

CONTRA-TEMPS by Morton

Kay had moved to New York City in pursuit of a career and had quickly fallen into the temp game, competing with other temporary workers for permanent positions at the office where she'd been placed. She was used to attention from both sexes: something about her drew people to her and she knew she was cute. But she was also competitive and had a terrible temper that she often had to keep under wraps in the workplace. She had a dancer's body, a little fuller in the hips than on top, although there was nothing wrong with her supple breasts.

Kay was a natural blonde but had dyed her soft, short hair a striking red. There was one reason for that: Shelley, the chief executive at the office she worked for: a tall, imposing woman with a thick head of flaming red, shoulder-length hair. Pale and lightly freckled, with piercing blue eyes, she was the classic redhead, vivacious and energetic. Kay had grown comfortable working for Shelley, and the executive seemed very pleased with her work. The relationship seemed almost sisterly, and Shelley was very familiar with her coworkers physically. Kay recalled the first time she'd finished a particularly important assignment and Shelley, in a fit of enthusiasm, had rewarded her with an affectionate smack on her bottom. Kay had been a little shocked at first, and definitely embarrassed. Although she'd often been told by boys that it was one of her most attractive features, she'd always been sensitive about her behind, and having her boss smack it drew more attention to it than she felt comfortable with, even though she'd noted more than once that her superior's body was quite similar to her own, although Shelley was slightly taller. She began to notice that Shelley's attentions seemed to magnify themselves whenever she wore particularly tight skirts, dresses or pantsuits--anything that accentuated the swell of her hips and the shape of her buns. She worked out when she could and even owned a Buns of Steel video, and while she wished her butt was smaller she knew that it was well-shaped, firm and strong.

She quickly found herself in a pattern of dressing to accentuate her figure in spite of her own misgivings. She couldn't ignore how many more assignments and how much more attention she got from Shelley when she did so, and it soon seemed like she was on the fast track to become the executive's personal assistant. She couldn't help even feeling a little smug about it as it became apparent that she was Shelley's personal favorite

among the staff. She loved Shelley's bright red hair and had always harbored a desire to change her hair color, and after dyeing her sleek pageboy cut red she noticed a warm reaction from Shelley and couldn't help thinking she looked sharper and more attractive with the new look.

She was practically planning what her next career step would be on her way into Shelley's office when she heard a familiar cracking sound emerge from inside the office. She actually hesitated for a moment before peeking her head inside the door. That was the first time she saw Meaghan. Like Kay she was tall, almost elegant-looking and very business-like, but with a girlish, almost tomboy quality accentuated by her short-cropped blonde hair and large features. The porcelain complexion of her face and careful cut of her hair gave her an elegant, haughty demeanor, but she had an almost pug nose and glossy, sensuous lips that gave her a conflicting, schoolgirl quality that echoed the remnants of Kay's tomboy upbringing. She looked slightly flushed as she turned away from Shelley's desk, but as she walked toward the door and Kay a womanly sway quickly returned to her broad, well-displayed hips. She was wearing a silk-like blue dress that looked like it had been tied onto her like a corset: it hugged every curve of her athletic body and even Kay was impressed by the full roundness of her slightly jiggling hips. And as she passed Kay saw her surreptitiously rub at the side of one of her buns...as if someone had just smacked her there.

Kay was crushed at first, then gradually annoyed. She had been sure she had been the only one receiving this kind of attention from her boss. She spared a quick glance backward as Meaghan passed and silently gauged the size and shape of the blonde's quivering buns against her own. She couldn't honestly tell whether Meaghan's behind was any bigger or better than hers. She was appalled at herself for thinking this way, and she quickly spun back toward Shelley, almost tripping on her way into the office. "That's Meaghan," Shelley explained. "She'll be helping me out too from now on."

Kay took her next assignment from Shelley and returned to her cubicle. She hadn't really noticed Meaghan before but suddenly the blonde became the focus of all her attention. She had the location of Meaghan's desk memorized and she couldn't help noticing every time her blonde head arose from her cubicle and headed towards Shelley's office--a path that took her past Kay's desk frequently. The redhead began checking out her competition on a regular basis, always noting what the other girl was wearing, how she always seemed to be fixing her hair or adjusting her clothing as she headed toward Shelley's.

