**Weekend Wrestling**

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Friday  
  
As the cameraman swooped in front of her field of vision for the third time, Chloe started a countdown in her head. One. Two. Three.  
  
"So let's talk about your second album White Fire," Michael was saying, while the band sat opposite him were still grinning from their last scripted joke. Just in front of Chloe, the producer wordlessly directed the cameraman to move in closer.  
  
Nine. Ten. Eleven.  
  
Chloe wasn't listening to the guitarist's reply. She could have read the band's pre-prepared answers if she really wanted to know. She gazed around the set, eyeing each of the production crew in turn - so many people all focused on one idle conversation, between Michael Zander and a band no one had heard of - she only knew their name from the clipboard she was holding.  
  
Twenty-Four. Twenty-Five.  
  
One of them, probably the drummer, was doing some strange joke where he would beat the lead singer's head like maracas, while Michael chuckled. It was always like this with the lesser known guests - anything to make a spectacle, anything to get people to watch and pay attention to them.  
  
Thirty-Seven. Thirty-Eight. Thirty-Ni-  
  
"Chloe - coffees," the producer hissed in her ear. Chloe left without a word.  
  
Thirty-nine seconds - a bit longer than usual. Usually they didn't make it thirty seconds from the opening close-up shot without sending her on the coffee run.  
  
She checked her phone once outside the set without really paying attention to what she was seeing. On mornings like these it was always difficult to get out of auto-pilot mode. She'd made the trip to the Starbucks opposite the studio enough times now not to really have to think about it.  
  
All the same, she did try to hurry on the way back. The producers might look right through her ninety per cent of the time, but they were more than capable of being very focused when annoyed, and nothing annoyed them quite like lukewarm coffee.  
  
Someone was coming the other way. They were still quite a way off when, with a small jolt, she recognised them as the guitarist Michael had just been interviewing, and suddenly Chloe felt almost nervous. She was used to seeing famous people of course - she was a runner on a popular chat show after all - but she never got to actually interact with them.  
  
She smiled brightly at the guy as they passed each other, even pushing out her chest a little without realising it (not that it made much difference - her small chest was a source of perpetual annoyance), but she needn't have bothered. The guitarist walked right past her, ignoring her completely.  
  
Why was she surprised?  
  
With the coffees delivered, Chloe could get back to the oh-so vital work that running entailed. That was, seeing to the various needs of the actually important members of the crew.  
  
Lunchtime could not come quick enough.  
  
The cafeteria was pretty busy by the time Chloe got there, which didn't help her worsening mood. It took her a while to find her friends, and when she did the three of them were deep in conversation with two people she didn't recognise. She took her seat next to Paul.  
  
"Nine o' clock then? Is there a dress code or anything?" Paul was saying to the newcomers. He looked excited about something, but then he was easily excitable. Paul had worked there as long as Chloe had, and managed to make the dreary job much more bearable for her.  
  
Kirsty was shaking her head meaningfully, from her seat opposite Paul. He seemed to take some meaning, and fell silent.  
  
"Are you guys going out tonight?" asked Chloe. She could do with a night out - it had been far too long. And if Paul was going...  
  
"No no, we were just talking about... something else," Kirsty reassured her with an unconvincing smile. Chloe did like Kirsty - at least, she was alright to be around - but she could be very patronising. Maybe it came of being so aware of how attractive she was; tall, with long blonde hair and a model's physique, she could sometimes come across as a bit superior. Chloe was by no means unattractive herself. People usually called her 'petite' but she never knew if that was meant as a compliment or not. Either way, Chloe was short, thin, and next to Kirsty, usually unnoticed.  
  
"Come on, don't be silly, I heard you," Chloe pressed. She turned to Diana, sat opposite her. She could trust Diana. "Where are you going?"  
  
Diana looked around at the others. The two newcomers were both smiling by now. They were both guys, and only now did Chloe recognise them as support crew for the band.  
  
"Well..." Diana began.  
  
"C'mon, let the blonde chick come along!" one of them chipped in.  
  
"It's really not your kind of thing Chloe, don't worry about it," said Kirsty. Chloe opened her mouth to protest, but Kirsty was too fast. "Paul how are your Italian classes coming along?" she asked Paul, a mischievous warmth returning to her eyes that was only for Paul. Chloe wasn't sure if that annoyed her more than the forcible change of conversation.  
  
"Ah man, you speak Italian?" asked the other band supporter. "My Dad's half Italian!"  
  
And with that, the conversation had moved on.  
  
Chloe sulked silently throughout lunch, speaking when spoken to but otherwise ignoring her friends. Why didn't they want her to come out with them? Clearly she was going to get nowhere with them all together like this, but individually maybe she could get to the bottom of this.  
  
The afternoon beckoned, and with it three and a half more hours of work. Luckily for her new mission, most of Chloe's work for what remained of Friday involved ferrying documents to and from the set. If she could only track down Diana and Paul, she knew she could wheedle the truth from them. That might be trickier than it sounded though - Paul worked in a completely different building on some news show and Diana, still pretty new, was usually kept confined to the set she was working on.  
  
Luckily for her, the newbies also got more breaks. It was barely three o' clock when Chloe saw Diana smoking outside.  
  
"Hey Di!" Chloe beamed. Diana at least looked pleased to see her. Say what you wanted about Diana, but she was at least genuine about everything she did. It was a shame she didn't do better when it came to dating but, well, she could stand to lose a little weight.  
  
Chloe listened patiently to her story about her afternoon from hell, and as soon as an opening came up launched straight into it with no pretence.  
  
"So where are you guys going tonight?" she asked, feigning playful indifference as though she couldn't really care less if she found out or not.  
  
Diana's face fell. "Oh, it's nothing really," she said quietly. "I mean like Kirsty said, it isn't really your thing. Probably, I mean."  
  
"Tell me! How will I know unless you tell me what it is?"  
  
"Kirsty... Kirsty kind of said we shouldn't tell you. She said you'd only freak out. I'm sorry!" she added, seeing her obvious look of annoyance.  
  
"Fine. If I'd 'only freak out' after all..." And with that she swept back inside, happy to note Diana was looking slightly guilty.  
  
She was more than a little suspicious now. What event could be so bad that she'd be appalled to even hear about it? And why were her supposed friends being so cagey?  
  
To make matters worse she didn't see Paul for the rest of the shift - her last hope at finding out. She even started looking out for Kirsty by the end, though she knew she had no chance there.  
  
All things considered, Chloe was feeling pretty miserable by the time she was ready to walk out. Her friends were essentially abandoning her to go have fun without her and she had absolutely no idea why. Maybe they really did just find her boring.  
  
"Hey Chloe," came Paul's voice. She hadn't even noticed that she was about to walk right past him and Kirsty, who looked to have been deep in conversation by the door when Chloe arrived.  
  
"Hello," she replied. There was a silence. Evidently whatever they had been talking about wasn't for Chloe's ears. "I don't suppose," she began for one last time, "that there's any chance of you telling me where you're going tonight is there?"  
  
Kirsty looked pained, as though Chloe was wounding her simply by not letting this drop. Paul on the other hand, was smiling.  
  
"Oh go on, she might enjoy it you know!" he said.  
  
"Paul..."  
  
"And you won't tell anyone, will you Chlo?" he said to her.  
  
"What? No, I guess not. Just tell me!"  
  
Kirsty sighed. But since Paul had turned, Chloe knew she would give in.  
  
"Ok, we're going to... well I guess it's sort of like a wrestling match. An underground wrestling match."  
  
"A wrestling match?" replied Chloe incredulously. She didn't know what it was she had expected but it was most certainly not that.  
  
"Oh come on it's not as serious as that! It's, well OK it is sort of wrestling, but it's girl vs girl. Apparently they hold the matches underneath Rogues - you know, the old nightclub? Kyle said he could get us in..."  
  
"Kyle, from the band?" asked Chloe, at a loss for anything else to say.  
  
"Yes but it's really off the grid and so you can't tell anyone!" Kirsty insisted.  
  
"You mean it's illegal?"  
  
"No! It's just, well it's meant to be a bit raunchy, and it's just easier if not many people know about it. It's meant to be pretty wild," she said, her eyes lighting up just talking about it. Classic Kirsty - anything to appear exotic and extreme.  
  
Chloe bit her lip. Privately she completely agreed with Kirsty, that it wasn't her sort of thing at all. 'Raunchy' girl on girl wrestling matches in a seedy underground bar? But she'd spent so much time harassing them to find out what it was...  
  
"So, you coming?" asked Paul. Chloe hesitated. Paul was smiling while Kirsty was watching her apprehensively, as though afraid she was about to run off in horror and start telling everyone.  
  
"Sure!"  
  
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It was 8pm. If she didn't leave soon she was going to be late - the six of them were supposed to be meeting downtown in half an hour.  
  
Chloe looked at herself in the mirror. She hadn't been sure what the dress code for underground quasi-legal drunken sports was, if there was one, but she wanted to look as good as possible. She'd gone for her standard black, tight-fitting dress - it accentuated her slim figure well, but no dress in the world could make her cleavage be anything other than just about noticeable. She'd stopped caring about that mostly. Her short blonde hair framed her pale, heart-shaped face nicely - though the lipstick could do with touching up.  
  
She didn't know why she was so nervous. Well, there was the obvious strangeness of the event she was going to, but it wasn't that. Every so often the image of Paul smiling and asking her to come along came into her head. With Kirsty on his arm...  
  
Now she really had to go.  
  
She called a taxi with barely any time to spare, and it was twenty to nine by the time she spotted her friends sitting outside a bar. Looks she would be skipping pre-drinks then.  
  
"Sorry I'm late!" she said, to announce her arrival. Kirsty had been deep in conversation with the two guys from the band - she had almost expected them to be dressed in some outrageous attire, but they had both gone for fairly standard, smart looking shirts. Kirsty on the other hand seemed to have wanted to look as slutty as possible - her dress was very short, very revealing, and showed off her substantial cleavage.  
  
"That's alright, we've still got a few minutes," said Diana, smiling. She and Paul had been talking when Chloe arrived, and Diana moved along to make room. Diana at least had dressed sensibly.  
  
"Looking forward to tonight Chlo?" asked Paul mischievously. She forced a laugh.  
  
"I guess? I'm still not really sure what it is we're going to see. 'Sort-of-wrestling' doesn't really explain much."  
  
"It's supposed to be a kind of tournament isn't it?" said Diana. One of the other guys, Chloe supposed he must be 'Kyle,' looked around at this.  
  
"Well, it's time to see for yourself," he said, getting to his feet. He looked very pleased with himself, and led the way down the road, with his friend. Kirsty stayed by their side along the way, and Chloe, Paul and Diana followed behind.  
  
"You look really nice tonight!" Diana told her as they followed along. Chloe was sure she was only feeling guilty about hiding the truth from her that afternoon, but she appreciated the compliment nonetheless. Kirsty meanwhile, was giggling loudly ahead of them.  
  
