

Kara Frederick smoothed her white silk shirt over her high, firm breasts as she readied herself for her nighttime bartending job. The women's restroom was small and cool on this fall evening but she could already hear the sounds of the bar's clientele outside. She flipped her soft brown hair back and made some more adjustments to her bartending outfit. She wriggled her upper body a little as she tucked in her shirt. She had chosen the top for its comfort but her breasts were still a little tender from the previous weekend. Kara had bloomed early in junior high school and ever since had always enjoyed comparing her body to other girls'. She was tall and slender but she had an impressive set of firm and heavy breasts. She was also, she well knew, a bitch, and she had long ago determined to take no attitude from other girls. She was working class and despised other young women who thought they were better than her.

As she studied her tawny features and dark, curly hair with its streaks of blonde softly framing her face she gently cupped her breasts until the cleavage bulged out a little beneath the unbuttoned silk collar of her blouse. She closed her eyes and groaned a little as she felt the weight of her warm boobs in her hands. She had recently started on the pill and her breasts were tender now—and, she noted with satisfaction, seemingly a little bigger than they'd been before she went on the birth control.

As big as that bitch Rhonda's, she thought to herself grimly. It might have been an effort to convince herself of that fact, but at the moment it sounded

convincing. She finally finished readying herself and stepped out behind the bar. There were only a few customers and Rhonda, the cocktail waitress, had not yet arrived. Her coworkers had all warned her about Rhonda when she had taken the bartending job, but they didn't have to. The cocktail waitress had a reputation as a hellion that went all the way back to high school.. She had been a groupie for heavy metal bands and had a hard rock and roll background. She was a couple of years older than Kara and as tall as the brunette, maybe a little taller. She had the same lithe, athletic, long-legged build as the brunette and, Kara had to admit, the most spectacular breasts she had ever seen. Kara remembered the first time she had seen just how tall Rhonda was at a function in high school. At 5'10" Kara was used to looking down every time she met a new girl; when she'd been introduced to Rhonda, who at the time had been a senior, she had turned and found herself almost staring right into the redhead's chest. She'd been taken aback to look up and see another girl meeting her eyes at a level, maybe even looking down at her a little. Even then she'd gotten a little frisson of jealousy or competitiveness from the redhead; maybe she'd felt obliged to check out Kara's tits the same way the brunette had eyed her rack, even if it had been unintentional. But she'd usually only seen the big redhead from a distance after that so there was no chance for any further friction to develop between the girls.

Rhonda usually wore a red turtleneck sweater that showed off her incredible rack to advantage, making her seem almost subtle in comparison to the other

waitresses who liked to show off cleavage. She had an amazing head of thick, flaming red hair, swept back from her head like a lion's mane, and a coolly cruel face with a sharp little nose and a dusting of freckles that offset her hard looks with a touch of cuteness. Her eyes were cold and she always seemed to look down her nose at Kara's chest whenever she came up to the bar to place an order. Kara always delighted in those little moments when the redhead was leaning in to speak to her over the din of the bar and she could lean forward herself and give the cocktail waitress a good view of her own chest. She liked to wear loose shirts that fell open when she bent over to give others a look at her bra-cupped boobs hanging down, almost jiggling free of their moorings. Once in a while Rhonda would wear something equally loose and show off the tops of her big, freckled breasts. Kara had to admit that they might just be slightly bigger than hers, but she doubted they were any harder. She often wondered what would happen if their two chests were to collide head on.

Rhonda was a bully who often seemed to terrorize the other cocktail waitresses, but so far she had never crossed Kara. But Kara had recently muscled her way into confrontations with a few other girls outside the bar, and she found herself more and more fascinated by the idea of goading the big redhead into a confrontation. She knew what it was like now to bully another girl and she wondered what the outcome would be between two bullying girls used to having their own way. Like everyone else Kara had been afraid of Rhonda and other girls like her in high

school, but now she knew what it was like to have another girl fear her and she liked the feeling. All through school the fights she had seen had been very one-sided, bully-girls terrorizing other girls. She had never seen two tough bullies face each other down and she had always wondered what would happen in such a mean, evenly-matched fight.

Part 2

She noticed that on this particular night Rhonda had chosen to wear a light pink silk blouse very similar to Kara's. That was kind of an affront on its own; given what had been going on between them in the back storeroom lately, Kara could almost take it as some kind of sick little challenge and it made her boobs ache a little more just to think about it.

On Fridays she always worked alone with the redhead, and the owner, Jack, usually retired to his apartment across the street where he could keep a general eye on the business while still letting the two girls do all the work. The bar was small enough for Kara and Rhonda to handle a good evening's business by themselves, although Kara had to pitch in on stocking and both girls found themselves going in and out of the bar's small storeroom. Each knew that the priority on any trip to the storeroom was to get in and out as quickly as possible rather than leave one girl alone too long in the bar. But it was very tough to move down the storeroom's narrow corridors, and all too often Kara found herself in the room together with the cocktail waitress, bickering over who was in who's way. One byway in the cramped room was a

dead end and Kara found herself trapped in this cul-de-sac time after time with Rhonda blocking her way or wanting to bulldoze her way past. In those situations one girl had to give way, backing all the way down the ten foot aisle. Often the arguments about who was going to have to give way took up more time than it actually would have to just retreat down the corridor.

This particular Friday had seen half a dozen such confrontations before Rhonda finally insisted that Kara squeeze past her so she didn't have to give up her position in the aisle. With that she put her back against the shelving and put her hands on her hips, flattening herself as much as possible against the wall—which wasn't very flat, Kara noted. Rhonda was slim, but it took only one look at her full bustline to see that it wasn't going anywhere and it seemed to fill more than half the space between her and the opposite wall of shelves. "Go on," she insisted, jerking her head to the right to goad Kara into action.

"There isn't room with your fucking tits in the way," Kara said furiously.

"Then just squeeze past me!" Rhonda snapped.

Kara had had it with the redhead, but both girls knew they couldn't leave the bar unattended for more than a few more seconds. Angrily shaking her head, Kara flattened her own back against the opposite wall and slid as quickly to her left as she could, glaring at Rhonda. In a second her left breast collided with Rhonda's right and before she could slide in three or

four more inches she found herself meeting real resistance from the redhead's bosom. Wriggling a little bit, she managed to jam her left breast in between both of Rhonda's big boobs; their two silk blouses made the maneuver a little easier, and Kara felt a chill at the slippery, seductive feel of their four weighty breasts arranging themselves mass to mass, sliding across and against each other. But even with the lessening of friction between their blouses there were limits to what two bosoms this size could do. For a moment Kara literally could not move any farther and said so.

"Then why don't you crouch down or something?" Rhonda said.

"So you can stick those things right into my face? No thanks!" Kara snarled. "You crouch!"

Rhonda tried to twist sideways but only wound up smashing her left breast directly into Kara's right one; Kara groaned as she felt her still-sore boob flatten out against her rib cage. Almost instinctively she ground forward with her left breast, pile driving it into Rhonda's soft right gland. The other girl's forehead was against hers now and Kara's soft, blonde-streaked dark hair was mingling with Rhonda's luscious, fiery mane. "God damn you," Rhonda muttered into Kara's face. "Get your fucking tits off of me."

It took a flurry of twisting and painful squeezing and twisting of both girl's bosoms to free them from the tangle. Kara stumbled back into the end of the

corridor and both girls twisted to face each other furiously. “I’ve had it, girl,” Kara snapped, glaring at Rhonda. “From now on you’re not to enter this storeroom until I’m out of it.”

“I can’t afford to wait for your ass to be out of here every time I need something!” Rhonda snarled back.

“I don’t want an argument,” Kara replied. “Jack made me bartender so you take orders from me, remember?” The brunette knew that remark would sting; she and Rhonda had both been up for the bartending position and Kara had won out.

“Maybe you’re bartender now but I’m gonna have your job someday,” Rhonda bit back. “Jack and me get along just fine.”

Kara intentionally glanced down at Rhonda’s chest before she said “Get along all you want but I don’t think he’ll ever prefer you over me. He likes BIG ones,” she finished pointedly.

Rhonda’s expression turned from cold to downright icy. “I hope you’re not making out for one minute that you’ve got bigger tits than I do,” she said. “You’re full of crap if you are.”

“Let’s just say yours don’t scare me,” Kara said.

“Well they ought to, honey—don’t forget I’ve FELT what you’ve got. And you felt mine too so don’t pretend you don’t know I’ve got more in front than you do.”

Kara moved in close to Rhonda and the two big girls stared each other down in the cramped aisle space. With the shelf walls closing in on either side of her Rhonda looked like a fiery lioness, her big bustline and flaming red hair blocking out everything in front of Kara. She realized she actually had to look up a little into the other girl's cold blue eyes; Rhonda must have a half an inch or so on her, she realized. She knew if the other girl ever started punching she might be in trouble. Rhonda probably outweighed her, but Kara thought she was probably in better shape and had more muscle. But there was no doubt Rhonda was a big, tough girl, a real bitch. Lately Kara had been thinking of herself as a pretty big, tough bitch too, but taking on a firebrand like Rhonda would be a challenge. Now all this open talk about their competing breasts was playing right into her hands, she realized. She wondered if Rhonda had ever really gotten down and dirty with another girl in private over their breasts. She had heard rumors of catfights but nothing more than that...but of course, until now no one had any reason to discuss anything more than a simple catfight with Kara.

Kara glared down at Rhonda's chest. "Get back out to the bar," she said flatly.

"Fuck yourself," Rhonda replied. For a moment it looked like neither girl planned on going anywhere.

"I should fire you right now," Kara snapped.

"Good; you can take care of this crowd yourself,"

Rhonda said. Kara glanced briefly back in the direction of the bar outside. She knew she would be fucked if Rhonda left now. But something in the redhead's face said to Kara that she didn't really want to leave, whether because she wanted to keep her job or something else. Experimentally, Kara stepped forward into Rhonda's space until they were almost nose to nose. Again she felt the imposing presence of the redhead's breasts almost touching hers.

“How about we both keep our jobs and settle this after work,” she said quietly, studying Rhonda's face at close range. The other girl smelled good, despite the crappy environment of the work shift. Rhonda's mouth was thin but it had a cruel little twist that Kara had to admit was sexy. She knew the redhead shook her buns out at rock shows and she could see why men thought she was hot. There was something big and dangerous and mean about her, but there was also an almost delicate beauty to her features, hardened by her temper.

Kara's brown eyes locked with Rhonda's hazel ones, and she saw the redhead's gaze flick down to Kara's nose and mouth, maybe even checking her out further down. She too glanced down to eye the freckled swell of Rhonda's breasts peeking out from her slightly unraveled blouse. When both women locked eyes again it was with some new kind of acknowledgement of what literally stood between them.

“I want to know if you're really serious about wanting to settle this, bitch,” Rhonda said quietly. The ‘B’ word was like a slap in the face despite the redhead's

quiet tone and Kara felt a flash of renewed anger at her enemy.

“I’m just as serious as you are, honey,” she said evenly, still glaring into Rhonda’s eyes.

“Because I want to do it back here, tonight,” Rhonda said. “The minute we get the last customer out of here.”

“I would not mind that at ALL,” Kara said emphatically.

“Good, then let’s finish this shift and you meet me back here when we’re done.”

“Fine,” Kara said. The girls stared at each other intently for a few more seconds, neither willing to give ground, until as if on a signal both nodded silently and slowly withdrew, heading back to the bar. But before they reached the entrance Rhonda grabbed Kara’s arm and pulled her back into another faceoff.

“Just one more thing, honey,” Rhonda said, suddenly as intense as ever once again.

“What?” Kara said sharply, refusing to give any ground to the redhead.

“I’m going to beat your tits off tonight,” Rhonda announced.

Kara’s chest almost seemed to explode at the sound

of those words. Of course, she thought to herself, of course it had all been about their breasts all along. It was the reason why Kara felt compelled to confront Rhonda; something about the naked challenge of those big breasts in her face all the time. But somehow she'd managed to convince herself, at least for the moment, that this was just another girlfight, that maybe she and Rhonda would just push each other around for a few minutes after work. But she had known all along, and she certainly knew now, that whatever happened between them would be much more than a catfight.

She gave Rhonda's chest one more contemptuous look before she replied, coolly but intently: "I doubt that Rhonda because I plan to be the one beating your big tits before this is through."

Rhonda returned the look, coldly regarding Kara's chest. Of course there were still plenty of ways of beating someone, she thought, and the unspoken issue was still exactly what the two women were going to do to each other at the end of the evening. But the central issue had at least been brought out into the open.

"Just keep those stiff hot things away from mine until closing," Rhonda said. Kara swallowed dryly at that.

The ambiguity was dissolving pretty quickly. She felt compelled to step in closer to the redhead as she replied, feeling that old girl bully drive that made her flagrantly disobey anytime anyone tried to order her around. "I'll keep mine off yours as long as you keep

your big fat ones away from mine, cunt!” she hissed. That should have been enough to start a brawl right there but Rhonda only shook slightly as her glance ran up and down Kara’s lean body one more time.

“I’m going to wreck you, honey,” she said. “You’d better be ready to rock in two hours.”

“I’ll be more than ready for you, bitch,” Kara snapped. That seemed to be enough somehow. Both girls backed off warily before spinning and heading for the bar entrance.

The evening crawled by, a thousand times worse than it ever had while Kara was waiting for a date or any other normal activity. She found herself itemizing her wardrobe, wondering what she had to get damaged. The silk shirt would be a goner, probably the slit, knee-length skirt. She had worn a smooth black bra and sheer nylon shorts that cupped her rear just to the bottom of her ass cheeks instead of panties. She thought she had seen a similar black bra hiding behind Rhonda’s blouse but of course any idea of what the redhead was wearing on her hips was pure guesswork.

The bar was raucous and she and Rhonda had to shout over the counter to be heard by each other. From time to time the redhead had to enter the cramped space behind the bar and then Kara did everything possible to get her body in the other girl’s way, scraping shins and knees, ramming her hips into Rhonda’s whenever she could get away with it. Rhonda returned every attack in kind and Kara

marveled at their ability to inflict damage on one another without customers who were only a few feet away having any idea what was going on. At one point Rhonda barged behind the counter and cornered the brunette as she pulled open a cupboard full of glasses behind Kara. “Get out of my way,” she growled, but instead of forcing her aside she cut off Kara’s escape routes and pinned her back into the corner as she reached up with both arms. The big redhead leaned into the brunette and Kara felt Rhonda’s two massive breasts pile slowly into her own, first the left, then the right, with a slow, purposeful thrust that flattened her own glands momentarily before the slippery contact of their silk blouses allowed Kara’s boobs to slide aside, this time letting one of Rhonda’s breasts wedge between Kara’s. Rhonda leaned in closer until her mouth was next to Kara’s ear and said “How’s that feel, baby? I just want you to know what you’re going to be up against later.”

Kara took a deep breath, arching her back a little until her retreating tits firmed up challengingly against Rhonda’s melons. She only had to twist her head slightly to breathe into Rhonda’s ear, burying her face in the redhead’s thick mane of silky crimson hair. “I don’t feel anything that impresses me, you big cunt, so back off or I’ll fire you right here.”

