

One love

By BOS

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Glen and Alicia had first met in a weight room at a racquet club. He would drop by after his racquetball game and - perhaps - a run, just to sort of cap off a workout. He wasn't a serious weightlifter, but he liked the feeling he got from giving his body a workout in several different ways and from knowing that every major muscle group in his body was in good shape. He didn't want to be one of those jogger types who can put in six or eight miles a day but can find fourteen different ways to injure himself if he tries to play a game of touch football or basketball, or who is sore for a week if he tries to do some gardening or move some furniture. On the other hand, he found weightlifting too boring and painful to get into seriously.

Racquetball was his passion; all by itself, it was a great all-around workout. But a little running and a little lifting made him feel like king of the club. He used to fantasize that if the club management had devised some sort of decathlon to measure all around fitness - strength, endurance, everything - he would win.

Ali was a serious tennis player, and her visits to the weight room were entirely for the purpose of improving her tennis game. She would show up in her tennis dress after a workout on the courts, and she would start right in on the weights very purposefully. Her stooping and stretching would attract the attention of every male in the room -- and every other person in the room was male -- especially because of that outfit.

However, she wasn't trying to attract attention. It was just that the management kept that room very warm as a way to avoid injury to cold joints, especially to those of the amateur lifters who would wander in from time to time and were prone to overextending themselves.

At any rate, this was a pretty fancy, upper middle-class club, and most of the guys grabbed their peeks quite furtively -- between sit-ups or because they just "happened" to be looking in her direction during their own lifts. There were no wolf whistles or remarks about the incongruity of a girl lifting weights. These guys knew all about the women's

movement, and they were quite respectful. Besides, they knew Ali could beat the pants off any one of them on the tennis court, and she was no slouch on the Nautilus either. But they definitely looked.

Especially Glen. All his life he had wanted to meet a really athletic girl. One who enjoyed doing the things he liked to do, like maybe shooting some baskets on the spur of the moment or experimenting with different kinds of exercises and tests of strength. One who wasn't shy about her desire to win. Most of all, one whom he didn't have to worry about hurting during the act of making love, one with whom he would not have to be so goddamn gentle.

Ali was the one, he told himself. Her tan, lithe frame remained in his thoughts all day; stooping, bending, lifting, stretching. At 5'8", she was a couple of inches taller than he was, and that might be a problem. A girl of her size and physical accomplishments might be expected to be attracted to a bigger guy. But he could show her he was no slouch. He was not as good a racquetball player as she was a tennis player, but he was one of the better ones in the club. He was stocky enough, and no one would ever think he was a wimp, that was for sure. He just had to be aggressive enough in pursuit of her.

He found himself spending a lot more time in the weight room than he ever had before. Sometimes she wouldn't show up when he expected her. So he took to looking into the weight room from time to time; before he changed into his racquetball clothes; after he changed, but before he played; after he played, but before he had a beer; after his beer; after another beer. When he couldn't find Ali on the weights, he'd look on the courts. Finally, he was sure he had a pretty good idea of her schedule. Then she seemed to change it.

Through it all, Glen was not sure Ali knew he was alive. He took a long time to make his move. For one thing, he loved to just watch her, and he was afraid if something went wrong in their unborn relationship, that joy might be jeopardized. For another, he really wanted to be alone with her in the weight room, and that was seldom their circumstance. For another, he was scared.

Finally, tentatively, he made his move. They were alone, and he was working on a wall pulley. He stood perpendicular to the wall, with his right arm extended to the wall, away from his body. He'd bring his right arm across his chest -- with the handle of the pulley in

his hand -- and simultaneously turn his body in a way so as to simulate a stroke with a racquet.

She wasn't really looking at him. She was on the bench press, her legs straddling it as she lay back under the bar. But he pretended their eyes had met.

"I find this one is great for the forehand," he said.

"You play tennis?" she asked.

"Racquetball."

"Oh."

What did that mean? Did she really not know who he was? Most of the regulars knew the sports of the others.

