

# Underground Gym

## Part 7 - Sexfight

*An erotic pro-wrestling match by Gemma Rox*

“Well... What do you think???”

“.....uh.....”

“Come on? Tell me!!!”

Now you need to understand, the 5’2” bundle of joy bouncing around me is my girlfriend, she’s a kind soul but a little... out there... her question did leave me rather stunned to say the least...

“You want a sex fight?...” I replied stunned

“Yeah!!! Jason said he could get us £15,000 each!!!! And another £5,000 to the winner!!! I could do a lot with £20,000...” she beamed gleefully

“but it’s a bit weird us fighting each oth... What the fuck makes you think you’d win???” I snap, forgetting my original point...

“oh come on! You’re a tough girl munchkin! We all know it, but as soon as my hand goes down there you become such a fucking wimp!” she chuckles with an impish smile


My face goes red, mainly because she’s right, as much as I fight in the ring, in the bedroom, when we wrestle, Helen pretty much owns my arse...

“hey! It’s one thing in the bedroom but another thing in the ring! Last time I kicked your arse pretty damn easily!” I growl, with a menacing smile... I can see the recollection of our previous encounter took some of the wind out of her sails as her shoulders dropped and a pout fell on her face, then catching my teasing gaze she leaps on me!

We roll around until we fall off the sofa and hard onto the floor! She lands on top of me and straddles my chest, reaching back and shoving her hand under the waistline of my jogging trousers

“OOOHHHHHHH.....” I groan as my back arches, my body thrusting itself on her busy fingers and she looks down at me, my head tilted back in ecstasy and chuckles

“yeah... you’re going to be a tough fight!”...



2 days later at the gym

“Really Jason? You think this is a good idea?” I ask puzzled, I still didn’t know where I stood with Jason.. He does things too me... made me feel special... even when we were in a group it felt like he was talking just to me, even when we were screaming at each other, I felt warm near him... and it scared me. I was happy with Helen, I really was... but Jason... just does things to me...

“you were right! It has got too gladiatorial out there and what better way to change the tone but with sex!” he answers

“yeah but... come on! It’s basically 2 girls raping each other in front of a crowd!” I answer back

“Have you seen Ultimate Surrender?” he asks and my face goes bright red... I had seen it... since my first fight I’ve come to find physical confrontation overwhelmingly erotic. I’d seen it, and I’d loved it

“I can tell by that fact that I’m now talking to a tomato that you have.” he chuckles

“Fuck You!” I snap defensively

“hey, it’s ok! Let’s be brutally honest here, the people don’t come here just because they like the fights, they come here because they like the sexual tension! Two hot girls in tiny bikini’s throwing each other around... the submissions... the domination... it’s incredibly erotic? Don’t you think?” he asks, and immediately the wet patch in my panties makes me thankful that I’m wearing some heavy, baggy blue jeans... “and most of the fights end up topless or nude anyway after you girls go at each other, it’s the natural progression!”

I couldn’t really argue with him. After all, the girls always had the choice of whether to fight or not and if it was a step too far, they’d just decline and stick to regular matches... the question was... would I decline...

“I mean...” he continued “Can you honestly say you’ve never thought of it? Even after your first official fight, when you kissed me in the locker room...” he asks and I dropped my eyes in shame... unable to meet his gaze as my face reddens yet again “I know I have...” he finished


I choose to ignore his last comment but later found it left a devastating wake in my mind, I constantly thought it over from every conceivable angle... what did that mean? Does he like me? Why won’t he just say it? And why don’t I just ask him? The questions raged back on fore in my mind like a hurricane until I came to the conclusion I’m with Helen. It really doesn’t fucking matter what he thinks or how he feels about me.

“ok, I’ll do it” I said after the silence got too long to bare. Again I look into those eye’s and can’t read a damn thing! I was looking for any spark to give me an inkling into his true feelings but I was left wanting.