“You’re not firing me until we settle who’s got more going on upstairs you fucking little whore,” Rhonda snarled into Kara’s ear. Kara twisted slightly against the redhead, then realized that Rhonda’s right breast was situated directly between her squeezing pair of boobs. She shrugged her shoulders forward and for a

moment her twin glands crushed together and clamped down on Rhonda's trapped tit like a vise.

“How's that feel, baby?” Kara purred, throwing Rhonda's words back at her. The redhead grunted and twisted away from the tit-hold, glaring dangerously at the brunette. Amazingly, none of the drunken customers picked up on the action. Rhonda ducked back out into the bar floor and waded into the customers, her hips swinging provocatively as she flashed a last, vicious look at Kara that made her flaming red hair briefly flare out like a dragon's crest. Kara stared after her bitterly. She could see the attention the redhead got from the bar patrons—even some of the women studied her flamboyant body and hard-bitten confidence. Kara flashed back to the fight she had had a few weeks ago, just trying to teach a loudmouth a lesson at a party. She had used her body in that fight to control and humiliate the other girl, even used her breasts a little bit when the skirmish had gotten tight. Of course she had been taller than her opponent and there had been no question about who would dominate whom. She had loved humiliating that girl but at the same time it had all been a little too easy. Her heart pounded sickly as she looked at Rhonda and measured her up for the coming confrontation. The redhead was quite used to being the one to terrorize other women, that was obvious. Maybe Kara had already demoralized her by standing up to her so far. But it had taken guts, maybe more guts than she thought she had. She had always used her height and fitness to project an air of invincibility, so few women had ever dared to get in her way. But she knew that she had not so far faced the real test

of matching up against an equal, let alone possibly superior girl.

Part 3

There were plenty of admiring glances coming her way as she tended bar, but she wondered if she was generating the same excitement that Rhonda was as she swaggered out there on the floor, bending over and showing off those jiggling tits to every customer. Unconsciously she tugged her shirt waist down into her skirt, yanking just a little bit more cleavage into visibility for the patrons to view. Soon Rhonda was back at the bar, shouting out an order Kara could barely hear and leaning over the counter with her creamy, lightly-freckled cleavage spilling over the top of her blouse. Kara moved in and leaned down until her own boobs were touching the flat wooden surface, taking care not to get her front into anything wet. For a second she and Rhonda were nose to nose, glaring into each other's faces until Kara slipped past her rival's face and nestled in close to her soft ear again. "Why don't you keep your big jugs off my counter, bitch?" she said, her lips brushing the other girl's earlobes lightly. "There isn't room for four tits on this bar."

"I'm glad you're full of big talk right now, baby, because I'm going to shut that smart mouth of yours for good in one hour," Rhonda said.

"I said get your fucking tits off my bar, whore!" Kara practically shouted the challenge into Rhonda's ear knowing the din of the customers would prevent them from hearing anything. This was perfect, she thought. They could say anything they felt like saying now.

“Why don’t you knock them off if you’re such a big woman?” Rhonda replied, even twisting a little to let her cheek and lips caress the side of Kara’s face.

Kara leaned in even closer and tried to avoid the temptation to take a chunk out of the redhead’s ear. The wooden bar between them felt like a cage now that imprisoned them both and Kara almost felt she could claw through the structure with her bare hands just to get at Rhonda. “Maybe I ought to just reach up and squeeze some of the milk out of those two melons of yours,” she said firmly.

“Maybe I should do the same thing and we can just find out who can take more pressure, pussy priss,” Rhonda countered. Despite the threat Kara doubted either girl could get away with that kind of move without someone in the bar seeing.

“Maybe I should do it and find out how much milk a cow like you can give, you fucking gutter trash” Kara said.

“Why don’t you just suck on my big ones and find out you big hard bitch,” Rhonda snapped back. Kara almost swooned at this flood of unrestrained gutter talk coursing between them.

“You know what?” Kara continued. “I don’t think I felt much nipple when you were titting me up back there. I’ll bet you’ve got nothing but weak little pink nothings on the front of those tits.”

“Well that’s funny because I was just thinking the fronts of your tits felt like they didn’t have any nipples on them at all,” Rhonda countered. “I’ll bet if I was to suck on you I’d have to look all night to find those things.”

“No you wouldn’t, honey, because they’d be poking your fucking eyes out first,” Kara snarled back at her enemy.

“Then maybe I’d just have to bite them good and hard first, Kara; what do you think about that? You’re going to find out what I’ve got up front and find out good pretty soon,” Rhonda said roughly.

“Then maybe I’ll just have to bite yours too, bitch,” Kara said. For what seemed like minutes the girls said nothing, just letting the sides of their faces touch, their soft hair mingle together. Kara felt a moment of uncertainty after all the heated bravado. What WOULD they do to each other back there? “Should I rip that blouse right off you after we close tonight, honey?” she said almost experimentally, wondering how the redhead would respond.

“Fuck no; you’re not worth losing a silk blouse over, pussy,” Rhonda said. “You just meet me back there and you’ll see what I’ve got in mind.” With that Rhonda took her order and retreated again from the bar, but not before flashing Kara another deadly look, this time aimed directly at her boobs. Kara felt almost as if her quivering breasts had been slapped by the intensity of Rhonda’s expression. Now she was furious that it was Rhonda who got to circulate

around the bar and come back to face Kara when she pleased; it was almost as if the redhead was controlling their entire conflict at this stage, a fact that made Kara even more determined to take the showdown to Rhonda when the opportunity arose. As she worked she drank in all her memories of the redhead, especially their working relationship. Now she could remember one other time Rhonda had worn a silk blouse to work, again somehow finding a day when Kara had worn the same thing. It had been the first time they'd been backed up back there in the storeroom, only this time it was before Kara had been promoted and they were equals. Rhonda had never been friendly to her but she had never been openly hostile either. But that one time she had silently tried to maneuver past Kara in the narrow aisle of the storeroom and Kara had been shocked when the redhead had dragged her big breasts right across hers, even seeming to take her sweet time as their four shaking boobs had somehow maneuvered laboriously around one another. For a second she'd been afraid the buttons of their blouses would tangle and tear the smooth shirts wide open, letting their boobs loose only in brassieres, clattering against one another. Maybe Kara had squeezed her eyes shut for a second at that thought...or maybe she had secretly wondered what would have happened if those loose blouses HAD ripped open.

And what if neither of them had been wearing a bra at all? Kara realized that yes, she had thought even this, even considered this unimaginable possibility during that brief second or two while they had maneuvered against each other chest to chest. She had always

considered Rhonda's chest to be enormous, invincible and intimidating—but for that one second her own big boobs seemed to be equals to the redhead's pair, just as heavy, just as soft in repose and just as hard and unyielding when pressed—maybe even harder now when pressed against another big pair of breasts, against potential enemies. Had she always thought of the redhead's heaving rack like this? Just hidden it from herself until the other girl had declared war? Maybe, she thought, she had even instigated some of the little duels in the storeroom aisle—maybe she'd waited a few times until she knew Rhonda was back there and barged into the cramped space to compete with the other girl head to head like two rams smashing horns. Her boobs were like that, she realized—just like ram's horns, a signal to other competing females to give way or be crushed.

As she burroughed back into her own thoughts and memories the bar seemed to clear itself of customers. Rhonda fussed over a final table of drunks who stayed on well past closing, but that gave Kara plenty of time to balance her cash drawer and put things away. She didn't want any responsibilities left when she and Rhonda were finally alone. She watched Rhonda tend the drunks for another fifteen minutes, handing the redhead glasses of water when she needed them. Even though she knew the drunks were too far gone to care it was too quiet now in the emptied bar for her to exchange words with Rhonda, and they only said what needed to be said to get the job done, albeit with voices thick with hatred now. Finally the last group wandered toward the door just as Kara was putting her drawer in the back office; she knew she

would now have to lock the door behind them as a last step. She got up from the office desk just as Rhonda slipped inside the little room. The door was open but they were momentarily hidden from the departing customers. Rhonda stared coolly at Kara and then delivered a whipcrack slap to her face; then she whirled around and stalked back into the storeroom.

Kara's head rang from the slap and she had to fight off the urge to tear after the redhead and jump her to take her revenge. The bar door was wide open to the night and she had to close it before someone else walked in. She strode to the door, rubbing the stinging cheek where Rhonda had slapped her, then closed the door roughly and slipped the bolt into place. She stood for a second in the utter, dark silence of the bar, knowing that Rhonda waited for her in the storeroom, knowing that they were finally and completely alone with no one to stop them from consummating their hatred for one another now.

The brunette took measured steps across the floor towards the back room, steadying herself. She felt almost as if she were about to enter some witch's lair in a fairy tale. As she got past the office she realized that the lights were out in the storeroom. Had Rhonda slipped out through the back door and escaped her? She felt a rush of fury at that thought, particularly since her cheek was still tingling from the other girl's slap. In the darkness she could see the open windows at the top of the storeroom walls that led out to the street—the storeroom was sunk below street level and she could see the feet of a few stragglers walking

past the windows above.

Something caught her eyes and she glanced to her left at the office she'd just abandoned. She saw Rhonda's silk blouse and bra draped over the chair in the little room; all the lights but one fluorescent desk bulb had been turned off there, but it was light enough to see that the redhead's skirt was neatly folded underneath the blouse and bra. Kara lifted the skirt but saw no panties or other underwear there...which meant that Rhonda was either dressed only in panties in the storeroom, or she was nude back there. Kara couldn't resist the temptation to pick up the redhead's black bra and slide it under the light just long enough to confirm what she suspected: Rhonda wore the exact same cup size as she did. But Rhonda wouldn't know that, she thought to herself. Now maybe she had a slight advantage.

Kara unbuttoned her blouse and slipped out of it, then arched her back and undid her bra, laying each on top of Rhonda's clothing. She unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it, then thought briefly about whether to strip completely nude. Until she had proof Rhonda was nude she saw no need to make herself any more vulnerable than she was. She took a look at herself in the office mirror one last time. Her body was lean and tawny, her stomach flat, rippling with muscle from her frequent workouts. The sheer nylon shorts clung to her curvy, sleek athlete's hips and tamped down the black forest of fur between her limber, muscular legs. Shocking, stark white half circles marked the lower half of her perfectly round breasts, and her nipples and aureoles were an even darker brown than the

well-tanned skin of her upper breasts and face. The creamy whiteness of her unexposed breast skin somehow made her boobs look even bigger and more threatening, she thought—or was that just wishful thinking? Whatever the case, she knew that at least for the moment, the appearance of her breasts didn't matter. Whatever initial skirmish Rhonda had planned for them looked like it was about to take place in near total darkness.

Kara stepped slowly down the hall that led to the back room after extinguishing the office light. The few neon advertising lights that lit the abandoned bar faded into the distance behind her as she advanced into the storeroom. She felt her way along the walls and let the click of her high heels announce her presence to Rhonda.

“Come into the center aisle and take off your shoes,” Rhonda's voice emerged out of the darkness. She spoke quietly, obviously pitching her voice so as not to be heard by anyone outside. Kara thought the chance of that was slim, but obviously they weren't going to be screaming at each other in this dark storeroom. Kara reached down and slipped off her shoes, then tossed them back behind her one by one. She had no proof that Rhonda was barefoot but the redhead would not be able to move without revealing that, and Kara was ready to retreat if she heard Rhonda advancing on her in her shoes.

Kara felt her way to the entryway to the long, narrow central aisle. From the sound of her last statement Rhonda was somewhere well down the aisle, maybe

all the way at the end. “Are your tits bare?” came the redhead’s low voice again.

“Yeah, my tits are bare,” Kara replied challengingly, before adding “Is your ASS bare?”

“No, my ass isn’t bare yet, bitch, so if you want to put your panties back on right now go ahead.”

“My ass isn’t bare either,” Kara said, swallowing. She hoped Rhonda couldn’t read the uncertainty in her voice. There was very little between the two enemies now: almost no clothing to hide behind, only a few feet of space, and clearly very little time. Kara jumped as she heard a sudden, mysterious and frightening noise that she quickly realized was Rhonda dragging her nails along the sides of the storeroom aisle as she walked toward Kara. It was like some primitive Zulu drumbeat designed to terrify an enemy, and in the sheer blackness of the aisle Kara had to admit the sound was harrowing. But she forced herself to bulldoze ahead and she too raked her nails along the wooden shelves and cardboard boxes so that Rhonda could read where she was along the corridor. The noise grew in volume and intensity and as Kara moved forward she realized there was another reason for the nail-dragging signal—to show that neither girl was advancing with those claws ahead of them. Kara’s pulse raced even quicker as she realized they were heading straight down this gauntlet towards one another on a collision course, their bare breasts exposed and leading the way. The raking noise continued until the brunette was almost certain the redhead would be on her at

any second, then Rhonda's progress sharply halted and Kara actually drove her nails into the wood to keep herself from going any further.

She could see only an indeterminate, dark shape ahead of her, possibly Rhonda's big mane of hair blotting out the rest of the darkness. She could feel the other girl's breath on her face, smell all the sweet, erotic girl scents pouring off the other woman, even the slightly rank smell of an unshowered body after an 8 hour shift of work, and the miasma of smoke and liquor that Kara knew hung over her almost naked body too. And she also thought she could sense something else, a hint of displaced air rushing about her bare breasts, the feeling of another pair of lightly quivering, heavy, naked mammary glands hovering dangerously close to hers. They might have been a centimeter away or a foot, but there was a tangible sense of their presence almost as if the twin orbs were enemy planets with their own powerful gravity wells tugging at Kara's celestial spheres. Kara remembered the horrible excitement she'd felt years ago at a summer camp when she and another girl had compared breasts in secret and pressed their nascent, bare breasts together just to see what it felt like. She had never had the chance to do such a thing again and now it seemed unavoidable that she would very soon undergo the very same experience but with a harrowing new twist. There would be nothing friendly about this contact between her breasts and Rhonda's, if that was what was about to happen. She couldn't imagine what touching the bare skin of a girl she hated would be like.

After a long, terrible silence in which she heard only the muffled sounds of the street outside and Rhonda's and her own soft breathing, Rhonda's low voice emerged from the darkness. "Stick out your tits," she murmured.

Kara swallowed a second time, her throat dry, and said "You stick out yours." She didn't have to add the word "Bitch" to the sentence—the raw hostility in both girls' voices was all that was needed.

"I'm just one step away from showing you whose are best," Rhonda said firmly. "You think you're ready for that?"

"Don't make me laugh, honey," Kara said. The tension of waiting to see who would strike first and how was making her nervous as hell, but the adrenaline rush vibrating through her body was still very pleasurable. She had loved all the bitchy talk that had passed between them this evening, and now that they stood almost naked in near pitch blackness, all that stood between them for the moment was talk. Kara knew that on that level at least she could give the big redhead every bit as good as she got. "Don't think I didn't check that body of yours out the first time I saw you even in high school. You always shook your ass like you were some big whore. Well I've never been impressed."

