

# Underground Gym

*Part 2 - Satisfying the urges...*

*A pro-wrestling match by Gemma Rox*

I was dripping in sweat, my body aching all over but I couldn't wipe the smile from my face! I actually beat that little bitch Katie! She was taller, bigger, younger and in perfect shape! But it came at a cost... my right shoulder is hurting bad from one of her suplexes and I'm still a little dazed from the DDT's... but hey, at least I wasn't the one screaming for mercy!

"SO..." Jason started "you handled yourself pretty well in there! Katie's pretty new at this but she's never been beat before..."

Jason was a good looking guy. tall, athletic, dark hair always immaculately kept and when you got to know him, you came to find he has a really charming wit about him, I almost lost myself in a daydream, melted by his strong masculine voice, or maybe I was concussed.... At any rate the truth behind his words slowly sank in and snapped me back to reality...

"huh?... Katie's new at this? You mean... she's wrestled here before?" I ask puzzled

"yeah... we...uh... kind of have an underground league of sorts" he smiles, chuckling to himself as he watches the confusion spread across my face


"really? Is that... legal? I mean.. how?... why?" my words stumbling from my lips

"ok, I can see you're a little shocked but that smile across your face when you won, you loved it right? The sensation... The crowd lapping up the carnage... The feeling of domination over her... and stripping her naked? It's pretty clear you were loving it out there!" he replies, my face turning bright red as the realisation of what happened out there sank in...

"uuhhh...yeah...I guess I did get a little carried away..." I start before I'm cut off

"Carried away? She deserved it! You know it! We all do! She's been riding high since her wins and pushing people too far, I'm just surprised you were the one who put her in her place! Not that you're not tough or anything, I just never saw that side of you until now. Anyway, don't feel bad or embarrassed. You did what needed to be done! And since you clearly enjoyed it... I was wondering if you wanted to do it again..."

"Again? Uuhhh... I don't know" I start "I mean, this was all a little crazy... I don't even know anything about this secret league!"



Jason then went on to explain that people pay a lot of money to see this kind of stuff and if you're good enough, you can get rich real quick! I'm a struggling art student for god's sake, and a 28 year old one at that! The money would come in handy... and I did enjoy putting that bitch down... but Jason told me to think about it a little longer, as harsh as the last fight was, it gets even crazier some nights

So a week passed, my aches and pains went away pretty quickly and the first night after the fight I slept like a baby! but since that night I couldn't relax... every day was a waking dream, my head in the clouds going over it again and again... should I really do this? Could I do this? I have to get back to the gym... I have to see if I can do this!

Jason looked pleased to see me and I couldn't help but blush like a schoolgirl with a crush as he welcomed me back

"ok honey... let's do this!" I stated plainly and forceful

"I'm glad you came back, I've been thinking about that match a lot lately, just a shame we couldn't charge for it!" he chuckles "if you really are ready there's a match tonight?"

"Tonight?" I answer back a little stunned and fear building in me

"yeah, £4,000 if you're game..."

"£4,000??? FUCK YEAH!" I reply, a little embarrassed at my greed...

"haha, ok! See you hear at 9 tonight!" he beams as I go home and get ready.


The 6 hours fly by and before I know it I'm in the dressing room getting into a tiny red string bikini, my hands shaking with a light sweat glazing my body... What the fuck am I doing? I think to myself before Jason enters to brief me

"right honey, you're up against Helen tonight, this girl has only had 2 fights but both were wins, she's about your size, short dyed dark red hair and quite toned, she's a bit of a rock chick like you, working that whole Goth look, she's got a mean streak and has some pretty nasty submission moves, I'd recommend trying to put her down with some power moves, she doesn't have your... ability to take a beating!" he smiles

"does this advice mean you'd like me to win?" I tease

"Well that would be very un-professional of me to have a favourite" he jokes back "right, best get to the ring!" he finishes, leading me out to the packed gymnasium The roar was deafening! Everybody looked loaded! I was wondering why we were paid so much, now I know its because the richest people in Cardiff were all here paying through the nose to see two girls hurt each other!

