

# ***Two Out Of Three***

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"You forgot, didn't you?"

Audrey's accusing voice stopped me in my tracks. "Forgot what?"

She gave me one of those I-knew-it looks. "The social. Steve and Ellen's. Tonight."

"That's next week," I argued, though even as I said it I had doubts.

"No, Joe, it's tonight. It's always on the second Friday of the month. *Always.*"

A quick look at the calendar told me she was right. "Dammit," I said. "What am I supposed to do with these, then?" I pulled the tickets out of my pocket: two seats at the sneak preview of the latest Barry Levinson flick, won by sheer luck from my favorite radio station. "Tonight only," I added.

"Tonight we're busy," she replied.

"Couldn't we blow off the social?" I asked hopefully.

Audrey frowned. "We blew off the last one, honey. And the one before. They're going to stop inviting us if we don't start showing up."

"We could invite them over here," I suggested. "Next week some time?"

"That's not the point," she said. "I *want* to go tonight. We hardly get to see Steve and Ellen anymore as it is, since they moved out to Reston. You agreed that we would go, and I'm going to hold you to it."

I dug in my heels. "If I'd known I was going to win these I wouldn't have agreed."

Audrey stood up from the dining table, where we'd just finished dinner, and squared herself to me like a gunfighter in a Western. "I guess there's only one way to settle this," she declared. She locked her eyes on mine with a hard stare.

Meanwhile, her hands undid the buttons on the front of her dress and whipped it open in a smooth motion.

I stood up too, pulling my shirt off over my head. "Two out of three?"

"So be it," she agreed grimly while kicking off her shoes. She picked up the shoes and the dress, then marched back to the bedroom. I grabbed my shirt and followed on her heels; the dinner dishes could wait.

This was a ritual we'd repeated many times over the years, even before we were married. As pre-teens, we'd settled our occasional minor disagreements by arm wrestling. When my male hormones kicked in and gave me an unfair advantage, we switched to actual wrestling -- two out of three falls to win. It worked because Audrey was quick and wiry enough to negate my strength and size advantage. When our matches evolved into a more adult form of wrestling, two out of three falls became two out of three orgasms. I haven't seen this technique mentioned in any of the marriage handbooks, but it's worked marvelously for us.

Audrey threw her dress in the general direction of the hamper as she entered the bedroom, flung the shoes toward the closet, and immediately reached behind and undid the clasp on her black lacey bra. I dumped my shoes and socks quickly, watching out of the corner of my eye as Audrey peeled down her panty hose. My pants and boxers hit the floor together; I just stepped out of them and put my hands on my hips, ready.

Audrey's eyes gleamed as she bent over, wiggling her ass at me, and slowly peeled off her panties. I wondered how she would start -- after years of doing this, she knew her best chance to win was to get me off quickly so that I'd be ready again before I could get to her twice. My strategy would be to make Audrey come first, the better to take advantage of my longer recovery time.

She made a strong play to start: while I stood there already hard, watching her ass sway, she flipped the panties up and into my face. It distracted me just long enough for her to turn and spring toward me. She wrapped her arms around me at the waist and trapped my cock between her breasts. I felt them pressing against me on either side, so smooth and soft and warm. She rubbed herself up and down, side to side, getting me harder and harder despite myself. I tried to break the contact and fell down hard on my side, rolling toward the bed.

Not fast enough, though. Audrey pounced immediately, and before I could figure out where I was my cock was in her mouth. I felt her tongue working around the helmet, sliding up and down the sides, and my body wanted nothing more than to just flop there and let her do it. After all, I rationalized, I could get her off twice before I'd be ready to come again. The only problem was, it wasn't necessarily true -- I'd lost plenty of these contests before. Audrey had a skill that seemed to negate the differences in plumbing.

Fortunately, I had a trick or two of my own up my sleeve. I knew Audrey's body as well as she knew mine; the right move in the right place would trigger a response as strong and as fast as anything she could do to me. Her body was perpendicular to mine, the better for her to use a free hand to cup my balls. With a mighty lunge I grabbed a taut thigh and yanked her closer to me. She tried to scoot away but couldn't do much without letting up on my cock, and she wasn't about to do that yet. Holding one of Audrey's legs in the crook of my arm, I reached up between her thighs with my right hand and pressed her mound, sliding my thumb up and down her moistening slit. Her lips parted slightly, growing slick at my touch, and at the first opportunity I plunged my thumb into her canal.