Not that Kay wasn't doing exactly the same thing. She soon had eliminated every outfit that wasn't skin tight from her regular rotation, and she began dabbling in other strategies as well: finding blouses and tops that revealed more of her cleavage, wearing shorter skirts, even trying different shades of lipstick, and always gauging their effect on Shelley. She was gratified to discover that the executive still kept assignments coming her way, and that she was still able to win a slap on the rump from her boss fairly frequently. Somehow she even managed to earn a smack just as Meaghan was entering the office one day. She marched smugly past the blonde, her bun still stinging, and met her rival's pretty eyes for a moment as she passed. The other girl's eyes were brimming with venom. Still, the two girls kept their distance, always kept away from each other by the different work they were doing for their boss. Kay grew to loathe the sight of Meaghan and did her best to stay away from the blonde. She was quickly figuring out which outfits got the biggest rise out of Shelley and she was certain that she was stealing more and more assignments from the blonde assistant. It was just a matter of who had the better body, she thought. She didn't know whether Shelley was a lesbian or not and she really didn't care; she could deal with the executive's attentions as long as they didn't cross the line, and certainly as long as they helped her career. And if Meaghan's bod didn't have what it took to keep Shelley's attention, that was too bad.

She was thinking just that as she boarded the bus she normally took home from work. She invariably wound up standing during the crowded ride, hanging onto an overhead bar with a crush of people around her. Today it seemed even more packed than usual. It was summer and she wore no coat, just the slight, silky material of the orange dress she'd worn to work. As the bus lurched into motion she felt a jolt of something firm and warm into her backside, and she adjusted her position as much as possible in the cramped space left to her. Like any New Yorker she had become used to the bodies of strangers occasionally invading her space on the bus; she simply gripped the overhead support bar more tightly and stared straight ahead.

She felt another bump, and this time it was clear that another passenger's behind was colliding with hers. She flushed slightly but continued to ignore the intrusion. Then she received another sharp jab of flesh that she couldn't ignore. It was impossible to turn around in the crush of people, but she could check out overhead mirrors to see who was directly behind her. It only took a second to identify the close-cropped blonde hair of Meaghan. Kay's hot flush of embarrassment became more pronounced. She even felt a momentary stab of fear. Other than the times when Meaghan passed her

on the way out of Shelley's office, she had never been forced to be this close to the blonde. She had never seen Meaghan on her bus before, either. The bus was jostling enough that she still couldn't guarantee that the bump in her behind had been intentional, but could it be a coincidence that Meaghan had positioned herself right next to Kay like this?

Now she received a fourth thrust from the blonde, and this one was unmistakable. Kay's anxiety was being overwhelmed by a slowly fuming flame of anger. What the hell was the little bitch trying to prove? Meaghan bumped her buns solidly one more time and this time Kay responded by jabbing her own cheeks sharply back into Meaghan's. There was a moment's hesitation on the part of both girls and then Meaghan retaliated with a precise, measured punch of her ass against Kay's. Kay waited a moment, gathered herself and returned the blow with equal ferocity. She searched the panel of mirrors mounted over the bus's windows until she found one reflecting the view from the mirror mounted on Meaghan's side of the bus. Now she could see her opponent's face, set in a grim mask of cold fury, biting down on her lower lip as she delivered another vicious blow into Kay's buns. Kay locked her eyes on the reflection as she responded with an even more powerful ramming blow and saw Meaghan blink a little in shock at the violence. She could see the other girl's chest rise and fall with her breath and she realized that she too was breathing sharply, her face tingling with adrenaline. Suddenly Meaghan's eyes found her, both sets of large blue eyes locking on one another, holding for the first time since they'd first encountered one another.

