

Underground Gym

Part 6 - A face in the crowd...

A pro-wrestling match by Gemma Rox

It's been 2 weeks now and life was going great! I'd re-built some of the friendships that went sour and me and Helen are hitting it off well now! We seem to be spending all our time together since the business with Katie had settled down, I've been working hard to make her happy after putting her through 4 months of hell... but things are good now, she even wants me to be there at her next match! I was a little nervous, being on the side while someone I care about is put in danger but I'd be a hypocrite to say no! after all it was me who pleaded with Jason to keep the gym open! And it was in the ring beating the crap out of each other where we first properly met! That's one hell of a story to tell your friends... well you see, she slammed me in a gut wrench suplex but later on I switched it back and made the slut scream in a Boston Crab... yeah... might keep that story to myself... If anyone asks, we hooked up in Metros...

I didn't spend as much time in the gym as I'd like but me and Jason are slowly building our friendship back up from the brink... things got pretty heated between us...

2 weeks earlier

"WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE CLOSING THE GYM!!!" I screamed
"what do you expect me to do? You've raised the bar to fucking high... they'll expect that level of violence every week now! It's only a matter of time before someone gets an injury they can't walk away from!" he snaps back
"Don't you fucking DARE put all this on me!!! Your just as much to blame for not keeping Katie in check!!!" I glare, I'm tired and more than a little light headed from all the effort in the ring but I wasn't about to sit back and let this die.

Jason sighs and sits down, his head in his hands... was he close to tears? Did I mean that much to him? He's always kept a distance between us despite me throwing myself at him rather embarrassingly when we first met...

"What can I do??? How can I control all of this???" he asks at a loss
"Rules" I answer softly, trying to bring the hostility down to a simmer "just put in some rules! You say they'll expect the same violence, but I think your wrong! And even if they do? What happens when they don't get it? They go somewhere else? There is nowhere else! They come here because we provide what they want! Not every boxing match ends in a KO but the arena's are still sold out right?" I ask hopeful for a positive response
"I guess your right but what rules?" he queries

"rules for the fighters! If it's a wrestling match, then no punches to the head or face and limit some of the more dangerous moves, if it's a catfight, no throws or slams, just holds and strikes, start off slow and put some thought into it! Right now it's too gladiatorial, it needs to be professional!"...

The present

That conversation went on late into the night, a few arguments and some bitter words passed between us but slowly, we're getting better... right now my concern was Helen... the girl she was fighting was bigger, and very skilled! I took on Helen and won quite easily, she's no pushover but in the ring she has a reputation for being a bit crazy... her opponents tend to come out hard to try and put her down fast.

I was making my way over to her flat and made my way in... uh oh... the place was tidy... now to you that means nothing but Helen is a creature of habits... when she's calm she lays around like a queen laughing and enjoying herself but when she's nervous she cleans... and the apartment was spotless...

"Honey?" I call out and hear a response from the bathroom, I turn through the corridor to see her bent over the bath scrubbing the drain, although her bent over is a sight to behold, I was rather worried...

"honey, what are you doing?" I ask wearily

"just cleaning is all..." she responds not looking up but instead scrubbing away like a girl possessed "you've got a match in an hour! Do you really need to do this now?" I fire back and she turns around, her face trying to hide her worries but failing miserably

"What? That bitch? She's nothing! Just a walk in the park!" she boasts, we both know how hollow it sounds...

"come on babes, let's go sit down huh?" I plead and she relents following me over to the sofa

"the place is spotless!" I start

"So what?" she replies

"So What? You live like a pig! We both know you only clean when your nervous or tense so why don't you admit it to me? You're scared about the match right?" I ask hoping she trusts me enough to drop the ridiculous pretence

"well yeah... but it really isn't all that bad! You should have seen what I was cleaning when I fought you!" she beams, trying to disarm me with flattery

"you know you don't have to fight?" I say, daring to take the conversation into awkward territory

"Of course I know! I want to!!! But it's natural to be nervous! Of course I'm cleaning! Of course butterflies are jumping in my stomach! But I'm still going through with it! For the same reason you go through with it! Because we're built for this! I don't know why, but I just love it! And now I get to fight with you at my corner!" she smiles, I don't. maybe she's right... am I just projecting my own nerves onto her? I was terrified before our fight, it'll be ok I tell myself... it'll be fine!

And hour later

We're sat in the dressing room, Helen in her black, sparkly bikini and black rock chick makeup, she looks SOOO damn hot! Her large breasts just about held in and her body toned, she was a much better specimen since our fight... I doubt I could take her now... of course we wrestle every now and then but in the bedroom isn't the same as the ring.

She stretches and limbers up, her dark hair in pigtails to give her Goth rocker look a playful twist, I was SOOO wet just looking at her stretch! Helen weighed in at 130lbs and stood 5'2" she had some vicious submission moves but not much in the way of a pain threshold, she couldn't take much

abuse before she gave in, her opponent on the other hand was completely different! 6'2" a whole foot taller and 160lbs! Everyone called her D, but we didn't know why, she only had 1 fight and totally annihilated that girl! Not that D was mean, she just outclassed her in every way! She was a tough girl, her body toned like an athlete, and despite her height she had speed and agility too.

We walked out into the crowd and they roared! I got a few pats on the back, the fans clearly remembering the show I put on for them last time and Helen stepped up and through the blue ropes onto the cream canvas for all to see, to me - she was perfect! Her smile, her eyes her body, I really started to relax and feel more confident!

Then came D, taller than most men in the room, she wore a yellow bikini and head band, holding back her long blonde hair, she steps onto the ring apron and with one hand on the ropes, she leaped over them, the ring shaking as she landed!