"Oh, don't you think I haven't had my eye on you for a long time too, Kara," Rhonda assured her. "You always thought you were such the big tall bitch shoving her knockers in everybody's face until I came

along. And you gave me twice as much attitude after they made you bartender. Well you're not my boss now, slut; you're just a nice tall bitch in her bare feet with bare tits, no better than me."

"Oh I'm sure this is all about finding out who's boss, baby, but you just might be surprised by who comes out on top of this," Kara said.

"Don't worry; I plan on coming out on top, all the way," Rhonda retorted.

"And just how do you plan on doing it, Rhonda?" Kara demanded.

When Rhonda spoke again, it was with an even chillier tone, barely above a whisper: "I told you I'd beat your tits tonight and I meant it."

Kara matched her tone decibel for decibel: "And I told you I'd beat yours, bitch." The brunette struggled to control her own quivering body. At this point anything could still happen, she realized, and with the intensity behind each girl's voice she wouldn't be surprised if Rhonda lashed out at her with hands, claws or fists right now. But she still kept her arms down and back behind her, left her tingling breasts exposed and vulnerable. If Rhonda really wanted to do it this way, she was ready.

"I want to fight you with just tits," Rhonda said thickly. Her voice trailed off as if there might have been more, but lust or fear had choked it off.

Kara too could barely croak out her reply. “If that’s how you want it I’ll fight you that way, any time.”

“I mean now, you bitch,” Rhonda said. “You stick out your tits and touch ‘em against mine.”

“If you want to touch tits than let’s do it,” Kara said back. She could hear Rhonda’s respiration quicken a little and a flutter of air, a sensation of warm proximity kissing at her nipples and aureole. The brown, kneaded skin at those points was tight with tension and she could feel the dark circles of flesh tightening in around her nipples, but the brown little points were still shrunken back as if protecting themselves from whatever was to come. She knew Rhonda was close to her, very close—she could smell the other girl’s sweet breath, maybe even a whiff of shampoo from her hair now. Another inch, maybe less, and they would be touching each other.

Part 4

Kara took a deep breath, realizing it was as much her responsibility to come forward as it was Rhonda’s.

The breath was enough. Instantly she felt the thick, rubbery points of Rhonda’s bare nipples flicking against the fronts of her own naked breasts. She snapped her mouth shut and bit down on her lower lip to keep from gasping at the sensation. That time at camp she had just been a girl; now she was feeling a woman’s big nipples, hard and aroused, jabbing against her. She pivoted imperceptibly and felt the even greater shock of her own brown buds striking

against her enemy's twin shafts in response. It was like two pairs of match heads striking against each other, flashing a firestorm of sensation through each girl's breasts, shivering through her stomach, spine and pelvis. She felt Rhonda's long, lean body twitch as the lightning bolt of wicked pleasure shot through her. "You big fucking bitch," she whispered as she redirected both nipples back against Kara's rapidly stiffening pair. The brunette's brown rods had almost instantly grown from eighth-inch tall nubs to fully erect, hard cylinders almost three quarters of an inch long, and she instinctively fainted in a delicate motion to flick her newly stiffened weapons across Rhonda's long pink guns. "You big, dirty fucking bitch!" Rhonda whispered to her again. "I'm glad you're such a big hard slut, Kara, because that means we can really fight."

"Oh yeah we're gonna fight all right," Kara whispered back. She had to squeeze her eyes shut for a moment even in the near blackness. She simply could not believe what she and this other young woman were doing to each other. Her stomach was boiling with stress and the two combatants had only just begun to touch one another. Kara wondered for a second whether it might have been easier after all just to punch it out with this woman. She was ready to put her fists on the line against Rhonda, but she had to wonder whether she was really ready to put the naked intimacy of the most secret parts of her body into direct conflict with Rhonda's.

She had to will herself to continue this first, exploratory part of the fight. Rhonda raked her nips

across Kara's a second time in a way that might have seemed gentle or playful under other circumstances but in her present overexcited state it was like having a horsewhip slash across her aroused nipples. She grunted as the redhead's oversized rods pressed their sides against her own lengthening shafts; time seemed to slow down as the rubbery points dragged across her hypersensitive nubs and she winced but forced herself to slice back nipple against nipple with Rhonda, and to her satisfaction she heard a hiss escape the redhead's mouth at the contact. Then Rhonda led with her right breast and stabbed one long nipple right past Kara's erect defender and deep into her aureole. Kara twisted and flicked her bent nipple back and returned the thrust, grunting triumphantly as she drilled her own stiff brown shaft back into Rhonda's tit and felt it penetrate the soft, flushed skin of her aureole. She kept twisting forward and felt her nipple tangle up with Rhonda's until her own aureole began to press down on the redhead's and for the first time she felt a hint of the mass and weight of Rhonda's right breast begin to make its presence known against her own quivering gland. Rhonda swore under her breath and twisted away from the nipple knot and suddenly Kara felt the other girl's left breast smack lightly into her right one.

Even with such a light, kissing impact the weight of Rhonda's boob made a sound almost like a muffled gunshot as it impacted Kara's breast, and Kara felt shock waves ripple through her right gland and she fell back a step, both boobs jiggling in the dark. Her eyes had adjusted to the darkness enough now almost to make out the milky form of Rhonda in front

of her, long face framed by the dark redness of her hair, and a triangular hint of dark panty crotch—or maybe dark auburn fur—beneath her legs. Kara couldn't make out the other girl's aureoles or nipples in the dim light, however. She was deeply curious about the color of those features, but she guessed from Rhonda's complexion and the fact that they were difficult to see in the dark that her nipples were probably pink, barely much darker than her pale, lightly freckled skin. She always thought to herself that pink-nippled girls were pussies and she held onto that notion as she and Rhonda positioned themselves to continue their duel.

Her right boob still seemed to quiver a bit even from the partial weight of Rhonda's as it had struck her. At this point it was obvious that they were going to fight with their tits and even though she hadn't done it naked like this before, Kara knew any serious titfight would get rough eventually, and she would have to match Rhonda in weight sooner or later. She knew they were the same cup size and she hoped that meant that the redhead's boobs didn't outweigh hers, but she couldn't be sure until they really came together that way. She thought that if Rhonda really seemed sure she outmassed Kara she might just smash into her outright right away to establish her dominance, and that hadn't happened yet.

Instead, Rhonda suddenly matched up against Kara nipple to nipple, holding her shafts right up against Kara's shaft to shaft and daring Kara to break the contact. "How do you like that?" she taunted the bartender. "You like my big ones?"

“No; I think they’re weak,” Kara snapped back, flicking hers back against Rhonda’s with studied, intimate roughness. It took delicate control to keep her nipples aligned with the redhead’s while their big breasts quivered and shook, but she was managing it, she thought to herself proudly. “How do you like my hard nips, bitch?” she demanded.

“I think they’re fucking puny,” Rhonda snarled. They were taunting each other like schoolgirls, Kara thought. Well, that was fine.

“Well they feel pretty tough up against your limp ones, baby,” she said, leaning into Rhonda a little. She felt the whisper of the other girl’s thick hair mingling with her own brown curls as their faces hovered almost nose to nose now.

“Don’t feel so cocky, you goddamned cow,” Rhonda said, and Kara thought she heard some extra resentment, as if she might be getting to the redhead.

“We’ll see who the cow is between the two of us, honey,” she goaded. “We’ll see who’s the cow and who’s the boss and who’s on top and who’s on the bottom.”

“Yeah, well then why don’t you show me, bitch?” Rhonda said sharply. The big redhead moved forward and for a second the other girl’s face brushed against hers and she almost snapped at her, her soft lips drawn back in an animalistic snarl. She suddenly felt the redhead’s big breasts caress hers full on, both

girls' nipples disappearing into the ballooning round flesh of each other's bosoms as they pressed tit against tit. Kara couldn't suppress a groan as Rhonda's heavy, soft boobs enveloped hers in a downy, erotic warmth. She had never, never felt such soft girl flesh against her naked breasts before and the sensation was overwhelming. Against her will she found herself backpedaling to escape that electrifying sensation and Rhonda followed, lightly slapping both her breasts back into contact with Kara's as she caught up to the brunette.

"What's the matter, you fucking cow?" she hissed, driving first her left, then her right boob up against their counterparts on Kara's tingling chest. "You afraid of my tits?"

"I'm not afraid of anything," Kara grunted, making a show of rubbing her own cool, hardening breasts back into Rhonda's pair. Her nipples had now hardened to an almost brittle stiffness—they felt like the slightest friction or bending of their rubbery shafts would make them explode—and the skin of her breasts was taut with gooseflesh. She managed to lightly stab her nipples into Rhonda's aureoles once, then twice, and was rewarded with a sensual moan from the redhead before her rival pressed both big tits back against Kara's boobs forcefully, using her shoulders to maneuver her twin glands in an overpowering, massaging motion over Kara's tender bosom. Kara held her ground, pressing in cheek to cheek with her enemy.

"Oh, you fucking cunt, I'm gonna rub the fuck out of

those hard tits of yours,” Rhonda growled against her.

“You big, filthy whore,” Kara grunted, just barely managing to keep her boobs in play against the redhead’s. “I’ll press the milk out of those big things of yours first.”

“I don’t think so you hot little bitch,” Rhonda said against her, her voice guttural now. Kara’s back flushed with uncontrollable pleasure at those words and she winced and fought to bring herself back under control. The pressure between their four fighting breasts was building almost unbearably, but the sound of Rhonda complimenting her, admitting to Kara’s sexiness in the middle of this contest, sent waves of pleasure coursing through her. She realized all she wanted now was the big redhead underneath her, begging for mercy and admitting that Kara was the hotter, sexier bitch between the two of them. But at the same time Rhonda’s voice stroking her like this was driving wild. Oh well, she thought—two could play at that.

“Oh yes, you big, sexy tramp, I’ll be on top of you before all this is over and I’ll be milking your hard tits.” The girls continued to skirmish, breast against breast, and Kara raised her voice as she felt Rhonda moaning under her own verbal attack. “You hear me, you fucking wicked hot cunt?”

Rhonda suddenly forced her body hard against Kara’s and the brunette was driven back even further. “Shut your fucking mouth you big bitch,” the redhead snarled, body-wrestling against her.

“Why don’t you try to shut it for me, whore?” Kara demanded, and for several intense seconds the girls mouths gaped and each tried to nip and snap at each other’s lips and cheeks, thrashing into each other like animals. Kara suddenly felt the unpainted wooden shelves on her right side bite into her back as Rhonda forced her into them. She groaned as the other girl’s big, willowy body pressed into hers and pressure between their mushrooming boobs really began to build. As they scuffled Kara for the first time felt Rhonda’s flat belly press into hers and she tensed her abdomen as she felt the redhead’s crunched, firm abs clench against hers. She’d seen Rhonda’s belly a few times and knew the other girl must work out, but now that the combat was starting to develop into a test of strength she was developing a new respect for the redhead’s body. Rhonda’s long thighs caged Kara’s in on either side as she pinned her back against the aisle shelves and the brunette could feel sinew and muscle bunching under the flesh of her inner thighs like steely snakes. Her pelvis wriggled as she tried to slip at least one of her legs out of the redhead’s grip but to no avail; the other girl had her pinned good. Kara reached up and tried to brace herself against Rhonda’s upper arms, and she again marveled at the redhead’s guns as her fingers closed around sleek, toned biceps.

“No you don’t, baby,” Rhonda grunted, reaching up and peeling Kara’s fingers away roughly. The two young women interlocked fingers as Rhonda forced Kara’s arms back against the shelves almost as if she were being crucified. Moaning, Kara almost slumped

against the redhead's cheek as Rhonda flattened her out against the wall, mashing Kara's round buttocks, spine and the backs of her shoulders painfully against the shelving. The big redhead began to slowly rotate her shoulders and compress first her left, then her right tit slowly down onto Kara's flattening breasts. She made slight adjustments and as Kara struggled to fight against her she could feel the redhead minutely repositioning her big nipples buried deep at the center meeting point of both their breasts, twisting them a little so they dug deeper and more painfully into Kara's tit flesh. "How does that feel, bitch?" Rhonda said provokingly, continuing to alternate pressure on each of Kara's boobs.

Kara groaned as she tried to retaliate and maneuver her own buried nipples so that they scraped against Rhonda's. It was hard enough to control the volume of her soft breast tissue under normal circumstances, but with her body pinned and movement limited it was practically impossible. "You fucking whore," she cursed, grunting against Rhonda's hot face. "Get your nipples out of my tits!"

"What's the matter, pussy?" Rhonda taunted her. "Am I too big for you?" She accented the challenge with her upper body, pouring on the pressure even more, until her stomach had flattened out so much against the brunette's that Kara swore she could delineate every abdominal muscle bunching against her own. She could even feel the beginning of some pressure on her crotch, with Rhonda's mound apparently crammed into the 'V' of the thong she was wearing and bulging out toward her own hot, irritated vulva.

Despite the protection they offered she was already beginning to regret wearing the confining, hot nylon shorts that were now biting into her upper legs and pelvis on either side of her crotch, cutting into her belly and digging into the skin just under her buns. Between the fire around her hips and the crushing pressure on her chest Kara felt like she was starting to lose it. But she couldn't...she couldn't let this big, cheap cocktail waitress humiliate her in the dark this way.

Part 5

It was still impossible for her to get any leverage with her lower body, however. She began to pour all her strength into freeing just her fingers. Tendons and knuckles cracked as an almost microscopic battle was waged between the redhead's hands and hers. "You're not going anywhere, honey," Rhonda grunted, and to Kara's satisfaction there was real strain in her voice as she struggled to maintain her twin grips. "I'm going to keep on controlling you and I'm going to humiliate you once and for all."

"You just suck my tits, baby," Kara snarled. "You can't keep this up forever."

"I'll do more than suck these big sweet knockers before I'm through with you, Kara," Rhonda groaned back at her. With the wooden shelf abrading her shoulder blades the brunette was afraid to move her upper body too much, afraid the unpainted wood would rip splinters deep into her unprotected flesh. But she was beginning to see that it might even be to

her advantage to be pinned this way because unlike Rhonda, she was the one who had something to push against. She managed to raise her left shoulder several inches and was greeted with a painful scraping against the wood behind her. Ignoring it, she focused on the position of her left breast and nipple; closing her eyes she managed to slowly work the distended shaft until it was almost twisted around Rhonda's own engorged rod. When she was certain she had her nipple above Rhonda's she jerked her shoulder downward and was rewarded with a hiss of pain from the redhead.

“God DAMN you!” Rhonda growled, flinching backward just a little. Kara instantly snapped her sweating right hand out of the redhead's grip and whipped it up into Rhonda's thick mane of hair. Rhonda immediately dug into the tangle after it but Kara had already twisted ropes full of the silky red strands around her fingers. She curled her fingers inward and gave Rhonda's hair one good jerk backward until the redhead's chin was level with Kara's nose. “Oh, you fucking bitch,” Rhonda growled dangerously. “You really want to play this way?”