"I never really had the patience for tennis. I like the slam bang of racquetball, where you don't have to worry about hitting the ball out of the court and any turkey can keep a volley going."

"Uh huh."

This was not going well. He walked over to the bench where she was starting her reps. As he came nearer, she closed her legs together over the end of the bench. She was, he noted, lifting 125; she did 10 reps as he stood over her watching.

"That's a pretty good lift," he said, with what he thought was generous, unchauvinistic enlightenment, as he moved in after her and shifted the peg so that he would be lifting 150.

"I bet there's not another girl in the club who could come anywhere close to that," he said, meaning the 125.

"Yeah. Well, I try to do my body weight."

It was too late; he had already set the 150. Besides, he knew he couldn't do 10 reps at 175 if his life depended on it.

"Is that what you do?" she asked.

Damn, he thought; I knew it! He tried to laugh it off.

"No," he chuckled, trying to be self-deprecatingly charming, but not too specific.

"I'm just an old weakling."

He smiled and grunted out eight. He wasn't sure if she was counting, but it didn't matter. Eight was it.

After that, Glen went on a diet and worked on his bench press. He got his weight the former down to 165, but he couldn't get the press up that high, not without cheating. He tried going into the weight room before his game, rather than after, and that helped a little, but not enough.

His big break came when Ali asked him to teach her racquetball. After a couple of games she was playing well enough to give him a workout, which didn't surprise Glen. He knew the transition from tennis to racquetball is easy, even if the one in the reverse direction is hard. In fact, it delighted him. It meant he would not have to make up some silly excuse for wanting to play her. He enjoyed the match, and he enjoyed watching her legs in action and, especially, watching her ass when she went to the service box.

When he finally got her alone in his apartment, it was the most natural thing in the world for him to start playfully wrestling with her. Their whole relationship had been built around competition and physical activity and normal male/female jousting.

It happened after they had returned from the tennis courts after a futile attempt on Ali's part to teach Glen how to at least keep the ball in play. She was sitting there in her white tennis outfit with her deep tennis tan, and he felt it was now time to regain some of his masculinity, lest the balance of power and pride in their relationship be tilted too far in her direction.

"Now, let's play my game!" he said, diving on her, flattening her to her back on his couch. She accepted the challenge playfully. She turned to her side and they both rolled off the couch onto the floor. There they continued to roll, laughing, their bare legs winding around and rubbing sensuously against each other's.

They struggled for advantage half seriously, each weakened by laughter, each playing dirty, if gently. Ali would goose Glen, then climb up on top of his chest and sit triumphantly, with her hands clasped above her head in a victory post. "The winner!" she'd say.

Meanwhile Glen would be slipping his hands up under her skirt, then her panties. "Hey!" she'd say and roll off him, the man coming out on top of her. He grabbed her hands and forced them back over her head and pressed them to the floor.

"Think you're pretty tough, don't ya, lady?" he said with an exaggerated sneer.

"Yep!" she said.

"You're not looking so tough now."

"You fight dirty."

"I fight dirty? Ha!"

"Bet you can't have me," she said.

Those were the words he wanted to hear. Their cockiness turned him on in the extreme.

The invitation was there, wasn't it?

"Bet what?" he asked.

"What do YOU think?"

"You're on!" he said, lowering his lips to her neck hungrily.

"Wait a minute!" she said.

"You afraid to start even?"

He looked down at her confident smile and tried to return it. He stood up. She stood up, brushing herself off. She slipped off her tennis shoes and stood there in her white socks.

He did the same.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Any time, sweetheart," she said, half snickering. He stalked her. She backed up.

"You're not afraid, are you?" he taunted.

"Don't worry, pal," she said.

"My move is coming." She backed behind the couch. Now it separated them, and they danced back and forth in opposite directions in response to each other's moves. Finally Glen decided to go over. The whole thing was upended, Glen included. He climbed to his feet as the girl danced away, laughing.

"Wanna give up, lollipop?" she asked.

