

Equals
By Morton

Kathi Corwin sat at her computer idly as she waited for her roommate to return from her Saturday morning workout. It was late spring and warm in the small, un-air-conditioned dorm room and Kathi wore her usual post-workout, Saturday morning outfit: high-riding cotton panties and a white tank top, cut off just underneath her two perfect round breasts.

She and Debbie were up before most of the other girls in the dorm and Kathi anticipated their usual Saturday morning routine, which was always the same now that it had gotten hot out and Kathi could show off her toned body even more than usual. Debbie would make a show of disapproving of Kathi flaunting herself all while showing off as much skin as she could and keeping her big brown breasts pointing at Kathi challengingly. Kathi would snap back at her and things would escalate from there.

She sighed to herself, well aware that she was more than ready for a good fight after a week of hard schoolwork and exercise. She wondered if Debbie had noticed her pushing herself ever harder at the gym, in a routine that had accelerated over the past six months. She thought to herself with some admiration that her brunette roommate had been doing a good job of keeping up with her. Debbie had never been a fitness competitor like Kathi, but she was a tennis player and swimmer, naturally athletic, and with her long, tawny legs and heavy breasts she was a natural match for Kathi.

Kathi leaned back in her chair for a second, listening for the sounds of the brunette in the hallway. She probably had a few more minutes left in her shower, Kathi thought. The blonde girl turned back to her computer and began to rifle through old e-mails until she found the message, the one she had been looking at once a week or so for the past six months. She searched under the name "Young" and quickly found the e-mail with the subject title "Competition."

The message read: "Dear Kathi. I've given you six months to feel superior after our last confrontation but I will no longer allow you to think that you've dominated me. I have continued to compete and win fitness competitions all over the state. This May the finals will be in Palm Springs. I invite you to meet me there where I will beat you onstage once and for all and offstage any way you would like, before or after the show. If you are still so strong and confident you will not turn your back on this challenge and we will settle which one of us is the dominant one in this relationship once and for all. Signed, Carrie Young."

Kathi still remembered the cold chill she'd gotten when she first opened that e-mail. It had been almost a year now since the weekend trip to the Oceanside spa where everything had unraveled into three days of violence, hatred and erotic gamesmanship. She'd gone with her then-secret girlfriend Karen; Debbie had been a mere friend in their circle. They'd been joined by Kara Frederickson, a button-pushing outsider, Beth, a snotty upper class brat. Somehow Carrie, an intense redhead Kathi had competed against in several fitness tournaments, had shown up at the spa. She'd noticed the other girl and sensed an unusual tension between them, but she had never guessed how focused Carrie had been on her. But as the weekend wore on the redhead closed on Kathi like a stalker, taking on Karen and finally

forcing an exhausting showdown between herself and Kathi in the heated confines of a personal sauna chamber.

She'd told herself the entire time that she was fighting for Karen's honor, but the truth was the weekend had unraveled their relationship and the duel with Carrie had only helped to force their troubles to the surface. Karen had left with Beth and a heartbroken Kathi had fallen into the arms of Debbie.

She felt a flush of shame now as she clicked the e-mail message closed at the sound of Debbie's approaching feet—hiding it from her just as she'd hidden her response, and the months of training and exercise she had put in to prepare herself for a reunion with Carrie. Debbie's elegant, lovely face should have made her forget about the redheaded girl; instead she served as a constant reminder of why Kathi now roomed with the brunette instead of Karen.

As the dorm room door handle clicked Kathi closed her eyes, her own e-mail response to Carrie burning in front of her like an afterimage: "Dear Carrie. It will be my pleasure to meet with you in Palm Springs and renew our acquaintanceship. I intend to announce my retirement from the fitness tournament circuit and before I leave the competition I will be more than happy to put you in your place once and for all. I look forward to humiliating you onstage in front of an audience and I especially look forward to meeting you in private to settle things between us once and for all—and I promise you I will dominate you one final time, and you will never dare interfere in my life again. Sincerely, Kathi Corwin."

Kathi swallowed in a dry throat as she replayed those words over in her mind. She had always been a disciplined girl and had always had a secret, underlying tendency toward violence that she kept sharply under control. It had surfaced in her relationship with Karen and to a lesser extent in her relationship with Debbie. Had she been with a weaker girl she wondered if she would have become sadistic and cruel; as it was, both Karen and Debbie could assert themselves, both physically and emotionally, enough to meet Kathi head on. But she feared the primitive fury that Carrie Young had ignited in her. The redhead was crazy...psychotic, she'd often thought. She'd made Kathi her mortal enemy before they'd even been introduced, turned some slight or petty defeat at her hands into a blood feud. As Carrie had pushed her at the resort Kathi had felt some monstrous, animal part of her responding, eager to meet this raw hatred coming from Kathi. Over and over she'd replayed that long, muscle-crushing confrontation played out in slow, agonizing, sweat-drenched conflict inside that sauna, where Carrie had practically choked her to death and both girls had smashed muscle and bone with such cruel force that they might have killed one another. In fact, the close quarters prevented them from having the leverage to do so and Kathi had always wondered morbidly what the two of them would have done to each other outside of that hot little arena, with room to move and truly go all out.

She forced those feelings down inside her as Debbie entered the room. In the warm May morning air Debbie's tall body and wet hair added its own layer of heat and humidity to the cramped dorm room atmosphere. Kathi felt it press on her and flicked an annoyed look at Debbie, her flashing blue eyes locking on Debbie's big, dark brown irises. Debbie wore a short white robe that revealed most of her long,

supple brown legs, and her normally silky, sleek brown pageboy hairdo was tangled and wet. Her brown eyes flicked across Kathi's pale, sculpted body with an equally irritated attitude and Kathi managed to turn slightly to present her tightly crammed bust and taut, creamy abs to Debbie while she presented her own leg show to the brunette. Their locked stare continued for a few more seconds, just enough to declare the tension openly, before Debbie turned back to the mirror next to her. "It's nine o'clock; why don't you get dressed?" Debbie's voice came with just the hint of a drawl.

"Maybe it's too hot to get dressed," Kathi said with practiced casualness as she studied the way Debbie's light robe draped over the brunette's two taut, muscular buns. It was so short Kathi could see the bottom of the other girl's ass cheeks peeking out from underneath the hem and she marveled that the outwardly prim Debbie would walk down the hall in anything so skimpy.

"Or maybe you just think you're too hot to be dressed," Debbie muttered.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Kathi asked, straightening a little.

"Oh come on," Debbie said. "You love stretching out that tight cotton top around here. At least put on a bra so those boobs of yours aren't shaking in my face."

"They're not shaking at all, girlfriend; unlike some people I don't need a bra."

Debbie turned to face her, slowly undoing the little belt that held her robe together, and Kathi saw the other girl's big doe eyes sparkle a little with gathering excitement. Maybe they'd developed a routine but it was still fun to play out. Kathi could already see the swell of Debbie's deep brown cleavage before the brunette opened up her robe and gave Kathi the full view. Her boobs were heavy, with big round aureoles, dark enough to make her tawny breast flesh look almost pale. Her stomach was flat and smooth, not quite as sculpted as Kathi's, but obviously strong. A shocking white bikini tan line framed the deep black fur of her bare cunt and as she dropped her robe to the ground Kathi could see the bottoms of her ass cheeks peeking out from behind the brunette's lush pussy on either side as Debbie took up a challenging, wide-legged stance. She put her hands on her hips and shoved her two meaty breasts out at Kathi. The two heavy glands quivered a little bit, just enough to make them look big and full of milk—but they held their shape as well as Kathi's. "I don't need a bra either, honey," Debbie said smokily.

Kathi uncrossed her legs and stood up smoothly as her blue eyes blazed into Debbie's. She remembered the first time Debbie had started something, grinding her bursting sports bra into Kathi's after they'd returned from a workout. The brunette was cutting to the chase a little early now but Kathi didn't mind. She could play that game too. She reached down for the edge of her top and slowly peeled it up over her head, shaking her tits and her straw-colored, straight head of hair free as she tossed the top aside.

"Let's see who doesn't need one," Kathi said, stalking toward her roommate like a catwalk model. Debbie stuck one leg out and struck a challenging pose as she pivoted to meet the blonde and both girls circled for a moment, glaring into each other's eyes. Debbie managed to lunge forward first and slap her still damp breasts against Kathi's with a loudplop and Kathi blinked a little as the blow staggered her back and stung her own bare boobs. She quickly retaliated and smacked her firm bust back into Debbie's, watching with satisfaction as the other girl's mammaries jiggled violently from the impact. She pressed her advantage and quickly drove

Debbie back into the wall where their long, strong thighs gripped and slid across one another for purchase while strong, toned arms grappled and fingers clamped together. Debbie's bare ass smacked against the wall and Kathi's pelvis pinned it there, her cotton bikini bottoms protecting her from the rough, hot feel of Debbie's bare crotch.

"I'll tear those panties right off your little ass, baby," Debbie's throaty voice came. "Go ahead and do it if you want to start a naked fight," Kathi replied huskily as they wrestled against the wall. Debbie tore one hand free of Kathi's and snarled as she twisted Kathi's panties up between her hard ass cheeks and yanked the material deep into her pulsing sex. "Whore," she moaned against Debbie's hot, damp face as Debbie wedged her good and hard.

"If you want a hot little whore fight let's have one right now," Debbie groaned. Kathi's hips twisted under Debbie's hands and quickly the hot cotton material ripped away leaving both struggling girls naked. Kathi caught a glance at her own ass cheeks flexing naked between Debbie's parted thighs in the double reflection from the dorm room's facing wall mirrors and the view only magnified her desire for the struggle. Her body and Debbie's were well-matched, lean and athletic, but with surprisingly evocative curves and jutting breasts where many of the stronger girls she'd seen were flat-chested. She moaned as Debbie forced her chest against Kathi's and she glanced down to see her roommate's tawny brown glands slapping and bulging against her own creamy, perfect globes. Both girls now grabbed for each other's hair, wrestling each other in close to snarl and pant against each other's open mouths. Debbie let a free hand slap one of Kathi's bare buns and Kathi grunted as she sank her fist into Debbie's toned flank just under the ribs and listened to the dull smack of her knuckles against the brunette's muscle.

Somehow Debbie threw her full length onto the bed and her long, tawny body smashed down on top of Kathi. The blonde twisted like a snake and matched Debbie in a grinding, terrible crush of muscle against muscle as she refused to be dominated and forced the brunette's athletic body back down onto the mattress.

She closed her eyes as they struggled, cursed and trash-talked their way through the fight, squeezing, clawing and tearing hair, growling out threats and insults. She still felt the same sick thrill at these brawls that she'd felt with Karen, although she comforted herself to think that there was more play here than the often emotionally raw fights she'd had with her former girlfriend. Karen had been less athletic and far more temperamental than Debbie and seemed to make up for her lack of physical strength with raw fury sometimes. Debbie was more controlled and could match up against Kathi better physically, so she rarely lost control of her emotions the way Karen could. Their fights were long, grueling, but controlled and disciplined, two chess masters feeling each other out, coldly matching muscle against muscle and hold against hold until one of them submitted. Kathi usually won these contests but Debbie could still surprise her.

This time, at the back of her mind, a little feeling of betrayal was keeping Kathi's mind off her work. Even Debbie seemed almost surprised when she cracked Kathi's body beneath her and slowly grinded a hot, sweat-drenched sexual climax out of the blonde. The fitness competitor still had a few surprises in her, however, and Debbie squirmed as she felt her vulva and labia suddenly gripped by Kathi's shockingly muscular sex, squeezed as if by some hungry mouth down there. "How do you do

that?” Debbie squealed.

“Practice!” Kathi laughed underneath her.

Kathi lay beneath Debbie’s long, tawny body for what seemed an eternity of hot silence afterward in the gathering morning sun. Finally Kathi spoke: “I’m going to Palm Springs next weekend for a fitness competition.”

Debbie was silent for a moment. “I thought you weren’t doing those anymore.”

“I’m not, after this one. I’m retiring. But I think I can win this one last competition and I want to go out on a high.”

“Can I come with you?” Debbie asked.

Kathi steeled herself for the lie. “I don’t think so. It’s sort of a dorm environment; all the girls bunk together.”

She had a strong suspicion that Debbie knew she was lying. But for whatever reason the brunette chose not to challenge her and Kathi was happy for the reprieve. She explained that she would have to spend the next week training heavily and focusing on the competition ahead. She hoped Debbie wasn’t going to feel neglected.

Kathi had prided herself on being honest, both with others and with herself, all her life. That was one more thing Carrie Young had stolen from her and it made her hate the redhead that much more. But what was worse was the way her sense memory of their long, emotionally raw fight kept intruding on her consciousness, whether she was daydreaming or tossing and turning in the middle of the night, the details of Carrie’s body in front of her, that marble-white, sculpted musculature, those two hard, threatening breasts with their stark, slashing, rose red nipples, that smooth, toned stomach and the hot red triangle of fur between those powerful thighs...Carrie’s hungry, homicidal look and the hate blazing out of those blue, mascara soaked eyes so close to hers...that hungry, biting mouth finally clamping down on her own, their dueling tongues...

Every moment with Debbie now paled in comparison to that awful conflict with this redheaded enemy. Sometimes Kathi found her memories of Karen blending together with Carrie, the two redhead’s faces blurring as they hovered in front of her. She felt damaged, wounded, and somehow meeting up with Carrie again seemed like the only cure. She should have told the redheaded fitness queen to fuck off and she knew she must have given Carrie enormous satisfaction just by responding to her message, let alone answering her challenge so eagerly. But there was no sense in dancing around this any longer. If she was to exorcise these demons she had to face Carrie Young again.

Kathi made the drive to Palm Springs alone and in silence the day before the tournament. She had gotten a final e-mail from Carrie mid-week with her cell number and an agreement to touch base the night before the competition. Kathi had stopped at an out-of-town spa on the way for a number of cosmetic treatments to get her ready for the show: styling her hair and undergoing treatments to soften and burnish her porcelain skin. Finally she had gotten a Brazilian bikini wax, removing every strand of corn silk fur from her pelvic region to leave it perfectly smooth for the micro bikini bottom she would be wearing for the tournament. She was well aware of how vulnerable that might leave her to Carrie should things between the

two girls work out the way Kathi thought they might. But it might not be any worse than the coarse grinding of pubes against pubes that had taken its toll on the two enemies during their encounter at the resort. Kathi had seen the styles of swimsuits that girls had been wearing at the competitions over the past year and knew they had become small enough to leave almost nothing to the imagination anymore, and the tiny sliver of a silver lycra triangle she would be wearing left almost half her vulva bare and on display to the world. If Carrie was wearing anything close to that style she would have to be going Brazilian as well.

The young blonde woman began to feel some of the old excitement as she parked at the hotel and began seeing some of the competitors from previous tournaments walking the halls of the hotel. She quickly found out a large workout room had been set up as a staging area for the tournament stage show, with an adjacent locker room. Kathi stowed her gear in her hotel room, changed into her silver workout leotards and headed to the staging area.

Dozens of young women moved around the big, padded room as Kathi entered and she could see even from her vantage point at the edge of the gym that the competition this year would be fierce. Young women flexed and strutted around the mats as they worked through their routines, eyeing one another critically as they practiced.

As she studied the crowd one area of the padded floor stood out: a kind of clearing ringed by several of the contestants watching a single girl go through her routines. Kathi caught the glint of fiery red hair and pale, milky skin and the unmistakable sculpting of Carrie Young's perfect body. Even from here she could see the blazing sparkle of Carrie's blue eyes shining out from the striking frames of mascara that rimmed them. Mascara was Kathi's one makeup vice: she favored a natural look but had always been accused of wearing a little too much mascara. But she too liked the way it emphasized the intensity of her pale blue eyes and she secretly thought it gave her an advantage in face to face confrontations.

Kathi had never been one to engage in those until a year or so ago, when she'd found herself involved in an intense game of one upmanship with Karen Miller, the girl she'd eventually roomed with in college. Their relationship had started out as a fight, one Kathi could never remember which one of them had started. Somehow getting involved with Karen had pushed her into all sorts of confrontations with other young women, and she had to admit she'd been toughened and made all the more competitive by the experiences. She felt different now than she had at this same tournament last year. She's been more of an innocent then, blissfully unaware of all the bitchiness and hostility surging beneath the surface of this good-natured competition. She'd been confused by the way Carrie had reacted to her last year and been unaware of all the potential enemies she had at the tournament. Not any more. Now she scoped out every other girl as an enemy warrior and Carrie as the deadliest of them all. She was impressed by the respect many of the other girls were showing Carrie as she worked out; even though she'd lost out to Kathi last year, it was clear that the redhead had established herself as the primary competitor over the past twelve months.