“I'll play any way I have to, cunt,” Kara said. She knew she was in a risky position but her back was quite literally against the wall now. She continued to twist hair around her fist, making sure she had too much of a handful to easily dislodge. Suddenly Rhonda's hand flashed forward and buried itself in Kara's own soft brown curls and she felt her own head jerked violently backward until she was chin to chin with the redhead.

“Now let go of me or I’ll bash your head against these shelves,” Rhonda growled.

“Fuck you—I’ll do the same to you, bitch,” Kara grunted back. Kara realized suddenly that her back was no longer against the shelves, that her initial hairpull had tugged Rhonda’s body off of her and that they were now at equidistant positions from the shelves behind each of them, facing each other in the center of the aisle. It was tight enough that Kara could make good on her threat: Rhonda’s head was no further from the shelves than Kara’s was. Rhonda’s legs were still spread a little and Kara took the opportunity to widen her own stance a little. Their breasts were still touching one another, but almost gently now, Kara realized, their nipples tracing soft lines on each other’s skin, tingling as circulation returned to all four mammaries after the crush. The stalemate continued for a few seconds before Kara realized the initiative was hers to take. She forced her own body forward, sensing that Rhonda was waiting for another hairpull, and momentarily knocked the redhead off balance and back against the shelves behind her. The brunette quickly consolidated her position, pressing her upper body down onto Rhonda’s and now taking her own turn on top of the redhead’s chest. She took a second to reposition her nipples to what she hoped would be the most uncomfortable position for her opponent and then pressed forward with all her strength, to the tune of a groan of protest from the cocktail waitress. Rhonda tugged brutally at Kara’s hair, forcing her chin back upward just as she was considering landing a bite on Rhonda’s face, but

Kara still had the upper hand.

“Now let’s see how much pressure your big jugs can take you fucking cow,” Kara said. The pain from the hairpull was excruciating, but no worse, she thought, than the bite of unpainted wood into her back and ass had been. She clamped her legs around Rhonda’s and forced her stomach and pelvis down against the other girl as the redhead bucked against her; the hairpulls and the danger of the bare shelves kept both women from moving too violently. “You like feeling my hard nips inside your big bare tits, bitch?” Kara taunted. “Like feeling that wood against your ass?” She even flicked her hips against Rhonda’s a little, knowing the redhead’s little thong offered absolutely no protection for her behind. She was feeling a little better about her choice in underwear and realized she would probably be well scraped on her buttocks if she hadn’t worn the nylon shorts.

“Get the fuck off of me!” Rhonda snarled, and Kara could hear real fury in the redhead’s voice now. She was enjoying her revenge but she knew that they had both gone far afield of their original rules and that their building anger and the intensifying violence of the struggle could explode into something very dangerous.

“You want me to back off, I’ll back off,” Kara said quickly. “We agreed this was going to be just our tits.”

Rhonda shook against her but Kara could feel the redhead fighting to keep herself under control. “So?” she said furiously. “We’re tit to tit.”

“No hands,” Kara said emphatically. “Not even fingerlocked like this you bitch. If you’re going to pin me against these shelves you’ll have to do it with those fat jugs of yours, not your hands.”

The girls breathed sweatily against each other for long moments and Kara winced with each inhalation as her boobs swelled up against Rhonda’s. Obviously the cocktail waitress was trying to rationalize a way out of the standoff that would keep her dignity intact and Kara too was not about to let the redhead free until she could guarantee she was not going to be assaulted. She could almost sense Rhonda mulling an argument about who had locked fingers first. “All right let go of me and let’s get back to me outdoing your weak little tits, Kara,” Rhonda said finally.

Kara instantly felt a flush of anger at the taunt, amazing even herself by how easily the big redhead could manipulate her. She could have easily taken the cocktail waitress’s suggestion as a surrender but Rhonda had turned it into a challenge. Slowly, carefully, the girls relaxed the death-grips each had on the other’s hands and hair; Kara let her hand twist free first and she let it slip down until it had found a purchase on Rhonda’s stomach. Rhonda herself let her own free hand lower itself to fall on Kara’s hip. Kara swallowed, flexing her fingers against Rhonda’s stomach as she felt the circulation return. She relaxed the vicious grip she had on Rhonda’s hair but neither she nor the redhead fully disentangled their hair holds, just allowed their fists to unclench and lay relaxed in the other woman’s warm locks. Rhonda

twisted her grip until she was holding the nape of Kara's neck and Kara let herself do the same; she could resist letting Rhonda's soft, silky hair slide around her fingers and palms and she felt a shiver when she brought her hand to rest on the redhead's own neck.

Both girls let themselves relax and recover for long seconds, still breathing against each other. Rhonda attempted to move backwards out of Kara's grip but Kara instinctively tugged at the redhead's neck, holding her closer, and she felt Rhonda's stomach muscles tighten against her palm. "Don't," she said simply. Rhonda's face was against hers, the redhead's mouth just beside her own as she pressed into the cocktail waitress's cheek.

"Don't fucking order me," Rhonda said very slowly and quietly against her. "You're not boss here yet."

"I will be," Kara muttered, unable to resist.

"You think you're so fucking hot, clicking around in those fuck me pumps all night," Rhonda purred. "All those loose blouses and tight tops, squeezing your tits out at me every chance you get."

"What about you and your tight sweaters and hooker shorts, bending over the ice cooler every night and sticking that ass in my face every time you come behind the bar?" Kara growled back. "Oh, you knew what you were doing, didn't you honey? Trying to show me up in front of everybody and get your rack out in front of mine all the time."

“Don’t fucking tell me those tight shorts of yours weren’t just as small as mine,” Rhonda said. “I could see every bit of your ass and you did your share of bending over back in that bar too, honey.”

“You’ve got a nerve calling me on my shoes when you wore stilletos yourself, whore,” Kara said. “You just wanted to make yourself look bigger and sexier than me.”

“I don’t have to do one thing to make myself look sexier than you, Kara,” Rhonda said. “I’m bigger than you where it counts and I always have been.”

Both girls had trembled against each other during this line of talk and Kara suddenly realized she had given the redhead some maneuvering room in the chest area. Only their aureoles and nipples were meeting each other now, perhaps a bit more titflesh as each girl inhaled and expanded her chest. Rhonda had begun a slow but insistent rotation of her boobs, some give and take with her shoulders as she subtly began to goad the brunette back into the breast conflict. Kara’s mouth had gone dry again and she could feel the sweat evaporating off her body in the darkness as she and Rhonda moved against each other almost gently now, as if they were slow dancing.

“Why don’t you just feel my big soft tits then, if you think you’re so big?” Kara whispered, instantly feeling Rhonda press against her a little more in response.

“You feel mine,” Kara said, slowly grinding her boobs against Rhonda’s, bringing first one, then the other all the way up from underneath Rhonda’s heavy load until they had crossed the redhead’s nipples and perched themselves on top of Rhonda’s breasts so that she could let the full weight of her glands settle on her rival’s. “Just feel mine weighing yours down, bitch.” The girls wrestled their bodies against each other slowly, each able to force her rival backward up or down the dark aisle only momentarily before her opponent managed to stop her progress and start moving her backward with her own muscle. It required incredible concentration to maintain the strangely soft, massaging contact between their big breasts, especially in this total darkness: Kara had to sense Rhonda’s body position and anticipate the momentum of the other girl’s breasts as well as her own. She was nose to nose with the redhead and each girl still sought to psyche the other out by hovering in close to her and maintaining a sensuous, provocative body contact between them. Kara wanted Rhonda to feel every part of her just so she could know what she was going up against. But she couldn’t deny that the feeling of Rhonda’s warm, quivering, bare breasts against hers was making her shiver with sensory overload. The tangy, sweet scent of the redhead’s breath kissing her face and the tickle of the cocktail waitress’s soft, luxurious hair, the glide of her thighs across Kara’s made for a constant flood of sexual signals for her body to interpret. She felt her nervous system responding as if to a lover, and she had to keep reinforcing in her head that this was a contest, a fight.

For a moment the two tall girls skirmished at exactly the center of the corridor, and the only sounds in the darkness were their labored breathing and the slide and hiss of breast skin against skin as each girl fought to dominate the encounter. Kara's neck and shoulder muscles were beginning to ache with the effort; she was really beginning to realize how much weight she carried around on her chest every day and how difficult it was to maneuver those jiggling, heavy glands with precision. She could feel a mist of sweat breaking out again between her shoulder blades and in the small of her back, and she could sense the effort in Rhonda's grunts and her deep, long breaths as the redhead wrestled against her. Kara finally slipped and let her left breast smack against Rhonda's with a thick, liquid impact. Rhonda hissed and suddenly smacked back with her left breast into Kara's right and the brunette winced at the stinging slap of flesh on flesh. "I can fight that way too if you want, bitch," the redhead growled. Kara almost started to deny she had intentionally titslapped Rhonda but before she could speak the cocktail waitress arched her back and smashed both boobs roughly into Kara's chest.

"You fucking cunt," she found herself saying, leaning in and directing her own still shaking breasts back into Rhonda's rack. The sound was like muffled cannon fire as their four breasts collided head on; it was so loud in the sheer blackness of the storeroom that both girls hesitated and withdrew for a second, each cradling their own tingling bosom and glancing up at the overhead windows to see if anyone outside had heard them. But the streets seemed empty and

silent.

“You want some more of me, pussy?” Rhonda’s voice emerged out of the darkness. Kara immediately stepped forward until she was matching bodies full on with the redhead and both girls slowly pressed and measured their bare breasts against each other.

“If you want to keep smacking tits just say so Rhonda,” Kara said purposefully, her mouth almost caressing the redhead’s lips. “You said you were going to beat my tits so here’s your big chance.”

“If you want to play rough with what we’ve got I don’t have a problem with it,” Rhonda said darkly.

“Let’s play rough then,” Kara said, jabbing her boobs a little against Rhonda’s.

“Fine,” Rhonda purred. “No hands unless I say so.”

Kara didn’t have time to think about the ramifications of that before Rhonda shoved her away with her chest. The girls immediately lunged forward and butted each other chest against chest, the collision sounding with a thick report of dense meat against meat. Like dueling mountain goats the topless women smashed together, separated, gathered themselves and smashed together a second time, then a third. Kara’s breasts were throbbing but she refused to give way to Rhonda’s massive globes and she continued to thrash forward blindly, trying to seek out the redhead’s breasts with her own, going as much by heat as by the feel of Rhonda’s boobs displacing the

humid air around them. She poured all her energy into her tensing, lithe thighs and after several moments she could feel Rhonda's body giving way. She realized she was actually driving her enemy backward now toward the blind alley at the end of the aisle. The redhead fought even more viciously as she seemed to realize what was happening and Kara moaned as shattering impacts of flesh on flesh rocked her shaking breasts. "You wanted this tit contest, bitch, and now you're gonna get it!" she snarled into Rhonda's wincing face as she pressed forward her bosom assault. Rhonda was staggering backward now and she cried out as her back hit the shelves at the end of the aisle and Kara's sweating body smacked up against her full on. Kara reached out to grip the shelves on either side of Rhonda's body, mindful to avoid grabbing the redhead herself. Using the leverage available to her she slammed her upper body into Rhonda's once, twice, three times before finally pinning her enemy against the shelving, taking care to position her nipples for the deepest penetration into Rhonda's retreating breasts. She pressed her abdomen and pelvis against Rhonda's and clamped her muscular thighs around the other girl's, holding her in place as the redhead writhed helplessly against her.

"Get your hot tits off of me you sow!" Rhonda groaned against the brunette, jabbing back at her opponent with her own substantial weapons. Kara's tits were throbbing despite the fact that she'd finally taken the offensive, and even with her leverage advantage she still grunted in pain at the shock of Rhonda's heavy, temporarily outmatched boobs ramming back into her

own. The redhead thrashed furiously in her full body hold, sweat lubricating the contact between the two girls' tight bellies, flexing thighs, and compacted, bulging breasts. Kara growled into Rhonda's face as she compressed her left, then right breast even deeper down onto Rhonda's, but the four jiggling, superheated glands were already becoming slick enough from perspiration that it was impossible to get the brutal, steamroller effect she was going for, and she could feel her breasts slide across Rhonda's—not harmlessly, for she still got the benefit of the redhead moaning in humiliated fury against her, but not with the devastating impact she'd been going for.

Rhonda suddenly bucked violently with her hips and Kara stumbled back a bit, and the redhead took advantage of the breach, violently slapping her breasts back up against Kara's naked chest and throwing the brunette backwards. Kara struggled to right herself and Rhonda spring on her, smashing her sweating boobs back into violent conflict with the brunette's pair. Kara began to throw all of her own vicious energy into smacking back with her jiggling bosom and a long and uncompromising tit-boxing match began. Again and again the two girls butted breasts, sending loud, heavy cracking sounds echoing through the empty storeroom. A spray of sweat splattered Kara's already wet face as her boobs thudded off Rhonda's and she hissed and grunted as she forced her agonized tits into direct contact with her redheaded rival's bare breasts again and again, each girl trying to force a louder moan of agony from her opponent as the battle raged up and down the

long, narrow aisle. Kara could almost locate Rhonda by body heat and by the intense smell of girl sweat souring her cheap perfume. Several times both girls swung their tits wildly from side to side, feinting with enough savagery that they hit nipples only in lightning-fast, flicking collisions. Finally Kara tried to throw all her strength into one massive thrust with her upper body, leaning forward into the collision only to find Rhonda taking the same tactic. The fighting women hit chest to chest in a terrible, smashing collision that flattened all four quivering breasts nearly flat. Kara heard her own roaring moan of pain almost drowned out by Rhonda's and both girls fell into a staggering, vicious embrace. Kara's face was buried deep in Rhonda's thick, sweet hair as her head lolled on her enemy's shoulder and she felt the other girl doing likewise as both combatants sank to their knees, each unwilling to let go of the other.

Kara wrapped one arm into a snakelike coil around Rhonda's waist, drawing the other girl's belly in close. The redhead wrestled against her and she felt her competitor's left arm do the same to her own slender waist while their breasts fought for position above their pressing bellies. Each girl tried to press her whole body forward but with their upper bodies wrapped up tightly together neither fighter could get real leverage now. They staggered back and forth only a step or two at a time now, tiring, a mess of tangled hair, sweat, and aching breasts. Kara held Rhonda's hot body to hers as the competitors struggled in a stalemate, one hand in her rival's hair, the other wrapped around her sinewy waist. Both girls continued to apply all the pressure they could bring to

bear on each other's mashed mammaries, their nipples still buried and tangled deep in hot tit flesh. Kara let her hand slip down onto Rhonda's hip so that she could just begin to feel the swell of the redhead's ass. She curled a finger around the elastic of the cocktail waitress's thong experimentally, waiting for a violent protest from Rhonda, but the other girl only grunted against her. If anything she could feel the redhead's free hand sliding around the small of her back, probing at her abrasive nylon shorts. The underwear had become a hothouse prison for her overheated jungle of dark pubic hair that lay matted and tangled against her sweating vulva, not to mention her flexing, sweating buns. Rhonda's ass felt cool to the touch as the mist of sweat on her cheeks evaporated in the dark, warm air of the storeroom, and she envied the other girl the freedom even as she knew her choice of underwear still left her vulnerable to other forms of attack. If Rhonda wanted to get her hands anywhere near Kara's crotch she would have great difficulty working her way through the tight nylon material.