Kay felt Meaghan's big buns once again come into contact with hers, only this time it was with a studied, deliberate approach, firmly and slowly pressing her ass flesh into Kay's until she could almost feel the other girl's hip bones pressing against hers. Kay pressed back, staring her rival down, and had a sudden idea. She slowly flexed first her right, then her left buttock, clenching the big muscles of her ass as tight as she could until they thrust Meaghan's hip bones away from hers through sheer muscle. She had been doing her Buns of Steel routines even more since she'd gotten involved with Shelley and now she felt a rush of pride in her body. She didn't care how big Meaghan's buns were, she knew hers were stronger. She saw a blush spread across Meaghan's face and neck and then watched the girl bite down on her lip again. She felt Meaghan's buns slowly tense and harden against hers until both girls' asses were rock hard and unyielding except for a supple layer of fat. Meaghan's buns felt like they were on fire, and in the already stifling interior of the bus Kay felt a trickle of perspiration mist her temples and forehead. She saw Meaghan's grip on the safety bar above her head readjust and saw the girl shift position and slowly press her back against Kay's. Kay met her, shifting her shoulder

blades to account for Meaghan's back muscles, and the girls began to press and flex their shoulders and upper backs against each other while continuing to grind their buns together slowly, but with as much strength as they could muster.

Kay wondered if anyone on the crowded bus realized the private duel that was taking place in their midst. She braced herself against Meaghan and managed to move her backwards several inches until she was pressed up against one of the bus's chrome central support bars; she even thought she heard a moan of pain from the blonde as her chest was pressed into the bar. Then the blonde fought back and Kay found herself grazing the surface of the bar in front of her. She continued to flex first her right, then her left buttock against Meaghan and felt the blonde retaliate as each girl's ass sought to out squeeze and grind the other. Kay could feel the short skirt she'd worn beginning to ride up, and she could already feel the nylon-clad tops of her thighs rubbing against the blonde's. Suddenly she felt Kay's hands reach back and drag her nails up Kay's thigh until they slid beneath her skirt to claw slowly but deeply into Kay's buns. Kay instantly returned the favor, remembering for the first time that Meaghan had worn an almost equally short black skirt to work. She dug up under the tight skirt and was rewarded with the feel of bare skin, noting that both she and the blonde had chosen to wear only thigh-high stockings to work. Meaghan suddenly surprised her by pulling Kay's hand away from her ass and yanking her own skirt up so that Kay could feel a great expanse of the girl's bare buns pressing against her in challenge. Trembling and swallowing dryly, Kay immediately yanked her own skirt up in response and pressed her own naked cheeks into Meaghan's. The feel of hot, bare flesh against her own was incredible, fiery hot. The inside of the bus seemed suddenly suffocating and Kay's anxiety level skyrocketed. Still, she knew with this many people on the bus no one could possibly see what the two girls were doing. Meaghan began to smack her hot, sweating buns rapidly into Kay's, and Kay responded with her own nasty, naked slaps, jerking her tight buns in time as her breath began to come in ragged, shallow gasps. The smacking of cheek against cheek was loud enough almost to be heard over the din of the bus, but no one around Kay seemed to notice. She simply glared hard into the reflection of Meaghan's face as she stabbed her ass into her rival's behind over and over again.

Finally the bus reached a stop and Meaghan withdrew. As the clog of passengers eased around them, the blonde turned and faced Kay for the first time since they'd boarded the bus. Kay eyed her beautiful face bravely, ready for anything, and her eyes widened slightly as Meaghan reached forward and dug her fist into Kay's blouse as if she was going to jam her hand deep into Kay's right breast. Then she brushed roughly past the

redhead and was on her way off the bus. Fuming, Kay started after her, but the blonde quickly disappeared in the crush of people.