"Oh come on! What's wrong with being roadies? That's what you are isn't it?" she was saying. Kyle and his friend laughed along, protesting amiably. Kirsty brushed her hand along Kyle's arm. Did Chloe imagine it, or did she shoot the briefest glance back at the three of them behind her? Paul was certainly staring at Kirsty now, with a slight frown on his face.  
  
If only Chloe could make people jealous that easily, she thought with a sigh.  
  
Rogue's nightclub was ahead of them now. It had been a big deal ten years ago, but time had not been kind to it. A string of disinterested owners, combined with the surrounding area going downhill, had meant that it had become increasingly derelict. While still technically open, it rarely did much business. In fact Chloe barely even knew about it, having only been once when she was nineteen, five years ago.  
  
It certainly looked like a dump now. And yet, there was a steady stream of people heading for it - not to the old main entrance, but down the side alley. Even surrounded by five people, Chloe felt uneasy going down here. But, Kyle seemed to know what he was doing, and none of her friends showed any apprehension.  
  
There was a bouncer waiting by the side door, barely visible from the main street but impossible to ignore now they were here.  
  
"Hey Mike, there's six of us tonight," said Kyle's friend. The bouncer looked over us, frowning slightly. He was not a small man, and even this slight scrutiny made Chloe feel uncomfortable. This had never seemed like less of a good idea.  
  
"They new?" asked the bouncer.  
  
"Yeah, but they're cool," answered Kyle. The bouncer looked at them all individually, still frowning. Chloe winced when he got to her - she was sure he spent longer with her than the others - but eventually he stood aside to let them in.  
  
The smell of stale alcohol hit them straight away, and as soon as they were inside they could hear the muffled sounds of a crowd from somewhere within. Kyle took them down the stairs that greeted them in the entrance, and into a dimly lit bar.  
  
"Drinks?" he asked with a sly grin. He seemed unconcerned at the grotty state of the bar, or the shady appearance of the few people occupying said bar. They were mostly men.  
  
"Definitely," said Kirsty, and made her own way over. Five minutes later, they were all clutching cold bottles of something or other. No one else seemed to be as confused as Chloe felt - what was so special about this place? She could still hear the murmur of a crowd from somewhere, but this dingy bar was not what she had had in mind.  
  
"It's through there," said Kyle, noticing her look of bewilderment and pointing to another door beside the bar. "But it's a nightmare getting booze once inside so we may as well fill up now!"  
  
Chloe smiled back politely in response, and took another sip of her vodka and lemonade. She had a feeling she was going to need a lot more by night's end. Was it too late to just make some excuse and leave? She knew this would confirm everything her friends probably thought about her - plain, boring Chloe, who couldn't handle anything outside of her comfort zone. A particularly loud but muffled cheer from the distant crowd interrupted her thoughts.  
  
"Ooh what does that mean?" asked Kirsty, her eyes gleaming with excitement.  
  
"It means, that a match is just starting I think," said Kyle. He downed the remainder of his drink. "Which is excellent timing! This way."  
  
Chloe followed the rest of them, through the door, and along yet another corridor. The crowd was much louder now, and as soon as Kyle opened a last set of doors, the full din of what must have been hundreds of people washed over her.  
  
The room looked like an actual, low-budget stadium. There were seats and benches all around it, in a circular pattern around a central stage - the back ones were even raised. The room itself was much bigger than Chloe had imagined. It looked like several walls had been knocked through to make it. But after registering all this, what drew the eye immediately was the central stage itself. Fenced off from the spectators was a brightly lit pit, occupied by two women, each wearing a tiny T-shirt and small lycra shorts. As the group tried to find seats, the two women were circling each other, while the crowd occasionally shouted encouragements at them.  
  
"Sit down," hissed Kirsty. Chloe jumped - she had been staring dumbly at the spectacle without moving, and hastily took a seat next to Diana. The room felt quite claustrophobic, despite its size, but when the action started it was easy to forget that.  
  
One of the girls suddenly lunged at the other - small, athletic, and with jet black hair, she moved very fast, but her opponent, a somewhat thicker girl with tied back brown hair, did not fold as her attacker seemed to expect, but instead spun her around until she landed flat on her back. It was at this point that Chloe noticed that the surface they were fighting on was wobbly and fluid, which apparently made it difficult to maintain balance, and it also seemed to glisten with some oily substance. The black-haired girl scrambled to her feet with her scantily clad body shimmering and glistening.  
  
"See? It's just wrestling," said Diana beside her, apparently unfazed by the debauchery. Chloe said nothing, but carried on staring. She had not expected this.  
  
The black-haired girl continued to pace around her rival, who looked thoroughly amused. She seemed to be taunting the girl, but her words were lost in the drunken shouting of the onlookers. Another bold charge, and this time the brown-haired girl side-stepped with surprising agility, causing the attacker to topple and land face first in the oily liquid. The crowd roared with laughter. The bigger girl even placed a foot on her opponent's back, as if in mock triumph.  
  
This seemed to genuinely incense the black-haired girl, who spun around and grabbed the leg. Her opponent seemed briefly off-balance, but managed to turn her fall into a controlled dive onto the smaller girl. The two briefly struggled, but the black-haired girl could not catch a break at all, and soon her arms were pinned behind her back. Her hair was ruffled playfully, and she looked very frustrated.  
  
"Give up?" shouted the brown-haired girl, loud enough even for Chloe to hear at the back. The girl shook her head, to the intense delight of the crowd. As soon as she heard this, her attacker gripped the black-haired girl's T-shirt and pulled it hard. The flimsy material tore easily.  
  
Chloe's mouth fell open. The girl's naked breasts were on show to everyone, and while she didn't exactly seem happy about this, no one seemed to be freaking out in the slightest. Indeed, the whole crowd was going wild, cheering and whistling. The brown-haired girl released her, and the half-naked girl got scrappily to her feet, discarding the ragged and useless T-shirt to yet more cheers.  
  
What exactly was this? Chloe looked at her friends in horror, a horror they didn't seem to share. Diana was looking on with a pleasant smile, as though this were some exotic curiosity on a tourist trail. Kirsty was grinning and clapping - anything to show she could be 'one of the guys.' And Paul was grinning stupidly at the spectacle. Diana seemed to notice her staring.

"This is so cool!" she said.  
  
"It's pornographic!" replied Chloe. She looked around at the crowd again, fired up and noisy, and felt rather uncomfortable.  
  
The two wrestlers were still going. The topless girl seemed unfazed at the fact that everyone could see her breasts, and her opponent was just as cocky as ever. She even jiggled her own breasts (still covered by her T-shirt but obviously much bigger than her opponent's) in mockery, but her words were drowned out again. The other girl charged for a third time. This time they both went down, and for a moment it seemed that she had finally got the better of her taunter. But it was painfully obvious which of them was the stronger - despite starting out on top of the brown-haired girl, the smaller girl still ended up in a vice. Then bigger girl twisted her around, to show off her chest completely to the rapturous crowd, and even brought a hand around to play with her left breast.  
  
"Give up?" she roared again, squeezing the poor girl's nipple. There was a pause, the black-haired girl gritted her teeth, and then nodded.  
  
Another deafening roar from the crowd - even Kirsty and Paul cheered. A man walked onto the stage just as the brown-haired girl was physically picking up her opponent.  
  
"Let's hear it for THE WOLF!" the referee shouted. The brown-haired girl, who Chloe supposed was meant to be the Wolf, was carrying her opponent off on her shoulders in one last humiliating display, disappearing into double doors at the other end of the ring.  
  
Chloe still couldn't quite process what she'd just seen. She had no idea such things existed! Was she really the only one who thought this was obscene?  
  
"You alright there, sugar?" asked Kyle, apparently off to get another round of drinks. Chloe suddenly felt silly - was her anxiety so obvious from her expression?  
  
"Yeah... Yeah of course - just not what I was expecting. Is it always... like this?"  
  
"Sometimes it can a get bit... raunchy," he replied with a wry smile. Chloe didn't press him for details.  
  
There was a steady stream of people heading through to the bar, in what was apparently an interval before the next match. She stayed quietly in her seat. Paul and Kirsty were talking animatedly about something which Chloe was doing her best to ignore, and Diana tried to start a conversation a few times, but Chloe wasn't really paying attention. She kept replaying the match she'd just seen in her head - the brutal depravity of it, the way the crowd had cheered lecherously at that poor girl being stripped topless. She wondered what it must feel like to have so many people watching you struggle around naked like that, shouting names at you as you fought to keep your clothes. She shivered.  
  
It was at least half an hour before the next match. She had been so focused on replaying the last one that she'd completely forgotten there was going to be another until she saw the referee stride out into the middle of the ring. Two women followed him, just as scantily clad as last time.  
  
"Ladies and gentleman, please welcome to the ring our next set of contestants, battling it out for tonight's star prize - three thousand dollars!" The crowd roared on cue, and only now did Chloe see that one of the two was the same winner from last time, The Wolf. Her long brown hair was tied back again now, but she looked just as confident as ever. Her opponent looked quite unfazed, and was staring around at the audience with a voluptuous smile. Her hair was black, like her predecessor, but much shorter, and her frame was taller and almost ungainly. "I give you - The Wolf, and LaRouge!" More shouts, more cheers, and the two women drifted to opposite ends of the ring as the referee retreated to one side. Through the din, Chloe could just make out a whistle, and then it all began.  
  
Even knowing what to expect, Chloe could still scarcely believe that this was a real event, and not the set of some porn film. The two wrestlers charged at the same time, falling into the glistening oil and lathering their bodies in it. They seemed somewhat more evenly matched, though 'LaRouge' still seemed to be struggling to make her height advantage work. Their grappling degenerated into mere rolling around. The Wolf made her first attempt at removing LaRouge's top, but failed and let her prey get away instead.  
  
Chloe kept looking away to survey the faces in the audience from time to time, at the hundreds of pairs of eyes utterly focused on the depraved scene before them.  
  
The same scene repeated over and over - they would run at each other, grapple around for a little, then break off, each time a little more worn down, especially LaRouge who was breathing heavily now. The Wolf seemed to realise her advantage, as the next time they broke apart she didn't wait, but instead barrelled straight toward LaRouge without letting her catch her breath. The surprised LaRouge went down awkwardly with the Wolf on top, but as she fell grabbed her attacker's T-shirt and pulled, tearing it.  
  
The Wolf obviously hadn't expected this, and defended far too late. The crowd roared with delight as her right breast bounced freely. She didn't seem to care. Besides, her attack had worked - she had pinned LaRouge beneath her. LaRouge struggled and strained but there was no way she was getting away this time.  
  
Chloe watched the scene with a strange fascination. She tried to imagine being topless in front of so many people, to have all these people cheering at her half-naked body. Somehow she doubted that her meagre breasts would get people quite as excited as the Wolf's bouncing bosom, but still. She blushed just thinking about it, and it made her feel... strange.  
  