The mood was totally alien to me! In my first match it was spontaneous, almost fun for the crowd as we clashed but this is serious... they want carnage, they want screams, they want their moneys worth... Already doubts were running through my mind and I haven't even laid eye's on the girl I'm supposed to face but it's too late to back out now...



Over the roar of the packed gym I hear Jason in my ear "I forgot to tell you, there's another £4,000 bonus if you win!" he beams, clearly he hoped this would spur me on but it had the opposite effect. Instead all I could think was £4,000... that's going to give Helen a good reason to kick my arse...

The next few minutes passed as a blur of angry faces, roaring fans and money passing hands. I'm snapped back to clarity by the figure sitting across from me on the top turn buckle of her corner... "I know that girl!" I shout surprised as I turn to Jason

"really?" He answers back "I was wondering why she asked for you personally..."

"She asked for me???" I return, puzzled and a little scared... we're nothing more than passing acquaintances... we both hang out in Metro's, a little dive rock club in Cardiff, we've flirted a little and exchanged pleasantries but nothing more... why the hell would she want to fight me?

I stretch out in my corner, looking worried at what's about to go down, the roars and shouts of the mob watching us doing little to settle my nerves... I lock eye's with Helen, trying to glean some motivation from the look on her face but I can't tell what she's thinking... she kind of looks like she wants to kill me but then I catch a look that makes me think she wants to kiss me... does she want to kiss me till I give? Somehow I don't think I'm that lucky...

She's short like me, about 5'2" but a little heavier, especially in the chest department! Her breasts hardly contained in her black sparkly bikini, they manage to dwarf my 36d's!!! she stalks me as we circle each other in the ring and I shout out "Why did you want to fight me?" she just smiles and answers back in her broad Welsh accent "I just wanted to see what you got under those clothes" that was not the answer I was expecting... but I wasn't just caught by surprise,... my momentary confusion led to me getting caught with a vicious right hook to my stomach!

"OOOMMFFF!!" I gasp as I double over the feeling her arms wrap around my waist I can feel myself lifted and spun in the air in a gut-wrench suplex! "FUUUUCK!" I cry as I bounce off the hard canvas, my lower back taking the brunt of the impact! Like a flash she's on me ripping me into a seated position by my hair as she wraps her left arm around my neck in a choking head lock!

"don't worry honey, I know I've got a reputation as a mean bitch but I'll end this quickly because I like you" she whispers in my ear, and I can't help but find her sweet, sultry, seductive tone a bit confusing as she tries to re-assure me at the very same time she's trying to choke me out... unfortunately for her, she really should have locked me up in a scissors as I power up, fighting against her to get to my feet then use my small height advantage to judo flip her over where she lands on her lower back with a scream in front of me!

Grabbing her arms I pull back hard ramming my feet into her back and pulling with all my might like I'm trying to row a boat! "FUUUUUCK!" she screams, clearly surprised at the sudden turn around, her shoulders and triceps burning as I yank her arms back! A little bit of cockiness shows as I tease back "don't worry...nnnggghhh...honey, I'll end this quick!" my words spit out through teeth gritted with exertion as I try and force her to scream her submission!

A minute passes but other than screams and curses I can't get the words I want to hear to come out from her glossy painted black lips so I decide to take Jason's advice and throw in a few power moves to break her down! Dropping the hold her arms fall lifeless by her sides as she groans in relief only to feel me wrap my arms around her waist from behind and lift her high into the air in a belly to back bear hug!

“AAAAAGGGGGHHH!!!” she screams, my arms digging into her belly cruelly but almost as soon as I lift her I drop her back down again across my outstretched knee! I can tell by the stunned whimper that sheiks from her lips I’ve caught her in a delicate spot and was a little sorry for it as I only planned on jarring her back and bruising her arse, but can’t get to sentimental, I need to win! Quick as a flash I loft her again this time arching my back suddenly and catapulting her over me in a perfect Suplex! Her head and shoulders smashing into the canvas with brutal precision as she slumps down into a dazed heap on the mat!