She continued her journey home in a daze, flushed and dizzy. Whatever it had meant, she felt certain she had crossed a line with Meaghan that she never dreamed she would even approach with any woman. She could remember being in one nasty fight with another girl in junior high school, but despite her often hot temper and competitive nature she hadn't been in one since. Fighting was something bar sluts did, not her. But now she had not only engaged in open hostilities with another girl, but done it in such a dirty, vulgar way that she was appalled at herself. She was still sweating and trembling as she entered her apartment and slipped out of her damp skirt and underwear and sat down on her bed, still holding the drenched pair of panties in her hands. They were soaked with much more than sweat. As frightened and anxious as she was, she was keenly aware of a state of arousal such as she'd never experienced. That she'd engaged in what seemed like the dirtiest sex act she'd ever partaken in with a woman, and in a public place, shocked her to her core. Yet her body was electrified by what she had done, and what had been done to her. She reached up to cup her tingling breasts, thumbing the hardened nipples under the silk of her blouse, when she felt something crackle in the right breast pocket of the garment.

She reached into it and pulled out a note written on stationary she'd never seen before. She opened it and read. It said, simply:

Bitch,

Stay away from me and stay out of my way.

Meaghan

She stared at the note for what seemed like hours, trying to glean any extra meaning she could out of the words. Had the blonde simply left the note on her desk she could have accepted it for what it was: a declaration of victory before hostilities had even been joined. But the fact that Meaghan had followed her onto the bus and initiated this bizarre duel between their derrieres seemed to add much more weight to the message. Kay thought how similar Meaghan must be to her. There was no doubt they were alike physically, with almost exactly the same build, short hair, generous, full-lipped mouths. But it astounded Kay that while she had shocked herself by thinking about their competition purely in terms of who had the better butt

and who could display it for Shelley more, it was obvious that Meaghan's thoughts on the matter ran along exactly the same lines. If anything, she'd taken the secret thoughts Kay barely dared to reveal even to herself and put them in unavoidable, graphic terms on the bus. She had put her sexy ass on the line against Kay's right there and then and proven that she wasn't afraid, in fact that she was eager, to compete with the redhead on the most basic, dirty level possible to get what she wanted.

Kay sank into bed that night with a growing, raw determination that she would not let the blonde dominate her like this. Not in the workplace and not in whatever private arena developed beyond it. Her fingers probed into the natural blonde curls of her bush almost subconsciously as she pictured Meaghan in her mind, running through every outfit the other girl had ever paraded past Kay's desk. Maybe Meaghan was slightly older than her, more experienced, maybe she was as strong as Kay. But Kay knew now that she would take this battle as far as the other bitch wanted to, and she would win by any means necessary.

Meaghan went to work the next day with a mixture of anxiety and fierce pride. She couldn't explain, even to herself, what had led her to follow Kay onto her bus, much less why she had jostled the other girl's behind deliberately. But she'd just felt like teaching the smug little bitch a lesson. She was tired of the redhead flaunting her firm, full derriere around the office, especially around Shelley. Ever since she'd gotten the line on the assistant job to the executive Kay had been in her way, flashing her big buns in front of Shelley like a bitch in heat. Meaghan knew that, for whatever reason, Shelley found both girls cute and enjoyed some kind of peculiar flirtation with them. As long as the executive didn't take it over the line, it was fine with her, and if she had to beat Kay to the job by being perkier, cuter and even a little bit sexier, that was fine. It was even fun, she had to admit. She planned every day's wardrobe like a military operation, just as she planned every visit to Shelley's office. But she had to admit that she now needed to factor Kay into the equation more.

It had felt good bumping her ass into the redhead's, she thought. She had planned on just slipping her the note, maybe even just leaving it on her desk anonymously, but things had gotten out of hand. She'd gotten annoyed when Kay had ignored the first bump and had delivered two more with unmistakable power. She was trying to get the redhead's attention, but she had to admit she also just wanted to put it to her big ass. If she could have gotten away with clawing the other girl's buns, she

probably would have, she realized. She'd thought to just get Kay to turn around so she could hand her the note, but when Kay actually rammed her own buns back into Meaghan's, things had taken an unexpected turn. They'd had a little duel, a show of power there on the bus with no one paying attention at all.

Meaghan had found it thrilling. Locking eyes with the redhead, even through the overhead mirrors, had been electric. If she had to teach the girl a lesson outside of work that would be fine, she thought. She didn't care how she won this battle, as long as she eventually intimidated Kay out of Shelley's office.

