirt pressed her nipples. She simply wanted Debbie to pull the shirt away from her chest. To alleviate the problem Debbie removed the shirt over Peg's head and applied a few dabs of vaseline to ease the irritation. Peg's remarkably perfect tits would be distracting me for the remainder of the bout. Debbie then gave us each a sip of water and wiped away the blood that was now trickling from both our faces.

The two of us sat in our respective corners gulping air as Debbie went about her chores. I used the minute break to formulate a new plan. I was now forced to admit that I was being extended by my much smaller wife. The fact that we were about to enter round 4 on a more or less even footing was proof enough of that. I could not deny the obvious. My wife now had my grudging respect as a combatant. I was resolved to using my size and experience to wear her down. I wasn't happy that it had come this far but I now felt I would have to knock Peg out to salvage my ego.

Round Four

The bell brought me out of my reverie. I arose to meet my wife who was already standing bare chested in the center of the ring. I approached with my fists held high and my elbows tucked in toward my ribs. My right was cocked to follow my jab. Peg awaited in her now familiar stance with her two gloved fists in front of her face. I tried dancing around my wife and firing jabs from different angles. I hoped to confuse her. It worked to

a point. I was able to get through the occasional jab but the constant dancing motion made the follow up rights I planned awkward to deliver. For her part Peg seemed content to keep her hands up and retreat from the jabs, countering occasionally. I was probably winning the round but I was expending far too much energy and causing way too little damage. After a minute I decided to change strategies and began throwing straight left jabs and short right uppercuts towards Pegs unprotected middle. These got through but each time I punched at her middle she threw a punch back at the unprotected area above my outstretched arm. We were now in effect trading punches. Mine to her middle, hers to my head. This tit for tat exchange continued for a good 90 seconds with neither of us giving ground or gaining an advantage. I have always been considered a hard puncher, I was amazed that Peg could not only stand up to my blows but could return fire as well. I was sure my punches hurt her, I could hear the grunts when they landed. - she was just determined to prove she was my equal. The crispness of the punches she was landing in return had my head reeling. By now most of the round was over and the fatigue in my legs and arms was telling me it was time for a break. I abruptly broke off the exchange and stepped back to catch my breath. Peg stepped forward into the space I had vacated. I brought my tired arms up to protect my bruised face as she advanced. This left my stomach open so Peg threw a flurry of rights and lefts towards my middle. She was still hitting me when the bell rang.

We were again left staring at each other when the action ended. We stood silently toe to toe for a moment and then we both turned and returned to our stools. I sat heavily and asked Debbie for some water. As I drank Peg remarked that I was puffing real hard and didn't look at all like a man who was going to fight six more rounds. In spite of four futile rounds, at least three of which I'd lost, the only thing I could think of to say to her in return was yet another threat of the damage I would cause her in the next round. I sounded Macho but I was now forced to formulate a strategy that would allow me to conserve enough energy to last six rounds if necessary and yet still expend enough to finally stop my wife. To say I was confused would be a gross understatement. I was shocked to find myself in such a competitive fight. I couldn't decide whether to be a boxer or a slugger. Each plan had its advantages and each had its drawbacks. While I was deciding the bell rang signalling another round.

Round Five

As we moved toward each other I heard Debbie exhort us both to give the other hell. I was struck by how odd this situation must appear to her. A man against a woman in the ultimate contest of physical superiority. A husband and a wife no less. Where she had seemed concerned for Pegs well being when she first arrived she was now utterly transfixed by the combat unfolding in front of her. I glanced over Pegs shoulder at Debbie. She was staring wide eyed with her mouth agape The fingers on her right hand were absent mindedly making slow circles around her nipple area. I could see one of them clearly outlined against her blouse. I remember wondering which of us was arousing her. I hoped it was me but somehow I didn't think so.

My contemplation of Debbie was rudely interrupted as my wife began throwing stiff jabs in my direction. I was still catching my breath from the last round and was not yet prepared to throw my own punches. I backed up protecting myself and waited for Peg to run out of steam. She didn't and my lack of response encouraged her as she began throwing jabs and rights in 2 and 3 punch combinations. I backed up until I felt the ropes against my back. No way I was letting her pin me against the ropes. I shoved her roughly to get her moving backward and then gave chase throwing thunderous punches at my retreating wife. I landed one to her jaw and she flew back toward the ropes I moved in and she clinched to prevent my follow up. We wrestled along the ropes for a few moments and then Peg returned my earlier favor by pushing me away. I stepped forward as Peg moved off the ropes. We actually collided with each other. Pegs naked breasts were pressed against my ribs, her head lay against my chest I leaned into her and laid my cheek on her head. We were now in a position where neither of us could punch the others head. Our sides and stomachs were a different story. We began alternately pounding each others side with our left fists. Soon we were also throwing rights, pounding at one anothers body. We circled in this weird dance almost like a couple dancing to a romantic tune. Our bodies were crushed together as we moved against one another. The constant punching was taking its toll my arms were aching, my sides were on fire and I needed rest. I began to retreat but Peg just pushed forward keeping her head buried in my chest and punching my body as she advanced. As we reached the ropes she pulled her head back and threw a left right uppercut combination to my now exposed chin. Both punches landed pushing my face skyward. Peg took advantage of the situation and threw her hardest punch of the fight, a tremendous right which landed in the center of my undefended stomach. I gasped and grabbed Peg with both arms around her shoulders as the air rushed from my lungs. I was hanging on desperately , leaning in to her and pushing her back across the ring. I managed to get her moving backwards

enough to allow me shove to her away and resume a fighting stance.. We exchanged rights hands and I caught her with a stiff left jab just above her right eye as the bell sounded.

Our battle was now half over and my wife was not only still standing -she was winning . She had actually had me hanging on in that last round. I couldn't wait to get to my stool. I practically pleaded for Debbie to bring me some water. I took stock of myself. My nose was now bleeding profusely, neither nostril was working. I had a mouse under my rapidly closing left eye and a bruise over my right. My lips felt swollen. I had angry welts on my stomach, chest and sides. my arms seemed as though they were carrying 100 lb weights , I was completely drenched in sweat and my breath was coming in gasps. Not a pretty sight. I remember thinking that at the dojo they would have stopped this fight . I would have already lost by TKO. I couldn't believe it but Peg was badly outclassing me boxing. She was right about one thing-I wasn't in shape to keep up this pace for 10 rounds

Peg too showing the signs of battle Her normally well groomed shoulder length auburn hair was matted to her forehead and stood out wildly in all directions. She had deep bruises on her stomach and sides. Her upper lip was puffed out and she had a huge welt by her left eye. She was bathed in a glowing halo of perspiration. The sweat dripped from her head and stood out as beads on her vaseline smeared breasts. A single drop of sweat clinging to her nipple elongated then fell to the ground. The muscles in her upper arms, now pumped from exertion, dripped beads of sweat that ran down her arms into her gloves. She looked a mess and somehow glorious at the same time.

In my fantasy matches no one had ever battled me with more determination.

As we stared at one another the bell for round six sounded

Round Six

Energy conservation was now becoming a necessity for both of us. In my own sparring experiences I had never fought beyond 3 rounds and those were 2 minute rounds not 3 like these were. I was deep into uncharted territory. Peg had no previous match experience, at least none that I am aware of. She was also approaching an area in which she was totally unfamiliar.

Her aerobic style training gave her some experience at least as far as maintaining physical exertion for extended periods. That training did not encompass recovering from 5 rounds of body blows.

When a fight is truly competitive, not merely sparring, it is generally the better conditioned athlete that prevails. This match had been a fight almost since the opening bell.

Where the previous rounds had featured almost non stop attacks from one or the other of us this round was unfolding almost in slow motion with the two of us cautiously probing each others defenses, each of us trying to ascertain the others stamina and resolve. For my part I could not afford to expend precious energy pounding away at Pegs raised arms or dancing around trying to dazzle her with fancy footwork. I needed to ward off the punches she was throwing.

Before the fight I thought I would just walk through her blows. That wasn't at all the reality.

I was being hurt by them and I needed to somehow protect my eye and nose from further damage . As for Peg she could no longer afford the luxury of those wild ten and twenty punch flurries. She would need to throw fewer punches and connect with a higher percentage. I beleived she would also need to avoid getting hit directly by any of my power shots if she were to survive the fight and actually take me the full ten rounds.

There we were circling each other like two junkyard dogs with our fists raised as we each looked for a clear opening.. Occassionaly one of us threw a probing jab or feint but for the most part there was little contact. It dawned on me that I was at a disadvantage if the contest continued this way. I would be playing right into Pegs hands. I might be able to sustain enough energy to finish the fight but the goal for me was not merely Finishing . A draw would be devastating. I was the man, this was my wife standing in front of me. I had to prove to both of us that I was the physically dominant partner. I had the size and the experience, I had been the heavy favorite. I had to win impressively.

