

## Good Moves

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This story contains coarse language and scenarios of sexual and erotic situations. Reader discretion is advised.

The kids wanted to know if she had won.

"No." She admitted. "He's pretty good."

They were visibly disappointed. I tried to smooth things over.

"Hey, your mom's pretty good too. She's got some really good moves."

This was true! I should have thought to ask her beforehand how good she was at squash. I never considered she would take me to the rubber. She had this really doopy serve, drove me nuts, no power but it comes high off the side wall and kind of slides down, right into the corner. She had me seven-zip in the first game before I even made one return! And you did NOT let her get control of the 'T', she could hit the ball really well, though not that hard, but with nice distance right to the back wall, and she pulled off some pretty spectacular boasts that sent me scrambling. She clobbered me in the first game nine-two. I won't go into a play by play except to say that we had some really hot rallies that ended with us both gasping for breath. She was quick and agile and it was a treat to watch her trim body move around the court. On numerous occasions I caught myself paying more attention to her ass than the ball. Of course we both knew this wasn't in her plan, I mean, she only wore those satiny short shorts for the freedom of movement they allowed. Anyways, after my disastrous defeat in the first game we traded games to two each.

"My turn to win and it's the rubber." She announced. "Unless you can break the cycle."

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Her name was Eileen and she worked for one of those overload outfits and showed up in our office three or four times a year. She didn't draw a lot of attention, like she wasn't a knockout. She did have a pretty decent figure (I always maintained that she had good legs) with ample breasts and hips a trim waist. She was always bubbly and smiling and nicely dressed.

As happens in most offices, each department seems to gravitate to their own lunch table and on this occasion Eileen and I showed up late. Everyone got up to leave just as we

arrived. We joked around checking for BO and threatened to eat worms, then moved on to some small talk. She offered that she was divorced, had two kids, and was a bit of a fitness nut. She spent at least an hour a day in the gym involved in some kind of physical activity. I wasn't a fitness nut but I admitted to being able to find my way around the 'Universal' machine and playing some squash a couple of times a month.

"You play squash?" She asked, all excited. "Really?"

Yeah, I nodded. She had a court booked after work and was without a partner and would I consider a match. Being the best offer I've had all --- well, in a long time, why not? And after I could treat her to dinner? No. Not on short notice through the week, but we could pick up pizza and go back to her place. Okay, that way I could still get to watch some of the hockey. All settled then!

In the fifth game we basically traded points, but in the end I broke the cycle and squeaked a win to take the rubber.

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I was surprised when she introduced her kids: Stacey, ten, Steve, eleven. She didn't look old enough to have an eleven-year-old. She was thirty-four, but looked ten years younger, and I hope she took my surprise as genuine. I guessed her at about five-four, one twenty-five. She had short sandy blond hair and a lightly freckled complexion that made her look tanned. Gray eyes that somehow changed from dark to light. We finished off the pizza and cleaned up the kitchen. Eileen had everyone organized so it didn't take long. All the while I noticed some whispering and asides between mom and kids. Giggling and mom trying to put them off. My curiosity took over.

"What gives? I do something wrong?" Eileen gave me a wry grin. "C'mon you guys, what's up?" Mom was trying to ignore them but they didn't want to give it up. "Somebody --? Please--?"

Eileen finally said: "They want to challenge you to an arm wrestling contest."

I didn't see the big problem with this till I realized this included mom, then I understood the reluctance.

"Well they think I'm pretty good 'cause I can beat them and all their friends."

"And all their moms too." Stacey jumped in to add.

Eileen signaled her to shush. Apparently they did this quite often. The kids gave me all the instructions;

"We do a double elimination, if you lose twice, your out."

They rushed to get started. The kids kicked it off with Steve having a not too easy time with Stacey. Stacey and me next. She was a wiry little thing and I suspect she could take all the boys in her class. I toyed back and forth with her and in the finish I let her put me down. Mom could finish her off. Next up Steve. He complained that I had let Stacey win. Eileen urged him on:

"That's O.K. Go get him. He's one down already, take him and he's out!"