So Meaghan reacted with cold fury when she found Kay already in the executive's office piling up work. She stared the redhead down as she emerged with a pile of folders and marched grimly into the office to find her own task.

"My goodness, you and Kay are practically competing for projects!" Shelley noted cheerily. "Why don't you give her a hand in the copier room so I can have those reports that much quicker." Kay took the order with a rush of apprehension at first, then she decided it was for the best as she marched toward the copier room.

Kay greeted her with a heated glare as she entered, and Meaghan found herself putting one hand on the swell of her hip and unconsciously arching her back slightly, presenting an arrogant pose for the redhead. The copier room was stuck away in a corner of the office, with no view of the outside. Kay immediately stepped past her and shut the door halfway before facing her again. Meaghan could see why Shelley found the redhead so attractive: she was winsome, her complexion almost shockingly creamy against her almost metallic red hair, and her eyes normally twinkled brightly, although currently they were bright with something else. Kay's own chest also seemed thrust out, and Meaghan noted she was showing cleavage today: neither girl was top-heavy, but both sported firm, nicely rounded breasts that they enjoyed showing off. Kay's face looked fierce, a striking mix of girlishness and rage, and Meaghan had to admit she was a little intimidated despite her very slight height advantage.

"I hope you learned your lesson last night, honey," Meaghan said finally, low enough so that the sound wouldn't carry outside the copier room. It

was the first words she had ever spoken to the redhead, and she had not chosen them to defuse the situation. Kay's hands went to her own powerful hips and she stepped closer to the blonde.

"You mean about what a big, fat ass you have?" Kay demanded. "I learned that a long time ago."

"I meant what I said in that note. And you can add 'stay away from Shelley' to it."

Kay moved forward now until they were literally nose to nose; Meaghan saw the other girl lick her full, red lips and she actually felt the hair on the back of her neck raise, found herself staring down at the other girl's mouth for a second before she raised her eyes up to glare back at her. Kay was furious, but Meaghan refused to let the younger girl overwhelm her own fury. "Or what? You'll fight me ass to ass again?"

"If you want," Meaghan said, nodding so her nose brushed Kay's. "You're obviously afraid to compete with what I've got there."

Kay snorted quietly. "From where I stood I gave your butt a good contest, honey."

"Care for a rematch?" Meaghan asked, nodding down at the pile of folders had set on one of the copiers. "We've got work to do. Shelley wants me to help you with these copies." She gestured to the two copying machines in the room, their work stations directly opposite one another. She took some of the pile and began setting up the machine, glaring occasionally in challenge back over her shoulder at Kay.

"You want to bump buns right here?" Kay asked.

"Don't act surprised you little priss. You should have figured out we're gonna do things my way from now on," Meaghan said huskily.

Fuming, Kay turned to her own copier and began to work, her legs spread, slowly bending down until her pelvis was cocked back and on display to Meaghan. Turning back to her work, Meaghan bent herself and brought her ass slowly up against Kay's. The girls began to bump, rub and jostle just as they'd done on the bus.

"Keep it up, honey," Kay snarled quietly. "I'll beat those buns of yours black and blue."

"You're lucky our asses aren't bare, bitch, because I'd rub you so raw you wouldn't be able to sit for a week." Meaghan kept an eye out the door, but she was tingling with excitement. Maybe she'd entertained the notion that her simple note would keep Kay at bay for the rest of her tenure at the office, but she found herself thrilled that the other girl wasn't backing down, was in fact as eager to prolong the confrontation between them as Meaghan was. She jabbed at the redhead's ass sharply a few times, drawing little grunts out of Kay, and she found herself groaning as the other girl returned the blows.

"I'm glad you started this, Meaghan, because I'm tired of you shaking this big ass around this office all day and I've wanted to beat it good for a long time now."

"Good," Meaghan replied. "You'll get your chance, any time you want it."

"And I'll be happy to knock buns with you any time." Kay said, adding an extra thrust with her hips to punctuate the challenge.