Kathi took a deep breath and strode out onto the central floor, her feet finding the soft blue mat as she searched for a place to practice her own routine. Carrie was too involved in her own workout and resulting fan club to take notice yet but a number

of other girls recognized Kathi immediately from the previous year. “I thought you’d retired!” one girl blurted out as Kathi passed her. “Not yet,” she smiled. A small crowd gathered, welcoming the blonde back and complimenting her already on her chances this year and her always dazzling appearance. Kathi felt her confidence swell at the adulation. She’d drifted away from this world but it was good to be back. The glow of good feeling lasted until she was almost to the center of the huge floor-covering mat and she suddenly saw Carrie’s eyes locking on hers from across the gym. Without hesitating, the redhead broke off her routine and began marching toward Kathi. The blonde swallowed and set her jaw, eyeing Carrie defiantly as the redhead closed the distance between them. She tensed as she watched the other girl stride toward her. Was Carrie going to get into it with her right now, in front of everyone? Kathi felt her chest burning as her body started to shift into battle mode, muscles tensing and her pulse quickening. She pursed her lips and eyed Carrie’s approaching body appraisingly. The redhead’s snow white workout gear showed off every inch of her sculpted body perfectly, from her rippling thigh muscles to her taut abs and toned shoulders. Topping that smooth stomach and strong rib cage were two perfect round globes, held in place only by the taut white lycra of her top. It couldn’t have been more obvious that Carrie wasn’t wearing a bra beneath the leotard: not only were the twin points of her two clearly erect nipples piercing and stretching the fabric between them, but Kathi could easily make out the dark, cherry-red skin of her nipples and half-dollar-sized aureoles discoloring the white material that covered them. She watched the firm quiver of those two round weapons approaching her, mesmerized by them for a second before she glanced back up to meet Carrie’s eyes.

CHAPTER 2

Carrie tossed her straight, gorgeous red hair confidently as she smiled at Kathi. Her thick hair was a little longer than Kathi’s; the blonde’s pageboy ‘do just caressed the back of her neck at midpoint, allowing judges or anyone else to see the defined muscles over her shoulderblades leading up into her strong neck. Carrie’s drifted down to just touch her shoulders. That and the contrast between Kathi’s straw-colored blonde hair and Carrie’s provocative red locks seemed like the only difference between the two girls other than their apparel. Carrie had slowed and now extended her hand and Kathi felt her pulse relax a bit, but the sight of Carrie’s breasts heading toward her had put the rest of her body on alert. She always got a bit of a rise out of her sizable pink nipples whenever she pulled on the stretchy lycra sports bras, bikini or workout tops she wore, so she’d been a bit stiff even when she’d entered the gym. But staring at Carrie’s alert and protruding nipples, their dark, dangerous skin color apparent even through her top, had caused Kathi’s breasts to throb and tighten against her chest and she blushed a little as she felt her two rubbery shafts strain against her own top as if stretching out to meet the redhead’s twin rods.

Kathi took Carrie’s hand carefully and felt the other girl’s strong, confident grip before squeezing back with her own. The two girls stared into each other’s fierce eyes daringly before Carrie spoke.

“I see you accepted my invitation,” Carrie said, her voice pitched a little bit low so

the girls around them couldn't quite make out what she was saying.

"I accepted it six months ago, Carrie," Kathi said.

Carrie shrugged with mock playfulness. "It's one thing to type something in an e-mail. I'm glad to see you had the courage to meet me face to face."

Kathi smiled but shook her head, marveling at Carrie's ego. "You have a short memory, Carrie," the blonde said, but before she could continue several other girls gathered around the two competitors. Both Kathi and Carrie shifted gears easily into friendly conversation, "catching up" and chatting with the other girls. As much as she tried to focus on the actual logistics of tomorrow's tournament, Kathi realized more and more that her only goal now was to defeat Carrie Young, any time and any way the redhead wanted it. What amazed her was that she had beat the girl at least twice already, once at the competition last year and once in their private confrontation at the resort. Carrie clearly couldn't handle the idea of submitting to Kathi and was out for one more try at the brass ring, but she acted like a woman who had the upper hand.

Kathi tried gamely to return to her workout once the talk died down and Carrie finally turned back to return to her own workout space. Kathi watched the redhead walk away, scoping out her powerful back, rippling thighs and the two geometrically perfect glutes flexing firmly as they propelled her across the mat.

Kathi clenched her own ass muscles experimentally, certain that they matched the redhead's in power and shape. She had to admit Carrie looked even better than she had even six months ago. She had clearly spent the past half year putting everything she had into perfecting her awesome body just as Kathi had. And Kathi knew too that she must have spent much of that time preparing herself to do battle with Kathi. After their last intimate, boundary-stretching conflict Kathi knew that whenever they found themselves alone there might be nothing off limits between the two and she had found herself exploring some almost perverse, secret disciplines over the past few months to prepare herself for anything. She knew since Carrie had been the one to start them down that road that she too must have some forbidden, filthy contests in store for them but the question was when and how would they play out?

Kathi spent the next several hours in her final workouts, knowing she wouldn't be able to push herself this hard on the day of the competition. She could only lock eyes occasionally with Carrie from across the room and wonder what the redhead had in store.

Carrie tried to control her excitement and nervousness as she focused on her own routine, wondering how much of her moves were designed to enhance her performance at the tournament tomorrow and how many were simply for Kathi Corwin's benefit. She was damn proud at the doubletake she'd gotten from the blonde at the sight of her in her white lycra workout gear which she knew showed off her newly sculpted body like a marble work of art. Just the fact that Kathi had shown her face here and taken Carrie up on her challenge was enough for her to declare victory over the blonde fitness queen.

She had stung for months after her showdown with Kathi at the resort, the showdown she had gone through so much to orchestrate, only to find after inviting Kathi into her lair that the blonde really did have more fight and more muscle in her

than Carrie had been able to admit. Worse, she'd let herself get dragged into more brawls with this Kara Frederickson bitch, someone Kathi and her friends didn't even seem to like. The brunette had goaded her probably farther than any other woman had ever dared to, but she too had withstood every effort of Carrie's to destroy her right down the last exhausted, violent, emotionally brutal showdown. She could never figure a way to track Kara down again for revenge and wasn't sure she even wanted to. The girl was dangerous, Carrie thought, and that was high praise coming from someone who considered herself pretty dangerous too.

Kathi was another matter, however—a matter of honor. She flattered herself that she had at least broken down the blonde's reserve of cool control and seen her inner rage and jealousy back in that hot little sauna at the resort, as she'd forced her to engage in the kind of dirty body comparison and heated private competition that the great Kathi Corwin probably always thought she was above.

But the damn girl had met Carrie's every challenge and over the long war of attrition between their two bodies she had somehow bested Carrie's muscle and sinew and even sex, once Carrie had forced that dirty little card out into the open. Kathi had met every challenge and won. But she'd lost all the same, Carrie knew. Her precious little Karen had left the resort with another girl, and Kathi had been left with a consolation prize. From what she'd been able to find out the blonde was still roommates with Debbie, and Carrie thought she was welcome to her. Second best was all Kathi Corwin deserved.

She stole glances at the blonde as she vaulted and stretched through her workout, her own silver workout gear flaunting her perfect body wonderfully. Carrie was glad to see Kathi had kept herself in prime form. There was no way the blonde could have honed her body the way Carrie had in preparation for this contest, especially in the secret ways Carrie had prepared herself. But from where Carrie spied on her the blonde still looked like a more than worthy opponent, from her superbly muscled legs, as strong and sculpted as any gymnast's, to her trim but sexy pelvis and pulsing, powerful buns, the elegant tendons that anchored her back and the smooth, rippling abs and deep navel setting off her stomach...all topped by those two supple, quivering round breasts and the two sharp, jutting nipples that had first infuriated Carrie a year ago. Kathi had acted so innocent back then about the way she'd flaunted her sexy rack and paraded that body in front of the judges and Carrier herself, shaking that tight ass like some hot little whore advertising her wares.

Not that Carrie didn't know how to shake it herself. But she had fancied herself the queen of the tournaments and the sexiest, most intimidating girl on the circuit until she'd run into Kathi and been beaten by her. She'd stalked Kathi to that resort six months ago in the hopes of humiliating her and getting her revenge on the blonde, but somehow Kathi had handled every private contest Carrie had thrown at her. She'd been stronger, more sensuous than Carrie had anticipated and the redhead had let her own obsessions overwhelm her and do her in. She hadn't really been ready for Kathi Corwin after all, but now she had real experience on her side. She knew what Kathi could do in a girlfight or something even more primitive than that, and she'd spent six months honing her own body and exploring every dark and dirty avenue of strategy to prepare herself for round two.

Carrie knew that one major challenge had already been removed. She had had to spend the bulk of that weekend at the resort goading and manipulating Kathi into a

fight. The blonde had almost acted like she barely knew Carrie, and that was the biggest insult of all. She'd had to force the blonde to acknowledge their rivalry, use her girlfriend against her, and push Kathi into physical and finally intimate conflict. She'd paid the price for it ultimately but now she knew that phase was over. She was no stranger to Kathi now and the blonde, for all her pretense of moral superiority, had responded to her invitation for a rematch almost instantly. Sure, she'd couched it in innocent language about reuniting at the tournament and used Kathi's natural pride in her competition record against her to get her here—but the blonde couldn't pretend now that she didn't know what the two young women had in store for them. You want me now, Kathi, the redhead thought as her eyes blazed at the blonde's from across the room. You're as eager as I am to get back together and thrash this out between us one on one. And I'm going to give you everything you've been begging for.

Kathi continued to flex and stretch, flaunting herself along with the other girls, well aware she, and yes, maybe Carrie too, were the center of attention, their bodies studied by dozens of sets of jealous eyes. None were more jealous than the eyes Kathi and Carrie had for each other, however. Kathi studied her rival's gorgeous form intently as it stretched and danced inside that skintight white leotard. She found herself making her dance and posing moves more and more aggressive, lunging and thrusting legs, buns and breasts Carrie's way, jutting her twin tits out to present them to Carrie from across the room, and feeling a rush of goosebumps when the redhead responded, shoving her own proud pair out and shaking them in Kathi's direction, twitching her powerful pelvis and twisting it in an awesome display of rippling abs and flexing buns just to show Kathi what those sexy hips could do, how they could jerk and pivot with absolute, erotic control. Carrie's abdominals seemed to surge down directly into her firm pubic bulge and bisect into two thick vulva, as if those sexual details too (so boldly revealed by her taut white workout gear) were powerfully muscled. Kathi knew her own silver leotards showed off her waxed, naked sexual anatomy in every bit as much detail as Carrie's and she made a show of bending over, flexing her taut ass and giving the enemy redhead a good view of her cunt as she shook her own incredible ass back at Carrie furiously. She was acting like a whore and she knew it. But amidst all the other vamping, gyrating girls the only one who would notice was Carrie. The redhead was giving it back to her full force, and they were locking eyes, both glaring furiously out of those garish pools of mascara they loved and waging an all-out war of sexual display, each girl shaking her tits at the other in a bold demonstration of just how firm and anchored by muscle those four round glands were, how rigid their alarmed and angry nipples were beneath the dangerously taut fabric of their sports bras were, and how flexible and strong the thighs and pelvises they would soon be using against each other were.

Kathi felt a sense of freedom as she shook what she had for Carrie in this erotic war dance. None of her friends were around now and there was no need to hide her hatred or the pure and slutty enjoyment she was getting out of taunting Carrie Young with her body. She knew now exactly how fixated the redhead was on her, how obsessed she was with beating Kathi and how sexual the feud between the two young women was capable of becoming. She still didn't know the details of what lay

ahead for them this evening and she did know that somehow the two had to prevent themselves from waging all-out physical war tonight if they were going to compete onstage tomorrow. But even that knowledge only excited Kathi more because she could not believe that Carrie would be able to keep away from her tonight, not now that Kathi had faced her, not now that they were so brazenly dancing dirty for each other like this, so arrogantly challenging each other's bodies across the workout floor. I'll destroy you and like it, Carrie Young, Kathi thought to herself, and felt a rush of satisfaction at this arrogant, silent boast. You wanted me and now you're going to get me, every inch of me, and you're going to be sorry.

Finally the rehearsal ended and with a last spiteful glance Kathi started to head towards her hotel room as Carrie disappeared into the locker room, probably to shower and flaunt her body in front of the other girls, Kathi figured. She had no intention of giving Carrie any more of her to look at than she'd gotten on the rehearsal floor. She planned on resting up for the next day's tournament so that she could take pleasure in thrashing Carrie on the competition stage.

Just as she'd almost reached the gymnasium door she saw one of the organizers of the tournament heading toward her. Lisa Reel was a former competitor herself, a woman who'd once made the Olympic rowing team. With her powerful figure, bright blue eyes and straw blonde hair she could have been an older, albeit thicker, version of Kathi herself.

"I'm really glad to see you back at the tournament, Kathi!" Lisa greeted her. "We'd heard you were getting out of the game."

Kathi smiled after a quick glance back to see if Carrie was watching—but the redhead was nowhere to be seen. "Well, one more round—I couldn't resist."

"That sounds like you," Lisa grinned. She reached out and took Kathi's arm, gently guiding her out of earshot of the few remaining girls in the gym. "Listen, I wanted to spin something by you. One of our sponsors is going to be doing a photo shoot tonight before dinner and they were looking for a couple of girls to model their gear in the shoot—I recommended you. And they noticed you were already wearing one of their outfits anyway!"

Kathi blushed a little in spite of herself. "A photo shoot?"

"Aw, you're not going to go all modest on me are you?" Lisa laughed. "You don't strut yourself on that stage if you're a shrinking violet."

"No, I'm not that, but I don't think I'm exactly a model..."

"Please," Lisa said. "As far as modeling fitness gear goes you've more than got what it takes. There's money in it and it can't do your career any harm. And I doubt the gear's any skimpier than what you're wearing."

Kathi mulled it over although she realized as easily as Lisa obviously had that she was being a little bit falsely modest. She was proud of her body all right and she'd spent several years putting it into superb shape. She'd never thought of her face as having model good looks but she had enough confidence to give her a good glow and she thought her eyes and mouth were pretty enough. Besides, wouldn't it infuriate Carrie Young to find out that she'd been chosen for a promotional shoot?

"Okay, you talked me into it," she found herself saying.

"Good!" Lisa said. "Can you shower and meet me down here in about 20 minutes?"

You should be good to go.”

Kathi nodded and escaped to her room, happy to shower in private. As exciting as the opportunity was she couldn't help thinking about Carrie and what she was doing tonight. She had half expected the redhead to call her out for some confrontation before the day's competition tomorrow but like Kathi, Carrie obviously realized it would be deadly for the two of them to get into anything the night before the contest. They had to be rested and most of all their bodies had to be unmarked by the sort of violence each had demonstrated they were capable of inflicting on the other. Whatever they were headed for would have to wait.

The blonde eyed herself in the fogging bathroom mirror of her hotel room after stepping out of the shower. She still flashed on how her nude body had met Carrie's, how they'd slowly compared body parts, slowly stripped down in that sauna, pressed together so closely...they'd seen each other nude, but in a way neither had really gotten a full view of the other, so tightly pressed were they in that jail cell of a sauna. Before the weekend was over she wanted to face Carrie with some maneuvering room and really see what the redheaded witch had going for her.

Kathi dressed lightly and headed down to meet Lisa. The older woman nodded approvingly as Kathi appeared fresh and made up, and led her into a small dressing room where a few women from a high profile fitness gear company waited for her. “We noticed you wearing the metallic silver sports bra and leotards,” one of them said. “We were hoping you'd wear this for the photo shoot, and the tournament tomorrow if you're comfortable with it.”

The sliver of silver material the girl handed to Kathi looked like a gossamer slingshot—barely two cut-down bra cups, a tiny triangular crotch and a few wire-thin silvery bra straps and thong lines. Kathi looked at them uncertainly for a moment but quickly realized that if ever there was an opportunity to show off what she had, this was it.