"I hope you're getting off on this you bitch," the redhead grunted into her ear.

"You're the one with the stiffies, honey," Kara growled back into the tangle of Rhonda's hair, giving her throbbing breasts a little shake for emphasis that forced a hiss of pain out of both women. For all of the dirty, naked fighting neither girl had addressed the sexual element of their fight directly until now, and Kara trembled against the cocktail waitress as she measured Rhonda's and her own response to clearing

the air. For a few moments the girls stood in a silent embrace, and the kissing pressure of Rhonda's bare breasts against her own could no longer be denied just by the heat of battle. There was something electrifying about having the redhead's hot body pressed against hers, skin to skin, in total darkness like this, undressing their secret rivalry in the dark.

"Fuck you, you little whore," Rhonda said finally, obviously choosing to pursue the issue. "You probably wanted to get in my panties for real all this time."

"Oh, don't tell me you haven't been checking out my body and my clothes ever since you started here," Kara retorted, refusing to back down from the challenge.

"Just because I couldn't believe the slutty outfits you were showing off!" Rhonda snapped.

"You bitch," Kara said, curling her fingers around the waistband of Rhonda's thong. "You mean like these little stripper thongs of yours?" She tugged the slender band of material up between the redhead's ass cheeks experimentally and was rewarded with an irritated groan as she worked the thong up deep into the crack of her rival's bottom.

"You fucking cunt," Rhonda muttered, her nails scraping for purchase on Kara's sheer underwear waistband. "Don't you fucking wedge me, girl, or I'll split your ass too."

"You're not gonna find much to hold onto on my

shorts, honey,” Kara taunted as she yanked Rhonda’s thong up even higher. “Maybe that’s why I don’t dress like a whore.”

“Maybe I’ll have to tear those fucking things off your ass then, bitch,” Rhonda growled. Kara felt the other girl’s nails scraping her pelvis and she heard the bite of nails beginning to catch and rip on the nylon fabric she wore. Instinctively she backed off with her hips, trying to give the redhead less leverage to work with, and even though she had a much better hold on Rhonda’s thong waistband the redhead matched her move, leaning forward and allowing their sweat-plastered bellies to peel away from each other with a sticky smacking sound. Rhonda’s free hand slipped off Kara’s shorts and slid up her back as Kara leaned down even more, and the redhead growled in discomfort as the brunette maintained her hold on Rhonda’s thong. She still couldn’t see a thing but judging from the elasticity of the fabric and how high she had pulled the waistband up Rhonda’s flank Kara judged that the crotch of the underwear must be cutting right into her labia and grinding deep into her ass by now. With a jiggle of her hips Rhonda finally pulled the underwear out of Kara’s grip and both girls free hands now joined their counterparts in each other’s hair as they maintained the hot, head-to-head clinch. Kara’s breasts finally freed themselves from their crush with Rhonda’s and hung downward, quivering in the dark; she felt her nipples pointing at the floor, fully erect, and for a second Rhonda’s breasts bumped against hers as they swung back and forth on the redhead’s chest. Angrily she twisted and sent her own hanging boobs knocking back into

Rhonda's; she felt the collision travel like a wave, first the uppermost, thick meat of the base of her breast, then the thinning, inflamed flesh of the forward part of her boob slammed against its counterpart on Rhonda's bosom, and finally their four nipples tangled and scraped violently together in a final whipcrack collision and skirmish. The conflict was accompanied by a loud, liquid smack of rippling flesh on flesh, as if two hot water bottles had been slammed together.

“Keep those sweaty fucking things off me, slut,” Rhonda grunted, quickly returning the blow by somehow sending her left, then her right swinging thuddingly into Kara's breasts. The impact was like getting a goading punch to each one of her breasts and Kara immediately felt her waning temper rekindling.

“You keep your gross titties off mine, you filthy whore!” she said, realizing that was the last thing either of them intended to do. The bartender immediately moved her boobs in a circular motion until they were whipping across Rhonda's, catching her nipples at the last minute; that strategy lasted only a second as Rhonda matched her move in the opposite direction, leading to a stunning collision of both pairs of jugs traveling in opposite directions. The fighters groaned as the rippling sound of the impact echoed in the darkness.

“God damn you, if you want to fight my tits against yours than let's fucking do it!” Rhonda snarled as she bore her breasts again into Kara's. “I told you I'd beat your tits off tonight and I meant it.”

“That’s just what I want out of this,” Kara admitted, pulling Rhonda in tighter. “I warned you I’d be the one to beat your tits if we tangled up like this.” Snarling in fury, both girls thrashed against each other, using their heavy boobs like wrecking balls against each other, battering and smacking sweating flesh against flesh in an incredible assault of throbbing gland against gland. Kara could barely believe what they were doing to each other even as she recognized that their simmering feud had to be settled like this, by matching the asset each most hated in the other against one another in private. Kara could feel her breasts heating up even more at the friction and activity, almost as if the milk she imagined in each bosom was boiling under the assault. Her breath came in ragged gasps as she continued to bear directly into Rhonda again and again until she thought neither she nor the redhead could possibly take any more, yet each time the vicious cocktail waitress came back for more, mashing her quivering breasts against Kara’s tingling pair, smacking and knocking her boobs into Kara’s as if her life depended on it. Kara had never imagined her breasts could take or give such punishment, yet even as they throbbed in pain she realized that she could keep this battle going for as long as Rhonda wanted it. Every time Rhonda’s breasts collided with hers she ached to take the fight right back to her opponent’s vulnerable boobs and prove to her that she had the firmest, heaviest, most aggressive rack between them. The same hunger that had come over her when she had gotten into that first scuffle a month ago was now fanning into a flame inside her; she had seen the look of twisted fighting

lust on the other girl's face as they had tangled, even as she had dominated her and pinned her underneath her long body—the other girl had pressed into her eager for something more out of that fight, and Kara was only now discovering what that was as the sweat-soaked smacks of bare breasts beating together rang in the darkness around her.

Part 7

Rhonda's thick, warm hair still curtained around Kara's head, hotly caressing her face and ears as the redhead loomed over her. Now she felt Rhonda's firm sex pressing fully down against her own; she felt the pressure build on her breasts and stomach as the redhead allowed her weight to press down more and more fully onto the brunette. She felt the cocktail waitress's silky thong crotch begin to slide against the nylon of her shorts and a flush of sexual heat ignited her hot and sweating crotch. "You fucking whore," she murmured as Rhonda slid her crotch upward, pressing her pubic bone and mound across Kara's. She rotated her own pelvis to bring her pussy into position against Rhonda's and both girls slowly felt each other out, focusing all their minute attention on the textures, hills and valleys of each other's sexual geography. For all the viciousness of the contest so far Kara couldn't help being overwhelmed by the feel of Rhonda's sex against her own and the soft weight of the cocktail waitress's curvy, voluptuous body undulating on top of her. Rhonda grunted as she continued to press her crotch against Kara's and the brunette felt the redhead's nipples lengthening and hardening to invade her lolling breast

tissue once more. Her own nipples here stiffening as well, in response to both Rhonda's pussy press and the enemy digits stabbing into her throbbing breasts, but Rhonda had gravity on her side and any pelvic thrusting or press of her own breasts back against the redhead's would be purely defensive. Her legs were bent painfully under her, her back arched to its limit, her abdominals crunched hard against Rhonda's in a struggle to keep thrusting back up against the body smothering her. Rhonda's face caressed hers, the cruel mouth brushed against her grimaced lips one more time, hair teased her flushed face and neck. If she didn't do something the redhead would have her way with her, softly rape her on the storeroom floor.

Kara slid her hands down Rhonda's back and once again gripped the other girl's thong straps. This time she yanked them up hard, ripping the redhead's thong crotch up until she knew it must be riding up far between her clenched ass cheeks. Rhonda screeched and bucked savagely on top of her, almost making the attack more costly than simply succumbing to Rhonda might have been. But the wedgie succeeded as the redhead's wild thrashing sent her toppling over to Kara's side, allowing her to wrestle her way back into an equal position on the floor with the cocktail waitress. She hugged Rhonda to her, bracing her forearms against the girl's lower back while her hands still clutched and tugged at the wispy straps of the thong. "I'm going to cut you on two, you big whore!" she snarled as the two women violently wrestled for position in the cramped space of the aisle.

“You dirty fucking bitch,” Rhonda growled against her. “If you want to go that way so will I.” Kara felt the other girl’s long nails rake down her back until they hit her buttocks, and she heard a shrill hissing sound as the claws ripped long runs in the nylon hugging her cheeks. She yanked smugly at Rhonda’s thong in reply, certain the other girl wasn’t about to do the tight, shielding material of her shorts any harm. Then Rhonda’s fingers suddenly dug down the center of the underwear’s back, ripping into the valley between her sweating buns. There was little effect at first but the redhead continued to dig, claw and shred into Kara’s ass cleavage until the brunette could feel the kiss of cold, fresh air on the bare, moist skin of her buns. She realized that the other girl was splitting her shorts, opening up a wide aisle of naked, vulnerable flesh for her to attack. She knew now that both of them had committed themselves to fighting even dirtier than either had imagined when this whole thing had begun. She suddenly felt Rhonda’s fingers sliding between her flexing buns, invading a part of her that had never seen the light of day. “Stop wedging me or I’m going up your ass, you cunt,” the redhead growled.

Maintaining her hold on one strap of Rhonda’s thong, Kara quickly dug her free hand between Rhonda’s flexing buns. Her fingers slipped beneath the thin fabric of the redhead’s thong crotch from the rear until she could feel the swell of the cocktail waitress’s lower vulva. Rhonda shuddered against her as she slid her fingers into the groove between her labia and fingered the redhead’s sweatily moist but so far unlubricated sex; her thumb hovered over

Rhonda's exposed butt, ready to invade it as well. "Go ahead and I'll rape your ass and more, baby," Kara said with all the menace she could muster.

"I'm not bluffing, whore," Rhonda said dangerously.

"Neither am I," Kara replied. The girls lay locked together in a deadly standoff for several tense seconds before Kara suddenly felt herself violated. Her ass clenched around the invading finger and she screeched in outraged fury before plunging her own digits up into Rhonda's vagina and anus. The redhead squealed and bucked violently against her, and the two big girls thrashed against each other on the dark floor, wet hair whipping each other's faces, sweating breasts colliding purely by accident rather than design now as each fighter tried to ride her enemy's probing fingers, limiting damage to themselves as much as possible while applying as much pressure to her opponent's secret regions as possible.

"Get your fucking fingers out of my ass you filthy gutter whore!" Kara snarled as she jammed her upper body against Rhonda's big breasts.

"I'll do it when you stop finger-fucking me, you dirty goddamned bitch!" Rhonda yelled back at her. Neither girl cared any longer who heard the ongoing showdown; Kara guessed it was by now so late that no one was on the street outside to hear the combat. She felt Rhonda's fat tits slap hers before mashing up above them across Kara's collarbone; enraged, she twisted down until one of the warm glands was in striking distance and sank her teeth into the soft

meat, chewing and mauling the enemy globe ravenously. The added assault made the redhead thrash and buck against her with even wilder intensity, and she suddenly felt herself on her back, forced against the nearby shelves with the cocktail waitress's body bearing down on hers. Rhonda's soft hair covered her face and she realized the other girl was bending downward; it wasn't long before she felt the other girl's teeth clamping down on her own left breast. Rhonda chewed on the quivering gland just as Kara had, biting hard enough to leave a mark and cause Kara sharp discomfort, but not enough to draw blood. Then she pulled away and forced her face back up against Kara's as if daring her to reciprocate. It was as if each girl had silently warned the other that dirty as this catfight was getting, it could get still dirtier.

Kara struggled to keep pressure on Rhonda's ass and cunt, noting with satisfaction that the labial folds wrapped around her fingers had grown slippery with sexual heat. Knowing that she was making the big redhead hot with all this fighting only added to her determination to humiliate the cocktail waitress once and for all, to dominate the other woman in a way she would never forget. She would never look Rhonda in the face again without the knowledge that she had defeated and embarrassed her rival one on one in private, just their two naked bodies in total opposition. She had always been impressed, maybe even intimidated by the redhead's voluptuousness, her long legs and wasp-thin waist and her lioness's mane of brilliant red hair. Now she would be able to look at the other girl as a defeated opponent who

would never dare to challenge her again.

Just as she smugly wrapped her thoughts around that image she felt Rhonda's fingers impale her ass ever deeper, and it was she who thrashed uncontrollably against the sweat-drenched body of her enemy. Both girls' voices became unintelligible as they unleashed a torrent of screeches, moans and mangled curses into each other's heated faces. Finally the gyrations of Rhonda's pelvis tore Kara's fingers out of her orifices and Kara managed to escape Rhonda's clutching fingers at the same time. "You're a fucking naked bitch now, honey!" Rhonda snarled at her, viciously ripping at Kara's buttocks with her nails until Kara felt the remaining tatters of her nylon shorts disintegrate under the assault. She faced a tougher job disposing of Rhonda's damaged but still functional thong, and she had to hug the bucking redhead to her in the dark and focus all her strength on tearing the stressed elastic straps of the undergarment from the redhead's hips. Twisting sideways, she managed to throw Rhonda's body to the other side of the aisle and dive on top of her, immediately feeling her way down the redhead's slippery belly until her fingers curled into the other girl's thick bush. Rhonda hissed and wasted no time in locating Kara's pubic hair with her own fingers. Both girls curled around each other, wrapping each other up into a sweating ball of long limbs as they tugged viciously at each other's pubic tufts. Kara grabbed a breast with her free hand and dug her nails into the offending flesh, twisting around to take several more deep, sucking bites of her enemy's tit flesh. Rhonda immediately took a similar tactic,

pulling Kara's head back by the hair so she could sink her teeth into the brunette's jutting breasts with impunity. The duelists mauled each other with abandon, and Kara added fuel to the fire by flicking her free fingers across Rhonda's swelling vulva beneath her hot bush and teasing her aroused sex, forcing hisses of passion from the redhead. She quickly felt the other girl's fingers brush and rub against her own swollen sex lips in retaliation, and she moaned as she tried to maneuver her hips out of range of Rhonda's attacking hand.

Both girls twisted and thrashed in the darkness, striking elbows, knees and heads against the hard floor and shelves several times; Kara could feel herself bruising with the impacts but she continued to fight, knowing Rhonda was in as much pain as she was. The battle had become furious, animalistic now that the last shred of clothing had been torn from their dueling bodies. Kara finally managed to pin Rhonda and land solid, crushing punches into her hard stomach and ribs before the redhead kicked her off. Both girls struggled to their feet and collided in a series of thrashing, punching blows. In the near total darkness connecting with fist or open hand was almost a matter of luck but both girls managed to get in a few solid blows before they backed off, panting in exhaustion. Kara stood naked in the darkness and both girls were silent but for their labored breathing. The bartender could already feel welts and scrapes starting to sting her skin where Rhonda had attacked her. She had reached her limit in at least one way.