"Really?" Meaghan said. "You like to fight, huh?"

"Yeah," Kay grunted. "When it's a big-assed bitch like you I like to fight."

“Well we can fight with more than our buns, can’t we?” Meaghan challenged, glaring back over her shoulder at the redhead. Kay stood straight, turning to her, and Meaghan turned to face her rival again.

“We can fight with anything you want, any way, any place and any time,” Kay said slowly.

“Good, ‘cause I’ll beat you any way you want,” Meaghan replied.

“I’ll beat you,” Kay swore, her voice a rasp. Meaghan stared at her sullenly, looking deep into the other girl’s eyes for weakness. The redhead was still breathing deeply and sharply, almost shaking, Meaghan noted. She still didn’t think Kay was woman enough to face her down in a real, private fight. She was brave in a crowd or in a room where they didn’t dare make any noise, but Meaghan felt confident she’d back down from a real showdown. It was too bad, because the more she tussled with Kay’s big ass the more she wanted to tangle with the other girl for real. Any girl who would rub bare buns with her would probably fight dirty, any way she wanted. She drank in the other girl’s sweet, sexy smell she stood nose to nose with her.

“I think I’ll take another bus ride with you tonight, slut,” Meaghan said quietly. Kay nodded slowly, eyes locked on the blonde’s.

“So you can ass fight with me again?” Kay asked.

“No,” Meaghan said. “Not this time.”

The rest of the day passed agonizingly slowly for Meaghan. She had already planned her next confrontation with Kay and was eager to see whether the redhead would back down from this one. The girls had spent

forty minutes grinding buns in the copier room, almost to the point where Meaghan feared she might begin cramping up. But she had refused to reveal any sign that she was weakening to Kay, and to her credit, the redhead had stayed in the contest until the bitter end. Meaghan had to admit the younger girl was tough and strong, but that only made it better somehow. She might have actually felt guilty about sending some weakling priss packing in tears, but she could feel good about facing down a rival who was just as competitive and domineering as she was. Kay liked to give off a sweet tomboy quality, but even before they'd bumped asses Meaghan had heard the undertone of bitchiness, the flinty temper that sparked in her conversations with others at the office.

Sadly, there had been few other opportunities to face Kay down as the day continued. And Shelley still showed no sign of favoring either one over the other. Meaghan knew they would have to settle this by themselves.

Finally, the day ended, and Kay disappeared almost before Meaghan realized it. She had to race to catch the other girl's bus, her fury growing. Maybe the little bitch had had enough after all. She rushed outside the office building in time to catch Kay's swaying form striding toward the bus. Meaghan followed, admiring the redhead's long, well-muscled legs, gleaming in sheer black hose. Her body was wrapped in an extraordinarily tight black dress and the thrusting of her broad, sexy hips and nicely defined back urged Meaghan onward as she struggled to catch up.

The bus was already overflowing as Meaghan boarded, and Kay was making her way to a pair of ceiling handholds near the center of the vehicle. Meaghan rushed to shove aside several passengers who might have taken the hand column next to Kay; the redhead caught sight of her, her eyes flashing in greeting, and she positioned herself to face Meaghan as if somehow knowing what the blonde had in mind. Meaghan gripped the chrome hand hold and leaned toward Kay slightly, noting that the redhead was also straining toward her slightly with her torso.

Meaghan relaxed and let the crowd do the rest. In a few seconds the crush of people forced her chest and stomach into direct contact with Kay's, her own skintight blue dress, packed so tightly around her curvy body, now sliding against the redhead's satiny dress material. Maintaining her grip on the hand-hold, Meaghan eased her chest more firmly into Kay's, eyeing the redhead intently as she did so. Kay's eyes narrowed slightly and she too mashed forward with both breasts, sending her bosom into a slo-mo collision with the blonde's. Soon the crowd of passenger had both girls' bodies plastered against one another, and Meaghan actually had to turn