“I'm game,” she said, taking the workout bikini from the girl.

“The other girl's waiting with the photographer,” one of the other women said, gesturing to a small changing area. Kathi sighed and took the bikini into the booth, slipped off her clothes and took a minute adjusting the microscopic bikini onto the sculpted contours of her chest and pelvis. The bra was surprisingly snug and supportive, hugging her two supple breasts like a second skin. She winced a little bit as she felt her nipples already responding to the material, pressing out into the bra cup experimentally until taut nubs raised up like targets in the round centers of her boobs. There was no helping that so she slid into the silver thong, gently tugging the center string until it practically disappeared between her two firm, cream-colored buns and pulling the tiny crotch in place over her pubic region. The inside of the panty front seemed composed of some non-skid material that clung to her skin—a good thing since the slightest slip from side to side would have practically revealed one or the other of her firm vulva completely to anyone watching. As it was she was grateful she'd done the whole Brazilian wax since the slightest bit of hair anywhere on her pelvic region would have been easily revealed by the tiny thong.

She eyed herself proudly in the booth mirror, flexing a little to see how the little metallic bikini showed off her body. She looked a little like a comic book drawing of an amazon warrior, she thought, devastating in a metal bra and armored crotch. She couldn't wait to see photos of her in this.

Kathi stepped out of the booth and Lisa and the two PR girls talked as they led her to the next room where the photographer was. “This should be perfect,” Lisa said. “Just the two top girls showing off.”

Kathi’s eyes narrowed a little as a thought struck her. “Who are the two top girls?” she asked innocently.

Carrie froze as she caught sight of Kathi Corwin striding into the room in a practically invisible silver workout bikini.

No, not invisible, she thought. Blinding. She’d heard of “headlights” before but the light glinting off of Kathi’s metallic bra cups practically stung her eyes. Those two impossibly firm breasts bounced just a little bit, just enough to look sassy, like Kathi was shaking them for Carrie’s benefit alone. She had spent all day scheming to get into this photo shoot, arguing with Lisa that her modeling experience and high ranking in the past few contests made her a natural for the photo session. And she’d made sure to wear the workout gear the contest’s chief sponsor was here to promote. She’d heard they were looking for two girls and that didn’t bother her; whoever else showed up would simply pale next to her, so she looked forward to the competition. But she hadn’t expected Kathi. Yes, the blonde was hot, yes she’d won the tournament last year—but she hadn’t been around the past few months and frankly, as fascinated as Carrie admittedly was by the girl, Kathi Corwin was no model. She caught the blonde’s sharply mascara’d eyes, again struck by the way Kathi was obviously copying her look. This girl was just a cheap imitation looking to steal Carrie Young’s thunder and the redhead had just about had it.

She considered walking out right there but she paused when she saw the moment of shock and hesitation in Carrie’s eyes. Of course the blonde was intimidated by her, of course she was terrified to share the photo shoot stage with her—who wouldn’t be? There was the resort and their little sauna fight, of course, to remember. Carrie’s eyes blazed into Kathi’s as she thought of that. Well, maybe this was the beginning of some payback.

She forced a smile as Kathi walked toward her. Her instinct had been to close off her body, fold her arms across her chest, but she kept an open stance, touched one hand to her pelvis and let Kathi’s eyes travel over her pale, beautifully sculpted body. She’d been a little shocked by how much skin Kathi was showing in her little silver workout bikini but a quick glance in the mirror across the room confirmed that the white bikini they’d given Carrie was every bit as microscopic and daring as Kathi’s, and that the white material revealed the bulging contours of Carrie’s high-riding, threatening breasts and yes, her dangerous-looking sex just as well as the reflective material of Kathi’s silver bikini did. As she glanced past Kathi’s body in the mirror behind her she saw too that the blonde’s show-off ass was totally bare just like hers, both girls only showing the thin strands of thong laces atop their apple-hard, muscular buns.

The photographer, a bossy-looking blonde woman herself, was setting up and had already been annoying Carrie with her orders and suggestions. Now she infuriated the redhead by directing all her attention at Kathi.

“Perfect!” she said. “Finally I get a little symmetry to work with. Over there next to Red please,” she said without introducing herself to Kathi. “You two know each other, right?”

Kathi had hesitated when she'd caught sight of Carrie waiting for her in the glare of the photographer's lights, but she seemed to regain her composure and made straight toward Carrie. The redhead met her gaze challengingly as they closed to within a foot.

"Of course," Kathi said brightly. "Carrie and I go way back."

"Well I hear there's a little rivalry between you two so I'd really like to push that element here. Dueling bikinis—like the sound of that?"

Kathi looked at her and shrugged and Carrie remained motionless. "Well don't look so clueless," the photographer snapped. "I go to these tournaments too, remember. Just think of this as a final posedown." The blonde woman suddenly looked sharply at Lisa and the two PR girls. "You three can go; I'll let you know when I'm done with these two."

Carrie saw Lisa frown. "Are you sure, Catherine?"

"Perfectly," the photographer said. Carrie stole a last glance at Lisa Reel. The tournament organizer had gotten her into this and Carrie felt a blast of righteous fury rocket through her body at the thought. But she decided to keep her negative energy directed at Kathi Corwin where it belonged. She'd seen the initial hesitation in the blonde's eyes and she wasn't about to be the one to back down from this now. The fact was she'd been hoping to get Kathi alone this evening before they retired to their rooms. She had a lot to say to the blonde and she wasn't convinced that the two of them couldn't initiate their own little contest before tomorrow's event. They were hardly alone here but there certainly was something stark about the possibilities of being photographed just the two of them, particularly by a woman who clearly knew they were rivals.

CHAPTER 3

Once Lisa and the PR girls departed Catherine walked toward Kathi and Carrie, one finger on her chin as she eyed the two girls appraisingly. "Wow. If you didn't have different hair colors I could barely tell you apart. Tell you what: let's do a little arm-wrestling pose. Standing up though."

Carrie happily raised her arm, offering Kathi her right hand and trying without much success to twist her face into a game smile. Catherine blew out a sigh as she brazenly began to position their bodies. "Don't try to look all cheerful, honey," the photographer said. "You're no actress. You don't like this girl so let's not pretend you do and it'll be easier on all of us."

Carrie took the direction like an ice cold shower, blushing furiously while Kathi stared at her openly. Then Catherine snapped "You too, blondie," and Carrie watched as Kathi's face flushed. Their eyes met as each absorbed the little humiliation and it was very clear they each intended to take out the embarrassment on each other now. Kathi took Carrie's hand and clenched it tightly; Carrie didn't wait for the blonde, instead jerking Kathi's arm forward and watching the blonde's bicep tense as she felt the other girl's strength.

They positioned themselves into the pose, each girl giving her profile to the camera, keenly aware how the lens would measure and stack the two girls up against each other. Carrie's eyes raked over Kathi's figure, barely concealed by the glinting micro-bikini, every supple curve and line revealed to her. The blonde bitch was

showing off her nipples as usual and Carrie shot the two blunt points a snotty glance, wrinkling her nose as she stared back into Carrie's eyes. Kathi returned the stare coldly, glancing briefly down to where Carrie's breast straps had made their own little tent poles at the front of her snow white bra cups. Carrie bit her lower lip as she realized that just that brief exchange of looks was already causing her nipples to tighten and harden up, pushing the bra fabric forward even harder. And she saw the same response at the front of Kathi's steel-colored bikini top—and the blonde's cheeks redden as she acknowledged what was happening between them and met Carrie's angry stare.

"That's good," Catherine said, snapping away. She might as well have been talking about the nipple show for all the two girls knew. Carrie squeezed Kathi's hand under her fingers and felt the blonde's iron-hard, viselike reply crushing back against her own hand. This little bitch really wanted it bad. She poured the power on and stared into Kathi's eyes as the two girls each tried to smash the other's palm with her fingers, their bodies hardening with tension right along with their rapidly lengthening nipples.

"Let's try both hands—play mercy." The blonde held up both hands to demonstrate but Carrie knew exactly what she was talking about and quickly offered her free hand to Kathi. The blonde took it and both girls breathed in deeply as they pressed their palms together, taking each other's measure. Carrie could already feel the bulldozer-like power of Kathi's two arms leveraging her and beginning to push her back, and she immediately poured the power on to halt Kathi's advance. "Spread your arms a little—let's show off those bikini tops," Catherine ordered coolly. Carrie felt her scalp tighten a little and her eyes met Kathi's again just after both girls stole glances at each other's breasts. Even Carrie felt that her nipples now were getting a little bit out of control. She knew for some shots photographers were looking for just that detail and were happy to get it, but if her own nipples were half as long as Kathi's were getting the two girls were about to look outrageous.

Even as she thought that Carrie glanced back down angrily at Kathi's breasts and took the unspoken thought back—of course her own nipples were every bit as long and hard as Kathi's, and she'd fought to prove that just six months ago. Kathi's rods looked like they might burst through the front of her top now but Carrie was confident that her own were sticking out just as much and she just hoped Kathi was getting a good look at them. She arched her back a little until her pert breasts were thrust out hard on her firmly muscled chest and almost pointing up at Kathi's neck—and she saw Kathi reposition herself in response, arching her own back to stick her hot little boobs upward too as if she thought they might show Carrie's up.

"Good!" Catherine said as the camera continued to click. "You know what? We can make this even a little sexier. I like the way these tops contrast, and the way your hairdos contrast too. Let's get in closer and drop your arms—flex them back and we'll show off those triceps, and let's get those tops together and overlap them and you girls go nose to nose—I want some of your hair to intermingle a little too."

Kathi turned to look at Catherine as if ready to question the instructions and Carrie saw the opportunity to show the blonde up. "She means like this," the redhead said, moving forward chest first until her breasts intersected Kathi's, one snuggling in between the blonde's firm cleavage and the other cutting out in front of Kathi's right breast so that Carrie's left breast was closest to the camera and obscuring

Kathi's.

"I know what she means," Kathi said coldly as both girls breathed snugly together, each inhalation hardening up their firm globes against one another. Carrie was a little grateful for the barely there fabric that kept their ultrasensitive breast skin from touching just yet, but just the feel of the other girl's firm flesh quivering next to her own boobs was enough to send her heart racing. "Wouldn't you like to see it this way?" Kathi said innocently, glancing up into Carrie's face just before she pivoted her chest and sent her two hard glands wiping across Carrie's, jostling them out of the way until she leapfrogged the redhead's boobs and placed her own right tit so that it now blocked Carrie's left breast from the camera lens.

"I like that, but let's shoot both ways so we can get an equal view of each top," Catherine said.

"Oh, so switch?" Carrie said, jerking her breasts back hard across Kathi's and slowly shoving the offending glands out of the way so she could take back first position.

This time Kathi pivoted too in the opposite direction until their erect nipples suddenly struck and stuck midpoint. "I think she meant for me to stay in position," Kathi said smoothly, jabbing forward just enough for Carrie to feel her hard rods poking infuriatingly into Carrie's aureoles as they tangled against the redhead's stiffening nipple shafts.

"No, she wanted my top out front," Carrie insisted, spitefully twisting her tits back against Kathi's and making extra sure to press her nipples back against the blonde's just as hard. "Isn't that right, Catherine?"

"Actually, let's just try keeping them front to front like that so we can see them in contrast—and keep your foreheads together. I like that eye contact. Bitchy! Just hold that position, arms back."

Carrie dragged her tongue across the inside of her lips as she held her position against Kathi. She could feel the blonde's muscular power even as they pressed these two soft parts of their bodies against each other and Kathi's blazing blue eyes were filling her vision now, lashes almost close enough to bat her own. She looked down to where her two bullet-shaped, creamy hills of breast flesh collided with Kathi's and suddenly felt the blonde twist her tits against Carrie's just ever so slightly and bend the redhead's nipples sideways at a painful angle.

Carrie sighed a little as she leaned into her blonde nemesis. "You bitch," she breathed softly so Kathi's ears alone could hear her. Almost immediately she felt an even more insistent pressure as Kathi's nipple shafts seemed to harden fiercely at that word...and she had to admit that her angry rods too got stiffer at the whispered insult.

"You're the bitch, honey," Kathi breathed back lightly as she locked eyes with Carrie. "Is this what you invited me here for? A little photo shoot, breast to breast?" "If it bothers you so much why don't you just walk away from it, girl?" Carrie muttered under her breath.

"I wouldn't give you the pleasure of seeing me turn tail," Kathi replied.

"Then why don't you give me a contest? I think this is the perfect warm-up for tomorrow."

When Kathi's voice came again there was something different about it. "I don't think it is," she whispered. "Not by half."

“You want more?” Carrie hissed. “I’ll give you all you can take!” The redhead’s breasts were aching now, inflamed by the frontal contact with Kathi’s enemy glands and straining to break free of the tight bikini top that constrained them. Carrie was flushed with satisfaction that Kathi had come willingly into her trap once again, and that the blonde seemed more than eager to confront her once and for all.

“Cut the chatter, girls,” Catherine ordered. “Face me with your hands on your hips.” The photographer adjusted a fan that had both girls’ hair blowing wildly as they faced the camera, chests still outthrust. Carrie was a little disappointed that this pose didn’t feature much body contact although she managed to rub elbows with Kathi and both girls flashed each other challenging looks as they presented their bodies to the camera side by side. Good, Carrie thought to herself. Once these photos got out everyone could compare her to Kathi ounce for ounce, curve for curve and muscle for muscle and everyone would see how obviously better she was than the blonde. She thrust her breasts toward the camera, tightening her belly to show off the smooth, rippling surfaces of her abdominal muscles and the sleek slit of her navel, as well as the powerful pubic bulge barely hidden by the tiny white thong she wore. She jealously eyed Kathi’s supple torso posing next to hers, her eyes seeking the silver triangle that hid the blonde’s own bulging sex, seemingly as defined and toned as any of the other muscles on her body. Kathi’s breasts jutted forward like torpedoes, her nipples knifing out under the metallic fabric of her bra like detonators that would explode the second they touched the matching triggers on the front of Carrie’s tits.

“Okay, let’s try back to back and see who’s got the best behind,” the blonde photographer smirked. Carrie shot a cold glance at Kathi and both girls’ expressions left little doubt that they each thought they could outshine the other in this department. “Lock your arms together from behind please.”

Carrie turned and slowly hooked her arms through Kathi’s so the inside of their elbows hooked over each other and pressed her back against Kathi’s. Without waiting for instructions both girls strained, shoving their breasts out and their pelvises back, stretching out their taut stomach muscles and cocking their asses, legs spread a little, so that their four powerful gluteal muscles faced each other and flexed impressively, dimpling just over the ball and socket joint where their leg bones and hip bones met.

As their backs pressed together shoulder blade to shoulder blade Carrie tensed as she felt Kathi’s back muscles slide and ripple against hers with imposing strength. She immediately flexed back and crushed her own strong slabs of muscle back against the blonde’s. With their arms hooked at the elbows Carrie could finally feel Kathi’s hard biceps smashing up against her own as both girls flexed, firming up these central upper arm muscles in total opposition. She felt the blonde’s python-like biceps crush into her own as Kathi compacted the muscle to an indomitable, stony hardness, and she grunted a little bit as she forced her own upper arm muscles back against those rock hard guns and strain the base of her forearm against Kathi’s.

“Let’s see some sweat,” Catherine said, approaching the two girls with a spray bottle. Carrie flinched as the photographer wetted them both down from head to toe until ringlets of red hair clung to her forehead. As the photographer turned away Carrie aimed her supple ass at Kathi’s and pressed her two impressive, pale cheeks against the blonde’s warm buns, letting the two muscular pads slide provocatively

over Kathi's waiting buttocks. Both girls cocked their pelvises arrogantly, feeling each other out from the very bottom of their buns to the tapering tops and giving each other a couple of quick jolts, ramming their asses together roughly before Kathi could turn around and peer through her viewfinder again. "Good, right up against each other is fine," the blonde said as she checked out the view.

Carrie obliged willingly, nestling her soaked buns up against Kathi's. Again the two girls jostled to show off more of their attributes, and Carrie slid one ass cheek slightly in front of Kathi's. The four glutes slid against each other as they adjusted and competed for position and Kathi managed to flex hers against Carrie's so that they almost grabbed and held the redhead's cheeks, crushing them in a viselike grip. Carrie flexed back furiously, hardening her bottom to iron-like intensity as she crushed back against the blonde's ass. That little bitch, she thought hotly; she has no idea what's in store for her.