I toyed with him as well, then put him down as gently as I could (let's not make too many waves). As expected mom went to work on Stacey then finished off Steve so they were both out. They moaned over their defeat and moaned even louder when we declared ourselves the winners.

"One winner." They demanded, so nothing would do but Eileen and I had to square off!

I wasn't sure at all how to handle this, should I toy with her? Should I let her win? She's in pretty good shape, let's see how strong she is first. We hooked our thumbs together, got into position ---.

Steve said "Go--" then BAM! I was down! Not because she was all that strong, She caught me off guard. I really wasn't ready. I wasn't expecting her to be so quick off the mark! She held me down long enough to insure her win then let me come up about four inches and pushed me down again. Well, she's certainly strong enough; she's toying with me! The kids loved it. Eileen declared herself the undefeated winner and received high fives from everyone including a diffident me.

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Eileen settled me at the TV while she organized the kids and urged them off to their rooms and homework. She joined me about fifteen minutes later, sat right next to me and draped an arm over my shoulder, (not too shy, this one) and squeezed my arm to test my muscle.

"That's a pretty good muscle, what happened?" She teased.

"I wasn't ready." I protested.

"Oh yeah, sure. That's a good one, the kids use that all the time."

"No, really. I wasn't."

"Didn't you hear Steve say 'Go'?"

"Yeah, but---."

"Well then you were just too slow and I made another good move." She squeezed my arm again. "Anyways I can feel a muscle there." I flexed for her. "Oh yes! Maybe you'll do better in the rematch."

So, there's a chance I'll see her again.

"That's for sure." I boasted. "Let's see what you've got."

She obliged by pulling the sleeves of her T-shirt up over her shoulders, leaned a little forward with her back to me, brought her elbows up and flexed both arms in a bodybuilders pose. I didn't have to touch (but of course I did) I could tell just by looking that her arms were really solid. Her biceps rose up in a nice curve that filled the top part of her arm and I could see the lines of separation between her shoulders and triceps muscles.

"Oh, wow!"

I reached out and wrapped my right hand around the right muscle and my left around the left. She worked the muscles letting me have a good feel. (Then again maybe again I won't ---) She had obviously spent more than a few hours at the preacher bench, (---do so well in the rematch!) her muscles were really thick, beautifully shaped, and hard as a rock! I was envious.

She made it pretty clear that I wouldn't get too far the first night, especially with the kids around, but we got into some very serious necking and petting. She challenged me to a rematch the following Thursday. I didn't think I could wait that long, but her weekend was booked, so we settled on Tuesday.

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She was really pushing my hot buttons. She clobbered me in the first two games, partly with her doopy serves, partly with her satiny short shorts, but mostly 'cause her tank top was sleeveless and she was taking ever opportunity to flex her arms and show off her muscles! I finally got it together, won the next three, and felt lucky to squeak the victory.

Tonight, Chinese food, and the same as last time, the kids began agitating. Of course I took a lot of ribbing over not winning the last time out. Steve wanted to know if I let all the girls win. Stacey thought I was just a loser. Eileen got in a few licks too: teasing me about her good moves and how she had stronger arms. The kids squared off; Stacey gave Steve a real hard time of it but finally succumbed. I didn't fool around this time and put both kids down quickly and gently. Mom toyed a bit with Steve then put him down very slowly making him work all the way. Once more they were eliminated so Eileen and me next. I wasn't going to make any mistakes with her, this time I stayed ready. We hooked thumbs and settled our elbows into position.

"Ready--"

I was ready, concentrating, looking at the table between our elbows.

"-- Go!"

Her arm muscle bulged up against the pressure. Holy shit! Look at that arm! I compared mine to hers and felt inferior. Hers sure looked more like a muscle. Fortunately I was able to control the match this time. I couldn't drag my eyes away and ogled all the while as I eased her down. She fought back right to the last, her biceps bulging all the while. When I finally looked up she raised her eyebrows and scowled. Caught! I felt a flush. We hooked thumbs again for the second round. This time I didn't let my eyes wander from hers.

"Ready---Go."