her head to the side in order to prevent her nose from being bent against Kay's face. Their cheeks brushed and touched, and Meaghan flexed her chest muscles and drew her shoulders back, grinding her boobs against Kay. She glanced down at the other girl's creamy-white, glistening cleavage cramming out over the top of her dress. She had also worn a plunging neckline, and she could feel the tops of her own lightly freckled breasts beginning to squeeze out over the top of her dress and touch Kay's tit flesh. Both girls shuddered and gasped lightly at the touch of skin on skin, and Kay put an extra effort into grinding her tits slowly, agonizingly across Meaghan's. "Is this what you had in mind, bitch?" Kay said softly enough so that only Meaghan could hear, her lips brushing the skin just beneath Meaghan's ear.

"I just wondered whether you're as good with your tight little tits as you are with that big, hot ass."

Kay increased the pressure on Meaghan's chest, whispering "Don't talk about my 'little' tits, girl. I'll match what I've got against yours any day or night."

"Don't make me laugh, bitch," Meaghan breathed. "Mine are twice the size of yours. Shelley may like to smack your buns but she'd take my tits over yours any day of the week."

"Mine are as big as yours or bigger, and they're obviously harder, honey," Kay sneered under her breath. "Maybe we should just ask Shelley whose she likes better."

"Why bother?" Meaghan growled. "I don't need her to tell me whose got the firmer jugs here. I can tell just by rubbing mine against yours. Why don't you just admit I'm sexier than you and maybe I'll let you off easy."

"You big bitch," Kay whispered, pressing her lush lips next to Meaghan's ear. "Shelley obviously thought I was sexier than you from the start. But if you need somebody to prove it to you I'll be more than happy to."

"You wouldn't even know how to try, girly," Meaghan hissed. "It'll take more than tit pressing in tight dresses, I'll tell you that."

"You're the one who likes to fight in public, honey. If you're going to rub my naked ass raw and more you're going to have to face me in private somewhere."

"I'd be more than happy to face you and any part of you naked any where and any time you want," Kay said firmly. With that, Meaghan turned to glare into her eyes.

"Then why don't you and I put in a little overtime tomorrow?"

Kay came to work the next day prepared for battle. She quickly set up a rationale for staying past closing time with Shelley, assuring her that she and Meaghan would be working together on a project. She then canvassed the rest of the office in order to make sure that no one else would be around at closing time. She brought a change of clothes and several changes of underwear, as she was already soaking wet with anticipation of what might happen with Meaghan. She had also chosen the tiniest pair of G-string panties she owned, a silver-green pair that barely covered her well-trimmed blonde bush. Otherwise she wore stockings and a tight, knee-length skirt and a black satin blouse with sheer nylon sleeves. She had arrived early enough that much of the staff was still on its way in, and she sighted Meaghan immediately. Like Kay, it was apparent that Meaghan had put extra effort into her appearance: makeup immaculate, bright lipstick and mascara and a skirt just as tight and clingy as Kay's. She eyed Kay challengingly and made her way to the women's bathroom.

Kay immediately followed, her pulse quickening. She had had a bellyful of Meaghan setting the tone for their confrontations. Flinging the door open, Kay met Meaghan head on, flinging one arm around the blonde's shoulders while her free hand clutched the back of the blonde's skirt. "You've been

asking for this!" she snarled as she forced Meaghan back against the wall and pried the other girl's strong thighs apart with her own. When she'd wrestled Meaghan's ass against the wall she tightened her belly muscles, flexed her ass and began pounding her big hips violently into Meaghan's pelvis. Meaghan groaned under the assault, instantly hugging the redhead close and straining to bring her own hips into play and fight back. Kay could feel the blonde offering her hips to her attacker, straining forward in order to meet her crotch to crotch, and she obliged, spreading Meaghan's legs wider until she could feel her pubic bone punching Meaghan's. "You bitch!" Meaghan growled, crushing her chest into Kay's and suddenly flipping their positions roughly. Kay felt her own ass press into the cold tiles of the bathroom wall and Meaghan rammed her crotch deep into Kay's hips twice, then three times, one for every slam she'd received from the redhead. Kay jabbed her own hips forward, but while she could feel the press of Meaghan's cunt against hers, both girls dress material was stretched too tightly by their spread thighs to allow for the kind of deep contact both women hungered for. Moaning in frustration, Kay snarled against Meaghan's neck and for a second felt the other girl's teeth in hers. Flinching, the two fighters ripped their way out of the clinch and staggered away from the wall. Kay sent a slap cracking against Meaghan's cheek and Meaghan instantly retaliated, leaving a tingling welt on Kay's jaw.