The Wolf was clearly playing the crowd, mocking her helpless opponent and making lewd gestures at LaRouge's ass, which was currently sticking up in the air. She shouted something inaudible, most likely asking LaRouge if she gave up. She shook her head.  
  
So, the Wolf started spanking her. She could hear Kirsty cheering with everyone else, and even Diana giggled guiltily next to her. Again and again the Wolf slapped LaRouge's ass, and not exactly gently. Just twenty seconds later, the helpless girl tapped out and the Wolf was once again declared the winner.  
  
Chloe let it all wash over her - the triumphant Wolf jumping up and down in victory (completely unbothered that her breasts were still exposed and bouncing up and down with her), the drunken catcalling of the audience, the surreal awarding of a trophy (she supposed the money must come later). Everyone seemed to take this in their stride. Again and again she kept imagining herself in the same position until she could almost feel all the eyes staring at her, and the deafening sound of the audience directed at her. She felt dizzy.  
  
"I'll meet you in the bar," she said to Diana breathlessly, and hurried away.  
  
It was ten minutes by the time her friends came through, by which time she had had a drink and calmed down somewhat.  
  
"There you are," said Paul. "You alright Chlo?"  
  
"Sure - just needed a drink!" she replied in a bid to sound chirpy and cheerful. Kirsty had apparently abandoned her attempt at making Paul jealous, and now seemed to be stuck to his side. This did nothing to cheer Chloe up.  
  
Nor did the inevitable conversation that followed about the show they'd just seen. Chloe zoned out a little as they all sat with their drinks, as everyone replayed what they had just watched. Everyone seemed to agree that it was a lot of fun. She looked at Paul - was the reason she felt so uncomfortable because he'd just paid more attention to some half naked slut in a wrestling ring than he was ever going to pay to her?  
  
"I think I'm gonna head off," she announced suddenly. There were the usual perfunctory "no no stay!"s, but eventually she said her goodbyes and left. No doubt they were already agreeing that boring, plain Chloe shouldn't have come, that this was obviously not her thing. No wonder Paul was never going to look twice at her.  
  
She was going to get a taxi, but she found herself walking. It would be good to clear her head with a little walk before she called a taxi, she supposed.  
  
The cold made her shiver, but still she walked, left alone with her miserable thoughts. She thought of Kirsty, and how easy she found it to get guy's attention. She thought of the girls in the wrestling ring, and how every guy (and a lot of the girls) in the room had cheered them on. Suddenly she found herself jealous even of that.  
  
And with a final dejected sigh, she realised she had left her phone back at the bar. What a stupid way to end the night. Probably just as well that she hadn't gotten a taxi - she was only a ten minute walk from the club.  
  
It felt like longer.  
  
Already the bar was much emptier now. Apparently people didn't hang around once the show was finished. Understandable, she supposed. Her friends had seemingly gone too - the table they had sat at was one of many empty ones now. She was both relieved and annoyed to see that her phone was still there, alone on the bench. Could no one have picked it up for her?  
  
Only as she went to leave for a second time did she realise that her friends had not, in fact, left at all. Or at least, two of them hadn't. Paul and Kirsty were at the bar, but they were paying no attention to her, or to anything else for that matter. They seemed entirely focused on forcing their tongues down each other's throat.  
  
Oh, thought Chloe to herself, coldly. She watched them impassively for a second, before turning mechanically on the spot and walking out. Well, there we go.  
  
She was still processing what she's just seen when she walked straight into a man outside the building.  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry," she mumbled to the guy, who looked a little ruffled but otherwise didn't really give her a second glance. He did look familiar though. "Hey you're the referee!" she blurted out. He turned and smiled. He was indeed the same man who'd just overseen the two fights.  
  
"You like the show?" he asked, with the same big toothy grin. She recalled all the scathing things she'd said to Diana about it, all the things she'd been thinking while watching, the way it had driven her friends away from her. But when she opened her mouth to answer she found herself saying something completely different.  
  
"Are you still looking for wrestlers?" she said, before blinking slightly. The referee studied her closely, as though unsure of what she was asking. Even she wasn't sure what she'd just done. Where had that come from?!  
  
"Are you asking for a friend here, or..?" he said. Chloe took another steadying breath. What on Earth was she doing?  
  
"No, for me."  
  
The referee looked her up and down with a new scrutiny, but also with a new look in his eye that wasn't there before. It was as though he was really seeing her for the first time. Chloe blushed slightly, and cursed herself silently for doing so. Eventually the big grin returned.  
  
"Yeah, as it happens. We do what you might call 'amateur matches' Saturdays and Sundays. You come along tomorrow night, about seven o' clock - maybe we can get you in."  
  
Chloe's heart was racing. Somehow she hadn't really thought this was going to happen and suddenly it felt a bit too... real. "C-could I wear a mask?" she asked. This was met with laughter.  
  
"You nervous?" Chloe said nothing. Her face probably answered for her, but she also did not back down. "Sure. You bring a mask if you want, should be good for a laugh anyway. What's your name girl?"  
  
"Chloe. Chloe Bentham."  
  
"Ok Chloe, you can call me Jonas. If you haven't lost your nerve by tomorrow night, you'll want to be here, at seven PM. I'll tell the bouncer to let you through."  
  
Seven PM. She had a whole day to back out if she wanted to. She could do this.  
  
"I'll be there," she said, before scurrying away.  
  
"Oh and Chloe?"  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"You'll need a stage name."

Saturday  
  
Chloe awoke unusually early the next morning, especially given how long it had taken her to fall asleep the night before. Almost as soon as she woke up, the same futile cycle of thoughts that she'd gone through over and over in her mind last night all returned.  
  
This is crazy, what was I thinking? But I'll be wearing a mask, it'll be fine. Yeah but I'll still be half naked - what if I lose my top like those other girls? Well, maybe I'm a little curious as to what that would feel like... But I'm not a slut! I don't do things like this! Yeah and where has that got me? Nowhere. But this isn't going to fix anything, or make Paul lose interest in Kirsty. This is crazy! What was I thinking? But I'll be wearing a mask...  
  
She got out of bed at noon. She had no texts from the others, or anyone at all. In all the turmoil of her strange decision to sign up for an underground sordid wrestling match, she had almost been able to forget what she'd seen a minute before that. But every so often, unbidden, the image of the two kissing in that darkly lit bar entered her mind, and her stomach would twinge. Maybe actually going through with this would be a welcome distraction.  
  
She had seven hours in which to decide. One thing was certain though, if she did go, she was definitely going to wear a mask. She couldn't risk anyone recognising her, no matter how unlikely that might be. And that was going to require shopping.  
  
And so, Saturday afternoon found her walking along the high street looking for, of all things, a wrestling mask. She looked in a few stores, but 'masks' were sort of a specialty item, and the only things she saw were just comical, like Hallowe'en stuff. It was only when she tried a few sports shops that she saw what she was looking for - a ski mask. Black, lycra, and with a single horizontal strip for her to see out of. It only looked a little ridiculous, which was probably the best she could hope for.  
  
Standing in line to pay, she tried to conjure up an image of herself actually wrestling in this thing, but she just couldn't. It all seemed so ludicrous! And yet, she'd just bought it.  
  
Even back home, with less than four hours to go, she still couldn't decide if this was a good idea, or insanity, or both. Mostly she was horrified by the thought of a crowd of drunken hecklers seeing her topless, even if a small part of her actually felt a guilty thrill at the idea. Whenever she realised that she was dwelling on such an image with pleasure, she would blush and return to the same cycle of useless thoughts - back and forth, back and forth...  
  
At five o' clock she took a shower, feeling oddly self-conscious of her own nakedness as she did so. When she emerged, she took a long, hard look at herself in the mirror, scrutinising her wet, naked body. She knew she wasn't unattractive - far from it in fact. She was slim, blonde, people had called her pretty. Her breasts were small, it was true, but they were perky as well. She looked at them now, glistening pink nipples and all, and tried to imagine a crowd of people seeing them. It was dizzying.  
  
And then there was... down below. She guessed she didn't have to worry about that as much, since the wrestlers only seemed to get topless, but still... she didn't exactly keep things as 'maintained' as she did when she was twenty. In a fit of paranoia, she decided to trim back what little bush had built up. It was then, mid-way through shaving her vagina, that she realised she must have made up her mind.  
  
Why not try it, just the once?  
  
She was half expecting the bouncer to laugh her away when she turned up at seven o' clock, jittery and softly spoken, but he just smiled meaningfully and let her pass. She had no idea where she was going - Jonas hadn't really said - so she headed for the bar again. It seemed to be empty, until...  
  
"Chloe! I didn't think you were gonna show!" Jonas was sat in the corner, beer in front of him, chatting to a patron. He said something to the guy, shook his hand, and then beckoned Chloe over as the man headed for the bar. She took the vacated seat, perched stiffly on the edge. "Nervous?"  
  
"No! I mean, well, yes," she squeaked. Jonas laughed, a deep throaty laugh.  
  
"Don't be! You look wonderful," he said. Chloe relaxed only a little. She had been so paranoid about what to wear, and whether she was wearing too much makeup or not. Which, she had to admit, was laughable. No one was going to be looking at her makeup and she certainly wouldn't be wearing the smart outfit that she'd decided to wear tonight.  
  
"Can I still weak my mask?" she asked. This was the main thing. She'd managed to convince herself to try this, only as long as she could be anonymous. Jonas asked to see it, and she produced it from her bag. She'd tried it on at home, and it fit well. She'd even managed to cut a little hole at the top, so she could have a sort of pony-tail emanating from it. Her sleek blonde hair was one of the few things she was quite proud of. Jonas laughed again when he saw it, but said it was fine.  
  
"Did you come up with a name then?" he asked. Chloe turned red. How stupid! She hadn't even thought about a name.  
  
"Errm... I guess..." but it was no use, she couldn't come up with one on the spot. Jonas seemed to understand.  
  
"Slipped your mind huh? How about 'The Masked Avenger?'"  
  
"The Masked Avenger?" she repeated incredulously. She couldn't imagine anything cheesier. "Isn't that a little... melodramatic?"  
  
"Trust me, the audience love shit like that. They're gonna love you!"  
  
Chloe grinned despite herself. Maybe this was going to be OK.  
  
Then Jonas got to the point - the waiver. Chloe had to sign a document saying that she consented to be in the ring, she consented to whatever might happen there, that the club wasn't liable for anything... that sort of thing. It also mentioned the prize...  
  
"Five hundred dollars?" she said, astounded. "I get five hundred dollars if I win?" She honestly hadn't even thought about any money. Did this make it better or worse? Obviously five hundred dollars was five hundred dollars, but didn't this make her sort of... a stripper? It was a bit late to start being prissy about things like that.  
  