So I ignored my fatigue and picked up the pace. I began throwing 2 and 3 jabs instead of 1 hoping to overwhelm Pegs defenses. She reacted to my increased activity with a novel strategy. As I jabbed she simply pulled her head back to lessen the blows impact and

fired a return shot to my face. She now was willing to take a punch to land one. I tried an overhand right behind my jab to Peg's chin. I stepped into the right handed punch to compensate for the backward motion of her head as she absorbed the left jab. Finally a power shot. I hoped the punch would KO her or at least knock her down. Instead it propelled her across the ring into the turnbuckle. I followed immediately throwing wildly at her head as she covered up in the corner. It was apparent her head was still clear. Not wanting to waste my opportunity I switched tactics and fired a right uppercut under Peg's elbows right in the soft middle of her stomach. My fist pushed clear to the ab walls. The force of the blow lifted Peg's heels off the ground as it completely doubled her over. She balanced momentarily on her toes and my fist then dropped to the canvas on her hands and knees.

I was elated. It had taken 6 rounds but I'd finally prevailed. I raised my hands above my head, proclaiming my victory and sauntered toward my corner. I heard Debbie begin the count. By four it had stopped. I turned to see what the problem was. To my horror Peg was on her feet and heading straight for me. I wearily stepped out of my corner to meet her. As she arrived she threw a looping right and left combo toward the sides of my head which went right around my too low guard. The right just grazed my chin but the left landed solidly to my cheek swiveling my head into her oncoming punch. The second looping right exploded on my chin and sent me stumbling along the ropes, I heard Debbie say wow as the punch landed. Peg chased me and landed a third right to my jaw followed by a hard left to my solar plexus. The room was spinning and I couldn't breathe.

I felt numb and disoriented. I found myself laying on my side on the canvas. She had knocked me down I was groggy and badly hurt. I rolled to my back and stared up at my wife. . . . She was standing over me by my feet. Her brown eyes open wide in surprise, her fists stilled raised and at the ready. From behind me I heard Debbie moan softly. Peg stared down at me for what seemed an eternity, the sweat from her heaving breasts dripping on my legs. Her eyes were boring into mine. She gave me a self satisfied smirk then backed off towards her corner.

I was completely deflated. The victory I thought assured just a few moments ago had turned to bitter ashes. My sweet and formerly gentle soul of a wife had sent me crashing to the ground. We had fought six brutal rounds and I was sprawled on the canvas at her feet. I had been totally at her mercy. In the measure of any fight, even if I got up, I was losing this one badly. Debbie came out of her stupor and began the count. I was lucky. A

good 10 seconds had elapsed since Pegs last punch . The extra time had allowed me to clear my head and get my body to obey my brain. By the time the count reached six I was on my feet. Debbie continued to eight and then commanded us to resume fighting. Just as Peg reached me from her corner the bell sounded mercifully ending the round.

Exhausted I returned to my stool and collapsed on it, my head resting on the ring post. For the first time in the match Peg remained standing during the break. Was she trying to intimidate me by drawing a comparison to our relative physical states? In reality it was her adrenalin rush that prevented her from sitting. She was too pumped up to sit. I was just too confused at the time to realize that. I was measuring everything she did by its effects on me. After six grueling 3 minute rounds of almost constant physical contact we were completely wrapped up in one another. No one else existed. Our world had shrunk to a 12 by 12 ring we alone occupied. I could look at nothing else but her. She returned my stare. At that moment I wanted her like I had never wanted any woman before. My loins ached to penetrate her body and my mouth was hungry for the taste of her breasts. I wanted to bury my face in her pussy until she shrieked in ecstasy.

Involuntarily a moan escaped my lips. The moan brought Debbie out of her fugue. She mistook it for pain. She dutifully asked me if I wished to continue. I really didn't want to but surrender is not an option for the man competing against his woman. Society says he must dominate. I had to continue. If it killed me I had to somehow turn this situation around. Time remained for me to redeem myself. Peg isn't superwoman, she's a wife and mother. She must be tired and she must be hurting too. So what if I had been knocked down - the measure of a man is whether he stands back up.

Calling on strength I didn't think I had I hauled myself off my stool. I had a plan. I knew I couldn't box another four rounds. Peg was too good and I was too spent . I had to end it this round. If I could goad Peg into a slugfest her boxing skill wouldn't protect her against my power. I could make this a test of strength. I could still end this with a measure of dignity. I said to Peg let's settle this now". .Stop your running away trying to tire me out just to prove your point. Stand and fight for a change. I'm more spent from trying to find you every round than I am from the fighting. My plan worked like a charm. Peg said angrily "you'll know exactly where to find me - I'll be right in front of you". She moved out to the center of the ring even before the bell sounded.

Round 7

At the bell to begin the round I approached my wife who was awaiting me in the center of our private world. We locked eyes as I neared her. She stood motionless, her gloved fists held low by her sides. I approached to within a foot. We were so close I could feel her breath on my neck. Her erect nipples brushed the hairs on my chest as she stepped into me, halving even that distance.

We were nose to nose, our eyes fixed on one another, The trap was sprung. She was right in front of me, I could hit her with my entire arsenal. We continued staring as we each raised our fists. Then eyeball to eyeball and toe to toe we started letting the leather fly. I felt my short punches hit her face and body repeatedly and for each punch I rained on her Peg would answer with a crisp one of her own. We battled furiously, neither of us giving ground, punch after punch flew back and forth across the six inch divide that seperated us. What was holding my wife up against my superior fire power?

The blood was flowing freely down my face, my ribs and stomach screamed for air. My arms felt like I was holding anvils and still the punches flew. I tried stepping back to get more punching room but Peg would have none of it. She stepped forward and through gritted teeth said "I thought there would be no running". The furious exchange continued .Pegs short, sharp punches were chopping up my face and beating the breath right out of my body I gave up another step and Peg again stepped forward keeping me right in front of her. How could this be? Why was the stronger fighter retreating as the weaker fighter advanced.

My legs felt as though they were turning to jello , my vision was blurry and I heard the sound of jet engines in my ears. And still the punches came. Nearly blind now from the swelling in my eyes I could still see Pegs gaze fixed on mine. My arms abandoned me, I could no longer punch. I continued stepping back as Peg pressed forward . The retreat was now a rout I grabbed Peg around the neck to try and get her punches to stop. She just kept moving forward shifting her attack to my body. Her punches felt like sandbags as they drove into me.. Her magnificent tits bounced up and down and side to side as if keeping time to her blows. The clouds were beginning to swirl in my head. Through this fog the truth was emerging. The stronger fighter was advancing. The weaker was retreating. I hadn't merely been outboxed, I 'd been out muscled as well.

I tried to avert Pegs stare, ashamed she'd see the fear in my blackened eyes.

Relentlessly she punched me back toward the ring ropes as I hung from her body. I was helpless now, trapped against the ropes, unable to raise my arms and unable to get away from my wife's overpowering attack. Soon the only thing holding me up was Peg. I began sliding down off her sweaty body. I felt her erect nipples poke first my lip, then my nose and then my eyes as my face slid down her wet breasts. I drank her perfumed sweat as my mouth rode down the valley between her globes to her stomach. Now I was on my knees beneath her, my head resting on her trunks. I smelled the unmistakable aroma of female arousal mixed with sweat and blood as my face slid to her leg. Then with nothing left to hold me up I toppled forward from my knees and lay face down, spread eagled on the canvas, my mouthpiece dangling from the corner of my mouth, my arms stretched out beyond my head. Blood spilled from my nose and mouth. I was a thoroughly beaten fighter,

In that one round Peg had completely demolished me and reduced to me to a pile of rubble at her feet.

Barely conscious I lay motionless beneath her. Waves of vague nausea washed over my battered body as my wife's sweat washed down upon my back and shoulders. Peg was in no hurry to see this ended. She straddled my body as if I would somehow arise and challenge her dominance. In the distance what sounded like some sort of mantra was coming from Debbie

Only the formality of the count remained. Peg stepped over my prostrate body and headed for her corner to await it. I could see the backs of her legs as she walked victoriously to her stool. Her full feminine ass swayed hypnotically from side to side as she strutted towards the corner. She pumped her fists into the air as if acknowledging the cheers of an invisible crowd.

Over the buzzing in my ears I heard Peg tell Debbie to stop playing with herself and begin counting. I had now been down a good 20 seconds and I still wasn't stirring. Just as Debbie was beginning the bell ending the round clanged. I'd been "saved" by the bell

This simply added to my misery. I couldn't fight anymore - even the thought of facing Peg's fists filled me with dread and I doubted if my legs would support me anyway. But if I just layed there I would be giving up. Peg knew I wasn't unconscious. The thought of laying there in a puddle of my own saliva and blood as the next round began and then

being counted out as Peg taunted me for quitting was unbearable. I must get up I thought.