"Are you ready to finish this, bitch?" she said into the

impenetrable blackness.

“I’m ready for you any time you want,” Rhonda replied. Kara closed her eyes and homed in on the sound of the voice. She reached back and sent her open hand swinging forward with deadly accuracy and was rewarded with the impact of the redhead’s cheek on her palm and a whip crack sound that echoed through the storeroom as Rhonda staggered backward.

“I owed you that, whore,” she said, turning around and stomping her way out of the storeroom. As she headed back toward the bar she flicked the main light switch and squinted momentarily as the neon and fluorescent lights of the bar hit her dilated pupils. She strode into the cool air of the bar and her eyes were caught by an illuminated clock: It was three a.m., and they had been fighting for more than an hour. She caught a glimpse of her naked form in the mirrors that lined the bar walls; she had certainly never seen herself nude in this context before, her curves caressed by a riot of blue, yellow and orange light. Her hair was a dark, matted tangle, sweat-drenched dark curls plastered to her forehead, temples and neck. Her tawny, tanned skin was flushed and red, and the shockingly pale, perfectly round globes of her breasts were bright with teeth marks and a kiss of lipstick from Rhonda’s mouth, as well as the long streaks of nail marks, all set around her starkly brown nipples and aureoles. Similar scars marked her flat belly and the trail of four long fingernail marks extended from just below the black slit of her navel down into the white, untanned triangle that bounded her black jungle of pubic hair. As shocking as the

wounds appeared, even to her Kara's battered body now sported an animalistic sensuality, like some uncivilized jungle girl on the hunt.

She spun just in time to see Rhonda stalking toward her from the storage room and office doorway. If Kara looked like a jungle girl, Rhonda looked like some primitive goddess, she thought as the cocktail waitress strode toward her. She had never so much as seen the redhead in a swimsuit, let alone totally nude like this. Her big, pale body looked immaculate in the neon lights, her freckles washed out by the orange cast of the lighting so that she looked like a living statue of pure white marble. Her big, pink-nippled breasts rippled as she walked, showing off the battle scars of bite and claw marks Kara had given her, and as she got closer the brunette could see more long nail marks and bruises disrupting her otherwise perfect skin. Kara backpedaled and Rhonda slowed her approach, letting the bartender get a good look at her from close up. After the long, intimate battle in the darkness Kara had gotten to know Rhonda by touch, sound and smell, and for all her impressive body, for all the imposing weight of those massive breasts, for all her muscle and bitchiness she was just another girl's body when there was no face to focus on. But now Rhonda approached her in the light again, the sheen of her gorgeous red hair framing her long, delicately modeled face, a contrast of cruelty and girlish vulnerability. For all the heat, sweat and violence her tangled, damp hair was still strikingly beautiful, her body perfect despite its battle scars, long pink nipples erect, chest thrust out arrogantly, her supple

belly tensed for action. Kara's glance drifted down to the full, flaming red bush she had torn at only a few minutes earlier and mentally measured the triangular jungle of fur against her own. She had always thought Rhonda just seemed a bigger girl than her in general: taller, bustier, leggier. Now, facing her down nude, the other girl seemed still staggering, but somehow equivalent, a match for Kara no matter where on their two bodies she compared them.

She looked back up into Rhonda's eyes just in time to see the other girl's green orbs flicking downward to study Kara's body, obviously taking in her long brown thighs, her black bush strikingly contrasted against the pale skin of her bikini tan line, her hardened, toned belly and jutting, forward-thrusting breasts. She snidely let her gaze rest on Kara's chest for a moment, maybe mentally gauging Kara's big, brown nipples against her own stiff pink pair, before meeting Kara's gaze again. They had savaged each other, violated each other, but the issue had clearly not been settled. Everything in the hard set of Rhonda's lovely features said she wanted more. "Take a good look, bitch," she said, raking her own brown eyes up and down across the supple contours of Rhonda's body.

"I'm looking and I'm not impressed," Rhonda retorted.

Kara took a step forward and Rhonda herself stepped forward to match her; for a second their four throbbing, aching nipples touched and each girl hissed at the contact. "I'm still here, honey, and you haven't won yet."

Rhonda glared into her eyes, then suddenly turned away and headed toward the bar, lifting up the wooden section that allowed bartenders to enter the confined serving space. Eyeing Kara challengingly, she opened a bottle of bourbon and pulled two glasses from an overhead rack. “Let’s have a drink to me beating your big cunt, Kara,” she said coldly. Kara walked slowly forward through the opening in the bar, then reached back and tilted the wooden section back in place, sealing off their escape. It was only fitting that they fight here, she thought, the place they both wanted for themselves. A thick rubber mat, slightly sticky from spilled beer, was beneath her feet. Surrounding them on all sides were empty glasses and bottles of liquor. It would be impossible for them to fight violently in this space, which was barely eight feet long by five feet wide, without breaking dozens of glass containers and seriously injuring themselves. Even as the cool air raised goosebumps along her body, Kara’s heart pounded at the danger both women had placed themselves in. This was a far deadlier arena than the storeroom corridor.

She took the glass from Rhonda and raised it to her lips, watching as the redhead did the same. Rhonda had served them both up a good belt. Staring at each other, each girl gulped back the harsh, stinging beverage and Kara immediately felt the flush of warmth spreading out from her stomach as the alcohol began to penetrate her system. Rhonda swallowed all of her drink, then refilled her glass and poured the remaining bourbon into Kara’s waiting

container. Kara gulped as she regarded the liquid— she doubted either girl would be able to stand up for very long if they finished their second glass. She didn't mind the bourbon taking the edge off her anxiety, but she wanted still wanted to be able to fight Rhonda.

The redhead's eyelids fluttered momentarily as she soaked up the bite of her drink. When she spoke, her voice was husky and raw. "I've wanted to fuck you up ever since I saw that tough little face of yours," she said.

"Than you should have gotten in my face a long time ago because I've been waiting for you to start up a bitchfight with me ever since I saw you, too," Kara said.

"You think you're some hot little bitch with that tight ass and those creamy tits of yours, don't you?" Rhonda growled.

"Don't tell me you don't think you're wicked hot, shaking those big knockers of yours around," Kara replied angrily.

"I'll bet you're getting off right now showing off that thick, hairy snatch of yours to me, aren't you?" Rhonda taunted.

"It's funny you'd say that, Rhonda, because your big pussy sure felt slippery when I had my fingers up your cunt," Kara said.

“Just because I didn’t get a chance to feel you up doesn’t mean you weren’t hot for it too, whore,” the redhead snapped back. “I’ll bet you’ve been hot for it for a long time.”

“Like you haven’t had your eyes all over me from the beginning, honey. You’re just lucky we never got together that way because you’d never be able to handle it.” Whatever inhibitions Kara might have had at the beginning of the evening had almost completely disappeared in the heat of the dirty fight in the storeroom and the booze that was now warming every part of her.

“I could handle anything a little cunt like you could dish out, baby,” Rhonda replied, a slight slur distorting her speech. “I’d have your big body begging me to finish you off.”

“In your wet dreams, slut,” Kara said back. “I’m sure you thought you were going to just walk in and settle me with those fat boobs of yours back in the storeroom but I showed you I’ve got just as much milk as you do.”

“You didn’t prove a fucking thing, cunt,” Rhonda said. “I’ll still milk those hot tits of yours before we’re finished.”

“The only way you’re milking me is to suck my tits, baby,” Kara said sharply.

“I’ll be happy to suck you off after I beat your hairy little snatch raw,” Rhonda said. “Then I’ll make you

suck me.”

“You don’t want my mouth on your tits, slut, because I’d suck you dry,” Kara said. She could feel ever more heat flushing through her body, as if every nerve ending was alive with anticipation. The gulf between her body and Rhonda’s—no more than a foot and a half of space—seemed like a canyon she was aching to cross.

“I don’t see anything to suck on, bitch,” Rhonda said, glaring contemptuously at Kara’s bare chest.

“Neither do I,’ Kara shot back, shooting a bitchy glance at Rhonda’s. Unconsciously she found her back arching, shoulder blades gathering together as she thrust her bare breasts arrogantly at Rhonda, daring the redhead to compare her naked breasts with Kara’s. She could see the redhead’s stomach tensing, her hips twitching backward as her two full, gloriously round boobs matched the attitude of their rivals on Kara’s chest.

“You said you were going to beat my tits off tonight so do it,” Kara snapped finally.

“My pleasure,” Rhonda said. With that she tossed the full contents of her glass across Kara’s bare breasts, soaking her naked, abraded skin with alcohol. Kara gasped as the shock of alcohol instantly sent every scrape and cut on her tender skin screaming in pain. At the same time the freezing evaporation of the bourbon tightened her skin and started a raging torrent of tingling sensation in the unwounded areas

of her breasts and chest. The mix of pain and pleasure was astounding, but Kara had just enough presence of mind left to send the contents of her own glass splashing over Rhonda's boobs. Both girls dropped their glasses, groaning for several seconds before looking back down at their rival's chest. Rhonda's breasts gleamed wetly in the neon lighting, the bite and claw marks Kara had left in them standing out in reddish relief against her pale skin. Moreover, her already dangerously long and stiff nipples seemed to double in size as they were sensitized by the sting of alcohol. The redhead's jealous gaze at Kara's chest told her that the same thing must be happening to her, and as she glanced down at her own chest she could see the dark brown shafts of her nipples lengthening to a size she had never seen on her body before.

Kara and Rhonda circled each other, eyes blazing in fury. Kara wanted nothing more than to throw herself on top of her redheaded enemy and pay her back for the sizzling pain tearing across her breasts, but she had enough presence of mind to know that they could not fight violently here. She glared down at Rhonda's boobs, knowing they must be tingling and searing as agonizingly as her own were. Her hatred for the redhead's two bare globes had intensified beyond measure.

"If you want my tits to hurt then come up here and hurt them," she growled, stepping forward towards Rhonda with her stinging breasts thrust out defiantly. Neither girl raised their hands as Rhonda nodded slowly and stepped forward, leading with her own

chest. They slowly danced around each other, each hesitant to join this new phase of the battle, but knowing it had to be done.

Rhonda slapped her breasts forward aggressively and the full, slippery weight of the twin spheres slapped across Kara's. The searing pain in her bare breasts seemed to triple in intensity and Kara hissed but still sent her own powerful globes smacking back into Rhonda's. The two girls jabbed at each other, slapping back and forth, hissing and gasping at the intensity of feeling their four boobs were now giving and receiving. The alcohol made her own nipples feel like raw, flayed flesh, while at the same time Rhonda's felt like cold daggers slicing across her wet skin. But the twitching, agonized reaction she got every time she plunged her own stiff, throbbing nipples into Rhonda's breasts told her that she was causing her rival every bit as much discomfort as Rhonda was causing her. They continued to dance across the rubbery floor pad, smacking and taking sharp breast blows in return, until Kara shot both her hands into Rhonda's thick hair and hugged her in close. Both girls growled in fury as their wounded breasts were forced into tight, crushing contact, sliding across each other wetly as their nipples struggled to find purchase in their enemy's flesh. Spreading her legs wide to maintain her balance, Kara bore her breasts crushingly into Rhonda's and felt the other girl's heavy tits engulf hers as she pressed her pair deeply into the redhead's yielding bosom. Rhonda's hands found her hair as well and the fighters wrapped each other into a muscular, stinging embrace.

“How’s that feel, cunt?” Rhonda growled against her face. “You getting nice and hot now?”

“I’m going to burst your balloons, whore,” Kara snarled back at her.

“I’ll bruise your boobs first,” Rhonda hissed back. It took several long moments for the alcohol to fully evaporate off each girl’s stinging breasts, and in that time both women forced their boobs into close contact, each determined to cause her rival as much pain as possible while their breasts remained deadly, throbbing weapons. Finally their boobs dried and Kara realized as they continued to struggle body against body that the sensations had changed from torturous agony to a more even mix of pain and pleasure. The soft kiss of Rhonda’s heavy bosom on her own was now blending with the feel of the alcohol inside her system instead of the liquor the girls had soaked their breasts with. Rhonda’s long, pale legs were spread as wide as her own and the insides of their powerful thighs caressed as they held each other tightly. Rhonda’s hard belly beat against hers as they fought tit to tit and for the first time Kara began to feel the whisper of the redhead’s flaming, crimson pubic curls brushing against her own.

As if anticipating her thoughts, Rhonda slipped one hand down Kara’s back and the redhead wrapped her arm around the brunette’s slender waist, her hand cupping the upper part of Kara’s left buttock. The girls continued to wrestle slowly against each other, grunting with effort. Kara let her pelvis tilt forward a

little, her buns flexing against Rhonda's fingers. The warm fur of the redhead now mingled with her own.

"If you want to rub pussies with me, just say so," Rhonda grunted hoarsely into her ear. She felt an immediate flush of tingling warmth down her back and ass, flushing down into her crotch at the seductive purr of the redhead's voice and her dirty suggestion.

"You'd just love that, wouldn't you, whore," Kara said quietly into the cocktail waitress's nest of red hair. It took all of her effort not to give in to the overwhelming sexual arousal that was coarsing through her body. One thought obsessed her now: the idea of grinding Rhonda into a sexual frenzy underneath her and coming on top of her defeated, humiliated body. If this fight didn't end with the redhead's big body succumbing underneath hers she would never be able to live with herself. "If you want to pussy fight then let's pussy fight."

"You fucking hot slut," Rhonda growled angrily, and Kara realized triumphantly that the other girl took her comment as a rejection. Maybe Rhonda wanted the fight to settle down into pure fucking but Kara was determined to maintain the state of war between their two bodies. Suddenly the redhead's hips flicked forward and she jabbed her furry cunt sharply into Kara's crotch. Kara hissed and shot her own bush forward and slammed it hotly into Rhonda's snatch.

"Come on you hairy tramp, is that all you can do?" she snarled against the redhead.

“I’ll show you what I can do you little fuck bitch,” Rhonda growled, slamming her cunt into Kara’s again. Both girls began ramming their superheated bushes together, aiming their pubic bones for maximum impact into each other’s soft mounds and yielding, tender vulva. Kara hissed as their hot pubic fur tangled and knotted; quickly the dueling girls ratcheted the pummeling downward into fierce, raw grinding, silently measuring the full, furry length of their labia against one another. Kara groaned against the redhead as she forced her hot fur roughly against Rhonda’s, smashing her crackling bush as deeply into the redhead’s waiting snatch as she could. After the first furious bit of pussy dueling the fighters settled into a long, vicious grind and they pulled out of their shoulder to shoulder embrace to stare into each other’s eyes as they silently compared pussies, feeling each other out cunt to cunt. Kara could only get a sense of Rhonda’s sex from this angle, although both girls managed to tilt their pussies upward enough to press the full length of their vulva together and even mash their labia enough to being to feel the increasing slickness between their legs. Glaring at each other nose to nose, the girls would skirmish, brushing their fur together vigorously, then slow down to a deliberate, exploratory caress, sometimes engaging each other in long, circular rubs with one girl twirling her pussy clockwise, the other counterclockwise.