"Standard prize money for an amateur match," Jonas said, as Chloe scribbled her signature everywhere she was asked to. "Now come on, I'll show you to the changing room and take you through how it works."  
  
It was actually pretty simple, it seemed. Two girls go into the ring - two amateurs in tonight's case, girls who hadn't done it before. The ring would be slippery and lubricated. The first person to get the other girl to tap out, or say she gives in, wins. No physical injuring was allowed, but everything else was fair game. What could go wrong?  
  
Chloe had never been a violent person. When she got angry, she usually just stayed frustrated for a day, or ranted to a friend, but never violent. And now she realised that she'd been so caught up in worries about managing to keep her clothes on, that she hadn't even given thought to the idea that she also had a wrestling match to win. She didn't know anything about wrestling! What would her opponent be like?  
  
That question was answered soon enough. Jonas led her not out to the seats that she had sat at the night before, but around that whole enormous room to a makeshift changing room. It wasn't exactly the standard you'd get in a gym - it looked old and worn, even for a room that must surely have been right in the bowels of the club. But, it did at least have a set of metal lockers, and a door that appeared to lead to some showers. Sitting at the opposite end of the room, already dressed in the tiny lycra T-shirt and shorts she'd seen yesterday, was another girl.  
  
"Hey," she said, looking up from her phone almost bored. She looked to be a tall and lanky girl, probably around Chloe's own age, mid-twenties or so. She had very pale skin, natural red hair that she'd tied back, and lazy green eyes. This was going to be her opponent.

"Chloe, this is Lara. Lara, Chloe. You'll be putting on our first show of the night together!" he said with relish, clasping his hands. There was a slightly awkward silence. Chloe smiled at Lara, but said nothing. Her stomach felt very fluttery now - Lara was thin, but also tall and kind of wiry. Was winning even feasible? "Well I'll leave you girls to chat. Chloe I've left your outfit in the locker at the far end, the one with a key in it. I hope you don't mind but I made an educated guess on your measurements. I've gotten pretty good at that!"  
  
Chloe pretended she didn't mind.  
  
"When you're ready girls, you can wait out in the entrance corridor if you like - it's a bit more exciting that a changing room. And remember - just the T-shirt and shorts, nothing else!" Chloe opened her mouth to speak, but Jonas headed her off. "Yes Chloe, the mask is fine too. See you out there," he said, and with one last toothy grin, departed.  
  
"You're wearing a mask?" asked Lara tonelessly. It was hard to tell if she was being scathing or curious.  
  
"Yeah," said Chloe, shuffling her feet. The girl looked back at her phone. That seemed to be the end of that conversation then. She made her way over to the locker Jonas had indicated. Sure enough, on a wire hanger inside was a white T-shirt and pink set of shorts. Hung up like that they seemed even tinier.  
  
"Well, I'm gonna wait out in the corridor," said Lara with a sigh. Chloe, who had secretly been dreading trying to make awkward small talk (and the even more awkward inevitable silence) for the next forty minutes, was only too glad to be left alone in the changing room. She mumbled a goodbye, and turned back to her outfit.  
  
Well, she'd better get to it.  
  
She pulled off her top, and unclasped her bra, looking around sheepishly as she did so. It seemed stupid to be worrying about seen here of all places, but she was feeling very aware of her own nakedness at the moment - just as she had in the shower. She quickly pulled on the T-shirt. True enough, Jonas had indeed guessed the size well enough. It might not have made her breasts look any bigger, but it was very tight-fitting, and left her navel exposed. She supposed that was intentional.  
  
Even quicker, she slipped out of her jeans and panties, and slid the shorts on. They barely covered her upper thighs, and might as well have been bikini bottoms. She had considered leaving her panties on, but Jonas had been quite clear about the clothing rules. She tucked her clothes away in the locker, and examined herself in the mirror one last time. Here she was, wearing the same slutty outfit she'd been so judgemental of last night. She had to admit though, it made her look pretty hot. The tight-fitting nature of the tiny outfit really showed everything off quite flatteringly - her butt looked more toned than it ever had before, and even her chest looked noticeable in this T-shirt. She suddenly felt the strangest urge to giggle.  
  
But then she was faced with the prospect of leaving the safety of the changing room, and the awful nerves came back. She sat down. She had half an hour after all, she could have a quick rest here. It would probably help her performance. Ten minutes passed. Then twenty. She couldn't put this off any longer. Five minutes until she was meant to be walking out into the ring. Oh God, this was it. Mask on, pony-tail protruding, time to go.  
  
She took a deep breath to steady herself, took two more, then set off for the entrance corridor that Jonas had told her about. As soon as she left the changing room she could hear it again - that low, rumbling din of lots of people being heavily muffled. Every step she took, every corner she turned, it grew and grew and grew until she thought she was going to be physically sick. The floor felt very hard and cold against her bare feet, which somehow made her feel all the more exposed. She was on the point of turning back when all of a sudden, Jonas and Lara were there before her, and the entrance to the ring was just beyond them.  
  
"Cutting it a bit fine Chloe," said Jonas, speaking loudly over the din of the audience. He looked less calm now than he had when it was just the two of them. She supposed he must get a little nervous too, but she had exactly zero space in her mind to worry about his nerves right now. Lara watched her hurry toward them with apparent disinterest. "Are you both ready?" he asked.  
  
They both nodded. Chloe sneaked a glance at her opponent. She still seemed calmer than Chloe did, though even she was eyeing the large crowd somewhat ominously now that they were here, and wasn't looking her way at all.  
  
"OK, come out on my cue," he said, and stepped into the ring.  
  
More shouts and cheers greeted him - he was obviously very popular with the regulars. Chloe wasn't really listening to what he was saying. A lot of it was lost to the roar of the crowd anyway, but even when it wasn't she found she couldn't really focus. She didn't even hear the cue - it was only when Lara suddenly started bounding out onto the ring that she realised it was time. She followed Lara unthinkingly, trying to catch up.  
  
The roar was immediate and completely overwhelming. She could feel every set of eyes in the room latch onto her, looking through her as though she were already naked. She had to fight a very real urge to cover up with her arms. That would probably be an embarrassing start. Even more embarrassing would be to slip, which she now thought was a very real possibility. The surface of the mat was soft and padded, but it was also absolutely lathered in some kind of lubricant - something like baby oil. It felt strange between her toes, and she focused hard on keeping her balance.  
  
"Two newbies! Two prime slices of fresh meat! I give you... THE LIONESS..." here he grabbed Lara's arm and lifted it into the air, to fresh cheers, "...aaaand THE MASKED AVENGER!" Chloe's arm was thrust into the air, and she couldn't help it, she blushed. She knew no one could see through the mask, but still, embarrassing. For the first time the whole room was cheering and shouting and whistling at her and her alone.  
  
"One round, winner takes all, GO!" There was a deafening whistle blast that briefly drowned out all else, before the shouts and catcalled returned. Chloe was off balance straight away - she'd expected a bit more beforehand but all of a sudden it had just... started. What should she do? What could she do? How had she got into this mess?  
  
Lara showed no such indecision. She was already pacing Chloe, watching her intently with an unfriendly, determined stare. As far as she was concerned, Chloe must have been nothing more than a barrier between her and five hundred dollars. Chloe backed away to the opposite end, deciding to mimic Lara's circling motion. She tried to ignore the crowd, but that was laughably impossible. Every so often she would make out a single sentence that someone shouted down to them, like "show us them titties Lioness!" or "why don't you lose that mask, sweet cheeks!"  
  
Chloe was distracted by one such comment when Lara made her move, lunging across the centre of the ring toward her. Chloe jumped, so alarmed and jittery that she lost her footing and slipped in the oil before Lara even got to her, landing face first on the padded mat floor. This actually posed a slight problem for Lara, who ended up barrelling over her slightly and stumbling herself. Chloe crawled desperately away, all thoughts of counter-attack gone from her mind. She just had to crawl away and she'd be fine.  
  
Lara was in no such mood. As soon as she had recovered she dived again, landing on Chloe's back and trying to pin her down. Chloe's heart almost leaped out of her chest, and struggled savagely. Lara loosened her grip for a second and Chloe was able to dart away to the far end of the ring, breathing heavily. In the heat of the moment, in all the adrenaline, the crowd had almost disappeared from her mind, but now they were back and it was obvious they'd sensed weakness. The jeers and catcalls were unmistakable directed at her now.  
  
"What's the matter small-fry? You scared of a little lion?"  
  
"You gonna get that cute little ass handed to you blondie!"  
  
There was no blocking that out. Was she really being so pathetic?  
  
Lara apparently sensed weakness too. With a self-satisfied grin, she ran at Chloe. This time Chloe tried to withstand it and grapple with her, but Lara was very strong, it turned out. They went down together, Chloe pinned beneath the fiery redhead. They tumbled and rolled around, Chloe resisting furiously and just barely avoiding being trapped in a permanent hold by Lara. Her whole body felt like it was dripping with the oily substance now - it must be glistening - but once again the heat of the struggle was the only thing that blocked out the crowd's voices. At one point she even managed to get on top of Lara. But this minor victory was short-lived.  
  
Instead of pushing her off her, Lara instead grabbed the hem of Chloe's flimsy white T-shirt, and pulled it apart with all her strength. It stood no chance. The T-shirt ripped completely in half and within two seconds it was nothing more than two shreds of fabric in Lara's hands.  
  
No no no no no! thought Chloe desperately. Acting on instinct she brought her arms up to cover her naked chest, but everyone had already seen it. The room was filled with raucous catcalls and jeers. Lara took the opportunity to push Chloe off her, but still Chloe didn't move her arms. All she could think of was that hundreds of strangers had just seen her naked breasts, and she couldn't process anything else but that, and the crowd's lecherous comments.  
  
They mustn't see! They mustn't look! Why had she agreed to this? Why did she think she would enjoy this?  
  
She saw Lara's next attack barely in time, but she could only jump to the side of it. Again and again, she could do nothing but scurry backwards around the ring, avoiding Lara's lazy attempts to grab her by the narrowest of margins. She had no plan whatsoever. Even the crowd were getting frustrated.  
  
"Come on slut, show us them cute little titties!"  
  
Before she lost her mind completely, she slipped and fell in the oil, and this time Lara couldn't fail. She pounced on Chloe, and Chloe could only slide backwards a few feet so that instead of landing on top of her completely she grabbed her legs, preventing her from retreating further. It was over, any second now she'd have to tap out. What a relief...  
  
But Lara wasn't after a submission. Deprived of the chance to pin down Chloe's upper body, she went for the only thing in reach. She lunged for Chloe's shorts.  
  
Chloe's mind seemed to go blank, and time slowed down to a crawl as the awfulness of what was about to happen detonated in her brain. Lara had grabbed the hem of her shorts. She was pulling at them. No, no this couldn't happen! The shorts were sliding down, her pelvic bone was exposed. No! Girls didn't get completely naked in this!  
  