"I don't want your fragile little bod to get hurt!"

Her words brought Glen to a new almost undreamed-of level of arousal. He smiled, despite the pain in his knee. He pulled the fallen couch aside, pushed it into a wall, so that Ali could not bet behind it again. He began stalking her again. She wiggled her forefinger at him.

"Come on, little fella. Come get it!" She turned her back on him and wiggled her ass at him.

"You want some of this?"

He came running after her, and she ran into his bedroom. She ran behind his bed, and it separated them just as the couch had earlier. He knew she couldn't upend the bed, so he stepped up onto it. But as he was coming down off the other side -- before he had reached the floor, and while one of his legs was in the air and the other foot was still on

the bed -- the athletic girl hit him with a shoulder block into his gut. It set him on his rear on the bed.

She had suckered him into thinking she was only playing defense. Ali quickly grabbed his feet and lifted them off the bed. She stepped back then, pulling Glen off the bed, his ass bouncing on the floor. She pulled him in a circle, until her back was to the bed. Then she climbed backwards up onto the bed on her feet, dragging the man after her. Then she quickly twisted his legs so that he was forced over onto his front. He was beginning to feel ridiculous.

She pounced on him, holding him in place with her weight until she could reach over the end of the bed and pull up on the blanket and pull it over his body. Then she rolled him up in the blanket, manipulating his body almost at will, using sheets and pillows and anything else that was available to slow his escape. They exchanged verbal slights throughout this process, with him accusing her of "playing" dirty, and her responding that he had started it. When she had him fighting with the bonds at the upper end of his body, she reached into the blankets from below and removed his tennis shorts, leaving him only in his jock strap.

There was nothing he could do to resist. She got off him, carrying his shorts, and walked back into his living room. By the time he was able to get free, she was sitting on the repositioned couch, his shorts dangling from her right hand. She smiled at him as he came out of his bedroom in his jock strap and tee shirt.

"Want some more?" she said.

"Yeah," he said, now as angry and embarrassed as he was horny.

"Good," she said, getting to her feet. "I hate a guy to give up too easy. I say this is worth fighting for, right?" Her hands caressed the sides of her torso.

"Damn right," he said, his own good humor starting to return.

"Even worth getting beat up for, right?"

He did not respond.

She said, "At least getting beat up a LITTLE bit?"

She put her forefinger and her thumb so that their tips were almost touching, indicting a tiny bit, trying to get a smile out of him.

He said, "I want your ass so bad I feel like I'm about to break my teeth, from gritting them so hard!"

"I know," she said. "I love it."

He was stalking her again, but very, VERY carefully. He moved furniture out of the way, eliminating it from the scene entirely, taking his time, which he found very, VERY difficult.

Now it was just the two bodies. He stood between her and his bedroom, so there was no escape for her. Slowly he moved in, cornering her. Slowly. Carefully. She backed. Backed. Farther. She was almost touching two walls. He watched every part of her body. Her feet. Her knees. Her hands. He moved in. There was no farther for her to go. He stuck his left arm out slowly to lock around her wrist. Their hands sparred there, each trying to grab the other's.

"GERONIMO!!" she said. Using the walls behind her to her advantage, springing off them while Glen was worrying about her hand, she plowed into her date. They both crashed to the floor, the guy on his back, the girl with her arms around his chest, enclosing his arms. She locked her hands behind his back. He thrashed, thinking they would go rolling around the floor. But she scooted back about a foot and braced both her feet against the two walls that met in that corner. He was unable to turn her.

"Who's raping who, lover?" Ali whispered in Glen's ear, her lips brushing gently against him.

"Oh you want a test of strength, huh?" Glen said. "All right for you, sister?"

With all his might, Glen pushed outward with his arms, trying to break the girl's lock. He gritted his teeth; he strained; he grunted. Slowly, even without the girl's lock being broken, he was able to move his arms enough so that he could lock his own hands around the small of Ali's slim back. He squeezed, and he was definitely able to cause the girl more pain than she was causing him.