“There’s just one other thing...” he continued “Helen want’s forfeits for the loser...”

“what do you mean?” I asked kind of hurt she didn’t confess this to me in person

“Well... it’s a 5 round match with each round ending in submission or sexual submission” he added tentatively, trying to gauge my response



“what the hell is a sexual submission?” I asked naively

“It’s... uh... It’s when you make your opponent cum or make them pleasure you until you cum...” he states, I find it hard to believe the words are actually coming out of his mouth... this is the kind of stuff we got up to in the bedroom sure, but I didn’t expect my darkest fantasies to be realised in front of an audience! But at the same time it thrilled me in a brooding, sadistic way... the thought of beating Helen down... making her scream and moan in rapturous pleasure and agonising pain... and even the thought of losing... being totally humbled and powerless to stop her as she humiliated me in front of everyone...

“Right..... so that’s the rounds... what about the forfeit?” I ask with a certain amount of trepidation

“Well, for each round won, you get 3 minutes of time at the end to do whatever you want to your opponent... so the best the loser can hope for is a 3-2 loss where she gets fucked for 3 minutes... and the worst... a 5-0 loss where she’s owned for 15 minutes...” he answers with a nervous face... he braces himself for the tirade that is sure to come out of my mouth at him, calling him a pervert or worse but it never came I just smiled a roguish smile, turned and left saying

“she might live to regret that...”

The door shut as I cockily walked out and Jason sat in an empty room and mused... “somehow I doubt it...”

2 weeks later - Fight night

We got ready in the same dressing room which was a strange experience as I had to hide all my pre-match nerves and wobbles... Helen on the other hand was still bouncing around like a ball of joy we were both finished warming up and she turned to face me and said

“This is going to be awesome munchkin!!! But I want you to know, this is still a wrestling match... I am going to hurt you out there, the only difference is I’m also going to humiliate you and fuck the living shit out of you in front of everyone!” she chuckled with an evily seductive glint in her eye... my god she was irresistible!!! her 5’2” frame was toned to perfection! The last couple of months she’d really come into her own! With the exception of one loss she’d been a machine out in that ring! Her breasts looked huge compared to her small stature and her hair was long and dark with a fiery red streak down one side, her tattoo’s her arm and leg sparkled under her glistening skin and I melted as she told me of my own destruction...

I should have known that was her plan all along, as confident as I was with myself and my abilities, when it came to sex, Helen was a goddess! And she took great pleasure in lording it over me. Describing in every detail how she was going to finger me and abuse me just made me hotter and hotter, my normal instinct when a girl say’s she’s going to kick my arse is to rage and rebel and put up a wall but with Helen... with sex... I just turned into a wreck.

Jason stepped in to wish us good luck and I instinctively covered up and blushed, after he left Helen almost pissed herself laughing “I’m going to fuck the shit out of you in front of him now!!! Why’d you bother covering up???” she laughed, of course she had no idea to turmoil in my head whenever Jason was near but before I could think of a response the deep heavy blast of her music came on and she leapt out into the gym “they’re playing my song! See you in hell slut!” she chuckled and I was left alone

Finally I could get into my pre-match routine!!! I started my breathing exercises and closed my eye's then that was it... Pantera's '5 minutes alone' came up and I knew it was my time... FUCK!!! So much for pre match routines!!! The roar was deafening and I was shocked yet a little relieved to see such a high number of women in the audience! Suddenly it didn't feel so dirty, more erotic! I don't know why the presence of another woman into this situation changes the perception it just does. It's like they say - a Woman reads Erotica, a man reads Porn. But at the end of the day, it's all filth!

I strutted to the ring as they chanted and praised me and then I got tot the ring apron and Helen was there, in her corner, legs spread out, arms up with her hands ushering me to step up into her world, her head cocked to one side wearing that rock slut attitude on her sleeve oh so much better than I ever could, her confidence astounded me!