Before she even knew what she was doing, she grabbed Lara's wrist with animal speed and yanked it away, pushing her away with such a force that she surprised even herself. Then, the adrenaline-fuelled mist cleared and she was on her feet.  
  
The crowd was going wild, and it took a few seconds for Chloe to realise that there was nothing covering her boobs anymore, hence the audience's jubilation. Her face flushed, but no longer with gut wrenching embarrassment. This was something else, something exhilarating. Suddenly she didn't want them to be covered. They're all cheering for me... They like what they see. It was eerily uplifting to be cheered on by so many people, to have her half-naked body exposed to the scrutiny of so many and to hear their roars of approval. She couldn't help it, she smiled to herself.  
  
Then she remembered how close to complete humiliation she had almost come, and the danger she was still in. She looked down at her shorts, which were still uncomfortably far down and almost certainly showing her butt crack. She pulled them up. Had she been so naïve to think that there was some sacred rule against fully stripping your opponent, when everything else was fair game? Based on two matches she saw?  
  
Lara was getting to her feet again too. She looked annoyed at having been denied her humiliation, and was no doubt planning some move to just get this over with. But the audience's cheers were still echoing though Chloe's head, and she was filled with a sudden rash confidence. She couldn't let Lara carry on taking the initiative.  
  
Lara was completely unprepared for Chloe's attack and so, feeble as it was, she went down hard. Chloe tried to pin down her arms, but Lara pushed her off with ease. She really was strong. Before she could stand, Chloe attacked again, grabbing her waist and twisting her around. Lara managed to keep her balance, but only just.  
  
The crowd's shouts were still omnipresent, but they weren't so terrifying anymore. Every time she ran her breasts bounced a little, serving as a constant reminder that everyone could see them and which was now giving her a real thrill. Why not try something really bold? Lara had her back to her as she once again tried to get her balance back, and this time Chloe didn't just charge her, she jumped on her opponent. Small, lightweight and fast, Chloe launched herself onto Lara's back and clung to her shoulders.  
  
"Wha-" gasped Lara, confidence evaporating at this sudden attack from behind. She remained upright - Chloe was light and she was strong after all - but she couldn't shake off Chloe's grip. Chloe could feel herself slipping nonetheless, but she still had one last trick. As she finally fell backwards off of Lara, she grabbed her opponent's T-shirt and pulled it down with her. At first it seemed it would drag Lara down with her, but then came the familiar tearing sound and by the time Chloe landed on her back, a very shocked Lara was staggering forward with her large, pale breasts bouncing free in front of the audience. Chloe had never been especially attracted to girls, but there was something extremely thrilling about seeing Lara's fleshy white boobs and dark pink nipples exposed.  
  
The usual catcalls and jeers roared down from the audience, this time at Lara. She didn't look mortified like Chloe, or even thrilled as Chloe had eventually been. She looked furious. Gone was the casual indifference to her pushover opponent. She looked ready to kill.  
  
Chloe was ready too. She stayed where she was when her topless opponent dived down to her, and rolled to the side at the very last minute, letting Lara slide forward into the oil. With agile speed, she was able to get around and grab her arms while she was still face down, lifting them into the air to hold Lara in place - just as she had seen yesterday. Lara struggled and cursed, but eventually the impossible truth dawned on Chloe - she'd actually pinned down Lara properly, she might actually do this.  
  
"Do you give up?" she shouted, her voice infused with her new-found confidence.  
  
"Like shit I do, bitch," she heard Lara shout back. Well, so be it. All she could think of right then was how that woman from yesterday, The Wolf, had spanked her opponent into submission. Yesterday it had seemed horrific, but right now it seemed just the right amount of naughty. She grinned as she brought her hand up, relishing in the delighted anticipation of the audience. But then another image came to her - that of Lara trying to pull down Chloe's shorts with that satisfied grin...  
  
The crowd gave their loudest roars yet, cheering and shouting lewd comments down at them. Even Lara gave an astonished gasp. Chloe had slid Lara's shorts down with her left hand, just enough to expose Lara's milky white butt cheeks to everyone in the audience. And then she brought her hand down to slap them.  
  
"Now do you give in?" asked Chloe. Smack. Smack. Smack. Rhythmically and with some force, Chloe's hand slapped Lara's buttocks, making them jiggle for the grateful audience. Lara refused and refused, and only when her ass cheeks were red from the spanking did she finally tap out.  
  
Pure, unfettered elation washed over her. She'd done it! She'd actually won! She didn't notice Jonas leaping back into the ring to declare her the winner, she barely noticed Lara getting sullenly to her feet and pulling her shorts back up, or when she slunk off out of the ring. She didn't even care that her boobs were bouncing up and down as she jumped for joy in front of everyone.  
  
The rush only slightly diminished once she too had returned backstage. The adoration of her crowd was still playing on a loop in her head even if she wasn't physically in front of them. It didn't even occur to her to hide her naked breasts from view.  
  
Never had she experienced such a thrill as this. If she was being totally honest, it was more than just a thrill - she'd never been so turned on by anything before. The naughtiness, the decadence, everything that had horrified her about this yesterday - now she had experienced it for herself, all those things were what attracted her to it.  
  
She reached the changing room just as Lara was leaving. She was stood in the doorway, fully dressed, as Chloe came to open it. There was a brief, tense silence.  
  
"Congratulations," she mumbled sullenly, before looking away. Chloe tried to smile conciliatory, but Lara just pushed past her and left without responding. Well, she had come very close to winning...  
  
Some of the madness faded somewhat as she put her clothes back on, and removed the mask. She was Chloe the runner again now, not 'The Masked Avenger.' But she was still wearing the same big grin when Jonas strode into the room five minutes later.  
  
"How was I?" she asked, beaming. Jonas was grinning too.  
  
"Girl, you really pulled something outta nowhere. You're a natural!" He pulled something out of his pocket, a slip of paper, and handed it to her. Chloe looked down, confused for a moment. It took her a few seconds to work out why he was handing her a cheque.  
  
"I forgot about this!" she said, to Jonas's surprise. She could have burst. On top of everything else, she got to go home with five hundred dollars!  
  
"Can I do this again? Do you have any more amateur matches soon?" she blurted out. She supposed she'd know this was what she wanted ever since she was declared the winner.  
  
"Got the itch huh?" asked Jonas, not hiding how pleased he was. "As a matter of fact we have one tomorrow - two amateurs versus one old pro. It's usually a pretty good time. You up for that?"  
  
"Yes!" said Chloe. She didn't even have to think about it.

Sunday  
  
Chloe awoke the next day, dimly aware that something was making a noise. She groaned, for a few seconds aware that there was something big she had forgotten. Then the events of the previous night came rushing back, and she smiled guiltily.  
  
Something was still making a noise. It was her phone, still lying in the middle of the floor where she'd left it last night as she's made her way to bed, exhausted.  
  
"Hello?" she murmured, withdrawing back under the covers. It was far too early for a Sunday. She could make out Diana's excitable voice on the other end.  
  
"Hey Chlo! I didn't get a chance to talk to you at the end of the wrestling."  
  
Chloe sat bolt upright, suddenly wide awake. "What? What do you mean?"  
  
"On Friday? You left so suddenly..."  
  
"Oh. Friday, right," said Chloe. Of course she'd meant Friday. She must be still tired, for some reason she'd been filled with of a vision of Diana sneaking in to watch Chloe's performance last night. How mortifying.  
  
"So - what did you think?"

"Oh, you know - it was great. Really great actually."  
  
"Really?" said Diana, sounding confused. "Because you seemed-"  
  
"Well, I guess I had a change of heart," said Chloe. Her broad grin was probably audible in her voice, but who cared?  
  
"Well, great! See, Kyle said he could get us tickets for us again tonight if we wanted, and Kirsty and Paul said you wouldn't want to, but I just thought- Chloe?"  
  
Chloe had gasped, and thrown the phone down. They were going to be there? Tonight?  
  
"Are- are you sure that's a good idea? I mean... I mean we should ration these things and, well, maybe we should go some other time?"  
  
"No Chlo, he can only get tickets tonight. Are you sure you're ok with this? You sound kinda flustered," said Diana with a nervous giggle. Oh God.  
  
"Yeah. Well, I don't think I can make it tonight - sorry!"  
  
"Oh, well-"  
  
"I have to make another call Di. Bye." She jumped out of bed, hands shaking as she started fishing through her purse for Jonas's number. She had to cancel - would he understand? Should she tell him why? She was turning red at the mere thought of having her friends see her in the ring.  
  
She was dialling the numbers into her phone when her eyes fell on the mask, discarded at the foot of her wardrobe and looking back up at her. A very strange, very naughty thought stole over her.  
  
If I'm wearing the mask...  
  
It wasn't like her friends would have any way of recognising her - they'd never seen her naked obviously. (And probably never would, it occurred to her then, thinking of Paul and Kirsty.) And even if they did think the masked wrestler they were watching looked a little like Chloe - they'd just think we looked similar. It would never occur to them that it could be her. There were plenty of petite blonde girls out there.  
  
Was she really considering doing this? This was surely madness. But then she'd thought that about entering yesterday, and that had been one of the most amazing experiences she'd had in a long time. She bit her lip, looking down at her phone with Jonas's number dialled. Her finger hovered over the 'call' button.  
  
She replayed the scene in her head that had so mortified her moments ago - that of her friends finding out she was one of the 'sluts' in the ring, as she'd called them, and seeing her naked. She shuddered again. But then she replayed it with her in her mask - unrecognisable, someone else entirely. Suddenly it didn't seem so bad. Not at all. She imagined Paul's looks of lust directed at her, Kirsty's excited and jealous catcalling.  
  
And, she thought excitedly, Jonas said it would be a 2v1 one match, which means she'd almost certainly win. She'd get to win in front of her friends, and they'd never know!  
  
Slowly, uncertainly, she put the phone down. She could always change her mind...  
  
And so she spent Sunday afternoon, much like Saturday afternoon, deliberating over whether to go ahead with a match. This time however, she found herself getting surer and surer. Every time she tried to imagine what it would be like, the crowd was a little more jubilant, her friends looked a little more admiring (and clueless) and her victory was a little more spectacular. Her stomach flipped over at the thought of Paul seeing her naked, but it wasn't the cringe-inducing horror it had been in the morning.  
  
By the time she was showering, her mind was made up. She was going to show them all. She took even more care with her preparations this time. Somehow it hadn't really felt real yesterday, as she'd stood naked before the mirror. That was then, this was now.  
  
Her match was going to be a little later tonight, at nine thirty, but all the same she wanted to get there pretty early. Her disguise might be fool proof, but it wouldn't be much help if she got there after her friends and they saw her arrive without the mask. She was especially paranoid about this last point, paranoid enough to arrive a whole ninety minutes early to the club. The bouncer smiled at her this time as he let her in. She wondered briefly if he'd seen her wrestle yesterday, and felt a now familiar thrill at the thought. God, what was she turning into, she thought with a giggle.  
  