The two girls slowly ass-wrestled below while their arms and backs strained to outmuscle each other above, and soon the spray bottle water was becoming superfluous as both girls had begun to perspire for real with the intensity of their secret contest. Carrie was impressed by the power in the blonde girl's body; she had clearly not let herself go over the past few months and if anything felt stronger than ever. But that was good as far as Carrie was concerned because she had trained every muscle in her body for this weekend and if Kathi brought more to the party too that was fine by her.

The session seemed to drag on for another hour as Catherine pitted them in position after position, eyes and hands locked and Kathi eagerly contesting Carrie's body in shot after shot. It was like a fight, Carrie thought, carried out in agonizing slow motion. And it only made her hungrier for the real thing.

"I just have one more idea, if you two are up for it," the photographer said finally. "Why don't we take this to the next level and do some shots with the tops off?"

Kathi shot the other blonde woman a look. "Can you do that?"

We won't show anything of course. We'll just pose you so it's obvious you're topless but we'll find ways to block your nipples."

The two fitness stars stood in silence for a moment but Carrie had quickly reached a decision of her own. "I'm fine with it," she said, staring spitefully at Kathi. She was deeply gratified to see the pale blonde flush—it might have been anger, might have been embarrassment, but Carrie was happy with either or both reactions. "I understand if Kathi doesn't want to do it though," she said innocently. "She's always been a bit of a prude."

The blonde's eyes seared into Carrie's out of the shadow of her mascara as she absorbed the insult. "And Carrie's always been a—an exhibitionist," Kathi snapped back hesitantly, glaring at the redhead. She's clearly had a stronger word in mind and Carrie exulted in the blonde's brief moment of stammering indecision. She had never seen Kathi Corwin less than 100% sure of herself and the feeling of power she was experiencing was orgasmic. She smirked at Kathi as she turned slightly aside, reached back and began to undo her top, shrugging the two clingy bikini cups off her breasts and tossing the top aside before turning smoothly back with her arms crossed over her bare breasts, the pressure mushrooming the two pert glands into two creamy mounds bulging out underneath her forearms.

Kathi stared at her coldly as if steeling herself to meet this challenge. The blonde

hadn't been shy about baring herself to Carrie when they'd met in private but this was another matter. Carrie was proud enough and sure enough of her body to display it to anyone, and if that made her an exhibitionist or worse, who cared? True, she was closing off a full reveal of her perfect breasts to both of the other women at the moment, but she would happily show off her hard crimson daggers to either or both of them if need be, and she liked denying Kathi the first look anyway. She stared at the blonde expectantly as Kathi pursed her lips and reached behind her to undo her own bikini top straps.

Carrie couldn't help eyeing the blonde's smooth, rippling ab muscles as Kathi arched her back and thrust those two silver-cupped boobs out at Carrie. "You might want to be careful how you pose, Kathi, just so you don't show too much sag," Carrie said sweetly.

She heard Kathi hiss something under her breath and the blonde glared coolly into Carrie's eyes as she slipped the tight silver cups off her breasts. The glinting fabric caught for just a second on the blonde's two erect nipples and Carrie swallowed as those perky twin pink rods burst free with a jerk and snapped to attention to point at Carrie's breasts threateningly. Kathi's bared breasts quivered just slightly as the bikini top came off and Carrie stared venomously at those perfect orbs as they retained their flawless hemispherical shapes, jutting out plumply as if still supported by some invisible bra.

"I'm not worried about sagging, Carrie," Kathi said softly as she shot a look at Carrie's cleavage. "But if you need to keep holding them up like that I guess we could pose that way."

"It's not a problem," Carrie said with the same false courtesy. She dropped her forearms, pointedly aiming her two alarmingly red and aroused nipple shafts back at Kathi's and placing her hands on her hips for a moment as she arched her own back to display her creamy, red-nippled rack proudly. She shook her hair back as she displayed herself, giving the blonde a good long look at her bare breasts and flexing her own creamy, toned abs to match Kathi's pose.

She thought she caught a glint of satisfaction as Kathi checked her out—not the look of a woman intimidated by another's body, but a secret look of dawning enjoyment, as if Kathi liked where the competition was going. The blonde had come a long way to answer Carrie's challenge and sooner or later she would have to step up to the plate, and Carrie would only be too happy to meet her.

Catherine had been setting up her equipment for the new poses and she abruptly walked up to spray both girls down again. Carrie felt her hardened nipples stiffen even more as the cool mist hit them and she eyed the erotic sheen on Kathi's breasts and shoulders as Catherine doused her down. She felt her mouth dry out a little as she wondered whether the photographer would have them pose breast against breast and for a moment she wondered if she would be able to withstand the feeling of her nipples, her bare breast skin encountering Kathi's for the first time in a year in silence.

"Back to back again. Just hold cup your breasts with your hands please," the photographer ordered. The girls positioned themselves and Carrie didn't know whether to be relieved or frustrated. She bumped her damp ass against Kathi's and felt the other girl's buns respond, grinding moistly back into her own as their four butt muscles tested each other's strength and firmness once again.

“We get copies of these pictures, don’t we?” she asked. The photographer looked up from her viewer.

“Sure.”

“I want copies too,” Kathi said quickly. The blonde punctuated the statement by flexing her buns sharply against Carrie’s ass. The redhead immediately retorted, clenching her glutes into Kathi’s, and both girls seemed to sense that this would be their last chance to impress the other before this was over—for a few agonizing seconds Carrie crushed her glutes into rock-hard mounds and Kathi responded in kind, all four curved hillocks crunching into one another so hard that only the supple layer of fat sheathing each muscle gave way incrementally to its counterpart. “One more idea, if you want to do it, and this’ll be the last shot,” Catherine said. “Turn and face each other.”

This is it, Carrie thought to herself. She instinctively pinched her hardened nipples between her fingers, teasing them into further hardness for what she was sure would be the battle ahead. She started to turn toward Kathi as the blonde pivoted too, steeling herself for the sensation of her aroused nipples crunching into Kathi’s hard rods. But Catherine stopped them before they completed the turn.

“I want you up against each other but we can’t have your bare breasts touching—not for this shoot. But why don’t you each hold the other girl’s breasts? You two game for that?”

Carrie shivered as she glanced sideways at Kathi. Both girls still cupped their bare, glistening breasts protectively and Carrie could see Kathi’s face harden into a cold, expressionless stare. Whatever she was feeling, the blonde was determined to hide it from Carrie. “Whatever you want,” Kathi said.

“Sure,” Carrie added quickly.

“Great. Face each other, take hold of each other’s breasts and press together, so you’ll be knuckle to knuckle and your hands just keep your breasts apart, and maintain eye contact.”

Carrie turned to face Kathi and the two beautiful enemies locked eyes. As they raised their hands cautiously their fingers brushed each other warily and Carrie had to fight the urge to grab Kathi’s open hands as they drifted closer to her precious and totally vulnerable breasts. She had felt Kathi’s breasts before and been felt up by the blonde during their long sauna duel, but there had been something more controlled about that in a way as they had each taken turns, offering their boobs to each other for inspection and approval as they had compared bodies. It would be easy here to lose control, she knew, if Kathi squeezed her roughly or touched her nipples too hard—she would respond instinctively to attack the blonde’s glands as she cupped and held them.

Both girls blinked uncertainly as they guided their fingers in closer to these sensitive, unaccustomly naked parts of their anatomies. Then before she knew it Carrie felt Kathi’s warm, glistening, pale globes filling her hands and she shivered as Kathi’s strong fingers slipped across her own bare breasts. She extended her fingers and slid them forward across the incredibly smooth, moist skin until she felt Kathi’s hard nipples press into the center of her palm and she was able to grip most of those bare, firm breasts in her hands. Kathi’s hands in turn trembled incrementally as they took hold of Carrie’s supple bosom and Carrie’s eyes narrowed as she felt her own red nipple rods scrape Kathi’s palms.

“Good; now move together,” Catherine said.

Kathi’s eyes were filled with poison as she slowly pressed forward until the two girls’ knuckles scraped each other and both girls’ hands were forced down harder on each other’s flattening breasts. Carrie’s breath quickened as she felt Kathi’s tits harden under her fingers as they pressed up against their counterparts separated by both girls’ hands. She couldn’t help increasing her fingers’ pressure on Kathi’s breasts as she gauged their firmness, marveling at how unyielding and hard those perfect globes were becoming as they pressed against her. At the same time she felt Kathi respond and feel Carrie’s glands out experimentally, and she glared bravely into Kathi’s eyes, beaming with pride as her breasts held up against Kathi’s powerful fingers.

Catherine clicked away, oblivious to the silent confrontation building in front of her. Crushed together this way, both girls could squeeze and explore each other’s breasts with impunity and both began to take full advantage of the opportunity as they stared each other down at close range. Go ahead, Carrie thought—get a good feel you bitch. Her breasts were in their young and supple prime and they would never be firmer, never ride higher than they did right now, and she knew they would hold up to this press and to anything Kathi cared to do with her fingers. She trembled as the blonde’s hands begin to bear down farther, fingers pressing deeper into her compacted breast tissue, exploring the contours of the milk glands nesting in layers of fat and anchoring muscle there, and she engaged her own thorough, unashamed investigation of Kathi’s bare boobs with her own probing, tenacious fingers as each girl began to push at the limits of her rival’s capacity to endure squeezing, unyielding pressure on some of the most sensitive and tender parts on their toned young bodies.

Carrie’s head filled with vicious, angry taunts and hateful, dirty things she wanted to say to the blonde. Just how much could this fitness rival take? How firm were those pink-nippled breasts of hers, how sensitive were those rubber shafts pushing into her palms? It was one thing to build and train muscle and she knew that she and Kathi had pushed themselves as far as each could in that area. Some of that helped maintain the shape and firmness of their breasts, how high the twin glands rode on their proud young chests, how much or how little they would sway and jiggle when freed from a bra...but ultimately this was girlish fat and nerve endings, tender and vulnerable, not designed for conflict. It took daring and confidence to expose them to an enemy’s hands.

CHAPTER 4

Carrie felt sweat join the water misting her forehead as she and Kathi squeezed slowly and with increasing confidence and perhaps growing anger as they cupped those four supple orbs between them. Carrie bit her lower lip tentatively and glared at Kathi as she slowly began to guide her thumbs inward toward Kathi’s bare nipples. The pink rods were bent against Carrie’s palms just as her own painfully curved against Kathi’s hands—they were already uncomfortable, and she planned on making Kathi’s even moreso. She saw the blonde flinch, her face twisting into the subtlest grimace as Carrie took her nips between thumb and forefinger and began to

slowly crush and twist the long rubber rods and roll them spitefully between her fingers. Kathi seemed to hesitate, absorbing the pain for a moment, before she flicked her own thumbs across Carrie's in warning.

Bring it on, Carrie thought to herself, dying to hiss the challenge into Kathi's face. The blonde hesitated, staring forcefully into Carrie's blazing eyes as if to give her one final chance to turn away from this ugly contest. But Carrie would not back down and if anything increased the pressure on the blonde's nipples.

Kathi's fingers pressed down on Carrie's red nipples in a shockingly forceful answer to the redhead. Thumb and forefinger twisted into the two hardened, rose-colored shafts and began to slowly corkscrew them back into Carrie's aureoles. They had been careful up to now to move slowly and hide their attacks from Catherine but as the photographer snapped away Carrie found she could flick her thumbs forcefully across Kathi's nipples, gouge and jab them into the blonde's breasts, and Kathi began to tug and twist Carrie's nipples with increasing spite, both girls dragging and pulling on each other's full breasts and using all their willpower to maintain their hateful stares and keep themselves from groaning out in pain.

"I think I've got enough." The words seem to come out of a fog of pain and concentration. Carrie realized she had lost track of time, lost herself in the war raging between their cruel fingers and bare breasts. Both girls eyed each other warily, uncertain whether to break their grip, knowing that the other might inflict one last vicious attack once the other released her breasts. Carrie glanced down at the sweating, bulging pair crushed together against Kathi's chest and realized that each had stopped short of marking or bruising the other girl, although their nipples would surely be red and sore into tomorrow. But no one would see those, she thought to herself.

She suddenly felt Kathi's fingers release their hold on her breasts and she followed suit, both girls breaking away from each other with a final, blazing exchange of looks. Kathi reached down to grab her top, quickly shrugging back into the snug silver fabric before turning back to give Kathi a final look, her breasts gleaming like two silver bullets as she reached behind herself to tie her top off, giving Carrie one final look at her outthrust chest. Carrie realized she had her hands cupping her own bare breasts, denying the blonde a look at her assaulted red nipples. She held one arm across her tingling glands as she reached for her own top, still eyeing Kathi challengingly.

The redhead watched in horror as Kathi slipped on a short robe and marched toward the door. "See you on the tournament stage, Carrie," she said curtly. Carrie grabbed a short robe of her own and followed.

Kathi shoved the makeshift photo studio door aside and marched out into the darkness of the workout floor, fuming. Her muscles were already sore from straining against Carrie for an hour or so and she felt humiliated and used as her feet pounded against the thick floor mats.

She should have known when Lisa had mentioned a second girl who she'd be paired with in the photography session. She had known she and Carrie would wind up in some kind of confrontation before the tournament but this hadn't been what she'd expected. Now she was frustrated, confused and angry, her body flushed with the stimulation of pressing up against that dangerous, sexy redhead. There'd been

something irresistible about the idea of having herself photographed right up against Carrie for all the world to compare them and see the naked hatred for each other in their eyes, and maybe she'd enjoyed the secret competition, pressing and jostling against the redhead's bare muscles and putting her breasts in brazen position right up against Carrie's twin weapons, feeling that incredible combination of quivering softness and imposing firmness beneath the supple girl fat, and the feel of those two stabbing, rock hard nipples of hers...it was all Kathi could do to keep from tearing that top right off the redhead and putting it to her tit to tit right then and there. She hadn't imagined that this perv of a blonde photographer would have them topless for her own purposes, brazenly cradling each other's bare breasts in their hands.

Kathi closed her eyes in the darkness, furious and now disoriented too as she strode forward, keenly aware of her untethered breasts jostling underneath the robe, still tingling and exposed from their handling by Carrie. How was it so easy for that redheaded bitch to turn her into a scrapping little strumpet itching for a bare-skinned fight? She had to stay away from Carrie or something terrible was going to happen.

Almost as if the sound were coming out of her paranoid mind Kathi heard bare feet pounding up behind her. Before she knew it a powerful hand grabbed her bicep and spun her around and she saw Carrie's pale skin and mascara'd eyes glowering at her in the dim moonlight pouring in from the high windows of the gymnasium.

"Where do you think you're going?" the redhead demanded hotly, bumping into Kathi chest to chest for good measure. Their small robes had been hastily fastened and they barely covered the two girls' straining boobs, fully revealing their toned bellies and the micro crotches of their bikini bottoms. Kathi instinctively jammed back against Carrie with her upper body and felt their four inflamed breasts collide once again.

"Away from you!" she hissed. "Like I said, we'll settle this onstage tomorrow!"

"No," Carrie said firmly. "I've waited too long to get you alone again, you hard blonde bitch." The redhead stole a look back at the closed studio door far behind them. The cavernous, dark gym was empty and isolated. She kept her voice low as she said "This is nice and private so why don't we keep going with what we started in there?"

"How stupid do you think I am?" Kathi said, glaring at her. Carrie's eyes blazed back angrily and Kathi felt her pulse quicken again at the gathering storm of their mutual hatred. She spoke slowly as she continued. "You think I want the judges to be looking at your teeth and claw marks all over me tomorrow? Forget it. I plan to look my best when I beat you on that stage." It was somewhat of an act, Kathi had to admit. She well knew that neither of them was going to be able to make it through this night without starting something. But she wanted to push Carrie to admit what she had in mind for the evening.

"You must think I'm a stupid cunt just like you if you think I'm talking about an all-out fight between us tonight," Carrie snapped. Kathi felt another wave of hatred flash through her as she remained pressed up against Carrie in the darkness, sneering faces pressed together.

"I know you well enough to know that you're a psychotic, out-of-control redheaded bitch, Carrie, and I seem to recall you trying to choke me to death a few months

ago,” Kathi retorted as the two glared at each other furiously.

“I had no idea you were such a little coward, blondie,” Carrie said flatly. “You came all the way out here to run away from me?”