The crowd settled down a little, but not match, just enough so we could hear the bell ring and we circled each other... My eye's were narrow and I kept my body low as I studied my foe but Helen just wore a cocky smile and a swagger as she leapt at me, locking up collar and elbow... her strength astounded me! She really has become a devastating fighter! She pushed me back to the ropes then using her momentum slung me off in to an Irish whip, I ran across the ring bouncing off the opposite ropes and right into her oncoming clothesline!!! It hit me like a truck! Smashing high on my chest, me head and lower body flung forward as my torso was smashed back! I crashed on the mat hard bouncing on the unforgiving canvas!

"AAAAAAGGGGHHHHH!!!!!" I screamed, my chest and back in pain then a sharp, burning pain erupted in my hair as she grabbed it with both hands and pulled me up to my feet! The second I arose she SLAMMED a hard knee into my belly 3 times knocking the wind right out of me and gripped my head under her right arm, my shoulder pressing into her stomach as I was doubled over. Without a seconds reprieve she fell backwards and rammed me head first into the canvas in a brutal DDT! The momentum flipping my body over and landing me on my back gazing blurry eyed at the overhead lights, stunned.

I couldn't believe the brutality! I knew she said this was a wrestling match but I took it for bravado and hot air, trying (and succeeding) to make me nervous before the fight but she was relentless! I was already panting and could just about make out her touch and voice as she ran her finger over my soft mound and screamed out to the crowd "SHE'S ALREADY WET!!! THE FILTHY SLUT!!!" they laughed as she joked, cementing her promise of humiliation early in the fight...

She sat me up and got behind me wrapping her arms around my neck in a sleeper hold but didn't tighten it all the way just yet... she had something special in mind...

"Right munchkin... time to let your fingers do the talking!" she purred into my ear

"Wh... \*cough\* ...What?" I gasped struggling in her hold

"I want you to finger yourself NOW!!!" She ordered "you've got 30 seconds before I tighten this hold and knock you out! You can either try and make yourself cum or you can suffer whatever I can do to your unconscious body!" I was stunned! With everyone watching my hand reached down and I started to rub my already engorged clitoris! She started her count and I instinctively worked faster!

"29... 28... 27..." she threatened and I moaned and groaned as I slide my left hand down and inserted 2 fingers into myself, curling them up and massaging my vaginal wall...



“22... 21... 20...” her count carried on and to my horror the crowd stated chanting with her! The entire audience participating in my complete humiliation... and I loved it... I was terrified and appalled... my head was telling me that this was disgusting but my body just told my head to shut the fuck up as I quivered and spasmed, lost in my own dark fantasy!

“18... 17... 16” “OOOHHH FUUUUUUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” I screamed as I reached climax on the count of 15! A little squirt shooting out of me as my body kicked and jerked!

Helen laughed as she kept the hold on! “1-0 baby! 15 SECONDS LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!!! THAT’S GOT TO BE A RECORD!!!!” she jokes and the crowd laugh... it’s an eerie feeling, I’ve had them shout, jeer, cheer, and roar for me... but never laugh at me... as my body relaxed and my senses recovered a deep sense of shame washed over me at what just happened. Caught up in the moment, I fingered myself not because I had to, but because I wanted to!

“THAT’S ROUND ONE TO ME!!! WHO WANT’S TO SEE ROUND TWO START WITH A KO???” she roared and the noise from the crowds answer smashed down like a wave “YEEEESSSSS!!!!!!” they cried and she tightened her sleeper to oblige their every whim!

“NOOO!!! \*cough\*... NOOO PLEASE!!!” I beg as she tightens her grip slowly knocking me out!

“ I told you sweetie, I’m going to destroy you tonight!!! But you’re going to love every second of it!” she whispers into my ear. It’s strange, her voice has a calming tone to it and somehow put’s me at ease... even while she’s choking me! I’m giving up myself to her body and soul and I can’t fight it, she’s got me wrapped around her little finger...