Using the ropes I managed to pull myself to my knees. From there I reached the top rope and pulled my aching carcass up. My legs would not support me so I simply hung over the top rope with my head and arms dangling outside the ring. Debbie, who had been watching me struggle to my feet, asked me if I'd had enough. From behind me I heard Peg tell Debbie that if I really wanted to quit it was her I would have to speak to. I said nothing to either of them. I so desperately wanted to surrender and have this fantasy turned nightmare over. But I couldn't. The bell sounded for round eight.

Round Eight

Peg walked from her corner to the center of the ring. She knew I was finished. She'd seen it in my eyes as I was collapsing before her in the previous round. She knew she'd won. What she wanted was to hear it from me. She called for me to get off the ropes and face her. I tried two halting steps away from the ropes. I rocked from side to side as I struggled to maintain my balance on rubbery legs. I got to within a few feet of Peg who then raised her arms to a fighting stance. The sight of my conqueress preparing to continue the match sapped me of my last strand of resolve. I collapsed into Peg's body. She held her arms around my chest as I hung over her shoulders. She placed her lips to my ear and whispered firmly. Quit, - say you give up. Admit I won fair and square. If you don't the fight continues until you beg me to stop. Surrender now and it's over,

Debbie, who could hear none of this, pleaded with Peg not to hit me anymore. Debbie didn't understand, couldn't understand Peg's desire to either hear me quit or see me counted out. She hadn't been through the meatgrinder Peg had put herself through just to prove a point. I felt the muscles which were bulging in Peg's arms just below the layer of flesh that covered them. Muscles I never realized were even there. I felt the power flowing through her body as she supported my weight, There was a woman of steel lurking just beneath the domesticated exterior that had shared my bed for the last 25 years. That woman would not be denied the victory she had earned. What's more I knew it better than anyone. I had no choice. I whispered the words she wanted to hear, I begged her to accept my surrender and allow this to end.

I felt Pegs entire body convulse and shudder. She was to enjoy the victorious climax I had been expecting. I'd had my dreams, Peg, it seems. had harbored her own.. She released me and I collapsed once again to the canvas. I lay on my back looking up at my wife and conqueror as Debbie slowly counted to ten. At ten she formally declared Peg the victor and undisputed champion of the house, holding her gloved fist aloft. Peg stood above me with her arms raised and a look of total satisfaction on her bloodied face.

My wife took a final victory lap around my limp form, strutting with her fists raised in a double bicep pose and then climbed from the ring. Debbie removed my gloves and mouthpiece then the two of them departed leaving me sprawled in the ring.

Epilogue

I think I lost consciouneness for a few minutes because when I next looked up two paramedics were standing over me. I was removed from the ring on a stretcher and taken to the nearest Emergency room to have my wounds cleaned and stitched, my ribs taped and my nose reset. I would spend two more days in the hospital being treated for dehydration. Peg visited frequently expressing her anguish at my condition though never mentioning the fight itself.

While in the hospital I had time to reflect on what had occured. What would this do to our relationship? To our marriage? I thought of how foolish I'd been to decline Pegs offer of a Draw when the 2nd round ended. I think she knew then that she would win. She had taken my measure and was convinced in in her own mind she would beat me. Her offer was an attempt to save me from my own pride. Now, as a reward for my arrogance, I have none.

Still Making Wishes

By Beaten Man - Replies to humbled@abeatenman.com

Debbie wanted one "friendly" round

It's been a little over a year now since my wife Peg outboxed me . Did I say ouboxed me? Destroyed me would be a better way to put it. She beat me every which way but up. But at least I learned a few lessons.

I learned that I had better not ever underestimate the power of a woman. I learned that if you want to be in shape you have to stay in shape. Saying you are because you once were is just not good enough. And finally I learned do be damned careful what I wished for. Or so thought.

There wasn't much I could do about the first or the third lesson. I would just have to be careful. But the second lesson, being in shape, that I could do something about. And I did. As soon as I was out of the hospital I marched myself right back to the gym and made going there a part of my regular routine. I spent at least an hour a day there working hard to improve not only my overall muscle tone and strength but my stamina as well. Free weights, machines, swimming and cardio, You name it, I did it all.

And it wasn't just the gym I got back to. I started attending classes at the dojo where I had been an instructor. Twice a week I would go in to the evening adult class and work out with the young men who were preparing for belt promotions. I did the floor routines and the Katas and then a little light sparring or bag work. I still had to watch my legs, I'm not as young as I once was [who is?], but I contented myself with working on my hands and my stamina. I still could hold my own with the younger guys. And I, of course, went back to my daily calisthenics. I walked on the treadmill next to Peg a couple of days a week to take the place of the jogging I used to do before my knees starting bothering me. Peg and I and her co-worker Debbie even attended a twice weekly clinic the YMCA started for boxing instruction All in all I got myself into pretty damn good shape for a man closing in on fifty. Such good shape in fact that the volunteer boxing instructor used me as his replacement whenever he could not make the classes.

Luckily life at home was good during the early trying times. Peg was so supportive I felt like the luckiest man in the world to have her. I was so ashamed that I ever even thought

of using her to fulfill my childish fantasies. She never mentioned the beating she gave me or acted in any way superior to me. She acted as if it never happened. She was very patient and understanding when at first I was withdrawn and depressed. She understood what I must have felt. The only thing she ever said that was remotely connected to the bout was how happy she was that I was getting myself back into fighting trim and taking care of myself. Even our sex life, which had been rather stale, improved. Why not? I was married to the woman of my fantasies. Even if they were my shattered ex fantasies.

I won't say that the thought of a rematch never crossed my mind. It did. But I discarded it quickly for a host of good reasons. First there was Peg herself. My wife is a pretty darn smart woman. I knew it before she kicked my ass and I certainly knew it afterwards. She fought me to prove a point and she'd proven it. Another fight just for the sake of my pride would be a no win proposition for her. If she could still beat me, when I had no excuses, she would just be driving me into depression. And if she couldn't she would just be reinforcing the craziness that got us into the ring in the first place. And even if she would have wanted to I really didn't. A beating as complete as the one I took leaves a lasting memory. The memory would have been a far too heavy psychological weight to carry into the ring against the same opponent. I was doing well enough at the dojo to feel good about myself and my pride was mending just fine. The only bouts Peg and I would have were between the sheets where I could end up on top any time I wanted.

All in all things were going great. Not all things but certainly most. There was a notable exception.

There was Debbie. She had been the only witness to what went on between Peg and I and it must have left a lasting impression.

In the first place the bout really turned her on. It might have been seeing a man get his butt whipped or it might have been Pegs fighting skills. I'm not sure, but if I were to guess I would say both.

In the second place she just was a bitch.

She must have been a closet lesbo. Peg and her had never been friends she was just an acquaintance, a co-worker. But after the bout she started hanging around Peg all the time, fawning over her and trying to dominate her free time. After a while Peg had to tell

her to stop coming around the house and even had her transferred to another department at work so she wouldn't have to come in contact with her. My wife is not a closet lesbo and didn't appreciate the attention. She also didn't appreciate the way Debbie never missed an opportunity to rub my face in my defeat.

Every time Debbie came around she'd either asked a question in a smarmy way like "hows it feel to get your ass whipped by your wife" or she'd just say something sarcastic like "Hi champ how you healing" Anything to get my goat or embarrass me. Eventually Peg told her not only to stop bothering her, but to also stop bothering me. I think she disliked Debbie more than I did. After that they just ignored each other at work or the Y [she still attended class there] and didn't speak.

Debbie still never missed an opportunity to get a dig in at me though. I did my best to ignore her but I sometimes wished she were a man so I could belt her.

As for the bitch part she probably had her reasons. Though she was only 34 she had already had two failed marriages, probably due to her latent lesbian tendencies, and had a pretty dim social life.

She wasn't ugly but she was no beauty queen either. She was about 5'10 which made her too tall for the average guy and she weighed about 170 pounds.

She was the product of a white father and a black mother and hadn't inherited the best of either race. Her hair wasn't fro and it wasn't straight. It was frizzy. Her nose was broad but her lips were thin. She didn't have the lush figure of a young black woman either. Her tits, hips and ass were too small and the rest of her too big. She came off looking blocky. Not fat, she was in good shape and took care of herself but broad never the less. And she wasn't black or caucasian looking. She most closely resembled a swarthy arab in color. I imagine her mixed blood background had contributed to her vaguely anti social attitude. She was probably never accepted fully into either race as a kid. And kids can be cruel.

Whatever it was, if she didn't like you she was nasty. And she didn't like me. The feeling was mutual.

But, as I said, for the most part things were good. I was keeping busy and Peg and I were doing great. As for Debbie, I only had to see her at the YMCA and usually could ignore

her She was a fixture at the boxing classes so twice a week for ninety minutes we were in the same room but otherwise she was a non factor in our lives. Her occasional digs were something I would just have to let roll off my back.