Her reflexes were good; the fight was on immediately. I held her in the neutral position; the kids were cheering her on. I gave her a nod in admiration; she blew me a sexy little kiss. I was tempted to let her win, she deserved, with an arm muscle like that, but she might have another good move. Then the kids would really jump all over me. I put mom down for the second time and declared myself the undefeated winner. The applause was subdued but at least I felt vindicated. The kids started with their nonsense again, bugging and pestering their mom.

"What now?" I asked.

She gave me this cagey look.

"Feel like leg wrestling?"

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Stacey and Steve started it off again. This time it was Stacey all the way! Unbelievable! But I'm next, squaring off against a ten-year-old. Mom was there and Stacey didn't seem at all reluctant or sheepish, but talk about feeling stupid. Fortunately she was no problem, and neither was Steve. Eileen tipped Stacey over easily, so it came down to mom and me again. They started cheering her on even before I was in position. Eileen reassured them,

"Don't worry, I'll take him easy. I've seen his legs!"

And I've seen hers! Lengthily admiring glances on the court. She had the greatest thighs, nice long sweeping muscles that bunched when she moved. Her lower leg was short by comparison but just packed with hard blocky muscle! So she took me easily, just like she said. Twice! Then once more, on the left side, just for good measure. Then didn't I get razzed?

The kids were soon hustled off to their rooms and Eileen climbed onto my lap and gave me a big conciliatory kiss.

"Don't worry too much, I'm hard to beat. I used to leg wrestle my brothers and haven't lost since I was about Stacey's age."

"What have those kids got against me?"

"Nothing, they like you a lot, but they know I like to win. Anyways, why would they cheer for you?"

She extended her leg and took my hand and ran it up and down her thigh giving me a feel of her solid muscle.

"Impressed?"

"Mm hm, but this impresses me more."

I wrapped my hand around her arm.

"Yeah, 'ya like that, don'cha?" She flexed for me. "Thought so. Most guys are intimidated."

We kissed and petted till we couldn't stand any more and adjourned to the kitchen where she wanted to practice arm wres'lin. She didn't want to win or lose.

"C'mon, we won't keep score, just let me work my arm against yours." (And get me all worked up checking out her muscle) "You can be my exercise machine."

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She invited me join her at the complex on Saturday, we could make a 'fitness afternoon'. We could have a workout and some squash. Okay! And she would show me her secret biceps exercise. Great! And after I could take her out to dinner. Oh yes! And she would arrange for the kids to sleep over at their friends. Two thumbs up!

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Saturday noon I'm at the Gym, all cranked up. Eileen had checked me in already and I was directed to the change room and weight area. I was a little shaky finding my way through the ladies section, but she saw me and came to my rescue. What a beautiful room compared to the men's, quiet and almost empty, we pretty much had the run of the place. I let Eileen set the pace and we went from machine to machine, three sets, ten or twelve reps, most of the time I just used her weight. She went to every station and it was euphoric watching her trim muscles work against the weights.

"Now I'll show you my secret arm exercises."

She slid into position at the curl machine, set the weight to twenty pounds (which I thought was light for her). She brought the handles up very slowly, to a count of eight and then lowered to a count of four. She did ten reps like this, her muscles bulging all the while. My turn.

"Up really, really slow." She instructed.

By the time I got to the sixth rep I could feel the pump in my arm, and I had to squeeze out the tenth. She did her second set easily, I really struggled with the last two reps. By the eighth rep of her third set she was starting to fatigue, the veins up her arm were starting to swell, but she did ten! The triceps machine was facing and she moved across to that while I got into position for my last set of curls. She matched my count and I watched the muscles move up and down the backs of her arms. I started to die after five and squeezed out a seventh but only budged the bar an inch on the eighth. She broke out in a broad grin and smoothly finished off her first set of triceps curls. My arms were like dead weights but she moved off. I took her place and went straight downhill. The best I could do was eight, then six, then four. Of course you know she did two more sets of ten. Smoothly! Boy, did I ever feel like a jerk! Thank god the place had emptied. My arms felt thick and heavy and I was all worked up from her little subliminal taunt.