Kathi bit her lower lip, well aware that she too could be manipulated in this game.

“Don’t worry; tomorrow night after the tournament I’ll be running straight for you and trust me, you’re not going to get away from me.”

“I don’t plan to spend tonight just thinking about what I want to do to you,” Carrie spat. “Just the sight of your stuck-up little face makes me want to go after you now, right this minute.”

“That’s because you’re an undisciplined, spoiled little bitch who’s always gotten her way,” Kathi bit out. “You’re just going to have to wait until I allow you to touch my body.”

“I’ll touch you whenever and however I want,” Carrie snarled, dragging her top across Kathi’s breasts to illustrate the point. “Just like we’re touching each other right now, honey, and just like we were touching back in there.”

Kathi started to bite out another retort but caught herself. This was moving too fast, she thought. Just like it seemed to happen every time Carrie Young got in her face, she was losing control. “I’m going back to my hotel room,” she managed to say flatly.

“Then I’ll follow you and tear you apart right there,” Carrie threatened quietly. The redhead too seemed to be fighting to get her rapid breathing and anger under control, yet she was not letting this gathering confrontation go, not by a long shot, Kathi thought. Her heart skipped a beat at the thought of getting Carrie alone in her room where they couldn’t possibly be disturbed. What would they do to each other under those circumstances, she wondered. The heat of Carrie’s body against her own, the mix of girlish softness and firm muscle and the mixed smell of sweat and perfume were overwhelming.

“You can’t wait to get me alone, can you?” she said thickly.

Carrie breathed against her for a moment before speaking and both girls subtly adjusted their breasts against one another beneath their robes, still engaged in a microscopic game of domination as they whispered to one another. “That’s right, Kathi,” Carrie said. “I told you I’m not satisfied with the way things have worked out between us. But I’m not the one lying to herself. I can admit that I want to get with you and work out which one of us is going to dominate this little relationship and I can’t wait to get started. But you’re the one who drove all the way out here after getting one little e-mail from me, after almost a year.” She pressed against Kathi, nose to nose, and growled her final words into Kathi’s face firmly. “Who’s the obsessed one between the two of us, Kathi? Does your little girlfriend know you’re here all hot and bothered to get with me right now? Or did you lie to her too?”

Kathi felt her face flush and her fists clenched helplessly at her sides as she struggled to come up with a rejoinder that would cut as deeply as Carrie’s words to her.

“We don’t have any ‘relationship’ you redheaded tramp—“

“You’re full of it. You got as much pleasure out of fighting me as I got out of fighting you, just like you got just as hot and stiff back there being photographed up against me, so why not just admit it to yourself?”

Kathi felt raw, exposed. Part of her wanted to tear into Carrie and silence that goading mouth of her, but part of her felt like she might melt into a puddle of lust

while she did it. She could still rationalize some of this, still tell herself that it was the competition she lusted after, and that in Carrie she had found a girl every bit as focused on being the best as herself. But she couldn't deny that Carrie's soft flesh and sweet scent were clouding her thoughts and her senses too.

She had to refocus herself, she knew...she had to get Carrie's fiery beauty and provocation off the table. "If you really want to settle who's dominant then I'm willing to play the game, right here and now," Kathi said quietly, taking another look around the dark, cavernous gym. She felt a moment's frustration from Carrie as Kathi found a way to still dodge the issue. "Let's just see who's stronger, once and for all."

"That's easy," Carrie said eagerly. "I want to know what happens after I beat you." "Who says you'll beat me?" Kathi said pleasantly as the two girls continued to press against each other. "I've already crushed your body once."

Carrie shoved forward a bit, muscling into Kathi firmly. "Maybe so, but we've got all the room in the world here. We can stretch out and really use everything we've got...and I've spent the last few months getting ready for you."

"That's just what I've been doing too, Carrie," Kathi said firmly.

"So you really want to do this right now, to really settle it?"

Kathi nodded slowly as she breathed against the redhead. She took a deep breath before she said "I've thought ever since I got your e-mail that we'll never really have settled who's best until I've beaten you twice."

"Huh," Carrie sniffed contemptuously against Kathi's face. "Then we may not settle this for a long long time, blonde, because I definitely plan to wear you down and dominate you tonight."

"How do you want to do this?" Kathi said back quickly.

"All in, all the way," Carrie said. "Let's just put everything on the line against each other and build up until one of us submits. Right here on this mat, nice and slow."

Kathi nodded again as she warmed to the idea. "Every muscle of yours against every muscle of mine, honey...that's the way I've been thinking about it for a long time."

Carrie breathed deeply as she raised her arms in the darkness and Kathi brought her own up to meet them. The girls touched fingertips, each adding a touch of pressure just as a hint of how much muscle each girl had in reserve. Kathi felt the redhead's fingers spread until they were pressed palm to palm, fingertips matching as they measured each digit length to length, flexing as each girl realized their hands were almost exactly the same size. Kathi's fingers braced and flexed against Carrie's and the redhead's strong hands pressed back, fingertips and palms confronting one another in a slow, testing build-up of pressure.

Kathi felt a sudden flash of sweat spread out around her shoulder blades and spine as she felt the power in Carrie's fingers. The two girls breathed slowly in and out as they stood nose to nose, their blue eyes matching each other in intense stares as the beginning of this conflict played itself out. Kathi had felt Carrie's fingers grip her before and she had always respected the redhead's strength even if she had found her behavior, arrogance and aggression appalling. But there seemed to be a newfound control and confidence in her opponent that even registered in the unbending touch of her ten fingers as they contested Kathi's. She felt the tendons in her palms crawl and burn out through the leading edges of her fingers, felt each

joint begin to protest under the force of the redhead's grip.

Both girls jumped a little against one another as they heard the tiny crack and pop of tendons slipping and joints adjusting against one another in the otherwise silent, subtle struggle. Kathi tried to ignore the feel of Carrie's clothed breasts against her own, knowing those supple glands were a distraction, and would be a distraction, that she couldn't afford if she were to really make this contest about muscle power only. But Carrie too seemed intently focused on this struggle between their splayed hands and if she braced against Kathi's upper body at all it was simply to give her arm and hand muscles the best position to continue their struggle.

There was a limit to how long this simple competition could go on, Kathi knew: they wouldn't even begin to settle things by just determining whose fingers were stronger, and they were going to need the power in those hands for the rest of their struggle. After what Kathi guessed was three or four minutes their fingers slowly began to slip past one another, fingertips first, as the young women began to curl their fingers into their opponents' hands, interlocking them into firm, seemingly unbreakable grips.

Kathi now felt her forearms matching against Carrie's, followed by elbows until their firm, creamy biceps pressed length to length against one another. She had to turn her head to the side and press cheek to cheek with Carrie and lean forward to bring her shoulders into play against the other girl while their four breasts aimed downward a little and crept into one another's cleavage until they were arranged more side to side than front to front—although Kathi wasn't sure there was any less pressure on her breasts with one trapped between Carrie's bulging, firm cleavage and one of the redhead's jammed between her own. The robe material gathered uncomfortably across their nipples, adding another layer of abrasion as their boobs compacted together, but at this point Kathi was grateful for the material keeping her tingling bare skin away from Carrie's.

Kathi carefully braced one leg behind her as she and Carrie began to bear slowly against one another, and she felt the redhead adjusting one powerful thigh behind her two as the girls sought stances that combined balance and power. Suddenly Carrie's arms jammed down against Kathi, almost throwing her off balance, and she fought valiantly to shove back upward against Carrie and wrench the other girl off her attack. She gasped and grunted at the shocking display of raw muscle from the redheaded fitness competitor and felt a stab of pain shoot across tendons in her back as she tried to shrug off the assault.

A mist of sweat spread out across her forehead as Kathi locked her pelvis and fought to reposition herself against Carrie. The redhead seemed incredibly stronger than she had during their last struggle and Kathi found herself readjusting her estimates of what it was going to take to put Carrie Young away on this mat. She had expected a contest, but if this was what the redhead was going to throw at her now she might have to use up a dangerous amount of effort to beat her.

Kathi pressed forward experimentally, trying to find the weaker between Carrie's arms and focus her energy on that. But Carrie seemed to be feeling her out the same way, the two girls' upper bodies slowly wrenching from side to side, pivoting above their wastes as powerful obliques flexed and stretched like pythons at their sides.

Again Carrie powered against Kathi, trying to force her upper body downward, and Kathi grunted and twisted closer into the redhead. She started to twist her wrists

into Carrie's, grinding harder into her in a bid to limit the wild, violent movements the redhead was trying to add to the game.

"Do you want this slow or do you want to fight all out?" Kathi hissed into Carrie's ear as the young women maneuvered powerfully together.

"What's the matter, am I scaring you, blondie?" Carrie snarled back.

"I just want to know how you want to fight me," Kathi replied evenly. "Because if you really want to go all out you can forget about going onstage tomorrow."

"So can you," Carrie said.

"Then let's do this slow," Kathi murmured hotly. "Just like we agreed, so I can crush you down on this mat once and for all without leaving any marks on that precious body of yours."

"That's fine with me, as long as you know you're the one who'll wind up with your hot blonde ass grinding this mat and my body crushing yours."

The two girls silently reapplied their grips, twisting their fists against one another as their forearms snaked around one another. Kathi's wrists were almost on the opposite side of Carrie's now, and she began to power backwards first with one arm, then the other, and crush the redhead into her even more deeply. Now biceps came fully into play as each girl tried bending the other girl's upper arms toward her, trying to pull her rival's arms over her own shoulders and crack her enemy's deltoids and bicep tendons before her own arms were pulled forward too far to maintain their power grip. The high-pitched snaps and pops of their finger tendons and knuckles were now replaced by the deep, ugly crunch of thicker muscle and joint stress and Kathi quivered as she felt her elbow joints, wrists and biceps begin to burn and spasm with pain.

Her cheek began to slide slickly against Carrie's as sweat from the effort of the struggle began to bead and drip down both their bodies, gathering in Kathi's collarbones and dampening the front of her robe before running in rivulets over her quivering breasts. She could feel moisture clinging to her supple buttocks and tickling the naked, delicate flesh between her legs too, and she tried to keep her mind on the tender, flushed skin barely hidden by her micro bikini bottom. Like most of the girls she had been waxed thoroughly before the weekend of the tournament, and there wasn't so much as a whisper of hair anywhere below her navel, leaving her feeling strangely exposed even with her robe and bikini bottom still on. The damp air of the gym and the action of her pelvis bracing itself in the struggle against Carrie was forcing the sliver of elastic fabric against her crotch and the tiny thong string played against the hidden regions between her two powerful ass cheeks infuriatingly as she maneuvered against Carrie.

She didn't need the sensation to remind her of the sensual nature of their confrontation, as much as both girls were fighting to keep the focus on pure muscle and technique. It was impossible to avoid the crush of Carrie's firm breasts against her own, even with the flimsy robe materials keeping the four throbbing glands separated. Her throat was dry both from the effort of the contest and the closeness of this redheaded vixen whose body so closely matched her own. She had been haunted by dreams of this rematch and now the experience seemed as heightened and intoxicating as those vivid nightmares had been.

As if in response to those first, reluctantly erotic thoughts Kathi felt the first full-throated groan of effort forced out of her as Carrie began to bear down on her with

renewed power. She had dragged Kathi's weaker left arm forward to extend it almost fully behind her, and Kathi winced as she felt her elbow begin almost to hyperextend under the power while the redhead twisted her right arm back and forth, wrenching it in a vicious attempt to wear down her remaining strength. She snaked her left leg forward and hooked the back of her knee behind Carrie's right and the redhead's powerful leg responded, bracing itself and locking in with Kathi's. Each girl began to pull backwards, their buttocks quivering under the strain as they tried to drag their enemy's opposite leg out from under them. Kathi's pelvis canted inward, flexing as it found purchase against Carrie's waiting hips. The move wasn't sexual: she needed the leverage if she was going to break Carrie's stance. But with their short robes separating she found her crotch forced up in direct opposition to Carrie's, their two toned bellies crushing together inseparably. She had checked out the redhead's abs thoroughly and marveled at the way those rippling stomach muscles seemed to extend down so deep they seemed to continue directly into the bulge of Carrie's venus mound and on into the sleek cleft of her vulva; now as she positioned her pelvis against the redhead's she could feel the other girl's mound burning against her own and she realized that her earlier observation had been no illusion—Carrie's mound, the contours of her sex barely hidden beneath the tiny triangle of her micro bottom, throbbed against Kathi's and seemed to clench out of their girlish, sexual softness for an instant and flex into aggressive firmness against Kathi's pussy.

She jerked back against the redhead instinctively and she felt Carrie's breath quicken as this new, intimate comparison burst into play. The feeling only lasted a second as she twisted her upper body back against Carrie and finally found the breaking point of balance between their warring bodies. Carrie groaned as she slipped down to one knee and Kathi, her body painfully interlocked with the redhead, stumbled down to meet her, both girls' free legs still braced out backwards behind them as they struggled to maintain their balance. Kathi felt her left leg painfully bent against Carrie's and as she fought to reposition it she felt Carrie hiss in pain against her. She began to twist slowly against Kathi, forcing her protesting arms upward again, as if she would drag Kathi back to her feet somehow. She only succeeded in stretching the blonde's arms painfully over her head and forcing low cracks out of her shoulder blades and joints as Kathi groaned against her.

"Had enough?" Carrie snarled against Kathi's face as she turned to stare cruelly back into the blonde's blue eyes. She could see the mascara smearing a little under Carrie's eyes and she wondered what a mess she looked like now too. The girls had by now slipped down with their tangled legs buckled beneath their hips, free legs splayed out behind them, and Kathi became aware of the weight of Carrie's breasts pressing down on her own again. Her own pale orbs were stretched almost to ovals and Carrie's nested against them equally distended, the final bit of stress added by their opposites as they mushroomed tightly against one another. The feeling was both abrasive and erotic and Kathi swallowed as she began to appreciate the stamina and unbridled power that Carrie Young's body seemed capable of leveling against her.

CHAPTER 5

For the first time since she'd met Carrie, Kathi began to doubt her ability to take the redhead. And for the first time her mind began exploring options other than simply putting all her strength and stubbornness on the line against this girl. The possibility of losing, of having to submit to this redheaded terror, was making itself felt for the first time, and she was beginning to realize the equivalent possibility of what she might be prepared to do to prevent losing out to Carrie.

"Let's take these robes off," she whispered. She said it flatly enough to leave it open to interpretation. The cotton robes were definitely hampering her movement and adding a layer of muggy heat to the struggle that neither girl needed. And maybe, she admitted to herself, after holding Carrie's incredibly supple, plump boobs in her hands only a little while ago, she wanted to remember what those firm glands would feel like pressed naked against her own pair again. The question was, was Carrie wondering the same thing?

She hadn't released her grip on Carrie's hands to make the suggestion, and both girls remained deadlocked, their bodies still straining even though both had eased off just enough to allow for a discussion. "That's not going to help you, girlfriend," Carrie said. "You must be getting desperate. Maybe I should just smash your body down right now."

"Maybe you'd like smashing me down better if we were topless," Kathi argued. "To tell you the truth I'm sick of feeling those fat little boobs of yours sweating up these robes."

"You're the one who's sweating, blonde," Carrie taunted her. "You'd love to get a few minutes rest while we sit back and strip off these robes—well forget it. I'm not letting go of you until you submit to me once and for all."

Kathi felt a mix of panic and anger kindling inside of her. She continued to strain against Carrie's arms, her lats searing as she tried to pull herself out of the rack-like stretch Carrie had her in. She knew gravity would eventually become her ally in this little struggle but the pain in her shoulders, elbows and wrists was becoming unbearable. It was clear Carrie was going to give her no quarter and Kathi felt the edges of a cold, uncontrollable rage building in her as she realized the redhead intended to fight this out to the finish without mercy. It wasn't surprising given their previous encounters but Kathi found the redhead's open savagery appalling nonetheless.

She started to allow her fingers to slacken, letting Carrie do the work of gripping them together as she began to slowly try to work her sweating hands back and forth to pry them out of the grip of the redhead's crushing fingers. She knew as inhumanly strong as Carrie was, her grip had to be weakening by now. And maybe the redhead was throwing all her energy into this initial contest, hoping to intimidate and overpower Kathi so quickly that it wouldn't matter that she didn't have much left in reserve.