Slowly my struggles subside and my arms drop to the canvas, with a final splutter I pass out in her choke and she lays me down. I’d find out later that she spread my legs for all to see and to the crowds delight started to lick me until I came round, although I don’t remember that, some of the girls who wrestle here take much delight in informing me!

My head groggy, not entirely sure where I am and I look up and see my legs tucked under Helens arms as she stares down at me, I smile I large serene smile and stretch my arms out to the side then it hits me... the sound of the crowd... the sweat on my body... I’ve just woken up but I’m not in bed... you dumb bitch GET UP!!! I my head screams but all too late! She twists over bending me in a horrific Boston crab!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” I scream at the top of my lungs, my back arched viciously!, my legs bent violently I pound at the mat to no avail as she torments me, my legs spread for all to see... she chose this hold just for that purpose...

“Do you want to give munchkin?” she teased and I spat back a hardy “FUCK YOU!!!!!!” it was a hold I know. This was the wrestling I know. This is something I can rage against, something I could fight back at... if only I had the energy... she started to bounce increasing the pressure on my back and I knew I couldn’t hold on much longer... I was too weak... The DDT... the orgasm... the KO... they all took their toll on me and I slapped the canvas and screamed

“I GIVE!!!! I GIVE!!!! FUUUUUUCK!!!!!!!!!!” and she dropped the hold. I lay face down, rubbing my lower back as I groaned... my body screamed at me and it was only round 3! But again, she was on me! She wasn’t even out of breath! Sitting on my back she reached down and pulled my arms over her toned, smooth thighs and clasped her left hand under my chin and heaved back in a camel clutch!!! I could only managed a dull grunt my body so tired I couldn’t even call out in pain! She reached back with

her right hand, bending me further and slowly started to massage my crotch... I kicked the canvas in vein but her fingers were merciless... probing me, touching me, teasing me. I could feel the swell rise up in me again... oh god... not again... not in front of everyone... I thought as she increased her pace, her jovial tones and mocking wit were silent as she started to get serious... she was getting turned on herself now... I know because this is what she's best at... many nights playing around in the bedroom she's put me in holds her dark mind designed just for pleasure and pain... one second forcing a scream from me the other making me beg for more... and it's intoxicating!

She leans forward and whispers "I don't want you to cum for them right now... this next one is just for me..." and I whimper in her lock as she leans back causing more pain before her fingers dull the agony... "Oooooohhhh... OOOOHHHH... OOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!" I cry as she quickly finishes me, my body a broken mass of emotion now, dropping her camel clutch I lay there panting and sweating. I'm not even self conscious about the nudity or the fucking anymore, she has totally broken me.

Soon after she recovers her composure and boasts to the amazed crowd "3-0!!!" and they cheer "WHAT HOLD DO YOU WANT NEXT???" she asks boldly, knowing I pose no threat now and a particular hold sticks in her ear "BACK BREAKER???... GOOD CHOICE!!!!" she beams as she picks me up and scoops me, her left arm holding my head and body as her right arm presses against my soaking wet mound as she carries me like a trophy for all to see

Then she drops HARD! Stretching her right knee out and slamming my back across it!

"UUUUGGGGGHHHH..." Is all I can muster as the wind is knocked out of me, she reaches across with her left hand and covers my mouth and forces my head down, preventing me from submitting while she locks in the hold and bends me painfully. Her right hand is set on a more intimate path... running across my breasts she teases my erect nipples and circles them, lightly pinching and flicking, then traces her fingers down my abdomen, following the lines of my muscles then teasing the softer flesh bellow the navel and just above where the thin strip of my pubic hair. She starts pressing down then agonisingly slow she'll very lightly brush her fingers over my labia and clitoris

This was a hold I'd felt from her before and again she dropped the joking and crowd interaction as she focussed entirely - body, mind and soul on destroying me. Her fingers are barely grazing me, but the sensation is intense!!! I want her to take me!!! I want her to fuck me!!! But she retracts until I can't take it anymore! She continues to push down hurting my back to a point where I want to scream a submission and she removes her hand from my mouth... knowing I can't submit. Knowing I need what she's offering. She leans forward and kisses my stomach and whispers... "beg."