A few months after Peg exiled Debbie from her life the two of them had a run in during a class. I was sparring with one of the younger guys and Debbie was heckling the match. She was telling my younger opponent that he was in with an old man and needed to take it easy. That was after she had taken a few direct shots at me. Peg must have been listening and came over and stood by Debbie. The next time she took a shot at me Peg let her have it. She told her what a bitch she was and that if she heard her again she'd regret opening her mouth. Debbie backed off and apologized but couldn't resist asking why Peg had to fight her husbands battles. I heard their exchange and broke off sparring to tell her that I didn't need any one to stand up for me and seconded Pegs opinion that she was a bitch. Only I used another word beginning with C and ending in T

Before it went any further Peg reminded Debbie what she had told her about regretting her harassment and Debbie hurried off.. Funny, now that I think of it, although she was three inches taller and twenty pounds heavier than Peg, she was afraid of her. And not just because of what she'd seen her do to me. We didn't do much sparring at the Y and if we did it was not co-educational. There were only six or seven females in the class so when it was allowed there wasn't too many choices amongst the women for partners. Debbie and Peg had sparred a few rounds over the months and Peg was far to skillful for her. Peg avoided being hit and would pepper her with jabs and make her look silly. Now Peg was the only woman she could spar with The others wouldn't because Debbie hit too hard and hurt them. She knew she would be in the ring with her again and knew Peg had power if she chose to use it. She didn't want Peg angry

After that she was careful not to say anything when Peg was around. But she still wouldn't miss an opportunity to needle me on the rare instances she wasn't. She just added Pegs defending me to the list of insults. Debbie was becoming a real problem for me but I, for the most part, just ignored her or threw back and insult.

The last class Debbie attended was one of those instances. Peg had put in a rough day at work and decided to skip the evenings class. I was scheduled to oversee the class and couldn't skip it so I went on my own. I let the other class participants into the boxing facility at the 7:30 opening and had them start warming up. Debbie was there and

needed me throughout the half hour warm up as we skipped rope and shadow boxed. I would occasionally throw an insult back. When we were through with that portion of the class I paired the class up into twos and told them to do a little light sparring on the floor and I would come around and generally keep my eyes on what was happening. Since Peg wasn't there I couldn't find anybody willing to work with Debbie. I told her to get some bag gloves and work the heavy bags. She argued and threw a few insults at the three other women who were in class and refused to work with her but eventually she shrugged and started pounding the heavy bag. For the next 45 minutes I made my rounds going from one set of boxers to the next. Every time I got near Debbie she threw a dig at me and I an insult at her.

At 8:45 I announced that the class was ending fifteen minutes early so that I could get home and told everyone to clean up and stow their gear. There were a few complaints but within ten minutes everyone had cleared out except Debbie who was still hitting the bag. I went over and told her I was locking up and she would need to leave. She began arguing that I had deprived her of the chance to get in a few rounds and I at least owed her the five minutes remaining of class. It didn't seem worth arguing with her over so I stood and watched her hit the bag for the next few minutes. As she whacked the heavy bag she began needling me that if I wasn't so psychologically afraid of boxing women I would have gone a round or two with her myself. And if I wasn't I'd at least go a round now. I told her I had no psychological fears it just wasn't allowed and that's why I didn't. As for now, it was too late

That actually was the truth. I had thought of sparring with her when the girls first refused to work with her. I discarded the notion because I knew the YMCA rules and also because I knew I really wanted to. I knew I could box circles around her and I would have loved to belt her around. I was afraid of my own eagerness and didn't want to break the rules just for my desire for a little vengeance. I didn't want to be selfish.

When needling me didn't work Debbie tried a new attack. She said she was sorry about the harrassment and there was no reason we couldn't be friends and just spar for a few minutes so she could get it out of her system. I am not an idiot. I knew she was just playing up to me to get me in the ring. The "it" she wanted to get out of her system was her dislike for me, I was sorely tempted but I needed to get home as Peg was holding dinner for me. When I told her that, she pushed me too far. She said she understood why I was in a hurry. I was scared my wife would beat the shit out of me again.

That was it. I grabbed a pair of bag gloves and told her to get in the ring. I said you have five minutes to get "it" out of your system. I wanted to hit her anyway and she had given me all the excuses I needed. She pulled off her sweat top and rolled under the ropes as I turned the lights on over the ring and set the timer for two minutes and the bell for five minutes later. I pulled off my sweat shirt pulled on the bag gloves and followed Debbie under the ropes.

In the ring I told her when the buzzer went off she would have her five minutes and that was it. No rounds and no games. We'd both take it easy and that would be that. At the time I meant what I was saying, it just wasn't going to work out that way.

We stood facing each other in the ring awaiting the timer. Me in a pair of sneakers and plain black trunks and Debbie in sneakers, grey sweat trunks and a white sports bra. As we waited I sized her up. She was really just a larger version of Peg with smaller boobs, a less rounded rump, and no little spare tire from two kids. She shared her solid, big boned look and her arms were more clearly defined. Even though I had lost about ten pounds since I fought Peg I still outweighed her by 15 or 20 pounds and I was a good two inches taller. I just didn't feel bigger. She was hard and solid giving her the illusion of being larger than she was. Her similarities to Peg ended there. Her hair was a washed out short frizzy brown and stood out around her head. Her dull eyes matched her hair.

I had seen her spar on occasion. She wasn't big on jabbing and dancing. She generally plodded forward and punched one at a time as hard as she could. She could eventually catch the women who didn't really box well within a minute with at least one punch. That would be enough, they'd fall like a timber and quit. Peg, on the other hand, would just dance and jab and then get low, weave in to pound her middle, and get out. Debbie never laid a glove on her and got stung by the jabs. I decided I would dance and jab. We were taking it easy. Right?

She knew how to box. After all, she had been getting training for close to a year. She was just too clumsy for the dancing and lacked the rhythm and coordination for the bobbing and weaving I still was not going to take her lightly. I even decided, since we were only wearing bag gloves that I wouldn't even risk weaving in to deliver a decent shot. Why risk taking a punch I didn't need to eat. I knew she could hit and I took her as seriously as I would a man of her size.

We were only playing. Remember? I would content myself with jabbing out my revenge for five minutes and go home. Then the buzzer went off.

She headed straight for me with her fists protecting her shoulders, leaving her head wide open, and as nasty a look in her eye as she could muster. When she had plodded close enough I threw a hard jab at her nose, got up on the balls of my feet and danced away. I'd let her follow me around for a few seconds until she caught up, jab again and move back and to my right. I made a large circle around the ring as Deb made a smaller one inside mine trying to cut me off. She eventually got close enough to let a huge right haymaker go for my head. I leaned away and it went by. She had picked that moment to throw two punches and the left glanced off my cheek. She was in the process of throwing two more so I stepped into her and pushed her back before she could get the first off.

From the wind that went by me from the right it was obvious that she was going to punch as hard as she could, bag gloves be damned. We still had about four minutes left and I didn't really want to stand in and trade punches with her. But I still wanted to hit her more than I had. I decided to stop wasting energy she wasn't on the dancing and circling. Instead I would bob and weave in front of her and look to counter. If she was slow getting off I'd fire the jab and get down. Sounded good to me so I moved in to meet her advance behind a stiff jab. The jab stopped her forward motion and we began circling each other.

Debbie telegraphs her punches. That is she pulls her right shoulder and fist slightly back just before she fires. The left will be coming a split second later. I kept my fists close and high by my head and moved my shoulders side to side to keep my head moving. I waited for the sign and when I saw the movement I moved my head lower, back and to my right to avoid her right and raised my right to catch her left. As her right whisked by I cracked her in the jaw with a left hook and ducked.

I ducked because she was winding up another right which whizzed over my head as I moved passed it still heading to my right. As I passed beside her I gave her a right to her side and then came upright standing to her left. She brought her shoulder around to face me and we began circling again. She had surprised me by adding a third punch to her arsenal. If those three punches would have landed Hulk Hogan would have gone down. She was out for blood. And that was before I hit her in the jaw and side.

She didn't get busy right away so I began firing the jab from in close. I must have landed four or five hard ones over the next half minute or so. Her nose was bleeding like hell but she never even attempted to avoid them. Her fists stayed chin high. I would have been content to continue flattening her nose for the next couple of minutes and then go home but Debbie had other ideas. She pushed forward and lunged into me with both hands on my arms and pushed me to the ropes.

Against the ropes she started pounding away at my left side. I returned the favor and we stood there hitting each other on the sides with our rights. We were in a clinch but every so often each of us would try a left hook over the shoulder to the head. I managed to push her backwards and as she charged back in at me I got a sizzling overhand right in to her oncoming chin. She sat down hard. The canvas shook as her ass touched down.

At first I was afraid that I had gone too far and hurt her. It was a heavy punch with very little padding on my fist. So little that my right hand hurt. I asked if she was all right. She said I should fuck myself and stood right up. Add good chin to the list of her similarities to Peg.