We had a five minute wait for our court and while we were standing in the hall we could see into one of the small gyms where two young ladies had the gloves on and were really going at it.

"They're not bad, are they?" I commented.

"I'm better." She declared.

"No way."

"Wan'na try me?" She challenged.

"I've never boxed." I explained.

"C'mon then, it'll be fun. I'll see if there's a ring open later."

She was gone before I could protest and came back thumbs up. She was hot on the court, or maybe I was preoccupied. I was either watching her neat bod', plagued by my disastrous showing at the preacher bench, or pondering the upcoming boxing match. She took the first and second games. Not easily but convincingly. I beat my brains out to take the third then got destroyed nine-nothing in the fourth. It seemed her every shot found the nick or dropped into the corner. Her match!

She teased: "What'sa matter baby. You weren't watching the ball. Something else got your attention."

How did she know? She leaned into me and gave me a quick kiss, then: "C'mon, our ring awaits."

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She adjusted my helmet and instructed me on the mouth guard. "Bite down gently, don't let your teeth separate from it." The gloves were next, number tens, whatever that meant. They were larger than I imagined. "Reach into the end and tuck your fingers under the seam. That's the idea." She fastened the Velcro snugly around my wrist. "Punch the bag for a few minutes while I get ready."

She wasn't that long and we moved onto the mat. She showed me the clock, all preset, you just pushed this button, the buzz to start and the bell to end the round. She had traded her halter for a bandeau.

"No hitting below the belt and try to avoid the bandeau." I nodded my understanding. "Ready?"

I shook my head 'no'; she just grinned, slipped her mouthpiece into place and hit the button. Five seconds later: BZZZZ. She bounced out of her corner and started circling. I tried to copy her and make the moves I'd seen on TV. She was very quick and kept jabbing at my gloves pushing them back into my own face. She kept her guard up very high so that all I could see of her face was these steely gray eyes. The first round was a lot of little jabs and I finally got the idea of holding my guard up and keeping forward pressure so she couldn't bounce my own gloves off my face. PING. I was breathing heavily already and I hadn't thrown many, what you would call, punches. BZZZZ. That was not two minutes! She danced out of her corner and I met her in the middle. This time was different. She was much more aggressive, throwing hard punches that bent my ribs or rocked my head back! It wouldn't have been so bad if I could of seen them coming, but they landed before I could react and when I did reacted I left myself open to another punch.

She easily evaded my several attempts to lay a punch on her and her return punches seemed all the harder. She got me real good in the center of my chest just as the second round was ending, sending the breath right out of me. I dropped my guard to recover which allowed her to get about four good punches to my head before the PING! I staggered to my corner and leaned against the support. Eileen came across and looked me straight in the eyes. She gave me a thumbs up sign which I took to mean are you okay? I nodded yes. The BZZZ went before she made it back to her corner. We touched gloves ceremoniously for the third, and thankfully, final round. She was killing me. This time she was very cagey, moving backwards and dodging her head from side to side. I kept trying to catch up to her but when I did she would step into me and give me two or three good jabs. I watched her very carefully and made an estimate of her dodge pattern then let a punch go at nothing hoping she would walk into it. Ha! I walked into it!

She was right there with two solid punches to my chest that knocked the wind out of me again and as I staggered towards her she kept punching at my face and head. I dropped onto my knees, then onto all fours. She looked into my eyes again, saw I was still here and started the count, bringing her gloves together. What was it? Eight? I had eight seconds to recover and get to my feet. I got my weight over my feet and stood, shaky, but up. She was dancing and circling, waiting. Boy I'd sure like to lay a good one on her. Just one. But alas, not to be. She would have it all her way. She rocked me with a shot to the face and when my gloves went up, got one into my ribs just under my arm. Now my arm went down, the blow was so hard it was like my arm went dead and she hit me twice on that side of the head before I could bring my other guard around! When I finally did she let me have it on the other side. It was like a game for her now. Finally she

moved in close and I could see those steely gray eyes and a look that said she was going to finish me off.