She had to give up on her bear hug, thus giving Glen an opportunity to believe -- if he was determined to -- that he had won the test of strength. Both really knew that his own bear hug had done him more good than the pressure outward on her arms. Even giving up her bear hug, at any rate, Ali could still maintain the high ground, using her feet, sometimes by pushing against the two walls, sometimes by wrapping them around Glen's lower legs. But she had to deal with the pain he was causing her. To do so by trying to distract him sexually would be to give him at least a step toward his victory. She put her hands on his chest and pushed, but that didn't work. He smiled at her from below. She tickled his armpits. That worked. "Hey!" he said, releasing his lock, on which he would have lost his strength anyway, if she had continued with that tactic. She wrapped her arms around his head, pulled his face to her chest, and held on.

He resorted to her tactics. His hands were free. He tickled her ribs."Hey," she said, losing her grip with her feet below. "You coward!" "Coward? Hell, I would enjoy staying in that position all day. However, I do have other plans!" He was able to turn her over to her back. Never losing his bearhug, he struggled to his feet, pulling the girl with him. Then, lifting her off the floor, he moved toward the bedroom. "Uh oh!" she said in mock fear. "Macho man takes over!"

"Fuckin' right!" he said. When they reached the threshold, Ali splayed her arms and legs out sideways and grabbed the doorway's two sides with her hands. She thus slowed and frustrated Glen, but she knew this tactic could do no more than that. When they reached the man's bed, he piled on top of the woman on it, never daring to release his bear hug. "Pretty spunky, aren't ya, little fella?" Ali said. His mouth was at her neck, kissing her hungrily.

"You were just lucky I was so horny I couldn't see straight, or you never would lasted THIS long!" he said between nibbles. Suddenly Ali locked her legs around Glen's waist. With that hold she was able to twist him to his side, then to his back. Above him now, she said, "YOU'RE just lucky I'm almost as horny as you are!"

Glen didn't know who was the lucky one. But he knew one thing; he wanted this woman. Not just tonight. FOREVER!

The Rematch

Coming up behind her as she was doing her curls in the weight room, Glen said, "How about a rematch, lady?"

Ali didn't respond, just smiled as she continued to do her lifts.

"Well?" he said, as she put the bar down.

"Well what?"

"Our rematch."

"You sure have a funny way of asking for a date," she said, sliding under the bench press fixture as the man tagged along after her.

"Who said anything about a date?" he said. She smiled and did her 10 with the man standing over her, then sat up slowly.

"You sure you're ready?" she said, toweling off.

"If I was any more ready, I couldn't stand still."

"That's what I said: A date," she said.

She stood up to walk over to the wall pulleys. Before passing Glen, she put her finger on his chest.

"Any TIME," she said, tapping him. "Any PLACE." She tapped him again on the second phrase.

She sure had a funny way of accepting a date, Glen thought.

She made him buy her a dinner first, and she was sure to dawdle over it. A cocktail first; dessert; an after-dinner drink; and no absence of body contact through it all.

Then, there they were again, once more in the man's living room. Facing off. One on one. Man against woman.

Woman took off her blouse and skirt and faced man in her pantyhose and bra. He was in his shorts only.

She dove in at his legs, landing on her knees and wrapping her arms around his thighs. Reflexively, as he had learned in gym class, Glen threw his legs back and tried to push her head away from him as he was putting his weight on her back. His move was supposed to make it hard for her to pull his legs in.

This felt a lot different than it had in gym class; looking down at an opponent in pantyhose, his hand roaming over a back that flared up from almost nothing at the waist and was bisected by the back of a bra. Very, very different.

But Glen didn't have much time to ponder the differences. The wrestler in pantyhose was boring in on him, pushing him backwards. Then, finally able to lock her hands around his hairy legs, the girl climbed to feet, lifting her date off the floor.

Glen couldn't do much from up there. He pushed against her head with his two hands, and he looked down over her back at her delicately covered ass.