"Someone's keen!" said Jonas, as she walked into the still quiet bar.  
  
"Oh, you know! I just like the atmosphere I guess!" Chloe said. It wasn't entirely a lie she supposed. There was hardly anyone there, but even still she found herself glancing around anxiously. "Mind if I go through to the locker room?"  
  
"Anything you like, 'masked avenger,'" he grinned back at her, ever sparkling tooth on display. "You do know your match isn't until nine thirty, right?"  
  
"I know!" she said, and headed off to the locker room.  
  
It looked just as it had yesterday - old, worn and not entirely hygienic. It did not feel like 24 hours since she'd been there - it was like she'd never left.  
  
She took her time getting ready - she had enough of it after all. She spent fifteen minutes adjusting her shorts, making sure nothing down there was showing. That might be a bit much. Still, she'd have a partner against a single opponent, so there was not much danger of being overpowered or... compromised.  
  
She started speculating about her partner for the first time - in all the excitement it had completely escaped her. She would be another rookie, like her she supposed. She imagined a bundle of nerves, as she had been. Now she could be the reassuring one. Chloe would have to look out for her, she decided, while she got used to it out there. It could be overwhelming.  
  
She didn't give any thought to her opponent.  
  
A few girls came and went, but they were for preceding matches. They didn't hang around for long, and Chloe said little to them. They looked bored mostly. Probably just in it for the money. No sign of any newbies though.  
  
At quarter past nine, as she was starting to wonder if Jonas was expecting her to meet him somewhere else, her question was answered. The first thing she saw was the familiar mop of red hair, before recognising the surly expression.  
  
"Oh," said Lara, "it's you. Hello."  
  
"Hi!" said Chloe, trying to be friendly. This could be very awkward. "What are you doing here?" she asked, cringing. She hadn't meant it to sound like that. And besides, she was pretty sure she knew the answer...  
  
"The next match - newbies versus pro. Are you...?"  
  
"Yeah..." said Chloe. There was a tense silence. "I guess we're gonna be partners!" she said, trying to inject more enthusiasm into her voice than she felt.  
  
"I guess so," said Lara, not bothering to do the same. She dumped her stuff in a nearby locker, and started to get changed in sullen silence. Chloe sort of perched on the bench, and tried to think of something else. But all she could think of was that Paul, Kirsty and Diana would be out there now, their voices contributing to the faint roar she could hear, and she felt light headed. Some of the brash confidence had drained from her now that she'd seen who her partner was going to be.  
  
"Just try not to clam up like you did last night and we might be OK," said Lara, breaking Chloe out of her stupor. Lara still wasn't looking at her - she was brushing her long hair back in the mirror of the locker, now that she was in her T-shirt and shorts. Chloe felt her temper rise for the first time. Hadn't she won yesterday? Before she could retort however, the door opened.  
  
"There's our rookies!" declared Jonas, clapping his hands with glee. You could tell he'd been in front of the crowd all night - he looked much more flush, much more animated. Behind him stood a tall woman, already kitted out in white T-shirt and shorts - an outfit that barely contained her considerable chest and curvy figure. Her dishevelled brown hair and powerful phsyique looked very familiar to Chloe.  
  
"These are the small fries you're feeding me tonight Jonas?" she said, looking over Chloe and Lara. There was an arrogance to her voice that made her unmistakable. This was the wrestler that Chloe had watched annihilate those other two girls on Friday, when she was still just a spectator. This was who she was up against...  
  
"Be gentle with them Tracey, they're only new!" Jonas said. Chloe and Lara exchanged glances - she was glad to see Lara looked a little apprehensive too. 'Tracey' gave a derisive chuckle and walked back out.  
  
"Yeah right. I'll see you girls out in the ring - don't get your hopes up."  
  
Jonas checked his watch, ignoring the suddenly deflated mood in the room.  
  
"Well, that's nearly time. I'll see you out there in five minutes, Ok?" Chloe watched him leave with mounting horror.  
  
"That's 'The Wolf!'" Chloe groaned. "Have you seen her wrestle? What are we going to do?"  
  
"It's fine," said Lara, looking a little more relaxed again now. Surely she couldn't really be so calm? "She won't be so cocky when those monster tits are swinging free for the crowd." She tied her hair back and headed for the door.  
  
Lara's bravado didn't quite set Chloe's mind at ease, but there was really nothing for it now. She followed Lara, for the first time that night feeling every bit as half-naked as she was.  
  
"Aren't you wearing that dumb mask?" Lara asked from the corridor. Chloe swore under her breath and ran back to get it - she'd come dangerously close to walking out without her disguise.  
  
Lara didn't wait for her as she pulled it over her face, and pulled the pony-tail out through the hole. She did feel a little better now, she supposed. She ran after Lara, ever aware of the growing rumble of the crowd as she went.  
  
Tracey (Chloe couldn't help but still think of her as 'the Wolf') gave a snort of laughter when she saw Chloe arrive, mask on. She blushed underneath it, and felt a renewed urge to beat this woman. She might be good, but there's only one of her. Jonas was already walking into the ring.  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen! Are you ready for our final match of the night?" The crowd screamed their approval. Ludicrously, Chloe tried to make out any familiar voices. "Then let's hear it for tonight's veteran wrestler - welcome back THE WOLF!" Tracey positively bounded on stage, playing up to the crowd and roaring something back at them. She jumped up and down, surely well aware of the effect this had on her constrained breasts.  
  
"And facing her tonight, two of our newest contenders, THE LIONESS, and THE MASKED AVENGER!" Her feet carried her out onto the stage, as once again the sudden and fixated attention of so many people seemed to take her out of her own head. She had thought that she might struggle to spot her friends, they were only three people after all, and that she might not even see them at all. But no - she might as well have had radar fitted. As soon as she was in the middle of the ring they stood out like beacons - just to her left, three rows from the front.  
  
Diana was grinning with the same morbid curiosity she'd had on Friday, wedged between Kyle and his friend. Kirsty and Paul were sat together, Paul grinning as Kirsty whispered something into his ear. For one paranoid moment she thought they'd recognised her, but no. They weren't even looking at her, they were looking at Lara. She tried to calm her nerves, but she felt more naked than she had at any point since yesterday night, and she had to resist the urge to pull her T-shirt down to cover more of her navel.  
  
Only the sudden blast of Jonas's whistle brought her back to reality, and the task at hand. By now the Wolf was fixated fully on the two of them, grinning the grin of the predator who's cornered its prey. Lara stood tensely by Chloe's side. Clearly they were expected to make the first move.  
  
Lara made it. She darted forward toward their confident foe, and Chloe ran forward after her. If she could just pick up enough momentum, maybe they could catch her off balance? The Wolf seemed braced and ready, but at the last moment Lara seemed to fall back a little, leaving Chloe to cannon into the Wolf alone. It had basically no effect.  
  
"Nice try small fry!" she shouted, grabbing Chloe by the waist and scooping her up with ease. She held her there for a second, soaking up the audience's cheers, before casually dropping her back down. Chloe hit the wet, padded floor with a grunt - not a great start.  
  
Chloe shot Lara an angry glance - that had been no accident - but Lara was too busy to notice. The Wolf had turned on her now, and Lara was backing away anxiously as the crowd taunted her. Evidently she'd seen how easily Chloe had been disposed of. As Chloe was getting to her feet, Lara was narrowly escaping the Wolf's sudden lunge. Feeling a sudden rush of pity, Chloe ran forward while the Wolf's back was to her.  
  
But it wasn't going to be that easy. The Wolf spun around, evidently hearing Chloe even over the shouts of the crowd. Lara ran away as soon as the opportunity presented itself, offering no help whatsoever, leaving the Wolf to casually extend her foot and allow Chloe to topple over face first into the oil. Laughter and jeers rained down on her from above. She waited for the Wolf to pounce on her, but it never came.  
  
"Don't wanna play, huh?" the Wolf was shouting. Chloe looked up. Lara was once more backing away from the predator between them, who was advancing on her again. This time there was no escape. Lara made a feeble attempt to get past her, to direct her anger at Chloe again, but the Wolf charged her, forcing her to the ground. With a triumphant wink to her adoring crowd, she pinned Lara's arms behind her and presented her to the crowd. "Give up yet, lion cub?"  
  
But Lara just struggled. "Help me!" she shouted at Chloe, an angry expression her face. Chloe hesitated. Now she wanted help. She looked around to the crowd. She was trying her best to ignore her friends, but she couldn't help but stare at them, still not quite believing that they didn't recognise her. Like everyone else, they were looking excitedly from Lara to Chloe. "For fuck's sake, get over here!"  
  
"Too late!" the Wolf screamed. With her free hand, she squeezed Lara's right breast playfully, before pulling at her T-shirt not so playfully. The flimsy thing tore, just as it always did, and Lara's milky white breasts spilled out of them. Lara's face reddened as the audience whooped and cheered, shouting a mixture of lecherous praise and jeering abuse down at her.  
  
Chloe decided she'd learned her lesson. Remembering how successful her unexpected leaping tackle had been yesterday, she launched herself at the Wolf's exposed back, wrapping her arms around her powerful shoulders. She knew she had only one very brief chance. Her hands fumbled at the Wolf's T-shirt, trying to tear it as all the others had.  
  
But the Wolf was having none of it.  
  
"Oh!" she shouted, getting to her feet effortlessly, despite the weight of Chloe on her back. "The masked slut really does want to play!" Chloe tried with increasing desperation to fend off the Wolf's hand blocking her, and sent a pleading look to Lara who was once again retreating. If they would both just attack at once...  
  
But her topless 'ally' was defiant. Her expression was quite plain - you were happy to sit and watch me get stripped - not it's your turn.  
  
The Wolf threw Chloe off with ease, and she fell backwards having achieved nothing besides provoking her opponent. She knew what was surely about to happen, but her body would not move or do anything to prevent it. The Wolf grabbed her, and dragged her to her knees as though she were made of feathers.  
  
"Who wants to see this masked slut's titties?" she roared to the crowd. The answer was clear, and deafening.  
  
"W-wait," stammered Chloe, completely unheard by anyone, as the Wolf yanked her T-shirt over her head. The wet material of the useless piece of clothing felt strangely electric as is it slid over her already hardened nipples.  
  
The first thing her eyes settled on as the T-shirt was pulled over her eyes was Paul, and Kirsty, and Diana, laughing and cheering with everyone else. She had to fight a very powerful urge to cover up, to blush and hide out of sheer embarrassment. But she knew if she did that, against an opponent like this, she was finished. And besides, there was also a powerful rush of excitement building up in her stomach at the sheer naughtiness of what she was showing again.  
  
Instead, she started to crawl away as quickly as she could, in the hopes that Lara would be the object of the Wolf's ire next. Unfortunately though, she seemed to have taken Chloe's surprise attack, and attempt to remove her top, as a personal slight.  
  