I took another punch to the chest and two or three more to the head that landed me against the supports then I dropped to the mat on all fours. This time I knew I wasn't getting up. I was wheezing and gasping for air, my arm had gone all pins and needles and the whole gym took several tilts. She danced around waiting for the PING! I rolled over onto my back hoping to feel better. She moved to stand astride me and unfastened her gloves using her teeth, pulled them off, took off her helmet and bent to help me up. I pushed my mouthpiece out with my tongue and asked:

"Did I hit you once?"

She shook her head, I lay back down, threw my arms over my head and moaned. She was still standing astride me so she placed a 'Reebok' into the middle of my chest and raised her arms overhead in a playful pose.

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We ended back at her place and snuggled on the sofa. She had taunted me all through dinner over my losses:

"You didn't do good today at all. I won it all!"

I had to let her rub it in. After all, the short shorts and muscles were a distraction, but hardly what you would call cheating.

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She was just as playful and aggressive in bed as she was in the gym, teasing and tickling, biting and blowing. I never knew what was coming next! I was exhausted and fell asleep immediately afterwards. About three o'clock I had to get up for a piss and when I crawled back under the sheets her hands went to work and probed out a bunch of my hot spots! Then I sent her into ecstasy again fondling her G-spot. We slept longer than expected cuddled for a while then she straddled me for a quickie. She wanted to be up and around when the kids returned.

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"Well?" Stacey started right in. "How did you do?"

Eileen just smiled and gave me a quick wink. "Why don't you ask him?"

The little brat turned on me. "How did my mom do?"

"She did good--too good." I admitted.

"Did she win?" Steve asked.

"Yes, she won. She won it all."

Mom had to give them a shot by shot, blow by blow account. Steve couldn't believe his mom had beaten me at boxing. He accused me again of letting her win especially when I admitted that I hadn't even laid a glove on her.

"Did you wrestle?" Stacey wanted to know.

"No!" Eileen blurted, a little too quickly.

I guess Stacey let something out of the bag.

"He burned out his arms trying to keep up with me on the curl machine!"

This brought a burst of laughter from Steve.

"So we necked and smooched instead."

They both wrinkled their nose and made 'ugh' sounds and raced off to make some lunch.

"Like some kind of third degree!" I commented.

Mom thought they were just great, always interested and concerned. We spent the afternoon puttering around her house. I helped her with some 'man' things that she couldn't handle herself and worked at some 'woman' things to speed things along. Stacey's remark about 'Did you wrestle?' niggled at me all the while but I fought the urge to quiz Eileen. The moment the chores were done Steve and Stacey took off to their soccer practice and Eileen confronted me as soon as they were out the door.

"Well?" She asked.

"Well what?" I asked back.

"Wan'na try me?"

I stared at her for the moment it took for me to realize she was challenging me to wrestle her! She didn't want Stacey's remark to go unanswered. This is ridiculous, but I could tell from her stance that backing down would lose me a lot of points.

"Three rounds." She announced answering any doubts I might have about what she had in mind.

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They had enough mats to cover the floor of their family room so ten minutes later we were squaring off! She found some trunks for me that I pulled on over my briefs that almost contained my hard-on.

"This is about wrestling, right?" I kidded when she showed up in a one-piece thong thing.

"Well yeah, kind'a." She replied and turned three-sixty, showing off. "But mostly it's about you getting beaten up!"

The thong cut a deep 'V' from her crotch to above her breasts, this is all the material there was. Her back and ass were pretty much bare except for the narrow straps that made an 'X' then a 'Y' pattern across her back.

"Sez you. Did you bring a friend?" I retorted.

She was displaying a lot of skin and her neat muscles were buff. I've got to say she was turning my crank and my cock was noticeably poking at my trunks!

"The only friend I need is between your legs." She teased. "And anyways I bet your arm muscles are still strung out."