I don't even hesitate "Please finish me!!! Please!!!" I groan in agony and lust and she devours me. Her hand caress and molests me, her left squeezing my full firm breasts. I groan one second and scream the next as without warning or remorse she switches and pushes down on my chin and thigh bending me cruelly before returning to my pussy. I find it hard to catch my breath as I'm bent backwards and my body starts to judder and shiver in that familiar way... The tingling rises as I'm about to explode

"OOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!" I cry as my body erupts once more, the convulsions painful over her knee but oh SOOO good!

Then before I can even register the emotions Helen snaps out "4-0 bitch, Time for number 5!!!" and with that she snaps down my head and thigh again bending me brutally!!!

“GIVE UP!!!!” she screamed, the soft playful Helen replaced by a cold methodical assassin! And for a moment I was too stunned to speak, the pain ripping through me as my body still recovered from my orgasm! But after a few seconds that seemed to drag like minutes I screamed at the top of my lungs

“I SUBMIT!!!! OOOOHHHH FUCK!!!! I GIVE!!!!!!!!!!”

And that was that, she dropped me to the floor in a heap, broken and abused and she was right... she kicked the shit out of me and I loved her for it. The crowd were cheering and chanting her name while I lay there panting. But I didn't resent her, not one single bit. She gave me one of the most powerful experiences I'd ever have. She strolled around the ring and lap up the applause, it was obvious she lived for this more than I ever could, from her fist match with me I could tell she was a sexual creature, but she had really evolved in this gym, lean, mean and precise, and now sex fights had been introduced... who could stop her?

The next 15 minutes were a blur of hazy filth, she brought on a strap on and fucked me all around the ring, she made me suck it and she made me lick her while she came slapping me in the face with her false wet cock. She straddled my face and used it to get herself off while threatening to KO me again in a face sit but the most vivid memory was her final act when she pulled the third rope down and trapped my arms between it and the second rope. I dangled there outstretched and powerless while she fingered, sucked and licked me and left me a quivering wreck... and I mean that in every sense... she just left me there! When the time was up she kissed me hard, her tongue penetrating and invading my mouth then left. Me still tired to the ropes.

I eventually freed myself and collapsed. Beaten, broken, humiliated and utterly destroyed. But I didn't give a damn. A few of the crowd heckled as I slowly, groggily got up and made my way to our dressing room and some made jokes at my expense but I just wore the biggest, dumbest smile I've had in ages. When I got to the dressing room I saw Helen looking nervous sat on the bench. She sheepishly asked

“I didn't go too far did I?”

For the first time I saw doubt in her face and a little regret. Caught up in the action she never once thought of the consequences but now she's left with the aftermath

“Well I was expecting a bit more of a role around and a fondle rather than a FUCKING DDT!!!” I shouted, her face dropped and she lowered her eye's until I cracked up laughing “I LOVED it honey!!! don't get me wrong, you're fucking EVIL and I HATE you, but damn... I've never enjoyed and arse kicking so much in my life!”

I was met by a big hug from an ecstatic Helen... where the hell she got her energy from was beyond me! I was ready to collapse and she was as sprightly as can be!

“SO MUNCHKIN!!!! How does it feel to be a total fucking slut?” she beamed

“it hurts...” I answer back with a wearing a pained smile and a twinkle in my eye

“you are my biiiiitch now! I fucking ooooooown you! I fucking beeeeeeeat you! And then I fuuuuuucked you!” she sings with joy “HAHA! I made you finger yourself!!!! And I made you beg me to fuck you!!!!” she roared as she bounced around the dressing room. I slumped onto the bench and laid down my head, her limitless energy was more draining than the match...

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