“You feel how much bigger I am than you down there?” Rhonda said huskily.

“Don’t make me laugh; I’m just as big as you or bigger,” Kara shot back. Both girls glanced downward at their dueling, locked bodies, although of course there was no way to see into the intimate arena between their legs. Kara found herself glancing at Rhonda’s cruel, sneering mouth and for a moment the redhead seemed to look down at Kara’s.

“I’m going to fucking rub your pussy raw, girl,” the redhead said, almost as if to draw the attention off the brief focus on their lips.

“Oh, I don’t think so, honey; I think I’ll grind you bald first,” Kara replied. For a few moments the intensity of the mutual rubbing redoubled as both girls sought to make good on their threats. But Rhonda’s eyes continued to drift back down toward Kara’s mouth and Kara found herself returning the glance. She could smell the cool aroma of alcohol on the redhead’s breath. With Rhonda’s attention on her mouth Kara suddenly twisted forward and landed a brief bite on the redhead’s chin.

“You fucking cunt,” Rhonda whispered, immediately snapping forward to repay the brunette for the bite. Kara twisted away and the redhead’s teeth found purchase on her soft cheek; Kara grunted in pain and twisted out of the bite. Both girls bared their teeth into each other’s faces now, threatening each other, feinting and snapping, and for a second their gaping maws collided and Kara’s teeth clacked across Rhonda’s. Both girls backed off momentarily, mouths still open, but their soft lips now drawn across their teeth. Kara saw Rhonda’s pink, wet tongue coiled

inside her open mouth like a rattlesnake poised to strike. She jabbed forward with her open mouth again, continuing to rub at Rhonda's crotch as she pressed her lips roughly across the redhead's. Rhonda pushed back and the girls forced their yawning mouths together just as they had in the storeroom. This time, however, there was no denying the sexual heat roiling underneath the confrontation. They hadn't been rubbing their pussies together back there, Kara thought. Rhonda's breath was coming low and raspy from the back of her throat, catching occasionally as Kara landed a good, solid cunt rub down below.

Part 6

After ten minutes of vicious smack fighting the girls quieted their motions; Kara's back and shoulders ached from the workout and she could feel Rhonda trembling exhaustedly with each motion against her. She curled her head deep into Rhonda's neck until she could feel the other girl's ear pressed up against her open mouth; Kara could no longer tell where her own hair ended and Rhonda's thick, luxurious mane began. Both girls positioned themselves closer so they could push the full length of each other's dangling breasts into one another and really take the measure of each other breast to breast: Kara felt the first swell of Rhonda's boob flesh under her collarbone as she nestled against her, then aligned her boobs so the quivering, tender flesh of her full mammaries exactly matched up against the redhead's until their nipples, still pointing at the floor, pressed against each other length to length. Rhonda managed to twist one shoulder slightly higher than the other so

that Kara felt the redhead's long nipples scrape along the full length of her own until she felt a torrent of warm, tingling energy flooding across her back, sending goose bumps rising all over her body. She hissed and squeezed her eyes shut as she returned the motion and dragged her nipples back against Rhonda's hard ones in response.

"Why don't you just admit mine are longer and harder than yours," Rhonda whispered, her hot lips caressing Kara's ear.

"Why don't you admit mine are bigger and thicker than yours are?" Kara whispered back, burying her face in Rhonda's sweet-smelling, soft head of hair and feeling the tender curl of the other girl's ear against her own lips. Her whole body was trembling at Rhonda's touch, alive with the terrible thrill of saying every dirty thing she'd ever wanted to say to the big redhead, of being here almost naked with the other girl in their secret duel. Both girls bore into each other full on, slowly grinding their naked tit flesh against one another with every ounce of strength left inside of them. "You wanted to match knockers with me; now let's see if you can handle it," Kara hissed.

"I can handle anything that big hot body of yours can put out," Rhonda growled back into her ear. Kara's mouth was open in a silent scream of agony and excitement by now; she had to hold herself back from the consuming desire to devour the soft girl flesh already touching her lips. Rhonda hugged Kara to her, increasing the pressure between their four dueling breasts beyond the point where Kara thought either

of them would have ever taken this battle.

“You goddamned fucking hot cunt!” Kara snarled against Rhonda. “I’ll press the milk right out of you, right here!”

“Not before those fat tits of yours squirt cream you big sexy bitch!” Rhonda growled back, shoving the full length of her breasts back against Kara’s. The brunette thought all her fight had gone but she could not resist the siren call of Rhonda’s hot body against hers. Suddenly she felt Rhonda’s fingers disentangle themselves from her hair and slip down her sides until they were beneath her; she stiffened as she felt the redhead’s hands closing on her aching breasts.

“What the fuck are you doing?” she demanded.

“What do you think, bitch?” Rhonda growled. “I’m going to milk those big titties of yours.”

“I thought you wanted to do this tit on tit,” Kara protested, immediately pulling her own hands out of Rhonda’s hair.

“There’s plenty of time for that after I wring your big boobs dry,” Rhonda snarled against her. Kara instantly reached up and filled her hands with Rhonda’s soft, heavy breasts. As erotic as the twin glands had felt caressing and pressing against her bare boobs, they felt twice as hot against her fingers and palms as she trapped Rhonda’s long nipples between her fingers and cupped her weighty boobs. She tugged on Rhonda’s nipples and gauged the mass

of her opponent's breasts in her hands and shivered as she felt the redhead's fingers exploring her own soft breasts. For several moments neither girl attacked as they gently probed one another's jiggling glands for weakness and let their long fingers glide across each boob's bare, exposed skin. Kara caressed Rhonda's nipples, feeling how fat and stiff they were and mentally comparing them to her own even as she winced at the erotic touch of Rhonda's hands on her own throbbing breasts. She had had other girls pinch or slap her boobs in the locker rooms at high school or camp, but she had never had another woman feel her breasts openly like this, nor had she ever been able to feel out another girl, and she found herself hoping that they would both draw this part of the contest out even as she wondered whether she would be able to control the erotic feelings the exploration was producing in her.

"I knew your tits would be soft like this," Rhonda purred into her ear suddenly as she swirled her fingers enticingly around Kara's aureoles. "I'll bet you always wanted me to touch them, the way you shook these babies in my face all the time."

"Maybe I just wanted you to know whose were better, baby," Kara whispered back. "I can tell you're getting hot just feeling what I've got."

"Don't tell me you don't like feeling mine," Rhonda countered, arching her back a little to drop more of the weight of her hanging breasts into Kara's cupped hands. "You were always checking me out in that bar and you might as well admit it now."

“Maybe I don’t mind feeling up your big ones, Rhonda,” Kara hissed into the redhead’s ear. “But you’re the one with the soft ones. Mine are hard and firm, just like my nipples are harder and longer than yours.”

“There’s nothing wrong with soft tits, baby,” Rhonda groaned. “I’ll prove that to you before this night is done, that’s for sure. But if you want to talk about nipples,” she said, suddenly tugging Kara’s painfully downward, “Then let’s see how much milk yours can give.”

Kara hissed and immediately dug her fingers into Rhonda’s boobs, probing upward until she felt the ribs above her rival’s breasts. Both girls then curled their fingers around each other’s aureoles and nipples and began pulling them toward the floor, twisting and tugging at the tortured flesh as if they were both milking a pair of stubborn cow udders. “You just try and milk me, whore,” Kara snarled into her enemy’s hair. “I’ll wring your fat tits dry first!” She winced against Rhonda’s fingers as she felt her own nipples corkscrew and bend under the redhead’s ministrations, sending a firestorm of pain through her already over sensitized boobs. It took all her concentration to ignore the pain and focus on tugging and twisting at Rhonda’s heavy tits and stiff, resilient nipples. She closed her eyes and gave herself over to the continuing struggle, trying to use her sense of touch to build a mental picture of her rival’s bare bosom. She tugged down on the protruding points for several seconds until she felt Rhonda trembling in

pain against her, then probed upward, digging her fingers upward into the meaty, jiggling flesh of the redhead's breasts. She felt Rhonda's fingers invade her boobs in the same way, alternating between squeezing their full weight and twisting and tugging at her nipples. Of course neither girl was going to give milk, but each was determined to make her enemy feel as much like a powerless, violated farm animal as possible.

"You'll never shove these babies in my face again after I'm through with you," Rhonda growled.

"I warned you to keep your fat ones out of my way and now you're going to pay the price, bitch," Rhonda retorted as she continued to work her rival's hot, sweating bosom.

"You're going to give me milk and beg me for mercy you cunt," Rhonda shot back. At that both girls tightened their breast grips, each forcing a groan of pain from the other, and for the next five minutes there was no talk, only moans and vicious grunts of discomfort, hisses and gasps as each girl intensified her attack on the other's boobs. Kara felt like she was holding her swaying breasts over two candles, like a flame of agony was spreading from her nipples and aureoles deep into the mass of her twin orbs. For every moment Rhonda twisted and pinched at her the redhead also let her fingers caress and massage Kara's boobs, sending shivers of sensual feeling to alternate with the pain. As much as she cursed the redhead for adding this extra dose of humiliation to the struggle, Kara realized that she was doing exactly

the same thing, gently squeezing and exploring Rhonda's soft globes and eliciting some keening little squeals of pleasure out of the redhead. She realized that it made her feel just as dominant and controlling to make Rhonda squirm with pleasure as it did to make her flinch in pain; if anything, it only added to the recipe of humiliation.

"You just love my fucking hands on your tits, don't you, bitch?" she growled into the redhead's shoulder.

"I can hear you moaning like a fuck-whore too, baby, so don't tell me you're not getting off having your big ones squeezed out," the redhead said, her breath hot against Kara's hair. Both girls added a fusillade of wringing and nipple pinching to the mix, and for several more minutes they were too involved in shrieking into each other's mouths in pain and fury to say anything intelligible. Finally both girls seemed to cup each other, smacking fitfully at each other's quivering, sore breasts in a final assault before they seemed to reach a silent agreement that they had done enough damage in this phase of the fight.

Kara grabbed a handful of Rhonda's hair and forced her head backward just as both girls came up out of the clinch, gasping for air. She felt her own hair yanked and her chin met Rhonda's; as the girls scuffled Rhonda's chin slipped past hers and she felt her open mouth scraping across Rhonda's cheek for a second before the other girl's soft mouth brushed hers. The fighters hissed at each other and Kara flinched as Rhonda bit at her cheek; she twisted and their mouths collided again in the dark in a smash of

tangled lips and clacking teeth against teeth. The desire to feast on Rhonda's tangy-aroma'd girlish flesh was overwhelming Kara and she briefly held the redhead against her and sank her teeth into the soft skin of her jaw line, holding the bite just long enough to produce a squeal of pain from Rhonda. Rhonda forced her chest back against Kara's and the brunette felt herself tottering backward on her knees with the redhead coming after her. She felt her knees give way and Rhonda's body pressing her downward with first her breasts, then her stomach and hips contacting Kara's. Kara's lower legs splayed out to either side and her thighs spread to take on the weight of the other girl's body and for the first time in the fight she found her body being overwhelmed by the cocktail waitress's.

Rhonda bore down on her, her abdominals tensing to steely hardness against Kara's belly and Kara's abs leaping in response as she tried to keep her body hard against Rhonda's. The other girl's hips were the final nail in the coffin as she felt her shoulder blades touch the cold linoleum floor. Rhonda's sinewy body writhed over her, adding a new dimension of pain and pleasure as Kara found her own body unable to avoid contact with the dominatrix. Rhonda gathered her arms under the small of Kara's back and held her, nose to nose for a moment as the duelists considered their position. The girls panted against each other's open mouths and Kara closed her eyes as she drank in Rhonda's sweet, hot breath and filled the other girl's gaping mouth with her own. Her nostrils flared as she sniffed the ruined smell of perfume and sweat that still kissed Rhonda's face and the tangy scent of

her mouth so close to Kara's. Suddenly the redhead maneuvered her upper body so she was no longer smashing her breasts down on Kara's, separating their sweating bellies for a moment as she seemed to reposition herself for some new phase in the battle. Her breasts with their still dangerous nipples hovered over Kara's still jutting bosom and Kara felt her own nipples erect and ready for any combat Rhonda wanted from them. And in fact the other girl did allow her stiffies to press into Kara's tip to tip for a moment before she let them drift off target. She began to glide her erect nipples and the soft, caressing flesh of her breasts over Kara's boobs, and Kara suddenly realized that the other girl was going to erotically tease and taunt her pair from her new position of dominance. She briefly managed to arch her back and thrust her own boobs back against Rhonda's but it was impossibly to maintain that defiant stance for long and soon she found her back flattening against the floor again.

“You like that, bitch?” Rhonda whispered, her face hovering over Kara's, barely touching her nose to Kara's nose, her open mouth to Kara's gaping, panting mouth. “Like the way my tits feel on yours?”

“You dirty fucking whore,” Kara whispered, her yawning mouth yearning to bite Rhonda's. She felt Rhonda's warm boobs caress slow circles around her boobs, raking her nipples with agonizing slowness across Kara's quivering tits, finally allowing her tit flesh to alight on top of the brunette's waiting breasts. Kara groaned as Rhonda let more and more weight press down on top of Kara's bare boobs; the

redhead's breasts felt like two balls of warm dough flowing down over Kara's tingling tits, caressing and massaging her abraded bosom until her sleek, muscled belly met and kissed the brunette's navel to navel.

"Now I'm going to make you want me like you always wanted me," Rhonda purred, her lips brushing Kara's as she spoke. "Like you always wanted me in a dirty little fuck." For the first time since the fight had started Kara felt Rhonda's steaming hot crotch press down on top of her hers, and she instinctively twisted her pelvis to tilt her own vulva upward into position so that they aligned neatly with the other girl's bulging lips.

"You're the one that wanted that fat pussy of yours on mine so I hope you enjoy it, bitch," Kara murmured, torn between the desire to rub her hot snatch into Rhonda's and the knowledge that giving in to the redhead's seduction would only lose her this fight. She knew that her nylon shorts, even though in a way they almost magnified the feelings radiating off her pussy, still afforded her a barrier against Rhonda's sex, just as the redhead's soaked thong crotch protected her. She shuddered to think what might happen if her glistening labia were to come into direct contact with Rhonda's. She could feel the heat roiling off the other girl's pussy as if it might melt the fabric holding their two superheated cunts apart. Kara's breasts felt as if they might explode either with pain or pleasure as Rhonda's breasts overwhelmed hers.

"I'm going to enjoy every minute of pussy-fighting with

you,” Rhonda growled.

“Is that what you’re looking for you slut?” Kara demanded. “A pussy to pussy fight?”

“You’ve been asking for it,” Rhonda purred. “You’ve been asking for a pussy fight for a long time.”

“You’re the one who’s asking for it, bitch,” Kara whispered. Every time either girl spoke their lips touched now. “Why don’t you just admit you’ve always wanted to fuck me.”

“Shut your mouth, whore,” Rhonda said.