Audrey shuddered when I entered her and started sucking harder on my cock, knowing we were going into a sprint. I hooked my thumb slightly to catch the sensitive spot on her upper wall, and at the same time used my palm and my fingers to put pressure all around her clit.

It worked. Audrey's rhythm deteriorated, her technique slowing down as the sensations in her own crotch distracted her from mine. I pulled her back a little, getting an even better angle, and pressed in deeper. Her breath came in ragged gasps until, with a groan, she succumbed to my attentions. I kept up the pressure until she was completely overcome, then let my hand fall -- the first point was mine.

Audrey recovered very quickly, though. She shifted her body so I couldn't reach her again, then went back to work with a vengeance on my cock. I felt fingers playing with my balls, stroking the seam in my sack, tracing the line backwards ...

She touched something way back there, and that was all she wrote. I grunted loudly and erupted into Audrey's mouth. She sucked gleefully, swallowing it all.

"One each," she crowed, wiping a trace of my seed from her lips. "Let's see how fast you can recover, stud." She hopped up on top of me, sitting on my belly, and drew herself up to full height, arching her back to make her breasts stick out. She knows I love that; the sight of her breasts is enough to get me hard under almost any circumstances including, eventually, these. I could see a wicked gleam in her eye as she reached back with a hand and started tracing along the seam between my balls again. I felt my body responding faster than I thought possible; if I didn't do something, I'd be hard again in record time.

It took all the strength I could muster, but I pushed my upper body off the floor, making Audrey slide down and back. I was able to twist my legs and keep going, forcing her back, trying to spill her onto the floor so I could pin her down and eat her into delirium. She figured out what I was doing and stood up, trying to get away before I could bear her down to the floor again. So I changed the plan and grabbed her waist, much the way she had done to me but lower. With a heave and a slight turn, I dropped her onto the bed with her legs hanging over the side, and my body in between them.

"Gotcha," I exulted, flipping her surprised legs over my shoulders and diving in for the kill. Her legs flailed, trying to knock me out of the saddle, but I was in a good position and she had no leverage to use. My tongue flayed at her lips, tasting the goodness that was already there, finding the places I knew would start her shuddering again. Her fingers gripped my hair, but couldn't seem to decide whether to push me away or pull me in closer. I used every trick I knew and before long I could hear the moans that I knew were the heralds of my victory.

With my concentration focused on my task, I failed to notice two important facts: that hearing and feeling the proof of Audrey's rising arousal was getting me hard and ready again as well, and that Audrey's legs were working non-stop to gain some sort of purchase. Just as I thought my success was imminent, her legs managed to slip around to the front of my body. One foot came to rest on each shoulder and she gave a strong, steady push that sent me toppling backwards onto the floor.

Before I could get up, Audrey slid down on top of me. She landed squarely just above my hips, her knees on either side taking the weight. She leaned forward and pinned my shoulders to the floor, then looked down at me in triumph. "We'll see who's got who," she said lustily. Her hips lifted, dropped back a little, and she enveloped my traitorous member.

She had me in trouble for sure. My legs were halfway under the bed, trapped. She captured my hands in hers, keeping them away from her sensitive breasts. There wasn't much I could do except think about baseball, or politics, or quantum mechanics.

She had that covered too, it turned out. "You're so hard, baby," she purred at me, keeping my attention focused on our bodies. "So hard, and so long. Can you feel how deeply you're reaching into my pussy, darling? Doesn't it just make you want to come? Can't you feel it building, making your sweet, delicious cock just want to burst?"

God, did it ever! I could tell by the slackness in her jaw that Audrey was close to losing it too, so I went for broke: instead of working to minimize the movement of my shaft inside her, I maximized it. With each thrust inward I clenched my pelvic muscles hard, trying to put pressure on her G spot. I clenched her hands with the same force she used on mine while desperately trying to picture my grandmother naked.

"That's it," Audrey panted. "Don't fight it, lover. You want it. You need it. You ... unh! UNH! UUUOOOOOHHHHH!"

I cried out incoherently in celebration as I felt Audrey's inner walls clenching around me, then my own body convulsed and I came for the second time, feeling it all the way back to my guts as my cock jerked and fired.

An eternity later, Audrey slipped off me and rolled onto the floor at my side. We held each other in silence, listening as our breathing and heartbeats slowed gradually to normal.

Audrey finally broke the silence. "You win."

"Yes," I agreed wearily. "It was close, though."

"Mmmm ..."

There was another long silence.

"What was that argument about again?" she asked sleepily.

"I forget ... Let's just go to bed."

-wg

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