"Where do you think you're going small-fry?" Chloe felt a hand grab her ankle, tightening around it and preventing her from escaping. She thrashed wildly, pleading for Lara to step in. She knew what was coming next if she didn't, and she didn't think she was prepared for that. Not yet. But Lara was standing, watching calmly, looking from Chloe to the Wolf and back again as they struggled. The Wolf was trying to pin Chloe down fully, but Chloe was thrashing at her like a woman possessed, desperate to get away and at least get back on her feet. The Wolf actually looked slightly breathless.  
  
"Hey, you! Fire crotch!" the Wolf bellowed at Lara. "What do you say? Wanna join the winning side? Doesn't like you too sluts are getting on so well." Chloe couldn't believe what she was hearing - that wasn't allowed, was it? Switching sides?  
  
Apparently it was. Because when Lara grinned, and started advancing on the struggling pair, no one stepped in to stop her. It was only when Lara slid over to Chloe's head and pressed her body over it, pinning her entire upper body, that she could believe this was happening.  
  
"You-" Chloe screeched, the word 'bitch' getting drowned out by a suddenly very excited crowd. Everyone seemed to know what was coming now. She felt Lara grab her legs and, between her and the Wolf, Chloe's legs were pushed up into the air. Lara even pulled them apart. This was not a very modest position to be in.  
  
"Thought you could let me do all the work did you?" Lara hissed. Chloe was too shell-shocked to respond to the enormity of that lie. She was completely helpless.  
  
"Who wants to see the masked slut's cunt?" the Wolf bellowed. She had never thought that many people was capable of making such a noise.  
  
Oh, no no no no. Oh God no!  
  
But there was no stopping this train wreck. The Wolf grabbed Chloe's pitifully short shorts, and pulled them away. They tore just as easily as the T-shirt had, and with it went Chloe's last shred of modesty. There she was, totally naked in front of a crowd of strangers, her legs in the air, spread open by an angry redhead sat on her face.  
  
This was more than she was ever prepared for. Through her obscured vision, her eyes fell once again on her flabbergasted friends. They can see my pussy! Paul can see my pussy! This was shameful and degrading and so why did she still feel that small electric thrill in the pit of her stomach? She tried not to think about it.  
  
The Wolf was on her feet again now, holding Chloe's ruined shorts in the air triumphantly. "The slut's even shaved her cunt for you folks!" she heard her say. But that didn't matter now. She might not be strong enough to throw off that woman, but now that it was just Lara, she was up to the task. With a furious snarl, she grabbed Lara by the waist and threw her off, scrambling to her feet just as Lara was stumbling over.  
  
"Why?" moaned Chloe, advancing on a suddenly anxious looking Lara, who backing away from her and (unknown to her) toward the seats that Paul and Kirsty were occupying. Chloe advanced on her, almost unconscious of the 360 degree view of her naked body she was offering.

But her revenge was not to be. The problem with blocking out the world around you, it turned out, was that you also forgot about the other opponent. The Wolf made her presence very much felt by grabbing Chloe painfully by the pony tail, spinning her around and forcing her to her knees. Well, at least my back will be to my friends for whatever's coming next, she thought helplessly.  
  
This turned out to be little comfort.  
  
"What do you think slut? Ready to give in?" said the Wolf, more to the room at large than to her. Chloe blinked. The logical part of her brain screamed that she should and just get out of there, but then Lara's stupid, taunting face swam before her, and she knew she had to get at least one small piece of revenge. She grit her teeth and tried to get to her feet. The Wolf just laughed mirthlessly and dragged her forward by the hair once more. This time she fell back with her, sitting on the ring's slippery floor and opening her legs so that Chloe's face fell into her crotch. She winced, and tried to pull back, but she felt the powerful thighs of the Wolf tighten around her face before she could do anything. She was trapped, on all fours with her face pressed against The Wolf's shorts.  
  
"Mmmm!" she tried to protest, but her words were too muffled. The Wolf simply laughed again, pulling her further in by the hair and making crude gestures to the crowd. Chloe was hyper-aware that her face was separated by her captor's vagina by a flimsy strip of material, and this was not a thought that appealed to her at all. Surely this was the ultimate humiliation.  
  
She felt the sting of the slap without ever hearing Lara approach, and her buttocks seemed to clench instinctively. Her muffled cry of shock and pain was again inaudible. Of course.  
  
"Remember this?" she heard Lara say from behind her, as once again her ass was spanked. A hot, burning sensation - one part pain, two parts shame - spread over her. "I bet you thought you were such a hot shot yesterday huh?" Another slap, another roar of pleasure from the crowd. "Not so cocky now are you?" Shame burned within her - a naked spanking in front of all these people and her friends was not what had had in mind.  
  
Suddenly she felt Lara's hands, not striking her but instead grabbing her ass, a buttock in each hand. She was confused for only a second before fresh waves of shame and humiliation washed over her. Lara had prised Chloe's ass cheeks wide open, showing the audience everything. She could feel the cool air on the suddenly exposed bud of her asshole, and groaned inwardly. She knew Paul and Kirsty were getting a direct view too.  
  
"Wow, you must have really pissed her off," said a very amused Wolf. Catcalls, wolf whistles and laughter rained down on her, as Lara continued to hold her ass spread open. Obscene but detailed suggestions were hurled at them as to what they should do to Chloe's 'tight little holes,' as they called it. Whether out of pity or just boredom though, the Wolf relaxed her legs, and Chloe's head yanked back, gasping for air.  
  
There was only one thing on her mind now. Lara hadn't noticed that Chloe was now free, and had no inkling until Chloe had spun around and seized her by the hair. A wild, mindless frenzy came over her. She pushed her treacherous teammate down into the oil. She didn't even have the clarity of mind to strip Lara of her remaining clothes, or any other act of humiliation that required even the slightest calculation or rational thought. She didn't even care about the spectacle she was providing, rolling around in the nude with another woman. She was full of an animalistic determination to smother her. How dare she humiliate her like that?  
  
"Tracey!" Lara gasped, as the two of them rolled and struggled. The crowd's lecherous hooting went almost completely unnoticed, and she was only dimly aware when she felt a set of powerful hands grip her waist, pulling her away, away from Lara.  
  
"No!" said Chloe in a strangled cry. She was on her back again, between the Wolf's legs. They closed around her again, this time gripping her waist. She tried to resist the Wolf's equally strong hands pinning her arms behind her, but all the fight left her in one, deflating moment. What was the point?  
  
"Get over here, get her legs!" the Wolf shouted, a real glee in her voice now. Lara was thoroughly out of mercy now it seemed. She kneeled behind the Wolf, out of sight, and pulled Chloe's legs in the air. Up over her head, splayed obscenely wide. She was in the same position she'd been when she'd been stripped naked a few moments ago, except if anything her pose was even less ladylike now. Hundreds of pairs of eyes feasted hungrily at her naked, hairless slit.  
  
"Let me goooo," she moaned. Even now, she couldn't bring herself to say those simple words - 'I give up.' She couldn't say why, her brain just wouldn't allow it. When the Wolf spoke it was not to her, but to the crowd.  
  
"This masked slut's put on one hell of a show - what say we give her a little reward?" More cheers, more obscene comments. She even saw Kirsty yell out a suggestion, though what it was she couldn't hear. Next to her, Paul was staring between Chloe's legs with a hungry expression on his face. Chloe felt the heat rise in her cheeks. "I think that's a yes!" screamed the Wolf. Chloe watched with horrified fascination as the Wolf made a seductive show of sticking her finger in her own mouth, slowly withdrawing it glistening with saliva, and bringing her hand down to Chloe's crotch.  
  
"Oh," she gasped, complete sensory overload hitting her. The Wolf's finger was buried inside her up to the knuckle, penetrating the warm, fleshy innards of her pussy. For the first time she noticed just how wet she was down there, a fact that the Wolf was keen to broadcast to the world.  
  
"This whore is soaking wet!" she bellowed, sliding out and in again, Chloe whimpered quietly, shutting her eyes. In her head, she heard Kyle say 'sometimes it can a get bit... raunchy' and moaned again. She tried forcing her legs closed again, but Lara's grip was too tight around her upstretched ankles.  
  
A second finger slid into her, and fresh waves of pleasure rippled through her. She had never been explored like this by a woman, and while part of her was recoiling in horror at this forced foray into lesbianism, her hungry, treacherous pussy seemed to show no such discrimination. As far it was concerned it was getting stuffed by someone who knew exactly what they were doing, and the steady trickle of wetness running down the Wolf's hand was a visible manifestation of how much it was aching for more.  
  
But it was more than just the physical sensation. Whenever she opened her eyes to stare helplessly at the crowd, the same crowd that had cheered on her victory just yesterday and who were now just as eager to see her humiliated, she felt another rush of guilty pleasure. She was being fingered by a stranger for a crowd of strangers, and she was getting off on it in a big way - no denying that. And whenever she tried to picture herself, or think about shameful and slutty she was being in public it only seemed to make her wetter. Her soft gasps were soon replaced by a steady stream of moans and groans. She wasn't resisting now, her body seemed to just want to let it happen.  
  
Let what happen, a small, logical voice whispered urgently within her. The same part of her that could see that the Wolf wasn't going to stop, that there was only one way this would end. Did she really want to have to suffer the indignity of climaxing in front of these people? There'd be no pretending she wasn't enjoying it then. She tried to picture what it would be like, letting go and coming right there and then, and suddenly the word 'suffer' didn't seem quite appropriate. She felt herself slip further and further toward the edge.  
  
"Oh God..." she moaned, her eyes rolling. She heard Lara snigger, but it had no effect on her. The Wolf's fingers had reached their maximum speed, thrusting in and out with a wet, slippery sound that served as a constant reminder of her own depravation. Everyone knew what was about to happen it seemed. Her eyes fell on her friends once again. Kirsty was covering her mouth with her hand, looking excited and shocked, as though she couldn't believe any slut could be so shameless. Diana looked hypnotised, and Paul was looking at her as he'd never seen him look at her before, or any girl for that matter. This was it, she couldn't hold back any more...  
  
"Can you believe this?" roared the Wolf, briefly pulling her out of her stupor. Her fingers didn't slow down, but she bellowed another question to the audience. "Who wants to see this masked slut's face when she comes??"  
  
The rising tide of Chloe's climax, so close and unstoppable, mingled with a dull horror that was slow in seeping through her, but ice cold. Her stomach felt as though it was filled with lead. Her mouth framed the word no but no sound escaped her.  
  
The mask was pulled away, so quick she barely registered it happening. Cool air struck her face, her blonde hair falling around her cheeks. She looked straight ahead, at the only three people in the audience who were no longer making a sound, but whose expressions were those of bewildered recognition.  
  
Kirsty and Diana stared at her, mouths agape, Kirsty's hand on her chest. They both looked at Paul, as if to confirm what they were seeing. Paul, his expression wooden, mouthed her name. Chloe?  
  