Then he was on his. Twisting his legs out from below him, Ali had gently lowered Glen to the floor and put all her weight on his elongated body. As he was turning from his back to his stomach, she pulled one of his wrists under his body with both of her hands and immobilized it there. He tried to struggle to his knees with only one hand for support, but it was not easy, and when she wrapped one of those pantyhose-covered legs around one of his in such a way as to separate him from the floor, it was damn near impossible. He could get no leverage.

As limber as she was strong, Ali brought her other leg up beside Glen's torso and planted her foot so that Glen could look at her gently curving calf. She saw him staring at it.

She decided to goose him verbally. Her mouth resting lightly on his ear, she whispered, "If you can't give me a better fight than this, I'm not going to give you ANYTHING."

Glen hadn't been ready for any of this. In their previous tussle, Ali hadn't shown the ability to wrestle in this serious, aggressive way. Suddenly, Glen reached out for the slender ankle that Ali had purposely -- cockily -- brought so near to his grasp. He grabbed it and pulled it toward him, and he found Ali's soft weight being shifted off of his back and toward that leg. He scrambled fast to his knees as the girl was falling to her side.

He pounced on her. He didn't know if that was the proper tactic at this time. He just knew he wanted to do it. He had let go of her ankle in the process, and, although he was on top and she was on her back, her legs were locked around the small of his back. This fact made him wonder whether he had done the right thing.

He turned to the side and reached down between her legs, his hand brushing her crotch. His hand found its way between her soft, nyloned upper thighs, and his palm splayed out around the inside of the left one, and he pulled up, toward his head, trying to separate the girl's ankles. He enjoyed the effort.

He succeeded and, buoyed by that success, he went for the cradle, the classic pin he had learned in gym. If he wrapped one arm around the thigh in front of him, then he need only wrap his other arm behind his opponent's lovely head and then lock his hands together. This would immobilize her leg, pull her knee up to her face and allow him to rock her back onto her shoulders.

It would also separate her legs very dramatically. The very thought of having Ali's legs spread that far apart -- with him lying on top of her -- spurred Glen to his greatest effort.

Meanwhile, though, Ali had locked her arms around his head, and she was trying to twist it over to the other side of her body, away from the leg that was in his grasp, thus forcing Glen to give up his hold. They rocked back and forth like that on the floor with the man sitting roughly between the girl's legs, facing away from her. The man would momentarily get his head free of the girl's grasp. The girl would momentarily increase the distance between the two male hands by forcing her knee and her head in opposite directions. She knew that if he locked his hands, that could spell defeat for her.

Ali was spurred on by her anger at herself for giving Glen her ankle almost as a gift. She did not want to lose because of such a stupid, egotistical mistake.

This guy is not to be taken lightly, she reminded herself; he is so damned determined.

But now that determination got Glen into trouble. With a mighty, surprising heave of his head against Ali's enveloping arms, he lost his balance. He found himself backward over Ali's other leg. Ali quickly took advantage of the situation and turned in the direction in which he was falling.

They rolled, and she came out on top of him. But he still had her leg pretty well in hand. So he was trying for an upside down cradle, with his lovely opponent draped over his back.

Now he was being stupid, she realized. His male ego -- or something -- was preventing him from seeing that at this point he should be on the defensive, not going for a cradle.

As he struggled, Ali -- making sure to keep him under her -- slipped her wrist behind one of his knees. And she draped her other hand over his shoulder. She was going for a cradle too. But she was having trouble getting her hands locked.

She ducked her head and rolled forward. She did a sort somersault. As her back hit the floor, the man came rolling over her. As he rolled, she locked her hands.

When they did stop, he was on his back and in her complete control, his knee forced into his face.

She had beaten him with his own move, and she loved it.

His non-cradled leg flailed wildly. She wrapped it up with one of her own, so that he he could hardly move anything. But he struggled on. She counted to 30, slowly and out loud. Then she let him go and kneeled there next to him.

END