She headed right back at me and bulled me back against ropes. I had my arms in tight to protect my head so she fired away at my sides beneath my elbows. She hit me three or four times before I could grab her and turn her to the ropes. I punched at her stomach, stupidly leaving my head unguarded. She caught me over my left on the jaw with a short right and as I moved with the punch she wound it back up and nailed me with a looping right to my side. My already sore left side. At that point I took a knee and knelt on the canvas.

She called me a name that rhymes with sock plucker and told me to get back up. I wasn't hurt down there but I still decided to wait a few moments before standing. She stood right by my shoulder and kept saying come, on come on stop stalling. She was really pissing me off. I waited another couple of seconds and then stood up fast punching her low in the stomach with my right as I rose. As she leaned forward, still rising, I hit her chin with the top of my head and caught her on the cheek with a left. She stumbled away and then came roaring right back in.

Add persistent to her list of charms.

As we had been going along it was becoming clear to me that this woman sincerely didn't like me. She looked angrier and angrier and she was calling me ever nastier things. I didn't particularly like her. In fact couldn't stand her. But I at least had a reason, Her constant harrassment. But this was different she hated me for no good reason. Sure, I had hit her, but that's boxing. I wasn't mad from getting hit back. It was her attitude of dislike for me that pissed me off.. The only thing I could think of was that she had maybe transferred her rejection by Peg to being my fault. Some sort of psychological latent lesbianism mumbo jumbo.. Like I stood between her and the woman, she didn't realize she loved because she didn't realize she liked women - Peg. That kind of mumbo jumbo I don't know I'm not a shrink. Whatever it was, something about me enrages the woman.

I don't punch particular well backing up so I charged up to meet her and just fired my right. She took the punch in the eye and threw her own right and left. The right was short and the left nailed my cheek and now we were right on top of each other. I had never seen her fight on the inside in sparring so I didn't know if she had any idea how. She did. She kept her head down and tried to get it right up to mine. Keepiing her hands near her chin, she fired short punches on the inside. I kept my chin pulled back low and fired back the same way We exchanged about four punches like that to each others stomachs and cheeks. The lack of padding made the punches harder than short punches should normaly be. I pushed in even closer and clinched trying to turn her into the ropes. She clinched back and we wrestled along the ropes with her calling me names as we turned. The bell rang with us still in a clinch.

I shoved her away and said thats it. She called me the sock plucker word again and rushed right back in. We exchanged lefts and rights and I grabbed her again. This time she pushed me away and stepped in punching. We exchanged her right for my left and then her second punch, a left to my chin, buckled my knees. I sank straight down as she just missed my head with a looping right. As soon as my knees hit the canvas I put my fists forward , leaned down on them and hung my head between my arms. The left to my chin had really rocked me.

I was no sooner down when Debbie yelled the sock plucker word three times, interrupted by three get ups. As in get up sock plucker.. I didn't give a shit what her hurry was I was going to stay there for a moment and shake off the punch. I took myself six or seven seconds while she hurled names down at me and then got to one knee. I told her to back off so I could get up. As she stepped back I rushed her, buried my shoulder in her

chest, and drove her into the far turn buckle. When her back hit the corner I let her go and hit her under the chin with a right uppercut. Her head flew back and then she pitched forward and sagged against me. I pushed her back against the corner and she slid to a stinging position with her knees pulled up. I don't know if she was hurt, but it least it got her to stop cursing at me for a few seconds.

I staggered back a few feet and grabbed some rope to lean against. I was tired and sweaty and achy. I told Deb we were done. I told her to get her shit and leave. She just pulled herself to her feet and put up her hands. She was cursing at me non-stop as she pulled herself up. "Come on" she said. as soon as her hands were up I stood there staring at her in disbelief so she called me a chicken shit and repeated come on.. I figured if she could take it so could I. I put up my hands and moved back towards her. I tried jabbing in but my jabs didn't back her up and she fired back with both fists. Her right came in over my left and caught me flush on the nose. The left got my jaw and I staggered backwards pulling my hands higher as I stumbled . She hit me in the chest with an overhand right and I toppled over backwards landing on my seat. I was pretty sure the nose was broken again. She stumbled forward a few steps and started yelling for me to get up.

I tried pulling my legs up under me but at that particular moment they weren't on speaking terms with my brain. I found it much easier to just lay back. She got right over me and started barking at me to get up again. I talked my legs into allowing me to pull them in and I sat up hugging my knees. Thinking I was getting up Debbie moved back so I wouldn't rush at her again. I wiped my nose across my forearm to see if it was bloody. I wasn't disappointed. I was done using it for the evening.

I figured I would sit there as long as she'd let me and try to collect myself. Using a string of four letter words, a few pussies, two sock pluckers and I think a partridge in a pear tree she made it plain that it wouldn't be long. As I sat stalling and looking up at her I couldn't figure out what her hurry was. I may have been on my ass with a bloody nose and a few bruises on my side and jaw but she looked like hell. Her nose was all but gone and she was banged up and bloody all over her face. She was drenched and had angry red welts all over her body.. But she was up and I was down so I guess appearances can be deceiving.

Add damned tough to the Debbie balance sheet.

I'd had enough of her insults. As my legs reported back in I pushed off the canvas and stood. Bringing my fists in tight by my cheeks I moved in to meet Debbie again. She halved the distance and we started punching as soon as we were in range. I stayed under the first two roundhouses she threw and got as close as I could and worked her body. I hit her twice in the stomach and took another of her lefts on my temple. I blocked her right and caught her again to the nose with a short glancing right hook. She moved slightly to her right so I lowered my left shoulder and dug underneath to her ribs with my left. Her counter right above my left caught me flush on the jaw.

I clinched to smother any more punches and leaned on her as heavily as I could trying to get her moving back.

I had wanted to stay on the outside and box from the outset. Instead I had found myself in a toe to toe brawl on the inside. Now it was too late. I didn't have the legs to box and was stuck exchanging in close. I was landing two punches to her one and still getting rocked. I had to protect my chin area, my knees buckled each time she caught me there. I pressed my head against her chest and tried hooking above her shoulders with my left as I clinched with my right arm. I hit her twice but the punches lacked authority. She caught me in the ribs with two hard rights under my hooks. I backed off with my fists tight in on either side of my head. She pursued as I backed off and kept firing under my elbows to the soft area under the ribs on both sides.

She kept close, kept coming forward, backing me up with the shots to my side and stomach. Eventually she had forced me across the entire ring and had me pinned against the ropes.

The retreat across the ring had forced most of the air from me as she pounded my body. I tried firing back at her face from against the ropes with a left and a right to either side of her head. The punches landed but had no steam. She returned two short hard punches left and right to my chin and as my knees buckled I slumped against her. She pushed me off and drove an uppercut into the center of my body. Whatever air was left in me escaped as I slid to the floor against the ropes. When my rump hit the canvas my legs stretched out in front of me and I laid my head back against the ropes. I sat there sweating and panting shallowly. Debbie straddled my legs and from above said "get up tough guy" .

I remember thinking groggily that it was nice that she wasn't cursing.

She was standing over me demanding that I get up and fight like a man. I had thought that was what I had been doing. A losing man rather than a winning one, but I had been fighting none the less. That subtlety seemed lost on Debbie as she continued to insist that I get up. I looked around the ring to see if perhaps my arms and legs hadn't somehow fallen off as she battered me across it. Wherever they were they were not paying any attention to me at the time. She would just have to wait until they slithered back and reattached themselves.

She began prodding me with her toe and cursing again. I wished it was my ears that had taken the beating instead of my body so I wouldn't have to listen.

Debbie leaned over me and drew back her right. She threatened if I didn't get up she'd hit me where I was sitting. With this new added incentive my limbs reluctantly obeyed and I began the formerly simple process of standing. She backed off and gave me enough room to pull myself up.

As soon as I was on my feet she moved back in throwing punches. I moved my head around as much as I could to lessen the impact and tried punching back. Either I had nothing left or her face is made out of steel. She ignored my punches and hit me with a left - right - left to the body and then a powerful right uppercut to my chin. I slumped against her and slid to the floor as she stepped back. It was a long bumpy ride down and the canvas shook as I hit it.

I could see Debbie's sneaker by my face. She was standing right over me with my head between her legs. She said she wasn't finished and I needed to get up.

She must have been insane, I wasn't standing any time soon.

From somewhere I heard a familiar voice yelling out "what the fuck is going on here". It was Peg. She'd seen my car in the lot and come in to see what was holding me up. That was the first time I had ever heard her curse.

At that moment there was absolutely nothing holding me up - I was laying face down in the ring.

The next thing I knew Debbie's foot had been replaced by Peg's. and Peg was hurling curses at her.

When the foot moved I rolled my head to follow it. Peg was battering Debbie across the ring throwing punches faster than my bleary eyes could keep up with. When Debbie went down Peg kicked her a few times in the ribs for good measure and then starting walking back to me. I saw Debbie slither under the ropes and stagger off as I watched Peg coming towards me.