“Why don’t you shut it for me?” Kara taunted, twitching her hips against the redhead’s and evoking a hiss of fury from Rhonda. Rhonda twisted her mouth sideways against Kara’s and their lips came into full contact for several aching seconds; in other circumstances the action would have been a kiss but here in the darkness it was just another taunting, maddening challenge between the two rivals, like two elephant seals fighting for dominance with their mouths. The contact was light at first, delicate enough to send another wave of goose bumps along Kara’s body. But Rhonda continued to press and Kara eagerly pressed back until their lips were compressed painfully. Their mouths were still open wide and Kara could sense Rhonda’s teeth and her delicious tongue lying in wait just as hers were, but neither girl dared yet cross the threshold between their open mouths and explore the forbidden territory within. For all the sexuality of this long duel Kara was still able to

delude herself that she and Rhonda were fighting each other, and she wasn't yet ready to discard that illusion. Both girls growled and groaned as they pressed their lips together almost painfully before finally pulling away.

THE END!

Suddenly she felt Rhonda's long tongue snake into her mouth. She flinched at the incredible sensation of the wet, sweet intruder licking inside of her and twisted away from the redhead's face for a second. "What's the matter, pussy?" Rhonda demanded. "I thought you could handle anything I could put out."

Kara turned back and glared sharply into Rhonda's eyes. "I can handle you fine, you fucking bitch." The girls glared at each other nose to nose for several seconds, each realizing that a new gauntlet had been thrown down. Kara reached forward and grabbed Rhonda by the hair, then forced her mouth down on the other girl's. This time it was Kara who plunged her tongue deep into Rhonda's mouth, forcing a moan of pleasure from the redhead. Rhonda's tongue immediately retaliated, slithering across Kara's. Kara pressed her lips down on Rhonda's and twisted into a searing, erotic kiss, and Rhonda's head tilted in the opposite direction until their mouths had locked into a perfect join. Kara's tongue thrashed violently against Rhonda's, slashing into her cheeks and across the roof of her mouth as the two dueling taste glands tangled and forced themselves against each other. In seconds Kara felt her labia slicken with a full load of lubrication and suddenly her pussy was sliding

sensuously against Rhonda's, the hot friction of their snatch battle replaced by a gliding eroticism every bit as intense as the struggle between their two tongues. Rhonda's fingers slipped from her hair and smacked down on her clenching ass cheeks and she immediately responded, filling her clutching hands with the redhead's tight ass. There was no doubt of what was happening now: the two enemies were fucking each other, and Kara knew that the key to victory lay in fucking Rhonda harder and better than Rhonda was fucking her.

As she twisted around Rhonda's mouth she could see their two bodies reflected in the mirrored walls of the bar, mouths glued together, tangled hair cascading down their necks and backs. She could see the muscles coiling in Rhonda's legs and ass as she worked her tall body against Kara's, and she could see her own lean figure responding as it pressed back into the cocktail waitress. She wondered what the bar regulars would think to see the two most familiar employees out of their uniforms, stark naked, locked together in a heated, wholly sexual conflict in the center of the bar. She wrestled against Rhonda's sweating flesh and felt the other girl's curves and bulges strive back against her own. Back behind Rhonda lay the one area of the bar not covered in dangerous, breakable glass: the metal ice cooler that curved up from the floor and tucked up under the surface of the bar. She began to slowly, forcefully wrestle Rhonda back in that direction as she licked at her rival's mouth and slid her slick sex against the redhead's slippery vulva. She knew she didn't have enough leverage now to really work her pussy against

Rhonda's the way she wanted to, the way she would have to in order to defeat the cocktail waitress once and for all. But if she could lay the other girl down across the cold metal surface of the cooler she might have a chance.

Rhonda struggled against her sweatily, seeming to sense Kara's tactic without looking backward at what lay behind her. The waitress probably knew the layout of the bar as well as she did, Kara thought. Probably she knew what Kara wanted. The redhead's tongue thrashed more violently against Kara's and she used her shoulders to stroke her hot breasts more insistently against the brunette's, but Kara continued to force her back. Finally Rhonda pulled out of Kara's mouth and the two girls gasped against each other as they wrestled; Kara's hot cheek pressed into Rhonda's as she took long gulps of air.

"Don't think you're going to fuck me back there," Rhonda said huskily.

"That's exactly what I plan to do, whore," Kara replied. She no longer cared that the redhead was on to her.

"You'll be the one under me, bitch," Rhonda growled. Suddenly both girls threw themselves together with renewed fury as both attempted to force her rival backward and down onto the surface of the ice cooler. Slaps, smacks and grunts erupted as the girls fought viciously; Rhonda grabbed Kara's hair and spun her backward, and their hot groins collided briefly as the redhead tried to pivot Kara across her

pelvis into the cooler. Instead Kara spun around Rhonda's body and both girls landed on their sides on the ice-cool metal surface. Grunting, the girls tugged at each other's thick hair, their forearms bulging with effort as each tried to throw her rival down. Finally Kara managed to slowly, painfully force Rhonda's back onto the metal. She saw goosebumps leap up on Rhonda's breasts as the chilly metal touched her back, and the other girl's pink nipples, which had retreated a little in the long breast to breast battle, suddenly stiffened up to their full length again. Kara dodged warily around the protruding points as she settled her jiggling breasts over Rhonda and pinned her spread-eagled on the cooler, pressing her chest, belly and pelvis down onto the redhead's supine body. She realized she had shoved Rhonda up far enough on the cooler that her crotch was situated a few inches above Kara's, and the redhead's breasts were also up out of reach of the bartender's, which now settled just under Rhonda's ribs. As the other girl's erect nipples waved like antennae in front of her she realized she had hit an unexpected advantage.

"I'm glad you wanted me to suck the milk out of you tonight, bitch, because this is the perfect place to do it!" she said as she brought her full weight down on top of Rhonda and leaned down to bring her open mouth inches from the tip of the redhead's right breast. "You're on tap tonight, honey!" She sank her teeth into Rhonda's waiting breast, closing her incisors around the rubber shaft of the redhead's aroused nipple and chewing on it viciously. She bit hard enough to cause the redhead pain but not hard enough to break the skin; she wanted to hurt her, not

maim her, and she knew in Rhonda's current state any contact with her nipples was probably unbearable. She sucked the nipple and aureole in deep and sank her teeth into the pale, freckled flesh surrounding the breast tip, slashing her tongue across Rhonda's nipple and sucking it hard. Rhonda screeched and bucked under her, her hips slamming against the curved metal door of the cooler, pubic fur scraping at Kara's stomach. Kara sucked even harder before letting the swollen tit pop out of her mouth; she immediately twisted sideways and feasted on the redhead's left tit in the same manner as Rhonda writhed underneath her. Finally the redhead could stand it no longer and in a violent burst of energy threw Kara off her to the side of the cooler. Their upper bodies smacked together briefly and Kara felt Rhonda's nipples stab into her soft tit flesh before her own brown cylinders responded, stiffening up to flick their way back, briefly tangling around the redhead's quivering rods before Rhonda's boobs slipped underneath hers.

She hissed as the freezing metal of the cooler pressed into her back and ass and felt goosebumps leap across every part of her body. The contrast between the chilled metal on her back and Rhonda's hot, sweating body pressing down onto her from in front was dizzying. The redhead's cruel face hovered above hers for a moment. "Let's find out how much you can give, cunt," she said before flashing her face down into the playland of Kara's quivering breasts. Each of her dark brown nipples and wide, brown aureoles was bitten and sucked hungrily until she felt her breasts burning with raw sensation.

Unconsciously her hips gyrated against Rhonda's body, eager for more contact with their counterparts. She struggled to twist her hands free of Rhonda's grip as the cocktail waitress sucked and bit at her breasts viciously; she managed to free one hand and immediately grabbed Rhonda's crimson mane of hair and yanked the other girl's face close to hers. Snarling, both girl's tongues fluttered against each other in taunting, teasing flicks. As Rhonda jointed against her she began crawling upwards, mashing her massive breasts into Kara's, melding their stomachs and finally pressing her searing cunt down into the matted, sweating black fur of Kara's crotch. The redhead's big vulval lips plastered down onto Kara's and for several moments both girls worked at rubbing the thick mat of mingled cunt fur between them, working the curls and tangles aside until the glistening, slippery flesh of their labial folds could mingle intimately. Kara knew she was sacrificing herself to her own dirty plan to defeat her enemy, but she couldn't stand having her throbbing pussy separated from the redhead's sex for one more second. Rhonda worked at her slowly, dragging her boiling cunt lips across the full length of Kara's as each girl urged layer after layer of tingling tissue aside in search of the prize they sought.

Rhonda's tongue slowed its agitated lick of Kara's to an equally incremental slide back and forth across Kara's taste organ as both girls stared at each other, trembling into each other's mouths. Kara knew exactly what the redhead was doing and she matched her, tonguing slowly in an identical rhythm to the measured mingling of their dueling pussies. Buried in

the folds of the redhead's cunt was another tongue, Kara knew, waiting to emerge and duel. Rhonda withdrew her tongue from the slow skirmish just long enough to confirm Kara's thought. "I'll bet you think you've got some big fat clit for me, don't you bitch?" she said quietly.

Kara grunted in reply and tilted her pussy farther forward, wincing briefly as she teased her sex horn out from its hood of slick flesh and brushed it against Rhonda's labia. "Is this big enough for you, you big tight slut?" Rhonda immediately twisted against her and she felt her rival's clitoris emerge to challenge her own. Deep in the tangled jungle of pussy flesh and fur, her lengthening clit slid silkily against the redhead's and both girls let a long, shuddering quake of arousal ripple through their interlocked bodies. Rhonda began to slowly but aggressively work her long clit against Kara's and Kara in turn fought to keep her slick sex horn in hot opposition to her rival's.

"I'm going to fuck your clit right here and now, bitch," Rhonda growled. "I don't care how big and stiff you are down there, I'm bigger and harder."

"I'm longer and stiffer than you'll ever be, pussy-licker," Kara said, maintaining as much bravado as she could despite her inferior position and the intimidating length and firmness of Rhonda's clitoris. She struggled to press the full shaft length of her clit alongside Rhonda's in an attempt to compare the two length to length, but with each attempt the redhead flicked her organ around Kara's and sent waves of pleasure surging through her pelvis. Rhonda began to

pump insistently into her and Kara fought to meet her stroke for stroke. Even with the icy feel of the cooler against her back and butt the heat of the pussy battle was overwhelming, pooling sweat in her stomach and chest and allowing Rhonda's breasts to slide over hers stickily. She was back in the same position she had been in the storeroom, she realized, bent backwards under Rhonda's dominating body, drowning in the redhead's sexual heat.

"Let's fuck right now to see who takes this job and who leaves," Rhonda growled into her sweating face.

"I'll fuck you right out the door, honey," Kara said bravely. Rhonda began to take long, thrusting strokes, slashing her big clit against Kara's, and the brunette felt herself squealing against the sensations being beaten into her by the other girl's body. An overwhelming sense of shame flooded over her as she realized the full impact of her humiliating position: naked, being pussy-fucked by a girl who should be taking orders from her.

"I hope you like it on the bottom because that's where you're going to be from now on, you sexy little bitch," Rhonda purred over her. The redhead reached over and grabbed a seltzer dispenser from its rack, pulling the pressurized hose out from its mount and holding the spigot over Kara's face. "Why don't you cool down a little, honey?" she asked and jetted cold, carbonated water over the brunette's face and chest. Kara thrashed as the cold liquid sprayed her, jetting onto Rhonda's breasts as well and splashing downward to seep between their stuck-together

bellies, finally tickling into the heated space between their dueling cunts. Kara writhed in the new, slippery environment and finally managed to slide out from under Rhonda. Thrashing violently, she managed to force the redhead aside and mount her lean, pail body, smacking her throbbing, wet breasts down on top of the cocktail waitress's quivering boobs.

This time she made sure every inch of their bodies were aligned as she plastered herself against her enemy and forced her open mouth down onto Rhonda's. She rubbed her cunt deep between the redhead's waiting legs and used her own sleek, muscular thighs to pry Rhonda's long legs apart, forcing her pelvis into intensely intimate contact with the cocktail waitress's. Her buttocks clenched and she began to do her own long, deep stroking of Rhonda's furry cunt, slowly working her way into the folds of the other girl's sex. To her credit, the redhead eagerly humped back against her and met her thrashing tongue with equal force. It took only a few seconds to relocate Rhonda's long clit and lay it down with her own.

"Let's see what you can take now, bitch," she said after pulling out of Rhonda's slippery mouth for a second. "Let's see how much of my big clit you can take on."

"Every fucking inch of it, you filthy whore," Rhonda insisted. Both girls wrapped their fingers into each others' hair to draw each other in closer, their mouths hesitating over each other for a second before plunging together ravenously. Kara took long licks

across her enemy's tongue as she aligned herself clit to clit with the redhead and began to focus herself for the harrowing sex on sex strokes that would be the only way to win this duel. She slid against the exquisite tenderness of Rhonda's searing hot cunt and felt her enemy explore Kara's sex with equal determination, each girl fixated on locating the most sensitive, unspoiled regions of each other's cunts, intent on stroking her rival's electrified clitoris into submission. As she pumped away the slippery, erotic feeling of Rhonda's mouth and pussy against hers seemed to expand as their bodies grew slick with sweat, as breasts slid across breast, belly across belly, inner thigh across spread inner thigh; it was as if Kara's split, exposed vagina were expanding its regions across her entire body, turning every inch of her into one massive, sex-slick erogenous organ wetly interlocked with another woman-sized genital, sliding and undulating across each other like mating oysters.

She suddenly felt Rhonda thrash wildly against her and pull out of their dueling kiss, her hair whipping across Kara's face in an explosion of violence. "Cunt!" she screamed into Kara's face. "You fucking dirty cunt!"

Kara glared into Rhonda's face before diving down and biting savagely at her lips, cheeks and chin, finally thrashing her tongue deep into the other girl's mouth, almost choking her before withdrawing. She continued to stroke against Rhonda's throbbing clit until the redhead's sex horn slowly withdrew back into its moist cavern of safety, away from the victor buried in Kara's bush. Kara leaned up, letting her hot

breasts pull themselves stickily off of Rhonda's defeated bosom. She grabbed the discarded seltzer spigot and sprayed the bubbling water over Rhonda's face and breasts, finally pulling herself away enough to spray water between their two crotches. Rhonda shook in wet humiliation until Kara had to deliver two sharp, stinging slaps to her breasts, then to her face, to regain her attention. Staring coldly down at the redhead, she brought her pussy to bear and slowly stroked her way to her own orgasm onto the wet, hot fur of Rhonda's cunt while the cocktail waitress shuddered and moaned in fury underneath her.

Standing, she sprayed water on her own face, breasts and body, exulting in the soothing, cool feel of the water. Rhonda sank down onto the filthy floor, her voluptuous body glistening with sweat and water. Kara stared at her for a moment, then turned and lifted up the bar surface panel and walked back to the office. She picked up Rhonda's clothes, stalked back to the bar and threw them down onto the shivering, naked redhead. "Get out," she said.