"Trying to get away from me?" Carrie taunted her quietly as they pressed tightly together on their knees. "Is this as long as you're going to last, Big Woman?"

"You bitch," Kathi whispered, pressing against the redhead cheek to cheek again.

"You wanted to match every muscle and we haven't started to match up all the way yet."

"Don't worry, before we're done I'll crush every inch of muscle you've got," Carrie

said. With a grunt she twisted Kathi's wrists cruelly and the blonde hissed in pain, her shoulders cracking again as she forced a mighty application of torque in the opposite direction, gritting her teeth through the pain as her sweat-slick hands finally popped free of Carrie's grip.

Both girls suddenly skirmished, Carrie grabbing for Kathi's forearms while the blonde furiously slipped her powerful arms around Carrie's neck and locked them, her head crushing against the redhead's as blonde and crimson hair flew violently around each other's sweat-drenched faces. Kathi consolidated her crushing hold, a spasm of blood lust shaking through her as Carrie groaned in pain under her grip. As quickly as the murderous rage flashed through her it fled, replaced by an equally powerful moment of remorse and self-loathing as she realized how close she might have come to snapping the redhead's neck.

Carrie slipped out of the grip, her face red and now clouding with even more anger, and for a second Kathi thought all bets were off and the two powerful young women would soon come to blows.

"If you still want to crush my body then come on and let's crush," Kathi said bravely, glancing down at the smooth muscles of Carrie's abdomen, her creamy six pack flanking a deep, sexy navel. "If you really think those abs of yours can match up against mine."

"Mine could press that soft stomach of yours down to nothing," Carrie snapped, her eyes raking Kathi's firm core before moving up to rest on the blonde's jutting and creamy cleavage bulging out from the open sides of her robe. "Unless those fat boobs of yours get in my way."

"I was thinking the same of those ugly red-nippled breasts of yours," Kathi shot back as she glared down at the redhead's provocative rack, still barely contained by her own open robe.. The close quarters of their first crush had mashed her breasts painfully, the abrasion of cloth robes and the pressure of Carrie's boobs pressing down on her own already had made her trophies feel raw and oversensitive, their twin nipples hardening up to tentpole against the damp fabric of her robe.

She didn't know whether to be relieved or fearful when she saw Carrie's barely hidden nipples responding in the same way, bursting against her own robe fabric to point hungrily at Kathi's boobs. She swallowed and met Carrie's mascara'd eyes again as each girl acknowledged the four obstacles between them. As proud as she was of her breasts, and as much as she felt ready to pit them against Carrie's boobs any time the redhead wanted to, there was something cosmetic and impractical about those soft, sensitive pillows of flesh when the two girls wanted so badly to settle this feud muscle against muscle, and Kathi was still grateful for the tiny amount of protection her robe still afforded her breasts. "I don't care if our tits do get in the way, Carrie," Kathi said daringly. "They won't keep my abs away from yours and they won't help you when I make your muscle submit to mine."

Carrie reached out, one hand gripping the side of Kathi's ass as she edged forward on her knees. Kathi trembled at the touch of the other girl's hand on her pelvis and she reached out hesitantly to grip the redhead's hips just above her thong tie, not wanting to give Carrie the satisfaction of grabbing her ass back and not quite trusting herself to feel the other girl out that way yet. She focused on clenching her abdominal muscles and showing off her sculpted, powerful stomach, aligning her navel with Carrie's as they edged closer together. It was impossible to ignore their

breasts as they approached one another, quivering slightly, yet firmly held in place by the net of muscle and tendon each girl had honed to perfection on their chests. Kathi edged her stomach out as much as she could and still maintain a hard, defining flex as she watched Carrie too tauten her six pack into hard, angular definition. She tried to ignore Carrie's nipples paralleling her own as their breasts approached each other, but she did make sure to adjust her stance so the girls' nipples didn't collide through the fabric of their robes. Both girls arched their backs further, knowing they couldn't keep their breasts out of this new contest completely, but each trying to edge her own glands out of contact as much as possible to focus the battle on the hard walls of their clenched stomach muscles.

Kathi glared into Carrie's eyes as she felt the hard contours of the redhead's belly slide across her own firm abs, square pads of muscle contesting and raking across one another as the two young women settled into position.

They took slow, controlled breaths as each girl increased the pressure on the other's stomach, tensing their abs against each other while they used their hand grips to urge each other closer together. Kathi stared Carrie down as she cocked her pelvis, raising her tailbone to keep her crotch and its tiny patch of triangular lycra away from Carrie's waiting nest. She had to keep the swell of erotic feeling that came naturally to her now every time she was in the same room with Carrie out of this contest for as long as possible, she knew, until she and the redhead had exhausted every possible combination of pure muscle against muscle as they worked to settle the issue of dominance between them. Kathi had no illusions about how the confrontation would eventually end but she wanted to walk away from it knowing she had withstood every test of strength against strength with the redhead before she had succumbed to another purely sexual fight.

Carrie trembled intently against her as the two girls matched abdominal muscles, more sweat breaking out on her forehead as the fitness queens measured every facet of those taut rectangular pads of muscle tissue against their counterparts. Kathi quivered too against her rival as the two young women began to preen and flex even individual segments of their abs against each other, tightening their solar plexis or the large, lower abdominals beneath their navels in succession, rolling their bellies in tight waves together as each showed off the incredible muscular control each had developed over their years on the competitive circuit.

"You don't know what a tight stomach really feels like but I'm going to show you, girl," Carrie grunted, even her words vibrating that implacable wall of muscle against Kathi's belly.

"Don't kid yourself," Kathi groaned back against the redhead, pressing her abs against Carrie's even more tightly. "I'm glad you've got all that control because I'm going to love breaking down your abs muscle by muscle."

"Bring it on you blonde bitch," Carrie hissed, although it was clear both women were squandering precious energy and control just by talking to each other. "I'll love feeling your belly go all soft and girly against mine when you give up even more."

Kathi wanted to respond but both girls knew they had blurted out more than enough already and that the trash talk had cost them. Kathi winced against Carrie's cheek as she struggled to control her breathing. Her stomach muscles were already beginning to ache and tremble with the effort of maintaining their struggle against

Carrie's rock hard belly. Sweat greased the muscles pressing and sliding against each other and Kathi's nails dug into the sides of Carrie's pelvis, instantly provoking a similar response that sent a flush of distracting feeling into her crotch.

Carrie felt like a hot granite wall against her body, the unbreakable tension between them only interrupted by the swell of their four breasts, still thankfully separated by cloth robe fabric, that each girl struggled to keep from pressing against each other. Tiny gasps of escaped air told the tale of the desperate breath control each woman fought to keep now in order to maintain the indomitable smash of abdominal power against abdominal power. Somehow Kathi hadn't bargained that she'd have to hold her breath so long to maintain her press against the redhead's abs, and she could feel the strength ebbing from her as she fought to hold onto the gulp of air she'd taken after her last verbal taunt to Carrie.

She could feel the redhead fighting to hold onto her own breath too but that was scant comfort as Carrie's abs pressed ever harder into her own. The redhead hissed a little as she began to roll that magnificent stomach in waves against Kathi's a second time, showing off her firm control even as Kathi felt her own belly burning fiercely at the effort to maintain its hard front against Carrie's.

Carrie's legs, still knotted against Kathi's, suddenly tore at the blonde and Kathi gasped as she felt the bundle of tendon and muscles that scissored from her lower thighs up through her crotch and pelvis suddenly torn by this new attack. Carrie was trying to split her stance and yank Kathi's legs apart until her ass hit the mat. The blonde steeled herself and wrenched her own powerful thighs back against Carrie's, steeling herself against the pain as she fought to maintain her bearings. She squeezed against Carrie's stomach in a mighty effort to reassert herself and for a delicious second she felt the redhead's stomach muscles yield to her own, collapsing into the exquisite, yielding softness of femininity with Kathi's hard core crushing deep into tender womanhood. But as quickly as the moment of victory came Carrie regrouped, her abs leaping back into impenetrable hardness. Her fingers left Kathi's flanks to lock Carrie's wrists at the small of Kathi's back as the redhead smashed her newly hardened abdominals into the blonde's. Now Kathi felt her own abs soften under the assault as her belly disintegrated into girlish softness and Carrie's pale, sweating stomach ground into her own mercilessly as she fought to tense her muscles back into fighting hardness.

The two girls grunted in the final moments of desperate conflict as Kathi fought to harden herself and throw off the redhead's crushing assault, locking her own forearms against Carrie's back as she threw all of her remaining strength back into the belly-crushing contest. She managed to tense her abs twice against the leaping, squirming muscles of Carrie's belly before the redhead rebuffed her efforts and ground her rock-hard abdominals down on top of Kathi's stomach to crush the blonde's belly muscles into submission. Both girls gasped, drawing deep, exhausted breaths now that the battle had been decided and Kathi felt shock settle in as Carrie pressed her harder belly muscles against Kathi's dominantly.

"That's just the beginning you sweet blonde slut," Carrie whispered into Kathi's damp blonde hair. "I'm going to break you on this mat muscle by muscle."

"Not as long as I'm breathing, bitch," Kathi snarled with more bravado than she felt. "I'll admit you're tougher than I thought you'd be but I'm not going to submit to you."

“I’ve spent all year training my body to dominate yours, honey. I’ve been dreaming every night of taking you on again until I come out on top.”

Kathi fought to contain a rush of emotion as the two young women once again battled verbally, always the more uncontrollable aspect of their confrontations, she knew. She’d already betrayed herself by admitting even for a moment that Carrie’s strength was more than she’d bargained for this time. She couldn’t allow the redhead to goad her into uncontrolled fury again.

The blonde groaned as she felt Carrie’s thighs begin to slowly spread her own as they hugged against one another on their knees. Infuriatingly, the same stabbing pain shooting through the tendons between her thighs sent a riot of erotic feelings through her groin again, adding to the emotional confusion of the duel. “You’re not coming out on top of me you honey-haired pussy,” she found herself groaning out. Even to herself the words sounded soaked in lust.

“Just listen to yourself you weak little blonde nothing,” Carrie taunted her. “I can’t believe how easy it was to get you to come crawling back here to have it out with me after so long. I’ll bet you’ve been thinking of me every night too, dying to get your body back up against mine again.”

Kathi steeled herself as she felt the unstoppable rush of adrenaline and sexual hormones flushing through her body at Carrie’s words. “So what if I’ve thought about it?” she hissed. “I can admit you gave me a good fight before, Carrie. But I still won so why shouldn’t I like the thought of beating you out again? So why don’t you admit that you’re obsessed with beating me because I’m still the strongest girl you’ve ever come up against and I’m the one girl who you can’t push around?”

“I’ll admit it when you admit that you like fighting me because we’re so close to being equals, everything about us,” Carrie whispered with a new intimacy Kathi had never heard from the redhead before. For a few seconds the fight seemed forgotten as the two sweat-drenched young women rested against each other, still breathing raggedly from the last crushing contest.

“Maybe I was jealous of your body because I never saw another one so close to mine,” Kathi admitted, almost as much to herself as to her enemy. “I’ve worked hard to make what I’ve got perfect and I don’t like seeing someone get as close to my level as you have.”

“You know what I hate about you?” Carrie hissed as she pressed against Kathi. “All the things about you that you can’t work out in a gym. Your eyes and your pretty mouth and your perfect boobs. I worked to beat your muscle but everything else about you I just have to face with what I’ve got.”

“You’ve got plenty,” Kathi admitted. “The minute I saw you I knew you were as good-looking as me. And those breasts of yours are perfect.”

“Ours are exactly the same size and shape,” Carrie continued. “I always wanted to think you just had some super bra built into your outfit but I’ve seen what you’ve got totally bare.”

“I thought the same thing about you until I saw you topless,” Kathi whispered. “You and those big red nipples of yours.”

“Yours are big too,” Carrie said with growing huskiness. She lifted her head to stare directly into Kathi’s face and the two fitness competitors glared at each other at close range, their faces tense with a mix of wariness, anger, lust and respect. “Long and stiff.”

“You’ve got the stiffest nipples I’ve ever felt,” Kathi said, driving the strange war of complimentary words farther.

“Yours are the roughest pink ones I’ve ever rubbed against,” Carrie whispered back at her. “Maybe I can’t exercise until my breasts are as perfect as yours but I can still match mine with yours and find ways for them to fight them and beat them.”

“There’s nothing we have that we can’t fight each other with,” Kathi agreed.

“Then let’s stop talking and fight,” Carrie said, reaching up to curl her fingers into Kathi’s soft blonde hair. Kathi started to retaliate as she felt Carrie’s legs again start to split her own. “Because I’ve only just started to break every muscle in your body.”

Kathi felt the other girl’s thighs tear into her own and in a desperate, instinctive move she thrust her breasts against Carrie’s jutting, hot globes. Their four mammaries warred briefly between their damp robes until Kathi got her bearings and managed to force her thighs savagely back against Carrie’s while their upper bodies fought against each other. “Don’t get all full of yourself like you always do, redhead,” Kathi growled against her opponent. “I’m still willing to match every muscle I have against you until I win this war.” The two girls balanced precariously atop their dueling thighs, asses hovering inches above the mat as each sought to unbalance the other and bring the fight finally down to the floor where it had always belonged. Legs pistoned against one another in a heaving, crushing scissor grip as each girl measured her thigh power against her rival’s while they slowly tore at one another’s hair, hauling their snarling faces close to one another.

Kathi felt like her lower body was being torn in half as Carrie’s thighs spread her own torturous inch by inch while she struggled to maintain her own grip on the redhead’s sweating legs, the backs of her knees crunching into Carrie’s as tendon and calves smashed against each other. Slowly each girl spread out further until their overlapping legs had almost straightened into full splits while they still gripped one another fiercely.

Kathi knew the war of muscle against muscle was reaching its final stages and she would need every advantage now to maintain her position against Carrie’s and not succumb to the other girl’s smashing leg power. Leaving her grip on Carrie’s red hair she willfully forced her fingers down to the other girl’s damp, disheveled robe and with two quick, yanking motions tore the fabric off the redhead’s shoulders and tossed the tattered remains off into the darkness, leaving Carrie’s bare chest and blood red nipples visible even in the dim light of the gym.

Before Carrie could respond Kathi tore her own suffocating robe off and tossed it away too, leaving the girls’ chests facing each other topless, their sculpted legs still tangled together. Both young women regarded each other’s bare chests jealously in heated silence, taking each others’ measure even in the low light, both noting the perfect, gravity-defying glands standing proud despite the sheen of sweat fairly dripping off them now. Carrie’s glands were as supple and round as they’d been even while contained in her bikini top, Kathi noted, and she inhaled and arched her back a little to make sure the redhead got a good long look at her own enemy glands sitting pertly on the blonde’s powerful chest.

Now as she felt Carrie’s eyes on her naked breasts the painful tingling combined with an expectant, aroused sensation. Her nipples, which had retreated in the damp heat of the initial crush, now were tightening, and she almost blushed as she saw the

two pink rods emerge from her abraded aureoles, lengthen and stiffen in anticipation as they faced down Carrie's breasts.

Kathi made a last attempt to attain the superior position using her lower body only, wrenching her thighs against Carrie's while the redhead's opposed her in a slow, sweating grind. The blonde's buttocks throbbed as she still fought to keep her pulsing pubic region out of the battle even though the insides of her thighs, the tender, sensitive flesh of her upper legs so close to her pelvis were pressed into Carrie's thighs and only an inch or two separated the flimsy thong fabric that was the only protection Kathi's inflamed vulva had from Carrie's sex.

In something between desperation and pure tactics she drove her bare breasts against Carrie's waiting pair with a slap that echoed in the dark air of the gym. Both girls grunted at the impact and Kathi was rewarded with a squeal of infuriated arousal from Carrie. The redhead backed off just enough to deliver a smack of a reprisal with her own firm boobs and then both girls snuggled their sweating breasts into close contact, groaning as they adjusted themselves in brazen nipple to nipple position. Even as their legs cracked and knotted together Kathi had the presence of mind to use her shoulders to leverage her breasts into Carrie's and grind her lengthening, vulnerable nipples into a brazen confrontation with Carrie's red shafts. "You filthy fucking bitch," Carrie hissed. "Don't think you're going to distract me with those juicy boobs of yours because I'm going to break both your legs before I'm through with you!"

"Don't worry, Carrie," Kathi snarled. "We haven't finished matching muscles yet, not by a long shot!"