That was the last either of us ever saw of her.

Peg knelt by me and helped me roll over to my back and sit. She asked me if I was okay. I wasn't but lied and said I was fine and just needed a few minutes to clear my head. We sat on the canvas as Peg questioned me about what had gone on.

As briefly as I could I explained how we wound up in the ring. I explained my motives as well as my theory about Debbie's. As I said, Peg is a damn smart woman. She understood not only why I would have wanted to hit Debbie, but also my garbled psychological mumbo jumbo about Debbie. Peg had come to the same conclusions about Debbie herself

Peg's biggest concern was my ego. I told her it was just fine. I had given the best account of myself I could and just got beaten by a stronger, more motivated fighter. I no longer found any shame in that.

After about a half hour of discussion on the ring floor I was able to get up and close down the ring area. I followed Peg home and there isn't much else to tell.

I consider myself the luckiest man alive to be able to spend my nights with the woman who is truly the embodiment of every fantasy I ever had. When the lights go out I am free to determine the outcome of my match with Peg any way I choose to see it. She is too and we haven't missed a chance to tangle since. The sex is incredible.

Oh, as for learning my lessons? I still need to work on the wishing part. If I get that right I may actually make it to social security.

THE END

Note: Still wishing is a sequel to Watch Out What You Wish for, also available at this site.

Special thanks to Joel for the idea.

Thanks to AD as well

Wishes Do Come True

By Beaten Man - Replies to humbled@abeatenman.com

Peg and I both wanted the boxing trophy

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From: rayg@netconnect.net

To : humbled@abeatenman.com

Date : Sun, 14 Apr 2006 11:38:46

John,

Read your wish stories at the Diane site. They look like you copied my letter last year and called it 2 stories. You add a little history, a description, and you've got a story. Nice racket, where do I apply? Anyhow Interesting, but painful memories. At least you got the sex right.

Your last story had one big flaw you said I never fought a rematch with Peg. Just because I said I had decided not to then was no reason to assume I never would. Things change .And you also said we never saw Debbie again - we did - once.

Ray

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From: humbled@abeatenman.com

To : rayg@netconnect.net

Date : Sun, 14 Apr 2006 12:24:22

Ray,

Well Did u? and if so how come? Who won? What about D?

I promise no stories

John

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From: rayg@netconnect.net

To : humbled@abeatenman.com [Save Address Header](#)

Date : Mon, 15 Apr 2006 03:04:32

I had to wait for Peg to go to sleep before I answered. I'll give you the details now

You are a nosy SOB Yeah we did . It was at a martial arts tournament in Orlando

Lot different than the first match. much different circumstances. Its also where Peg ran into Debbie. Heres how it happened:

Every year at one of the Disney Resorts where there is a convention facility they hold an open amateur martial arts tournament. The tournament is broken down into three styles. There is Karate, Kick Boxing and Boxing. The karate and boxing both have a mens and a womans division while the Kick boxing format is men only. There are three weight divisions Light, Middle and Heavy. Anything under 150 is light. 151 to 190 is middle and over 191 is heavy. For the women there are only two weights, over 150 or under 150. They also break it down by age. Under 20/ 21 to 30 / 31 to 40 and over 41

There is a winner at each weight classification within each style and within that weight class. For instance in boxing there are three winners [light, middle and heavy] by gender in all four age classifications. There is also a grand champion in each classification. That is where the Light , Middle and Heavy winners meet. Almost always the Grand champion is the heavyweight although there is more competition and skill in the middleweight divisions and it is not at all unlikely that the middleweight will take the trophy. That is

especially true in the Karate and boxing divisions. In the over 40 categories, since there are so few competitors the woman's champion can compete for the overall trophy that is awarded. There are legal forms and what not but they'll allow it.

Competitors bring their own equipment and it must meet the tournament standard. For instance in boxing you must bring a set of 8 ounce gloves, plain black headgear and a mouthpiece. You must have regulation black or white trunks and if you are a woman a matching top. Either a sports bra or official association white T shirt. All matches are three 3 minute rounds and naturally amateur rules apply.

The entire event is a weeks duration and the resort combines it with packages to go to theme parks and play golf, etc. so it is also a vacation. Peg and I saw the brochures at the Y and fell in love with the idea of a week in Orlando. We bought a package for two that included a room for the week, transportation, the parks, access to all events and entry in our respective categories if we chose to compete. Peg of course chose to compete in boxing immediately.

I was torn between karate and boxing. I wanted karate since I have practised it for almost twenty years. But karate is further broken down into belts and I would have to compete in the black belt division. That's not the problem. The problem was the rules. All kicks must be above the waist and at black belt level if you have one foul you are disqualified. I have been having problems getting my kicks up for years, it's why I originally stopped karate I didn't want to take out some poor guys knee by accident and I certainly didn't want to be thrown out of the tournament so I eventually chose boxing. Besides, after over a year of boxing twice a week I had become pretty damn good. I really thought I would have a decent shot competing with amateur men my own age.

Now you need to understand that this tournament stops at 50. I would be turning 50 the month after the tournament and would never have the chance to compete again. I was in great physical and mental shape, so the timing was perfect. It was good for Peg too since she would be turning fifty soon after me and probably wouldn't have attended the next ones since I wouldn't be going . It was also really her only chance. She never got much competition at the Y and she was genuinely interested in seeing how good she actually was against other trained women. I had no doubt she would kick ass. She wasn't as sure and wanted to test herself in the ring. She would get the chance. She wound up

as the only entrant over 40 so she would have to compete in the 30 to 39 age bracket as a heavyweight.

A one hundred and fifty pound heavyweight? Crazy huh.

I had come out of the fight with Debbie in pretty good shape considering the pounding. My only real problem was the nose and it would be well healed by the time of the tournament which was, I think, about two months after I wrote you. That would have put it at almost six months after that fight. I'd had lots of experience mending from broken noses anyway.

Curiously the Debbie incident had actually improved my mental state because it got me to considering a lot of things about myself, about Peg, and about competition in general. Maybe rationalizing would be the right word.

As for Debbie's ability to take me out, that was my fault. I could have boxed her ears. I didn't have to let her force me into a brawl. I had no doubts that in a real match with a referee to enforce the rules she wouldn't even lay a glove on me. She took a punch better than me and she was, I hate to say, stronger. I've beaten plenty of men stronger than me. I stay away and score points. That is what I would have [and should have] done with her. I'd lay my money on her in a back alley fist fight, which is what we wound up in, but not a boxing match.

It even got me thinking of what happened when I fought Peg. I wasn't thinking in terms of a rematch, I was just thinking in terms of what really occurred. I thought about how lightly I had taken her. For instance, in the first round when I should have been attacking I was purposely leaving myself open to get hit by what I thought would be love taps. I had no idea that she could not only box but box damn well. At the time much better than me. I certainly had no idea how strong she was and how hard she could hit.

As for Peg actually being stronger than me, I had my doubts. It was true that she had completely dominated me in that seventh round but I was already a beaten fighter.. I wasn't in the best of shape and had been growing steadily more fatigued and weakened from the fourth round on. I shouldn't even have answered the bell for that seventh after what happened in the sixth. I was just fooling myself into thinking I would actually be

stronger than her. I did in the seventh round, when I was weak, what I should have done in the first, when I was strong..

Even her dominance of Debbie after Debbie had me helpless gave me pause to think. Whenever Peg had sparred with her she stayed away and jabbed her silly. When she went after her that night she marched right in and slaughtered her. That didn't mean she was suddenly stronger than Debbie. Debbie had actually taken a lot of punches from me and had already been knocked down twice. She couldn't have had much left. Peg was also the one with motivation. She was furious at Debbie. Debbie, on the other hand, had spent her anger on me. Her only emotion regarding Peg was fear, and that will make you weaker. Naturally Peg slaughtered her.

Peg had all the intangibles going for her in our match. We had disagreed as to whether or not I was in shape to go ten rounds, that was the point of the match. I wasn't and yet insisted I could. She was determined to prove me wrong and she did. I just wanted to have a sexual experience after I had overcome a worthy female. I just hadn't realized how worthy a female I was in the ring with. Peg was the truly motivated fighter and a motivated fighter takes a lot more punishment than a non motivated one.

She was also smarter. She held back in the beginning so that I would continue to underestimate her. Then she slowly revealed her boxing skill and muscle as I grew fatigued. She used my cockiness against me. I never had a chance.

All in all I had come to the conclusion that if I were actually to get in the ring with Peg, knowing her abilities, one of two things would happen. She would want to stay away and box me, she is the more skillful boxer. I would want to get inside and brawl. If I could I believed I would win in one or maybe two rounds, by fighting on the inside.. If I couldn't she would eventually wear me down and take me out in the later rounds. That is what I truly believed.

