

# The Wrestling Story

1. Pronoun
2. First Name
3. Pronoun
4. Pronoun
5. Number
6. Number
7. First Name
8. Adverb
9. Pronoun
10. Pronoun
11. Pronoun
12. Number

# The Wrestling Story

Yeah, he was good looking with those gorgeous muscles, curly blond hair, broad shoulders moving down to a washboard abs midsection, and a smile that would charm either cunts or studs. But he had to be cut down to size and I was just the guy to do it. First I had to approach him and goad him into wrestling me. \_\_\_\_\_ Pronoun \_\_\_\_\_ decided that the direct , fast way was best, so I ambled over to him and said 'I've been watching you posing around like you were some hot shit . But I don't think you are' He looked at me with those big blue eyes and shit eating grin as if to say who the fuck do you think you are. When that did not get the response I was looking for, I continued and said 'I guess you don't understand me. You think you are hot shit because you've not met a guy yet that would make you look like a wimp'. That stuck home. His smile turned into a snarl and a hard stare. 'Anytime , anywhere, no rules, no time limit' he replied.Hi, my name is \_\_\_\_\_ First name \_\_\_\_\_. \_\_\_\_\_ Pronoun \_\_\_\_\_ like to brag about my prowess on the mat and what I do to my defeated opponent. Maybe hearing me will rouse you to do some mat work yourself. For me there's nothing like a man-to-man, muscle to muscle, next to naked wrestling match that ends with the victor getting to do what he wants to the stud that he beats. Interested? Stay on the line and I will tell you about my last encounter.

First, let me tell you about myself. \_\_\_\_\_ Pronoun \_\_\_\_\_ am \_\_\_\_\_ Number \_\_\_\_\_ years old, blond crew cut, blue eyes, and a golden tan body. I am 6' and \_\_\_\_\_ Number \_\_\_\_\_ lbs of solid muscles. I wrestled in high school and college, winning

State two years running. I wrestle rough and I wrestle to win.

Now that you know what a good looking stud that I am, let me tell you about my last match. The stud's name was \_\_\_\_\_<sup>First name</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ and he just about equaled me in every respect, differing in that he had dark hair and brown eyes. He thought that he was my equal in wrestling, but that was his mistake. I knew that I could beat him, but I didn't want to scare him away by telling him too much about my skill. He had a great body. One that \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Adverb</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ got me going to beat him

We went to the mat in briefs only. The day was hot and the overhead matroom lights made it even hotter. Our skins were covered with slippery sheen even before we started to wrestle. I could tell by his eyes that he wanted to win, just as much as I did.

We circled each other, groping for an initial hold. Twice he tried to grab my hand, but \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Pronoun</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ was having

none of that. On the third attempt he moved in with the intention of wrapping me up in a front bearhug, \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Pronoun</sup> sidestepped him and slid around behind him. My arms shot up and under his armpits and into a full nelson. My chest and crotch pressed into his back as \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Pronoun</sup> clamped the hold tight and turned on the power. His very strong neck muscles resisted me and I had to bulge my biceps to make any headway, but slowly, inexorably his head bent toward his pecs and his arms went high above his head.

I felt his muscles strain against me. I drew my crotch back and rammed it into his his buns and and the same time powered down on the nelson. I kept this up for about a minute but then got tired standing, so I brutally turned on the pressure against the neck, forcing him slowly down to his knees. In this position I slammed my crotch into his ass three or four times before forcing him flat on his stomach. I really levered up on the hold in an attempt to make him submit, but he wouldn't. I lifted my body up and rammed it down hard on his body beneath me while still holding the nelson. But still he would not submit.

Finally I loosened the hold because I couldn't make him give up. I planned on taking another hold but this didn't happen. I got careless and he flipped me over and I landed on my back. His hand shot out and grabbed my crotch

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Excruciating pain raced through my groin as he crunched his fingers down. The pain was almost unbearable. I knew that unless I did something I would have to submit. There were no holds that I could go for while caught this way. My only move was to grab his crotch also. The minute my steel fingers closed down I felt a lessening of his grip because of the pain that I was now inflicting on him in turn. It became a test to see which of us would cry uncle first. Both of us were in abject agony. Both of us tensed our bodies and tried to endure the torturous punishment. As the moments went by I thought that I had to submit and I knew that he felt the same way about submitting to me.

But it never came down to finding out which one would give up. Instead, as we both thrashed in torment we were ripped apart by our frenetic motions. Unfortunately for me he re-acted first and I suddenly felt his thighs close around my head

My body instantly went into wild contortions, but his steel thighs held me tighter than a drum. When I finally stopped thrashing he turned on the pressure. I thought that my skull would crack and the compression knock me unconscious. As it turned out my wildly flailing arms caught him directly in the mouth and nose. This suddenly stunned him and his thighs relaxed just enough for me to twist free. Taking advantage of his momentary lapse I threw myself on him and bore him over onto his back. I then scrambled up to straddle his chest, pinning his arms to

the mat with my knees. Our positions were now reversed and I was back in the driver's seat. As I started to ask for his submission he heaved up and sent me flying over his head.

He was on me in an instant. For the next \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Number</sup>\_\_\_\_\_minutes we finally got into real wrestling. With sweat pouring from our bodies we punished each other with grapevines, full nelsons combined with scissors, crab holds, guillotines, headlocks, brutal head and body scissors, leglocks, hammerlocks, flips and throws &SHY; you name it. Both of us were now tiring. My wrestling experience now paid off and I caught him in a leg spread. Struggle as he could he was unable to break the hold. Minute by minute I spread his legs farther apart, inch by inch. The inside muscles of his thighs were stretched so tight that they stood out like steel bands. His hands clawed at his crotch to relieve the excruciating pain that ripped through his whole groin area. I rocked him back and forth, sending more torture between his legs. He finally couldn't stand it any more and let out a scream of agony . That was my clue to drop the split and go for the finisher. I got behind him, lifted his head and shoulders up, and clamped him in a sleeper hold. He began to struggle, but got weaker and weaker as my hold cut off the blood to his brain. It was all over in a matter of minutes.