At those words both girls threw a new burst of energy into their leg war and thrashed against one another furiously. Kathi managed to force Carrie backward, adding a slapping breast to breast jab out of pure spite as she drove the redhead's sweating back finally into the mat. The victory lasted only a second as Carrie's creamy, sweat-slick body twisted like a snake under her and their dueling, powerful legs sent both girls rolling in a brutal crush across the mat, splattering puddles of perspiration as they exchanged half pins with first one muscular body then the other atop its rival. Abs kissed and crushed, fingers twisted into hair, bare breasts slapped and popped together while the two girls' merciless thighs continued to scissor and split each other. Kathi gasped as Carrie slammed on top of her in one roll and felt the other girl's pubic bone pound just once into her own, sending a shock wave of sensation exploding through her pelvis. Carrie consolidated her position and pressed her upper body down on top of Kathi's as the blonde continued to press her leg attack even as Carrie mounted her body. She wrenched with all her strength and was rewarded with a groan of anguish from the redhead as her gorgeous face hovered over Kathi's.

CHAPTER 6

Both girls were fully split now, their legs spread out at right angles from one another, ass muscles clenched and quivering with effort. Kathi unhooked her left knee from Carrie's and tried to heave the redhead off of her, then unhooked her right leg and mounted an impressive bridge under the redhead. There was no avoiding pressing her crotch directly into Carrie's now and she squeezed her eyes

shut as the warm softness of the redhead's vulva kissed her own through the barely there fabric of their bikini bottoms. Carrie had locked fingers with Kathi again as she tried to spread her enemy out completely underneath her and Kathi's bare breasts mushroomed as Carrie's pressed down on top of hers, her nipples knifing into Kathi's pink aureoles. Kathi's belly tightened against Carrie's as even in this end-game pin the two girls tried to measure against one another and impress with what remained of their muscle power.

Somehow Kathi mounted a final frenzy of twisting effort and managed to reverse their positions, forcing Carrie's legs out wide until she felt the redhead twitch in pain as her thighs were forced out almost to the breaking point under Kathi's. Neither girl could take any more of this agonizing leg extension and both began to work the opposite sides of their leg muscles, bearing down with their inner thighs as their bodies lengthened full and straight against each other, two long, lean and perfect female forms stretched out from the interlocked fingers that gripped out over their heads to their feet, pressed instep to instep as even toes slowly fought to dominate one another in this slow, stretching war of attrition.

Without their legs spread out to brace themselves it was easy to reverse positions and roll their opponent flank over flank as their locked up bodies twisted slowly against each other. Kathi fought to tighten every muscle against Carrie's as she felt the redhead's marbled flesh harden into her own, their crushed breasts the only softness between their dueling bodies now, and even those four glands mashed against each other into taut pillows of firm flesh, almost as hard and unyielding as the muscles around them.

"Give it up, bitch," Carrie gasped against Kathi's yawning mouth as the two girls struggled for air. "I can feel you getting weak against my muscle."

"You're the one getting weak," Kathi hissed even as she felt the beginnings of the collapse of some of her leg and shoulder muscles as they contested Carrie's.

"If you hadn't tried to get me all hot by doing this topless I'd already beaten you by now."

"I thought you were the one who had me all hot and bothered enough to meet you up here, Carrie," Kathi replied. "Don't tell me it just takes two sexy boobs to slow you down."

"You couldn't wait to slut it up in this fight!" Carrie breathed raggedly. "Why don't we take it to the next level then because we haven't finished matching every muscle yet!"

"I don't know what's left to match up between us that we haven't matched already," Kathi panted although she had some idea and she almost dreaded moving the fight in that direction.

They were side to side now, arms still stretched above their heads, knuckles cracking at the crushing fingerlock, with neither girl yet gaining an advantage. That's when Carrie pressed her chin against Kathi's, breathing against her huskily. "Tongues are muscles too so why don't we match up that way so I can shut that dirty mouth of yours up once and for all."

Kathi trembled as her taut breasts pressed into Carrie's. She and Carrie had kissed before during their sauna duel a year earlier as each girl had tried to push the other's sexual buttons to gain advantage in the fight. It shouldn't have been a major escalation after all the bare, sweaty wrestling so far and the restrained eroticism of

their posedown during the photography session. But Kathi had to steel herself now as she considered this new direction in the battle. She could feel her muscles giving out as Carrie quivered against her and she was already considering which ones to focus on in order to make her last stand against Carrie. She had never considered the possibility of the redhead emerging victorious from their confrontation but that reality was looming larger and larger as she felt the redhead's incredible strength pressing against her own. She felt a hot little burst of shame as she realized that dueling sexually, putting her beauty and softness on the line against the redhead's, might now be the only way for her to stand a fighting chance against her rival. She had been goaded into it once before and as much as she'd pretended to be appalled by it, even to herself, she knew that the memories of Carrie's hot body, sweet mouth and tender tits dueling with her own had driven her here, and now there was no avoiding playing this card.

She braced herself as she bared her teeth and she and Carrie's mouths snarled animalistically against each other. "If you think you can shut my mouth with your strong tongue then go ahead and try," Kathi said bravely.

Carrie's breath came in a course gasp as her big tongue darted dangerously out between those two beestung red lips and started to snake past Kathi's teeth to enter her. Kathi flinched and managed to thrust her own pink tongue forward to block Carrie's and the two coiling taste organs thrashed instantly into ferocious, tangling conflict. Both girls groaned as the sensation as every taste bud and nerve in their two slapping, wrestling tongues came alive with an electric shock as each girl tasted and tested her rival's tongue in a new and ferocious fight.

With their fingers still interlocked both girls twisted their faces together, neck muscles groaning with effort as each tried to gain leverage and still back off and dodge the licking attacks of her enemy. Kathi yearned to grab Carrie's head and neck and control that snarling, lovely face as their tongues smacked and curled, corkscrewing together for long, thrusting moments before straightening length to length as the two trembling girls took each others' measure, briefly flexing tongue to tongue, thrusting their tongue tips outside their mouth as far as possible as they silently compared tongue length and thickness.

Kathi almost grimaced in frustration and saw a matching expression of anger on Carrie's face as neither girl could find an advantage in size for their glistening taste organs. Full and straight, both tongues now jammed forward across each other's lengths as Kathi's open mouth sucked and sealed against Carrie's and both girls jammed their taste organs into each other's mouths with deep, invasive sexual thrusts.

The two girls twisted together and groaned, again rolling slowly across the mat, smearing their own sweat against one another and the vinyl mat surfaces as they forced themselves against each other mouth to mouth, teeth scraping as their tongues fought their vicious, serpentine war inside their locked mouths. Kathi's face reddened as she fought for breath and she struggled to force her throbbing tongue deeper inside Carrie's mouth while each girl sucked and hugged together, bellies kissing as they dueled to force the breath out of one another.

Carrie managed to top Kathi for several minutes and groaned as she began to pump her tongue down inside Kathi's waiting mouth in long, powerful strokes. Kathi took the oral raping, bravely attempting to trap Carrie's taste organ and shove her own

back inside Carrie's hot, sweet mouth until in a spasm of fading effort she managed to roll on top of the redhead and administer her own tongue punishment, shoving her tongue and lengthening it far back enough inside Carrie to almost gag the redhead. As the fury and frustration of the fight grew neither girl could resist biting and mauling as their mouths twisted against one another, the blood red lip gloss each wore now smearing a pink brand across their lower faces.

Finally the two girls pulled apart in a gasping mess after a final flurry of biting with both of them chewing lips, chins and tongues in primitive spite. Kathi's mouth felt raw and used, her tongue sore and throbbing from the effort of fighting Carrie's. She felt barely capable of moving now as she rested against the panting redhead, keenly aware of the fact that the two dueling girls had again fallen to rest at their sides with neither having the advantage of gravity against the other yet in a full victory pin. Her legs still entangled Carrie's but she they felt like useless, numb weights now, barely able to continue their crushing press against the redhead's thighs, and while Carrie's thigh lock would have caused any weaker woman to surrender in minutes Kathi could feel the other girl's strength ebbing too. She managed to squeeze back against Carrie's fingers and felt the redhead return the grip reflexively, although the bonecrushing power of that double fingerlock had also lost much of its fury.

Barely able to move most of the cramped and sore muscles down the length of her lean, muscular frame, Kathi bore her mouth against Carrie's again and both girls weakly bit, sucked and licked at one another's still hungry mouths. The blonde girl still managed to lift the weight of her throbbing breasts against Carrie's enough to twist her still stiff pink nipples back against and around Carrie's angry red pair of aroused shafts, enough to force a moan of pain out of the redhead and a rush of sadistic satisfaction out of the blonde even as she squealed in response as Carrie twisted her tits back into Kathi's pair, pressing her rib cage close enough to compact all four tingling breasts into hard and aching masses of vulnerable flesh.

"Cunt," Carrie groaned as she pressed Kathi's back slowly into the mat to mount her sweating opponent once again, agonizingly cementing her position with quivering, sluggish elbows and thighs as Kathi stretched out underneath her.

"You whore," Kathi moaned underneath the redhead. "You really think we're going to go out and compete on that stage tomorrow after this?"

"I'll be on that stage, don't worry," Carrie gasped. The redhead finally released her painful fingerlock on Kathi. The blonde weakly pressed her numbed hands to Carrie's shoulders but the redhead brushed them aside to force her damp forearms under Kathi's jaw. "I still haven't left any real marks on this pretty body of yours." Kathi twisted slowly under the redhead as Carrie pinned her neck and head painfully beneath her forearms while she bent her head and her sneering mouth hovered over Kathi's exposed breasts and nipples, which still jutted skyward at full alert. Dipping her head she bit cruelly into Kathi's left nipple and began to chew and worry the fat pink rod with torturous slowness, dragging and pulling it before letting it pop out from between her teeth and throb back against Kathi's breast. The blonde let out a high-pitched moan as Carrie's teeth did their work and gasped as she let go.

"Is this what you mean by no marks you cheating bitch?" the blonde whispered hoarsely.

“No one’s going to see your poor little raw red nipples underneath your bikini top, Kathi,” Carrie sneered. “But they’ll be too sore to stick out and impress the judges the way they did last year, and they’ll be too sore to go up against my hard ones when I cream your tits in another minute.”

“You dirty bitch,” Kathi squirmed as Carrie’s mouth descended on her other nipple and began to bite, lick and suck mercilessly. “You couldn’t wait to get the chance to suck on my big ones so why pretend it’s got anything to do with this fight?”

Carrie groaned as she feasted on Kathi’s vulnerable, tingling breasts, added vicious bites to her aureoles as she worried the blonde’s nipples. True to her word, her teeth never ventured outside Kathi’s silver dollar-sized aureoles as the blonde struggled and writhed under the attack. Finally the pain itself forced enough adrenaline back into her body for her to buck Carrie off and slap the redhead’s back to the mat.

Fury clouded her vision as she smashed her own forearms up under Carrie’s jaw while the redhead reached for her neck and failing that, grabbed hold of Kathi’s swinging, sweat-drenched breasts as the blonde hunkered down over her and bent Carrie’s head back, stretching the redhead’s stomach tight under her own and pulling her bare, firm breasts taut across her chest as she bared her teeth and moved down to launch her own oral attack on Carrie’s tits.

She let her tongue caress Carrie’s right nipple, teasing it while Carrie watched in fury, her eyes finally closing at the erotic touch of the blonde’s tongue on her nipple tip before Kathi vengefully clamped her teeth down on the offending red shaft and ground the rubbery flesh between her incisors, tugging and tearing at the stiff rod just as Carrie had assaulted her tingling shafts.

She feasted on Carrie’s breasts and nipples, taking the same care to attack only the crimson targets of her nipples and aureoles until she could feel the tender organs swell and soften under her teeth and tongue as she bit and sucked. Carrie squeezed at Kathi’s mammaries helplessly as the blonde’s body weighed her down exhaustedly, and even as she tortured Carrie’s nipples she felt her own swelling and throbbing in agony under Carrie’s fingers. Both girls took long, vicious turns at each other’s breasts as their arms and legs continued to weaken, fighting with the only weapons left at their disposal, until Kathi dragged Carrie’s fingers off her bare breasts and bore her ravaged glands back into contact with Carrie’s, as if to test the effectiveness of this latest assault.

Both girls squealed in raw exultation as their abraded and bitten nipples came back into hard contact. Kathi felt her pink rods bravely bear themselves against Carrie’s even as each tender touch of the other’s rubbery shafts resulted in a fiery explosion of tingling discomfort spreading out from her damaged nipples to her bitten aureoles and throbbing, battle-beaten mammary glands as they pressed down on top of Carrie’s. She felt Carrie squirm and groan beneath her and knew that she had done every bit as good a job on the redhead’s nipple shafts and aureoles as Carrie had done on hers. Yet they continued to thrust breast against breast and nipple against nipple proudly, stubbornly refusing to yield even in this cruel contest of tenderness against tenderness, nerve ending against nerve ending. Again Carrie managed to shove her exhausted opponent aside, matching breasts with her while they jostled on their sides until she managed to briefly top Kathi again and slap her ravaged, sweat-soaked boobs down on top of the blonde’s with dull smacks before dragging her still hard red nubs across the blonde’s battered breasts and sawing them against Kathi’s

pink rods.

Both young women could feel their nipple erections weakening as pain overtook pleasure across the abraded surfaces of their swollen nips. Kathi managed to twist back against Carrie and push her weakened opponent back onto her side so that both exhausted enemies now pressed breast against breast furtively in a final agonizing battle. Kathi's hard pink rods had softened to throbbing, pea-sized buds and for a second she thought she felt Carrie's reddened and shriveling shafts press her own momentarily inside their aureole cushion before they mounted a final, dying stiffness and shoved their red rivals backward into Carrie's crimson aureoles too. Kathi held Carrie in a listless embrace as both girls breathed raggedly against one another, both exhausted beyond the ability to move or attack at least for the moment. Carrie's cheek slid slickly against Kathi's and she managed to softly bite Kathi's lower lip. It was all Kathi could do to twist back against the redhead's mouth and return the bite.

"You tough bitch," Carrie moaned.

"Hard cunt," Kathi grunted in response as she slumped onto her back, her battered breasts quivering softly as she drew in shuddering breaths. Carrie lay next to her, the heat of combat still radiating off her sweating body and Kathi eyed her rival through a mist of tears and stinging mascara. She had never driven her body to this point before and somehow she knew the war wasn't over yet. Yet as weak and sore as she felt, her body throbbed with something else, not entirely unexpected, but something she'd hoped to ignore. She felt a sick excitement at having come up against such an implacable and ruthless competitor. Kathi had never been in any kind of physical confrontation that she hadn't felt confident she could dominate. The word 'tie' didn't exist in her vocabulary, let alone 'lose.' Yet this redheaded beauty had not only matched her muscle to muscle but had come damn close to beating her into submission and it had taken every iota of effort on Kathi's part just to keep herself in the game.

CHAPTER 7

She let her eyes travel up and down Carrie's body as the redhead lay next to her, half propped up on one elbow, her bare, sweat-soaked breasts still pointed at Kathi challengingly even though her defeated nipples had shriveled into nothingness for the moment, leaving only the puckered red targets of her aureoles tipping those heavy, firm and cream-colored breasts. Her brilliant red hair was matted and tangled from the fighting and mascara streaked and stained her face along with the smeared red lipstick coating her mouth, making her look like some wild goth chick. Her pale belly still tensed with the remnants of those crushing abdominals, shoulders and thighs still bunched with unspent muscle rippling under that creamy smooth skin.

Kathi's mouth still tingled from the touch of Carrie's hot lips and teeth, her tongue throbbed, sore but aroused, from its exhausting wrestle with Carrie's. She felt as if she had pitted every ounce of her being against the redhead and been met with equal force, and had barely survived the effort. As her eyes traveled down to Carrie's supple, curved pelvis and the damp white triangle blocking her bulging sex from view she knew there was still another arena to be entered.

Carrie glared at her blonde enemy as she lay next to her on the sweat-drenched gym mat, her thoughts mirroring Kathi's. The blonde had been every bit as tough in this fight as she'd known she would be, but Carrie's pulse was pounding with the anticipation of finally beating this hard girl once and for all. She had felt Kathi's body weakening against hers even as the blonde fitness queen had thrown every ounce of strength she obviously had into the battle. No doubt they'd gone far past the point where they would be hurting, even ruining their chances of doing well in the next day's tournament. Carrie didn't care. This was the only contest that mattered, the one between her and the blonde. She had waited and trained for year to beat this girl's perfect body and prove that hers was the more perfect, more toned and beautiful, more powerful body between them.