I still was not desirous of a rematch. My only motivation would have been pride And my ego was just fine. Peg would have had no motivation at all. If she was in the ring I would want to be her cheering section and not her opponent. We are truly in love and hitting each other for no reason would be insane. When we made the reservations neither of us had any idea that in certain instances women competed against men. We probably

wouldn't have gone if we thought in advance there was any chance at all we would meet in a bout.

When we eventually found out that females sometimes competed with males we had already bought the package. I still didn't think there was a chance we would meet anyway. In order for us to meet I would have to not only win at over 40 but also win at least one match with a younger champion. I did not consider it at all possible that I could beat some 30 year old heavyweight that was good enough to win a national competition. I would be lucky to win in my own age bracket. Let's not forget, I had lost matches to two different women. There may have been reasons for the losses but none the less I had lost. Why should I believe I could beat a bigger, stronger, younger, skillful male. My days of being delusional had long passed.

Peg's route would be even harder. She would not only have to be the overall woman's champ, which would be tough enough, she would also have to box at least one male weight division winner in the final round just to get to the last bout.

At least the discussion of the possibility of us meeting in the tournament did serve to, at last, get us talking about our bout. Peg had had the good taste to never mention it and I never brought it up. Would you?.

It started off by Peg asking me if my original preference for karate was because I carried scars from our bout. I began just explaining about the kicking problem and then for some reason everything I had been thinking of about the bout came tumbling out.

She listened thoughtfully to my analysis of the bout and my thoughts on how a bout would go now. She agreed wholeheartedly about my assessment of my mistakes in the bout. She wasn't sure that either my assessment that she would be the better boxer or that I would be the better fighter on the inside if we fought again was correct. She correctly stated that it was just opinion and only an actual bout could prove me wrong or right. She did agree that I was in much better shape now than I was then. She also pointed out that so was she.

Then she asked me if I wanted a rematch. I told her no, that I had nothing to prove and neither did she so it was silly.

Talking about the bout made both of us suddenly crazy for each other so we ended the discussion of boxing and went upstairs for a different kind of match. [not that that's any of your business] I tell you something John. before I fought Peg I would lay in bed with her and fantasize that I was overcoming powerful females. Ever since the bout she has been the object of my fantasies and sex really has been incredible. I feel like I'm 18 again in that department.

Any how we discarded the notion of us getting far enough to be the ones competing for the Best of Tournament Boxing trophy. We just looked forward to the vacation and a little competition against other fighters from around the country

Now as for Debbie, she was at the tournament..

She never went back to where she and Peg worked after Peg had gotten done with her. I don't know where she hid out immediately after the fight, probably a hospital, but within a week of that night she had left town. Since she never went back to her work, not even to collect a paycheck, no one had any idea where she'd gone.

It turns out she had moved to Orlando. I guess she couldn't pass up the opportunity to get to hit people when it was just around the corner. She must have registered just for the competition only. we never saw her at any of the amusement parks, events or at the hotel but we did see her in the ring.

Listen it's getting late and I need to get upstairs before Peg comes looking for me. She has no idea that I have ever communicated to anyone what happened in any of the fights. I am pretty sure she'll never wind up visiting that site you write stories for so catching me emailing you is the only way she would find out. She's a private person and wouldn't be happy knowing her experiences had been shared with the world. I hope you meant what you said about no stories this time.

I will email you in a day or so and tell you how the tournament went and how it involves Debbie. I will tell you two things now just so you can have something to think about. Peg wound up in the ring against Debbie and I am a much better fighter than I gave myself credit for being. A lot of what I'm going to tell you is personal so again, NO STORIES.

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From: humbled@abeatenman.com

To : rayg@netconnect.net

Date : Sun, 14 Apr 2006 08:10:24

Thanks for leaving me hanging buddy. Please get back as soon as possible.

And don't worry - your secrets are safe with me. Have I ever lied?

John

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From: rayg@netconnect.net

To : humbled@abeatenman.com Save Address Header

Date : Tues, 16 Apr 2006 08:05:16

I'm back John. Sorry but this is my first opportunity to get to the computer. Okay to continue what I was talking about;

We got to the Resort midday on Monday and went immediately to the tournament hall to pick up our seeds and find out when our first matches would be scheduled. The first thing we found was that there was only one other competitor in the middleweight division over 40 with me. There were no Lightweights and only six heavyweights. Since they had only eight total fighters competing over 40 we were paired in one division. I would only have to fight and win three matches to qualify for the overall tourney championship round. The second thing we noticed was Debbies name in Pegs division. I can't tell you how pleased Peg looked.

We both had bouts scheduled in the morning and if we won our respective bouts we would box again in the afternoon. All bouts are scheduled three rounds so with the possibility of having to fight six rounds the next day we just ate and went to bed early.

Tuesday morning Peg was one of the first bouts scheduled. We warmed up together and then I accompanied her to the ring to watch. Debbie was in the next ring with a woman about Pegs size. The first round was underway so I watched. Debbie's opponent never made it out of the round. She was cold cocked the first time Debbie caught her. That was all I saw of her until she fought Peg. I understand that she had two other first round knock outs to get to that bout.

Pegs opponent was about her same size. She could neither box nor hit. Peg carried her for a round and then just went after her in the second and the girl quit after a few seconds.

My first round opponent had much more heart and a good chin. He was also 240 pounds of blubber. He took everything I could land in the first round and just kept plodding after me. In the second I stopped head hunting and went after his gut. Within six punches he folded up like an accordion somebody deflated. I don't know whether or not he had a decent punch. he never hit me.

We were a happy couple. We had each won our opening matches and didn't work up a sweat or even get hit. Remember once you lose a match your done for the tournament. It's single elimination all the way. We knew it would get tougher and at our age we were happy to be saving our energy. We ate a light lunch and then rested until the afternoon bouts.

My bout was first. My opponent was 7 years younger than me twenty five pounds heavier [215] and 2 inches shorter. He had muscles on his muscles. When I saw him I thought of what Debbie had exposed about my chin and thought this would be all she wrote for me. I was wrong. I boxed half the first round with my chin pressed against my chest trying to dance and jab. It was dismal so by the middle of the round my chin was sticking out and I was landing jabs and not getting hit. At the end of the round he drilled an overhand right to my chin and voila, nothing happened. The padded gloves and chin padding made all the difference in the world. The next two rounds I danced and jabbed. He hit me a total of 5 times on the chin and I was never even rocked. I won 3 rounds to 0

and felt on top of the world. One more fight and I could actually be in the Championship round as the overall over 40 male champion. From what I had seen so far that didn't seem at all unlikely. I was beginning to think that I was the only fighter over 40 that actually could box.

I hustled over in time to see Pegs arm raised in victory. She had decisioned her opponent 3 rounds to 0.

That was it for the first day. Two victories each and nobody got hurt. So far it was a great vacation. We did an overpriced Disney dinner and then I took Peg back to the room so I could ride my favorite attraction.

Our Morning matches were scheduled at the same time so we went our separate ways after warming up. Peg would win another 3 to 0 decision and her next bout was Debbie in the afternoon.

My opponent was a mirror image of me except a few years younger. He could Box well and he had a decent punch. I could box better and had a better punch. End of story. I knocked him down twice in the third and the ref stopped the bout. I was in the finals round. At the time I didn't give a shit. I wanted to watch Peg and Debbie duke it out for the right to fight for the overall womans championsip.

Peg was as nervous as a kitten in the hours that we waited for the afternoon match. She knew she had handled Debbie before but she was nervous about her punching power. Debbie had gotten to the match with 3 first round knockouts. She had been steamrolling the competition. Peg really didn't want to be eliminated and was afraid she'd get tagged by the powerful Debbie.. She shouldn't have wasted her energy.

Because of her dislike of Debbie I thought Peg would walk in and punch it out with her. My wife was much smarter than I'd been. She knew she could box circles around her and Jab her silly. She must have jabbed Debbie 200 times over the three rounds and never got hit. She won 3 to 0 and Debbies nose looked as though it had been turned inside out. And that really was the last we've seen of her

I was done until the Friday opening of the overall champions round. Peg had one fight remaining on Thursday morning. If she won she would be overall womans champ and

qualify for the overall round as well. She would fight a male on Friday. If we both won our Friday matches she and I would be meeting for the Overall Championship Boxing trophy on Saturday. A lot of ifs but it wasn't looking nearly as remote as it did a week ago. There was also the remote possibility that we might even meet in Friday's first round if I was seeded lower than the male lightweight Champion. Since I had fought in a heavyweight category that was all but impossible.

To make a long story a bit shorter, Peg won her Bout 3 rounds to 0 and was the over all womans champ. She was also the bottom seed in the Champions division and drew the lightweight male champion. I drew the heavyweight 30 to 39 year old champion. We were both beginning to get nervous.

Our bouts on Friday were both in the afternoon. We hung out and watched the morning bouts, had some lunch and then wished each other luck. Pegs Bout was first.