Quickly getting back to my feet I grab her legs under my arms and twist over rolling her onto her stomach in a torturous Boston Crab! The sharp pain ripping through her back and things soon cuts through the dazed stupor inflicted by the suplex as she’s left screaming and pounding the mat!

“DO YOU GIVE?” I shout out in a commanding tone “YES!!! YES I GIVE!!!!” is her reply, eager to get the hell out of my hold, I drop it straight away, as despite my trepidation when I first saw her, I can’t help but picture her dancing in Metro’s... maybe I’ve got a sweet spot for her...

The crowd roar and chant my name and I lift my arms in the air, suddenly the alien, hostile crowd I witnessed as I entered take on a whole new perspective when you’re standing here victorious! Not that they’ve changed at all just my perception of them... I think I’ll do ok here I think to myself, happy at tonight’s accomplishments... not seeing Helen get to her feet behind me...

I feel and arm go over my shoulder and turn suddenly expecting a right hook to be flying it’s way towards me but to my surprise I see a smiling face greet me “you’re a tough Bitch honey! You fought hard tonight, congratulations!” Helen beams before planting a big kiss on my lips! I’m stunned! I just hurt this girl and made her quit in front of everyone here and she just want’s to make out? She is crazy! That must be why I like her...

I stumble through the next 10 minutes like I stumble through pretty much every moment of my life, in a daze and eventually find myself in the locker room with Jason handing me £8,000!

“You did great out there! To be honest, after seeing the panic and trepidation on your face I really wasn’t sure if you were up to it but you’re a natural!” he smiles gently and reassuringly. My whole body is tingling, I’ve got enough money in my hands to pay rent and bills for a whole year! I’ve gone out in front of a room full of strangers and beat down a hot girl both of us dressed in fucking bikini’s! Is this real? How the fuck do I get into these situations?


One thing I knew was really was this rising surge of emotions in my body, I stand up, leaving the bundle of cash in my bag and walk over to Jason and wrap my arms around his head pulling him forward and kissing him passionately, feeling his powerful hands run over my body for a second as we embrace only to feel him push me away gently moments later...

“I’m... I’m sorry Gemma, you’re a special girl but right now I’m not in the right place for this” he says

“What, the locker room? I can get us a hotel, I’m loaded now!” I joke, turning bright red and hoping my humour lightens the mood somewhat. The chuckle he lets out helps me breath a little easier...

“I’ll let you enjoy your victory honey, see you later in the week?” he asks optimistically

“sure honey, I’ll be back in tomorrow for a work out” and with that he leaves “OHHHH FUCK! You fucking IDIOT!” I shout at myself placing my head in my hands as I sit back down on the bench.



“That’s ok, we’ve all been there” I hear, snapping around suddenly! Helen wearing only a white towel tied above her full, firm breasts stands by my shower!

“How did you get in???” I ask stunned and a little suspicious

She laughs a little “all the locker rooms use the same shower honey, you need to lock your door from in here to stop people getting in” she grins “and don’t worry, that first fight, the feeling inside you, the raw emotions going to town on your brain, of course you kissed him! You’d have to be a robot not too!” she chuckles “why do you think I kissed you in that ring?” she asks playfully

“Well, I just assumed you were grateful I didn’t hurt you too bad” I tease back, my natural defensive instinct throwing bravado at any situation I’m uncomfortable with

“yeah! I’m really grateful you slammed my pussy down onto your knee and suplexed me! You really hurt me with that move... I think you should kiss it better...” she purrs, I’m taken aback at the most blatant come on I’ve ever heard but I need satisfaction... and she’s awfully hot... oh well, to the victor goes the spoils...

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