She was right on both counts. I had a monster hard-on and my arms still ached! She started circling me so I presumed the match had begun and circled with her. Basically I didn't have a chance. I couldn't believe it at first. She was incredibly strong and knew how to keep herself in position, plus she knew how to counter all my attacks! Her upper body strength is what really threw me. She was able to control my arms with little effort and her grip was ferocious! We tumbled around for a while, neither getting any real advantage. She tripped me up and got me down and wrapped up with one leg across the back of my neck and my arm bent back in a painful hammerlock. She didn't ask if I 'quit' or 'give' or 'surrender'.

"I'll accept your submission." She stated flatly.

I struggled for ten seconds more. She applied more pressure by pulling my arm up and away from my body so both my shoulder and my elbow suffered waves of pain.

"Aaaaggg okay, okay, enough! I quit!"

"You must submit." She stated coolly.

The bitch! I wasn't sure I knew the difference but the pain in my arm---

"Okay okay I submit."

She released me immediately and stood aside while I nursed my arm and got to my feet. She grinned and blew me a kiss. She didn't have to say a word, we both knew now that she could take me. We circled again only this time she held back a little waiting to see what I would do, give the poor guy a chance, so to speak. In the end the second round didn't last as long as the first. I got her down on the mat quickly enough but lost control and she got behind me and wrapped her legs around my chest under my arms.

"Now you must submit." Again in that flat, matter-of-fact voice.

Then she applied the pressure. Oh sweet Jesus! I could feel all the muscles in her legs flex and harden and I groped at her ankles and shins in a vain effort to pry her legs apart. Seconds later I was out of breath.

"I--gasp--gasp--submit--gasp!"

She relaxed her hold and let me catch my breath.

"Killer legs eh?" She boasted

We separated and got to our feet, she, much more quickly than I.

"One more." She said, she really wants to humiliate me.

We locked grips in the middle of the ring again and before I knew it she had tripped me up onto my back and was straddling me with her knees. Seconds later I was securely pinned! Very securely! She had a grip on my wrists pressing them into the mat and her knees were placed squarely into my upper arms. She held her weight up high so it was distributed evenly over the four points of contact. Her steely eyes were boring down into mine and she was making faces at me, sticking out her tongue, pouting teasingly and sending me little air kisses.

"Marry me." I blurted.

She gave me the weirdest look, I rephrased:

"Marry me?"

She laughed. "Noo."

She wasn't going to get a submission like this so slipped back releasing me and we got to our feet and squared off again. And again in no time she got me down and wrapped up. This time she attacked my legs, getting them twisted around each other with one of hers somehow through the center. I was on my back, she was half standing and she applied pressure simply by lowering herself down. I cried out in pain! Holy shit! She was going to tear my legs apart! My legs were spread wide apart and when she eased the pressure she traced little circles with her finger on the inside of my thighs. The circles moved closer and closer to my groin but there was nothing I could do to stop her.

"Submit?" She asked.

"Marry me!" I responded, she pressurized. "AAAggghhh!!"

Then she eased off and traced.

"I've got you six was to Sunday and you want to marry me?"

"Yes!"

She ran her hand right into my crotch and grabbed a handful of balls and squeezed firmly and at the same time eased down. I was in BIG trouble!

"Submit!" She demanded.

BIG BIG trouble! She wasn't squeezing that hard and she wasn't applying that much pressure but the combination was deadly. I was at her mercy and she was going to toy with me! She must be able to feel my cock pounding.

"Marry me?" I persisted.

"No!" Laughing, squeezing harder, a little more leg pressure. "Submit!" She demanded.

"Okay-----I submit."

She released the leg hold but kept hold of my nuts and snuggled down beside me.

"That's three nothin' ya know!" She taunted.

I knew, but didn't care much, her hand was doing nice things in my groin.

"Mmmm."

She couldn't believe I really wanted to marry her, couldn't understand it, but by the time we were through messing around on the mats she agreed.

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When the kids got home we told them about our marriage plans, they were both happy and excited. It somehow came out during dinner that evening that we had wrestled. Of course they wanted to know if she had won.

"Yes, she won." I had to admit. "Your mom's really good!"

They were visibly elated, mom tried to soothe my anguish.

"He's pretty good too, but I've got some really good moves!"