



CABARET CLASH

*AS TOLD BY JOHN
ART BY S. DERVISH*

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• DUE TO NUDITY AND OTHER ADULT CONTENT, INTENDED FOR ADULTS ONLY •



YVONNE



At the end of my tour of duty for the U. S. Army back in the 70's, I was assigned to an Army intelligence unit in Heidelberg, West Germany. The assignment was 24 hours on and 48 hours off, leaving plenty of free time to fill. I spent much of my free time with one of the German women who worked in clerical positions in our unit.

Her name was Renate, and after a brief period of dating, I moved in with her. Our intimacy led to some spirited wrestling on her king-sized bed. She was an athletic woman, an excellent downhill skier and a competitive swimmer as a teenager. Though she never won any of our bouts, she put up a good fight, and came close to pinning me several times.

She was delighted to learn of my serious interest in women's wrestling. She enjoyed wrestling too, and enjoyed the professional women's events, as well as some of the competitive night club wrestling parts of Germany are well known for.

Shortly after this, an evening in late April, Renate drove us up into the hills overlooking Heidelberg. She was very secretive about our destination, saying it was a surprise that I would enjoy.

We wound up at a small cabaret. Upon entering we were greeted by Rudy, the manager of the club and a good friend of Renate's. We received a choice table next to what appeared to be a dance floor. As I looked closer I saw that a large gray canvas

or mat was spread over the floor. Renate noticed my curiosity and explained.

"Since you are so fond of wrestling, I've brought you to see some wrestling you may never forget. Here, let Rudy explain," she said, motioning Rudy to the table.

Rudy spoke broken English, but between his English and my German, I learned Renate was absolutely right... it would be memorable evening.

"This will be a wrestling exhibition with no intervention," he explained. "The women wrestling tonight are professional nightclub wrestlers, from a troupe in Hamburg. Their manager has accompanied them this night and promises they are his absolute finest wrestlers, and they will display for us a very special match."

I was unable to get an explanation of what "special" meant, but Renate, who knew more than she would admit, assured me I would soon learn, and agree. The match was to begin at 9:00, meaning I had an anxious hour to wait.

As we dined, the club began filling up. I noticed there were as many women in attendance as men. Renate told me that wrestling was almost as popular with the women as the men. By 9:00 there were well over 100 people in the small cabaret, and by 9:15 many of them were obviously getting restless... including me.

Suddenly the houselights dimmed and spotlights bathed the mat with a hot glow. The wrestling troupe's manager, clad in a

formal tuxedo, strode to the center of the mat. He was a graying middle aged man, but greeted the crowd with much animation. I couldn't keep up, so Renate translated for me.

He explained that the wrestling bout would be the best two out of three surrenders, with an intermission between falls. He motioned toward the stage where an attractive young woman dressed in a black mini-skirt and white blouse parted the curtains. To the applause of the crowd the wrestlers stepped onto the canvas mat.

The first woman was a big, tough looking platinum blonde. Wearing a black leather jacket with fur trimmed collar and an angry scowl on her face, she arrogantly strutted to her corner. Attired in a full length blue satin robe and radiating a confident smile, her dark haired opponent bounded onto the mat, waiving to the spectators. The manager introduced them.

"To my left, from Hamburg, Germany, weighing in at 75 kilo's (165 lbs) Ilsa!"

The crowd politely applauded as Ilsa removed her jacket, handing it to the attendant. As Ilsa stretched in warm-up, I sized her up. She was about 5' 6" attired in a standard black swimsuit, with high-top black leather wrestling boots. She appeared very strong with broad shoulders and heavy thighs. Her skin was very pale, almost white under the bright lights. Her platinum blonde hair was cut short and rather straight. With a smirk on her face she barely acknowledged



ing. Yvonne continued pulling on Ilsa's arm while pushing with her legs, continuing the none too gentle breast massage on the beefy blonde.

As Ilsa continued to unsuccessfully struggle against the hold, Yvonne said something to Ilsa, perhaps asking if she wanted to surrender. The blonde muttered, "Nein, nein," as she once again was forced back onto the mat. Momentarily Ilsa made it to her knees, trying to make it to her feet. Suddenly Yvonne shifted her feet. Lashing out with her legs, she scissored Ilsa's arms. Caught in a reverse scissors, her arms con-

trolled by the French woman's legs, Ilsa was once again taken to the mat.

The hold had the effect of a full nelson, Yvonne's legs scissoring Ilsa's upper arms while her right thigh put pressure on the back of the blonde's neck, forcing her head forward and down. It was a punishing hold that kept Yvonne in control and Ilsa tied up, flat on her back. Ilsa twisted, turned and kicked struggling to break free. she attempted to bridge but this only seemed to increase the pressure on her neck. Sinking back to the mat, Ilsa tried to separate her opponent's ankles. With only her right hand

able to reach Yvonne's ankles, she was unable to pry apart the brunette's legs.

Trying a new tactic, Ilsa grabbed the back of Yvonne's suit with her left hand, pulling it nearly past her shapely bottom. The spectators cheered approvingly at the new sight of Yvonne's bared buttocks, and Yvonne's face seemed to redden even more. The French girl shook her legs and turned her body to the left, putting more pressure on the back of the blonde's neck. Ilsa gasped in pain, and released her grip on Yvonne's tights. They made a sharp smacking sound as the elastic snapped back onto Yvonne's sweaty skin.

The action slowed with Ilsa laying almost motionless on the mat gasping for breath, her face red and flushed. The strain was also evident on Yvonne's face, her teeth clinched, eyes almost closed as she concentrated on working the hold.

Both women were perspiring freely, the heat from the overhead lights turning the cabaret into a sauna-like arena. Ilsa writhed on the mat, making only feeble efforts to break free. It appeared Yvonne could keep Ilsa trapped in the scissors hold for as long as she wished, or until the German surrendered the fall.

Perhaps it was due in part to the sweat covering both women's bodies as Ilsa, rocking from side to side, was able to pull her arms free of Yvonne's legs scissors. There was a scramble across the mat. As Ilsa started to get to her feet, Yvonne tackled her from



ing in triumph, Ilsa reinforced the hold, pulling Yvonne's face tight against her side, her forearm painfully pressing on the brunette's right cheekbone. Yvonne slowly sank to one knee, her arms hanging limply at her side. For a moment I thought she'd passed out, but wrapping her left arm around Ilsa's waist, Yvonne pulled herself back up to her feet.

Suddenly, Yvonne's left hand was between Ilsa's legs, grabbing at the blonde's crotch. Whether Yvonne intended to try and lift Ilsa off the mat or apply some type of crotch hold, I'm not sure. Ilsa didn't wait to find out. Releasing her headlock, she took a handful of Yvonne's long, dark hair. Bending her opponent over at the waist, Ilsa sent a hammering forearm blow to the back of the brunette's neck. Yvonne collapsed to her knees and slumped forward. Ilsa adjusted the crotch of her suit. Then, as if to punish Yvonne for having grabbed that part of her anatomy, Ilsa came down with another brutal stomp to the back of the brunette's head and neck.

Once again, Yvonne sprawled on her back, arms and legs barely moving, her breasts heaving as she gasped for air. Ilsa slowly circled her groggy, helpless opponent. The glare from the overhead lights reflected off the blonde's pale, white skin. Angry, red mat burns were visible on Ilsa's upper back. She had received them earlier in the match when Yvonne was in control, a time which now seemed so very long ago.