The overall male light weight champ was 24 years old. He weighed 130 pounds and stood 5'6'

Peg was 23 years older than him. And for the first time was the bigger fighter having an inch in height and a twenty pound weight advantage. The kid was an excellent boxer, almost as good as Peg but didn't have her chin or punch. She pounded out a 2 to 1 decision and had him in trouble for the entire 3 round. For the first time in the tournaments history a woman would be fighting for the overall boxing trophy. Now there was just me

My opponent was fifteen years younger than me and outweighed me by 30 pounds. at 220 He was 6'2 which gave him 2 inches in height as well. I was not very confident going in to the bout. To my surprise Peg took me a side and promised me something special if I won. Since her regular is the best I ever had I was definitely the more motivated fighter.

It was a terrible first round with me backing up and trying to keep him off with Jabs as I danced back and him trying to catch me with one punch bombs. Neither of us landed much and the crowd started booing the lack of activity toward the end of the round. To please them, in the second I tried to get in close and counter so there would be action. He was good on the inside and had me in trouble pinned to the ropes by the end of the round. I decided to screw the crowd and go back to dancing in the third. He slowed down

considerably in that round and I was able to dominate with the jab. I was pretty sure I had won the third and he had won the second. It all depended on how the judges saw the first. I don't know what fight they were watching but all three judges had me winning the first round. I was a 2 to 1 winner.

Tomorrow they would have not only their first female competitor for overall champ but also their first 2 over 40 competitors. Did I mention the husband and wife angle. The happiest face in the room belonged to the tournament promoter.

Now that the bout was a reality Peg and I needed to talk. I had to make sure that we both were okay with it.

The first thing I did was offer to withdraw in her favor.

She hit the roof on that idea. She said if I intended to withdraw the right thing to do was withdraw before I eliminated the heavyweight. Then she could have had a legitimate bout with him. If I withdrew now it would cheapen the trophy.

She wanted to know if I was afraid and that's why I offered. I told her no. I was over that fight and this was a different situation. This time she would be going down in one round

I told her I'd watched her fight every fight on the outside and box and jab for 3 rounds. She had avoided the inside the entire tournament.. I told her if we fought that's where I was heading

I told her that if I fought I would be coming after her and trying to take her out as quickly as I could because that's the only way I felt I could beat her. And if I did come after her I would knock her out. She pulled a hundred dollar bill out of her purse and laid it on the table. She asked me to get her a hundred from my wallet which she laid on top of her bill.

She bet me even up she would take me out if I tried.. The last thing she said after I accepted the bet was that she remembered owing me something special.

It was. I think she was trying to wear me out before the fight. The woman was an animal.

The next morning we ate together and then went our separate ways. I went to watch some karate matches and Peg went to the hotel spa for whatever it is women do at those places for seventy dollars a half hour. The next time we saw each other was across the ring.

I got to the ring first. The auditorium is a large room and on previous days there were lots of rings set up. Today there was only one in the center. There must have six hundred people waiting for the fight. I think all but 2 of them booed me as I shadow boxed and warmed up.

Peg entered the auditorium about five minutes after me. She was the crowd darling and everyone was cheering her as she rolled into the ring. She came over to me and gave me a kiss and wished me luck. She whispered do your best. It's what I expect. It's what I deserve.

I told her I expected the same from her and she headed back to her corner

As Peg pulled off her Jersey and started to loosen up I took a good look at her. This last years training at the Y had really paid off It was almost impossible for me to believe that she was a woman of 47. She has always taken care of herself and always been solid in spite of weighing 150 pounds at only 5' 7". But now the slight spare tire that she had carried since our second sons birth was finally gone. The ab workouts, designed for boxers, we did at the Y had done what 20 years of daily crunches could not. Her arms had lost much of the layer of flesh that had always covered her muscles. A year of constant bag work had left them packed much tighter and now there was definition where before that been only bulk. Her legs below the white satin trunks were firm and hard. There was no jiggle as she hopped on her toes and shadow boxed. Just smooth taut muscle. And if I hadn't mentioned it, her ass in the trunks looked pretty damn good to me too.

I watched her breasts sway beneath her white sports bra as she punched her arms and marveled at. how perfect they still were. I may be prejudiced but I think she could have passed for half her age. The clumsy head gear hid her hair and she wore no makeup but to me she was the most beautiful woman in the world. I've been married to her for 26 years and I still think that way.

As I watched her I noticed she was also sizing me up in the way I was her. I'm sure less complimentary than me, but she was definitely sizing me up. There was something in her eyes that was familiar to me. Then it hit me. Peg was turned on. And suddenly I knew why and suddenly everything made sense.

It was Peg who had encouraged me to enter the tournament. She was the one who refused to let me pass on this fight. She was the one who had originally challenged me over a year ago. And it wasn't boxing that turned her on. It was boxing me.

I had seen her arousal in the first fight. I felt her release as she supported me after the fight and I quit. I had seen it in her behaviour as I was counted out. She had lived out a fantasy. And I am sure, that just like all of us, she never suspected it would come true. Imagine what a rush that would be, to actually experience something that you daydream about for arousal when the rest of the world thinks you're preparing a casserole or washing the car.

Imagine how much you would want to experience it again. She'd wanted me in the ring for a year and just didn't know how to broach the subject.

I could see her breathing change as she stared at me. She was beginning to pant in the way she did when we made love. I could see her nipples straining against the bra. She pointed at me and then herself and then the center of the ring. Then rubbed her breast with her glove.

Watching her get so turned on was making me nuts. My dick was a pole in my cup. I was snorting and wanted to rush across the ring and screw her right there. I was as hot to mix it up as she was. I was in the ring with the worthy opponent of my dreams. Just like she was. Talk about two people meant for each other.

The referee called us out to the center of the ring for instructions. She walked up to me and stuck her nose right into mine. We drilled each other with our eyes. Neither of us heard a word the ref said and by the time he was done we were both breathing like horses in heat.

I said I'm coming after you babe. She said do it.. We both returned to our corners.

We faced each other across the ring waiting for the bell and straining to get started. If the bell didn't ring soon and let us get to each other and release the sexual tension six hundred people were going to be treated to an x rated show. Just then it did.

We each flew out of our corners like cannon balls when the bell rang. We were on top of each other and circling within a second. We were both flat footed and holding our hands in tight. It was obvious Peg really intended to fight me on the inside and slug it out. No one was jabbing and each of us was waiting for the other to start the action. I stepped in and planted my left foot between her feet and threw the left into her midsection. She came back with a right over my left to my chin. I threw a short uppercut with my right that landed on her chin as she drove her left fist into my ribs. I went upstairs to her cheek with my left and she brought her right up underneath to my stomach. So far neither of us had moved an inch.

I threw a left right combination to Pegs chin and backed her up a step. I moved in and fired two more punches to her stomach as she hit me with the overhand right just below my nose and it was my turn to back up. She stepped into me and threw a short uppercut with her left to my chin. I dug two rights to her side and her right came back to my side followed by a left cross to my jaw. She landed a hard right uppercut to my chin and I suddenly wobbled for an instant and then dropped to the canvas on all fours.

As my knees hit the canvas the crowd erupted and Peg threw both her fists skyward. I looked up and told her it was a long way from over. The ref got to two and I was up. He continued to eight and then asked if I wanted to continue. I almost shoved him out of my way as I yelled yes. He motioned Peg to come back from the neutral corner.

I didn't wait for her. I charged in determined to even the round. Peg ducked under the roundhouse right I threw and pounded my side with her left and my cheek with her right. I stepped back and she came in with both fists to my stomach. I clinched and started bulling her towards the rope. The ref was on us in a second and pulled us apart.

We moved into each other again and exchanged right hands to the jaw.. My left found her ribs and she landed a cross with her left to my jaw. Her right followed to my stomach and than another left cross. Her overhand right came in a split second after the cross and I stumbled back to ropes. Peg followed me in and landed a four punch barrage as I sagged on the ropes.

The Ref stepped between us to give me a standing eight count. As he pushed Peg off me I slid down the ropes to the canvas. He asked me if I wanted to continue. I told him I was through. He signaled that the fight was over and raised Pegs hand. The crowd went nuts .

Peg looked down at me and said "told you". The fight had lasted one minute and fourteen seconds

The ref took out my mouthpiece and gave me a good look. He called the ring physician to check me out. By the time he finished checking my eyes and blood pressure I was able to get up. Peg was right there with a big kiss.

We stood together in the center of the ring as the promoters awarded her the Boxing trophy.

Believe it or not I was never so proud in my life. Peg whispered in my ear that we had to get upstairs right away.

If I thought she was an animal the previous night I was sorely mistaken. She was just getting warmed up.. We went three rounds and she knocked me out each time.

As for the lessons learned. Heres two

1. From now on I'm only fighting men. My records a hell of a lot better against them.
2. Wishes do come true. Mine did and her name is Peg. She was there all along.

Ray

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From: humbled@abeatenman.com

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Thanks for the yarn Ray. I'll see to it that the information stays confidential

John