Her orgasm crashed over her, an animalistic, bestial cry escaping her lips. Her pussy was spasming around the fingers still stuffed inside it, and it felt as though she was practically gushing from that wet little hole. Her toes curled in the air, her face flushed red, and still she was moaning wildly.  
  
"Oh fuck! Oh fuck fuck fuck!"  
  
The crowd's wild cheer was almost in unison, as Chloe came harder than she had for too many years. Her mind, for a few blissful seconds, was all but blank and the world fell away from her.  
  
Her trembling body at last stopped writhing after ten seconds, and she was laying on her back. Chloe could see the Wolf preaching victoriously to her wild crowd, and she was vaguely aware that Lara was no longer holding her in place. She let her head sink back. The longer she lay there, the longer she could put off having to deal with the world. This wasn't happening... I did NOT just do that...  
  
The tumultuous din of the crowd washed over her like a dream, preventing any attempt at blocking them out. But she didn't have to look at them - she could postpone that for a little longer, she could pretend they weren't there, that they hadn't just seen... that.  
  
Now Lara and the Wolf seemed to be talking, or at least trying to over the cacophony. What were they talking about, she wondered dazedly. It was over, they'd won.  
  
She tried to get up. Maybe she could slink off. All thoughts of revenge on Lara had faded. She got to her hands and knees, but her legs were still shaking from the strength of her orgasm, and didn't want to support her attempt to stand up. She could feel the warm trickle of liquid down her inner leg, and wondered if there'd ever been such a slutty display in this ring.  
  
She looked at her two opponents. Anywhere but behind me. Anywhere but at my friends. If I don't look at them, it'll be like they aren't there. Lara and the Wolf seemed to be arguing, or at least Lara was being told to do something, and resisting. Now she seemed to be relenting. Now she was sliding down her shorts.  
  
Chloe's brain fog was clearing rapidly but she still had no idea what was going on over there. It was over wasn't it? So why, she wondered with growing alarm as Lara's pale white buttocks once again came into view for a crowd that couldn't believe their luck, was Lara undressing? The Wolf was pointing at Chloe now, and the crowd gave a loud 'OHH!' as though they had realised something that Chloe hadn't.  
  
Lara turned and walked toward Chloe, still on all fours. She was completely nude, and seemed quite unembarrassed to have her bright red pubic hair on display for all to see. Wait - did they think she still wanted to fight after all that? Did they really need her to actually say it? The cold, determined expression on Lara's face was a warning that came just too late.  
  
"Lara... I give up, just let it go- Ahhh!" Chloe's pitiful attempt at surrender was cut off. Lara had grabbed Chloe's hair, pulled her forward, and then sat in front of her with legs a-splay. With a sickening sense of déjà vu, Chloe's face was forced between Lara's legs. Once again a pair of legs wrapped around her face, pinning her in place, only this time her face was pressed not against a pair of shorts, but against Lara's naked pussy. "Mmmmmm!"  
  
She looked up at Lara, silently demanding to know why. She must have looked a piteous state, with Lara's pubic hair at her nose and her naked ass in the air. Lara wore a very self-satisfied smirk that told Chloe everything she needed to know - this wasn't about revenge, and she certainly wasn't getting off on having a woman... down there. She just found it amusing to see Chloe so humiliated.  
  
Before she could even begin to think of a way out, she felt her legs rudely forced apart by a swift kick. Chloe tried to lower her ass into a slightly more dignified position but the Wolf kept it in the air, and now her legs were open too. Don't think about Kirsty, Paul and Diana. Don't think about the view they have right now. She moaned piteously as her ass cheeks were spread for the delighted crowd again - her sopping wet pussy was clearly visible.  
  
"Look at that CUNT!" the Wolf bellowed. Somehow having everyone's attention directed to it just made it wetter. "It looks like this slut needs a little more before she'll call it a day!" Chloe was still focusing everything on trying to avoid the vagina in her face when once again the Wolf's fingers slid into her pussy.  
  
There was no slow, gradual build-up this time. Chloe was being subjected to a merciless finger fucking from the moment the two digits slid into her, and her treacherous pussy was soaking wet enough to allow it.  
  
The will to resist slipped away from Chloe at that moment. What was the point? There was nothing she could do. She relaxed her body and resolved to take it like the slut she so obviously was. No sooner had she let go than the desperately repressed sense of pleasure burst free and washed over her again. It wasn't just the physical feeling of getting fingered, skilled though the Wolf clearly was. No, she knew now - she was getting off and having everybody see her in such a degraded position.  
  
"Is the bitch doing her job?" the Wolf shouted at Lara.  
  
"No, she's just moaning into it," said Lara, tightening her thighs around Chloe's face as if to remind her where she was.  
  
"Lick your teammate's pussy, slut!"  
  
Ignore them. Ignore them. She could win that small victory at least, they would not make her pleasure this traitorous bitch.  
  
"Looks like she needs some ENCOURAGEMENT!" screamed the Wolf.  
  
It happened so quickly. One second she was aware of the fingers leaving her pussy, leaving her with a horrible, empty feeling. And then, before she knew what was happening, the same finger, soaking wet with her own juices, was sliding past her ass cheeks and into her asshole.  
  
"JESUS!" Chloe screamed, who had honestly believed there were no further depths she could sink to. For the first time, the crowd's laughter was as loud as their drunken cheering. She tried to clamp her anus down on the invading finger, but it was too lubricated - the Wolf slid in all the way to the knuckle.  
  
"Now do your job!" chuckled the Wolf. The words swam through Chloe's foggy brain without latching onto any meaning. The feeling of someone's finger being buried so deeply... there... was completely alien to her. God she must look ridiculous. The finger slid out, then back in again - out, then in, then out then in, faster and faster. "Do it!"  
  
She had to do it, she had to make her stop. Panting haggardly, she stuck out her tongue and ran it along Lara's waiting pussy.  
  
"There we go!" shouted Lara. The crowd cheered and clapped - Chloe blushed red with shame, and yet she felt another wave of wetness trickle down her leg as they did so.  
  
But the Wolf did not stop fingering her ass - she simply brought her other hand up and slid them back into her pussy. Now both her holes were being fucked, and Chloe knew all the things she was supposed to feel but all she could actually feel was an intense, confusing arousal.  
  
Don't think about it. The Wolf's fingers were even faster now. Just focus on licking out Lara, like you were told, like a good girl. Don't think about anything else. Once again the embarrassing, wet smacking sound of her own wet holes was getting louder and louder. Don't think about your friends watching you get fucked in the ass a few feet away, don't think about it. It was horrifying how easily her asshole was admitting the fingers now, when it had been so tight just moments ago. Was that two fingers buried in her asshole now? Don't think about how horny this is making you. Don't think about whether or not you like being humiliated in public like this. Don't think about what that makes you. Lara's pussy was getting wet now too - she'd barely even paid attention to what she was doing and she'd made another girl wet. Don't think about Paul seeing you with your legs open and your pussy dripping. Don't think about coming. Don't think about that and it won't happen. Oh God please don't let me come again. I couldn't bear the shame of coming from being fingered in the ass like this.  
  
But by this point everyone - Lara, the Wolf, the whole crowd, and even Chloe herself - knew that that was a losing battle. Lara's pussy was no longer enough to muffle her deep, guttural moans - she was moaning like a bitch in heat and everyone was aware of it.  
  
"FUUUCKK!" All restraint and shame evaporated, and all that mattered was the ecstasy that was coming. She humped her whole body shamelessly on the Wolf's hands, fucking them back as hard as she could, magnifying her orgasm and eliciting a spectacular eruption from the crowd. "AAAHHHHH YES YES YES! OH FUCK NO! OHHHH!"  
  
The Wolf slipped her fingers out, giving everyone a full view of both her holes spasming, and of her gushing pussy. Freed from The Wolf's grip, her legs shook, and then collapsed. Lara relaxed too, ensuring that the whole room could hear her pitiful moaning and screaming.  
  
This was longer, louder, and far more intense than even the last humiliating orgasm. Her whole body seemed to have an electric current running through it, and she was screaming shameless, half-formed sentences without any thought for what she must look or sound like.  
  
And then, the blissful, wonderful empty headedness took her once again. At least for the moment...  
  
Even well after, Chloe found she had only hazy, half-formed memories of what came next. She had a fleeting memory of lying naked in a puddle of her own juices, and then she could remember being hoisted onto the Wolf's shoulders, though not of being picked up. She could remember the Wolf shouting something victoriously, though not what, and while she did not remember officially giving in, she must have done because she definitely remembered Jonas declaring the Wolf the winner - he looked at Chloe with an astounded expression that suggested not even he could quite believe the show that had just been put on.  
  
But the clearest memory, the one she would never forget, was of Paul, and Kirsty and Diana. She had just stared at them, slung across the Wolf's shoulders, and taken in their expressions. No words could describe that. Shell-shocked, certainly. Diana looked horrified, and Kirsty seemed almost outraged. But Paul's expression blocked out all else - the amazed, almost impressed eagerness with which he stared at her seemed to bring her back to Earth. She continued to stare at them expressionlessly as the Wolf carried her out of the ring like a trophy, the sounds of the crowd slowly fading.

It was in the corridor that she was finally put down, her legs just about holding. The Wolf, looked her over to make sure she wasn't going to keel over, then set off for the changing room.  
  
"C'mon girl, shower time," she said, all the machismo and triumph gone from her voice. She sounded impossibly casual, as though they had just finished a particularly boring practice session for lacrosse. Chloe stared at her, still unable to find any words. "Look, you did alright out there," she added, when Chloe remained motionless. "It's all just showmanship - you'll learn, if you do enough of these."  
  
"Yeah," said Chloe. She followed her opponent down the corridors, back to the old changing room. The Wolf (she seemed so much more like a Tracey now) headed for the showers without a glance back, and Chloe sat on a bench, still naked, still covered in a peculiar mixture of the lubricant that covered the ring and her own pussy's juices. She was sweating heavily, her skin was flushed red, and her nipples were rock hard. Her hair was a complete mess. She didn't think she'd ever cared less how she looked.  
  
Lara stepped into the room a few minutes later, just as naked, but slightly more awkward about it now she was out of the ring. Her expression soured when she saw Chloe. Their eyes met. "Nothing personal," she mumbled. "I just wanted to be on the winning side."  
  
"Yeah," said Chloe. Lara grabbed a towel to cover up, then went to join Tracey in the showers. Chloe watched her go.  
  
The crowd was barely audible from here, but Chloe could still hear every jeer, every taunt, and every cheer as though she was still there. Every part of her body had its own catalogue of jeers that had been hurled down at it, and were playing over and over again. Shame and arousal fought viciously within her.  
  
She didn't at first know why, but she was laughing. A full, hysterical giggle that cleared all the other thoughts away.  
  
Well, she thought, Monday morning was going to be interesting.