My stomach had taken to doing somersaults again and the crowd didn't help... all around me I could hear "she doesn't have a chance! D's going to kill her!" while they circled each other... then they locked up! I was screaming at this point! "DON'T LOCK UP!!! MOVE AROUND!!!!" but it was too late, D had overpowered her and rammed her back into the corner and was raining down heavy blows on her midsection!

Every punch landed and I could see Helen's pained face react, oh my god... I was close to throwing up I was so nervous! Right hook... left hook... right uppercut... it went on for what seemed forever... then Helen threw out a kick and stunned the bigger girl! Then another! "COME ON!!!!" I scream "GET OUT OF THE CORNER!!!!" as D staggered back Helen jumped to the middle rope then leapt at her foe! Looking to slam her to the ground but D just caught her in mid air and used her own momentum to twist and SLAM her down into a spine buster! "NOOOOO!!!!!" I screamed! Knowing how much Helen would be hurting after that!

D got up and surveyed the damage, The guy next to me screamed "HURT THE BITCH!!!" then after a vicious scowl from myself felt the need to add "HELEN... HURT HER HELEN..." but that wasn't likely... D gripped her pigtails and ripped her up before scooping her smaller frame and parading her around the ring. As the crowd roared into a frenzy, she dropped to her knee and SLAMMED Helen in a brutal Back Breaker! I almost cried... the sickening crunch! The scream that escaped Helens mouth! "oh god... GET OUT OF THERE!!!!" I shrieked but D had already pinned her chin and thigh and was starting to bend her viciously! For 30 seconds she kept her there milking her for screams and cries but she couldn't get a submission from her... Helen refused to give up despite the obvious agony she was in! despite the fact that beyond a miracle, she was done for!

D dropped the hold then dragged her up by the hair again, this time kicking her stomach to double her over she pulled her head between her thighs and wrapped her arms around her waist. Oh fuck... my heart stopped as I watched what was happening almost in slow motion...

Why didn't she just quit???

Why the fuck did she have to carry on???

My mind was racing with questions and my stomach was twisted into knots, close to tears I watch D lift Helen up with ease until she was sat on her shoulders then jumping into the air she pulls her arms back down flinging her Goth victim towards the floor at horrendous speed! Dropping to her arse she Power Bombs Helen perfectly! Helens back and head SLAMMING into the mat! While her body bounces almost a clear 12" off the floor before she crashed back down to earth...

I'm stunned in silence... the crowd are roaring, cheering, begging for more! But I can't hear a word, it's as if I'm underwater, their cries just a muted constant rumble as I look for signs of life from

Helen, she rolls onto her stomach nursing her back with her arms and I sigh the biggest sigh I ever let out... with that relief the noise came crashing back down on me like a wave! Almost deafening me! "FINISH IT!!! MAKE HER TAP!!! DO IT AGAIN!!!" the impassioned crowd bay for a victor to be crowned at my girls expense

And D kindly obliges, she sits on Helens back and hooks her arms over her legs in a camel clutch! Pulling on her chin hard she screams out! "YOU GIVE???? GIVE IT UP BITCH!!!!" more of a demand than a question and for 10 seconds of screaming Helen holds out, every single second dragged out like an hour for me until she finally caved in "I GIVE!!! I FUCKING GIVE!!!!" she screams and D drops the hold! I want to get in there but the rules Jason imposed don't allow anyone else in the ring at any time encase of interference. D walks around the ring, a huge smile on her face as the crowd adore her perfect performance and Helen slowly gets up to her feet, unsteady and clearly in agony, D notices and strides towards her, I almost choke on my heart as I fear what's next! But D just hugs her and congratulates her on a terrific performance!

That's when I realise I was projecting all of my fears onto Helen... not every girl is Katie... after all didn't Helen come over and hug me right after I beat her? The displays melts me and I'm SO close to tears but I keep them in, just happy it ended peacefully, as I walk to the dressing room to ready a bath for Helen I notice Jason calling me over to his office...

"how was it?" he asks intrigued

"how was what? The fight? The crowd loved it" I reply not entirely sure what he meant

"No" he chuckles "how was it watching Helen in there instead of being in there yourself?"

"It... uh... it was ok..." I answer, I sure as hell didn't believe me, and I know he didn't!


"it took a lot of guts doing what you just did... it's probably the hardest thing I've ever done watching someone I care about getting beat down and being powerless to stop it..." he rues... and my mind races... was he talking about me? Did he want to return that kiss I gave him after my first fight?

"you... you cared about someone here?... did you let her know you cared?" I ask, trying to get an answer without having the bravery to actually ask him the question

"I think she knew... but I blew it, I didn't have the guts to get involved knowing she'd never stop fighting, I could see it in her eyes, she was a warrior through and through..."

What did that mean? was it my fault we never got together? Does he still like me? Do I like him? My mind is reeling from this new information! I try to answer but then D and Helen Burst through the door!

"HEY SWEETIE!!!" D says then plants a big kiss on me! I can tell she's on top of the world right now, almost drunk off the emotions! "SHOW ME THE MONEY!!!!!" she blasts at Jason with a big grin, a quieter Helen comes in behind her, smiling, it's hard not to when you've got a 6'2" ball of energy lifting your spirits! She comes over and gives me a hug, nestling into me as I put my arm around her "I'm going to need a back rub later munchkin!" she purrs and I go red, seeing Jason's eye's drop I can't help but feel awkward "money please!" Helen chuckles getting her rather fat envelope from Jason as D get's her bursting envelope.



“Come on babes, let’s get you home” I answer and as we leave I turn back noticing Jason’s eye’s... still hard to read them but they do something to me...

x G x