Now she was tantalizing close to her goal and it would be worth every bit of pain and agony she'd put herself through to hear Kathi submit to her and feel that blonde body go limp and soft beneath her hard muscle.

She had to admire Kathi's stamina and determination even as she gloated over her coming victory. Any other girl would have walked away from the fight or given up long ago but Kathi had pushed herself well past the point of exhaustion and Carrie's body too had been pushed almost beyond its limits. A long, simmering look passed between the two enemies as they regarded each other's all-but-naked bodies in silence broken only by their ragged breathing. Carrie felt a rush of satisfaction as she saw how she had beaten all the toned, hard edges out of Kathi's limber frame—she was too weak to flex and preen and show off that killer body now, and what remained was soft, supple and curvy. Her breasts that had once thrust outward so arrogantly, parading their stiff nipples in front of Carrie, now lay submissively on her chest, her once deadly-looking pink nipples shriveled down to nothing, her perfect mammary globes now just flaccid pillows of soft flesh.

Carrie's eyes traveled down Kathi's pale, sculpted stomach, now softly rounded as it raised and fell with her breathing, and rested on the silver bikini triangle struggling to contain the blonde's bulging venus mound. Even in the dim light of the gym the metallic fabric showed off every contour of Kathi's sex as it clung damply to her muscular vulva and the inviting crevasse between those two impressive sex lips. She caught Kathi's eyes aiming at her own soaked white bikini thong and knew that her inflamed crotch was just as exposed and highlighted by that garment as Kathi's was. She made a game show of flexing her stomach muscles and shoulders as she leaned closer to Kathi, trying to rally what remained of her strength and posing ability and show off a little threatening definition to the blonde. Kathi too leaned forward, her stomach muscles briefly displaying the perfectly toned, cut six pack that had crushed against Carrie's belly earlier.

Carrie's stomach burned from the brief effort and she had to relax it even as she and Kathi glared at each other. She knew her body was showing off the same feminine softness that Kathi was now. They had tested every muscle against each other and now their battle reserves were all but spent. But Carrie had decided for herself that the fight was not over. Her waxed crotch was throbbing against the tiny triangle of white fabric that covered it, the thick swell of her vulva bursting out along the sides of the micro-bikini, eager to get out. Every second of muscle to muscle warfare with Kathi had left her hungrier and more aroused as she felt the raw excitement of

meeting up with a body that equaled her own.

Suddenly Kathi inched forward, grabbing Carrie's bicep and pulling their damp, naked chests together once again. Their sore, beaten breasts were beyond fighting and only nestled against one another painfully as Kathi forced her face up against Carrie's.

"You think you're as good as me?" the blonde growled, a kind of desperation in her voice as her mouth sought Carrie's.

"No, I'm better than you and I'm going to prove it before we're finished," Carrie whispered confidently.

"I'll be the one finishing you," Kathi said defiantly. She pressed one hand down on Carrie's jaw and the redhead moaned as she felt unexpected reserves of strength in the blonde's forearms and fingers that wrenched her mouth wide open. Kathi wrestled slowly into her as she forced her tongue deep into Carrie's waiting mouth and the redhead winced as she tried to regroup and shove her own dry, exhausted taste organ back against the invading blonde's. Arms crushed together as Carrie squirmed into position against Kathi and found her own grip on the blonde's hair and chin and she briefly managed to force herself down on her enemy and plunge her own raw tongue deep into Kathi's mouth while the blonde groaned angrily beneath her. In seconds Kathi had shoved her back as the two young women struggled again into an equivalent, side by side mode, hugging into another slow crush breast to breast while their mouths assaulted one another.

The length of their bodies once again intertwined as arms and legs pressed into one another in a final display of pure power, fingers locking together while thighs crushed against one another painfully. Tendons and joints cracked from head to toe as the two supremely physical girls threw their remaining muscle against one another. Carrie felt one of Kathi's biceps mash against her face and she twisted to lock her teeth into the thick muscle, incisors crunching into the hard tissue as if she would maul the strength out of Kathi's sinew. She felt the blonde squirm against her and then sharp teeth locked onto one of Carrie's biceps too, both girls biting down on these twin symbols of muscular dominance.

For the first time Carrie allowed her pelvis to come fully into play as she slowly crushed her venus mound against Kathi's, matching up her white bikini triangle against the blonde's silver crotch and gauging the size and firmness of the enemy snatch that quivered beneath it. She pulled her mouth off Kathi's arm and shoved her face back against the blonde's as Kathi twisted to meet her, both girls snarling against each other's mouths.

"You feel that, Kathi Corwin? Feel how much bigger a woman I am than you?"

"You're nothing but a weak little girl compared to me," Kathi sneered as she returned the press of intimate flesh back at Carrie and matched her pubic bone to pubic bone, crushing the tender venus mound and vulva tissue between those two colliding buttresses of bone.

"I'm going to tear that thong off of you and show you what a real woman is," Carrie snarled into Kathi's mouth.

"Go ahead and do it," Kathi replied. "I've wanted to tear that white bikini off you and your hot little ass all night."

"If you think your weak body stands a chance against mine naked then go ahead and strip me bare," Carrie growled.

“I don’t think you’re ready for it,” Kathi hissed. “If I recall last time you had that big hairy firecrotch down there to do your fighting for you but from what I feel down there you must be waxed just like I am.”

“So what?” Carrie said hotly. “I don’t need any fur to match up with you and from what I’m feeling you won’t have that soft blonde bush to fight with either.”

“Good—that means there’ll be nothing to get between the two of us. You’ve made this about sex from the start so why shouldn’t we settle it that way?” Kathi’s body flexed and hardened beneath Carrie’s and the redhead felt herself slipping off the blonde’s sweat-slick stomach and breasts. Somehow Kathi hauled herself up on her knees and grabbed Carrie’s long red hair to yank her upward with her. The two sweaty fitness competitors grappled on their knees and Kathi hugged Carrie into a belly crushing hug, her forearms crunching into Carrie’s lower back.

Both girls balanced precariously on spread thighs and Carrie felt her ass muscles stretched taut with the effort of standing against Kathi even as she felt the blonde’s trim, muscular hips position themselves against her own. She quickly adjusted her stance to align her barely covered groin against Kathi’s, bracing herself as the blonde’s buns flexed rapidly under Carrie’s searching fingers and jabbed Kathi’s crotch roughly into Carrie’s. The redhead grunted and locked her own buns as she returned the blow and both girls gasped with effort as they pounded several hard punches into one another’s pussies.

“You’re soft down there, Kathi,” Carrie growled. “Soft and weak.”

“I’m strong enough to take you on, that’s for sure,” Kathi snarled back at her.

Carrie felt the blonde’s fingers slip down from her waist to grasp Carrie’s pulsing glutes, strong fingers digging into the bunched, tense muscle there, and Carrie stared intensely into the blonde’s mascara-streaked eyes as she hardened her twin buns against the grip and showed off her supple ass’s shape and definition. She squeezed Kathi’s firm cheeks in response, searching for soft vulnerability within those two big, momentarily rock-hard muscles. The two girls pressed crotches defiantly once again, crushing slowly against one another until Carrie could feel her vulva bulging out the sides of her bikini bottom to press nakedly against Kathi’s sex. She yanked the thong up between Kathi’s cheeks as she growled into the blonde’s face and immediately felt her own bikini wedged up between her buns and labia, both girls sawing the thin fabric sadistically across each other’s vulnerable womanhood.

“Go ahead and tear it off me if you think you can match up with me there,” Kathi hissed.

“You tear off mine if you’re not afraid to get dirty, Miss Perfect,” Carrie said. “I dare you.”

Instantly she felt a violent tug as her white bikini bottom shredded up across her crotch and disappeared into the darkness of the gym, and she had Kathi’s silver thong torn from the blonde’s taut pelvis a nanosecond later.

Now both girls suddenly backed their pelvises off out of danger; Carrie felt Kathi’s ass swell and bulge under her fingers as the blonde cocked her hips to keep her hot pussy out of harms way and Carrie too tilted her pelvis and allowed her now unprotected, sweating sex to feel the cool, damp air of the gym. “What’s the matter? You afraid of me?” she taunted.

“I’m not afraid of anything,” Kathi said. “Let’s just agree to do this slow. I’ll

probably make you scream the minute that poor slutty nothing of yours touches what I've got for you between my legs."

Carrie felt a redoubled rush of arousal as Kathi whispered her threat. She had managed to drag proud Kathi Corwin down into the gutter again and she could barely contain her pride, or her lust at the thought of meeting up with this hard blonde more intimately than they had ever managed to in their previous fight. "God, you're just another trappy little fitness slut underneath that snotty attitude of yours, aren't you, bitch?" she said, squeezing Kathi's buns hard for good measure. "If I have to be a slut to teach a whore like you a lesson than I don't mind one bit," Kathi said.

"Then why don't you press that big pussy of yours against mine since you're such the big slut right now? You're so hot for my snatch I can practically feel you from here."

"There must be a fucking puddle underneath you by now, hussy," Kathi murmured as she slowly kneaded and squeezed Carrie's bottom.

"Come on and get it; I fucking dare you to match up with me."

"I'm going to destroy you down there," Kathi promised.

"Shut up and do it," Carrie replied. The two girls stared at each other in a moment of tense, frozen silence. Strangely, Kathi leaned forward and slowly, almost gently kissed Carrie and the redhead softly slid her hot mouth across the blonde's in response before she felt Kathi's ass ripple underneath her fingers as she slowly and firmly pressed her naked sex against Carrie's.

The redhead shivered as she felt Kathi's vulva kiss her own and both girl's blazingly hot and slippery wet labia came into contact, slipping against each other's folds as they twisted their matched-up pelvises into one another like gears intermeshing. Carrie squeezed her eyes shut at the astounding sensation that she had waited and prepared a full year to experience again. Maybe the blonde was right; she thought; maybe I WILL scream. But even as she trembled against the other girl's touch she rallied herself and remembered how well she had prepared for this. Closing her eyes helped as she maneuvered against Kathi's hot cunt and slowly explored every square centimeter of its contours, matching her anatomy against her enemy's in a slow, erotic grind, the pressure increasing pound by pound as both girls struggled to force more pressure slowly onto her opponent. The goal was to dominate and engulf, to demonstrate that hers was the bigger, fuller, hotter and firmer of the two competing pussies, and Carrie felt sure she would win.

But there was more to this fight and the redhead had brought a year's worth of discipline and practice to this final battle. She reached inside herself, focused on her posture and stance, the position of every muscle in her body, on the touch of every surface of flesh the blonde now pressed against her. Slowly she found the anchor of muscle deep within her pelvis and began to flex tensors that only a trained gymnast—or a woman in another profession—could manipulate.

As she pressed them against Kathi's she felt her vulva and labia contract and slide against the blonde's sex, and she maneuvered her pelvis carefully until she found purchase against the blonde's hot vulva. She felt Kathi quiver against her as she twisted into the blonde and slowly locked her trained pussy down onto Kathi's.

"You fucking cunt," Kathi hissed slowly against her. Sweat dripped down the blonde's face as she trembled under Carrie's intimate attack.

“What’s the matter, girl? Never felt anything like that before?” Carrie felt a rush of hot elation and growing excitement as she clamped down on Kathi’s cunt, her confidence increasing as she felt her control of those intimate, secret muscles growing. Kathi’s labia twisted between her own as she squeezed the blonde’s tender sex, working her way upwards like a zipper closing as she worked her way up towards Kathi’s rapidly stiffening clitoris.

Kathi’s breathing increased sharply as the redhead began to close her trap on her enemy’s clit, delicate muscles sealing around the throbbing little member while the blonde squirmed and gasped against her. “You poor little bitch,” Carrie taunted her rival. “Maybe now you know what a real fitness queen can do when some dumb blonde pussy gets in her way.”

“You bitch,” Kathi gasped.

“You fucking redheaded hotty...I thought I was the only one...”

Carrie frowned as Kathi’s voice trailed off. She opened her eyes to see the blonde’s agonized face staring at her, not with humiliation or defeat, but renewed excitement. Suddenly Carrie felt the blonde’s vulva pressed so tightly against her own begin to twitch and squeeze back against her own throbbing labia, tender lips closing down with increasing pressure on her tender folds of sexual flesh...Kathi was gripping her down there, squeezing back with sexual muscles that now felt as powerful as the ones Carrie had trained so long to develop and sculpt.

“You dirty blonde whore,” she groaned uncontrollably as she felt Kathi’s cunt squeeze working its own way up to Carrie’s clit. Her sex horn had responded instantly the feel of another girl’s sex muscles gripping her own, bursting into full arousal and making itself that much more vulnerable to Kathi’s cunt lock. Furiously she redoubled her grip on the blonde’s snatch, forcing another crushing squeeze down on Kathi’s curled clit before the blonde’s astonishingly strong cunt muscles could crush down onto Carrie’s clitoris.

Cunt gripped cunt full force now as both girls consolidated their positions and Carrie squeezed her eyes shut and tried to reach inside herself for the control and discipline she would need to dominate this intimate squeeze-off. She felt her nipples finally blaze back into stiffness against Kathi’s breasts, and the blonde’s pink erections immediately firm out to touch hers back while their cunts duelled below supple, matching bellies.

“I’m going to wring your pussy dry,” she groaned.

“Don’t you be so sure, slut,” Kathi said huskily. “I know how to do this too.”

“Maybe you know how to squeeze your little girlfriend’s pussy but you’ve never been up against a cunt that can squeeze back,” Carrie snarled.

“Don’t think you can push my buttons by talking about Debbie,” Kathi grunted back against her. “That worked once but I’m on to you now, bitch. This is just between you and me so if you’ve got the muscle to match me bring it on.”

“Just admit that you’ve never been up against anyone else that could do this with you,” Carrie said, a hint of desperation creeping into her voice. She felt a terrifying mix of frustration that her secret weapon against Kathi had been matched, and unadulterated excitement at finding someone who could face up to her so completely.

“So what if I haven’t,” Kathi said coldly. “You’ll have to do more than match up with me to get my respect, Carrie Young—you’re going to have to beat me.”

**“I will beat you,” Carrie assured her. “I’ll destroy you before we’re through.”
“I’m going to crush your bare snatch,” Kathi said.**

Both girls had expended their final energies in this exchange of words; now they hugged each other close, focusing every thought and sensation on the positions of their two dueling pussies as vulva gripped vulva, labia squeezed at labia, and two warring clits were forced into a slow, tender crush together, curling around one another while their owners squeezed and clamped every intimate muscle they possessed around them. Low groans and gasps were the only sound echoing in the gym as the two young women attempted to squeeze and crush their rival’s sex into hot submission. Carrie felt Kathi’s buns jerk and flex under her fingers as she hugged their hips into hotter and tighter contact while their cunt war raged between them, sweat and sex dripping down each other’s thighs, ass cheeks sliding underneath each other’s fingers, breasts valiantly trying to wage their own battle while open mouths gasped and flicking, teasing tongues fought to distract and lick one another.

Carrie had pushed herself now farther than she’d ever done in any workout, any competition, and she could feel her strength fading as Kathi’s pussy gripped her own. She had never matched up against anyone like this. She cursed herself and her own weakness as she felt the final seconds of energy in her fighting pussy tick away until all her ability to grip and squeeze Kathi’s cunt had faded and she could only slide helplessly against the other girl’s sex.

She waited for the final, crushing blow she was sure the blonde would now deliver but it failed to come. Kathi gasped slowly against her cheek to cheek, her pussy burning into Carrie’s. Neither girl could move. They slowly sagged, sweatily sliding body to body as they sank onto their sides on the mat, legs tangled and cunts still glued stickily together. Carrie managed to flex her ass cheeks to deliver one desperate thrust of her clit against Kathi’s and even as she felt the blonde shudder and gasp against her she squealed as Kathi’s clit delivered its own disruptive strike against Carrie’s tingling clit and she twisted into an exhausted orgasm against the blonde.

“Bitch,” she managed, while Kathi gasped “Cunt,” against her ear. Somehow in the sweat-drenched, supple tangle of girl flesh that remained the two equals’ mouths managed to find each other again.

The End...