The flurry of violence and slaps should have accelerated the catfight, but somehow the twin blows sent both girls into shocked silence and inaction. Kay glared into Meaghan's eyes furiously, her own brimming with tears of rage just as the blonde's were. Both girls breathed raggedly, gasping, but despite the break in the fighting their pulses were quickening. Meaghan glared at her as if daring her to make the next move, and as tempted as Kay was to break off the encounter something in the blonde's eyes kept her from turning away. It wasn't her fear of Meaghan; she knew that much. If anything, she thought she glimpsed, just for a portion of a second, hesitation in Meaghan's eyes as she blinked back the quick tears that had formed as the two had torn into each other. She felt a swell of pure, animal fury flood through her body for a moment and found herself leaning forward, her hands held out at her sides. Then she suddenly clutched at Meaghan and with a twist of her mouth sank her teeth into the other girl's upper lip, biting down just hard enough to hold the soft, sweet tissue and keep the other girl from escaping. Her hands found Meaghan's short blonde hair and instantly she felt the other girl's fingers in her own auburn locks; the girls twisted furiously in each other's grips until Kay felt Meaghan's teeth close on her own thick lower lip, sucking it in until she had a good, spiteful grip on the redhead. Hissing wildly, the girls tugged at each other's hair and increased the pressure of their double bite, each trying to push the other girl beyond her limit of pain. Kay felt Meaghan's fingers twirl and tug at her hair and for one shocking instant felt the other girl's

tongue on her trapped lower lip. Somehow she had the presence of mind to immediately lick out at the sweet lip held captive in her own mouth, and both girls' breathing whistled sharply as they gasped at this terrifying new sensation.

As quickly as the double bite had joined the girls broke it off, stepping away from one another with expressions of shock and rage. "You little whore," Kay hissed, trembling as she glared into Meaghan's face.

"I told you I'd show you who was sexier, bitch." Meaghan snarled.

"I'm going to finish you tonight, gutter slut!" Kay rasped. "I'm going to finish every inch of that body of yours!"

"I can't wait to settle things with you, Kay!" Meaghan replied. "This is just the beginning of what I'm gonna do to you!"

Kay stepped forward until she was nose to nose with Meaghan again. "I'm just wearing a G-string underneath this, bitch."

"And I'll bet I'm wearing an even smaller one than you are," Meaghan replied.

"Anything to make your weak snatch look bigger, huh, Meaghan?" Kay demanded.

"I don't have to play tricks to show I've got a bigger cunt than you, girl."

"You whore," Kay snarled. "Just remember: you'd better be prepared to be bare after five tonight, because I will be."

“And I’ll meet you with every inch of what I’ve got, baby,” Meaghan promised. With that the blonde jammed her way past Kay and stalked out of the restroom. Kay stood alone, breathing hard, fingering one breast idly. After a few moment she composed herself and returned to her cubicle. The morning dragged interminably until Meaghan appeared next to her desk, slammed down a note and walked off.

The note read: “If you are so hot you will meet me in the lady’s room again in one hour. We are not finished going mouth to mouth and I challenge you to face me bare breasted.”

Kay read the note, trembling in anticipation. Crumpling it up and stuffing it into her purse, she quickly scribbled her reply on a post-it: “I will be there and I will be happy to meet your naked breasts and tongue with mine, bitch.” Stalking over to Meaghan’s cubicle, she slammed down the note. Returning to her desk, she tried to compose herself, but she was already shaking in anticipation of her next encounter with the blonde. It was all very good to talk and threaten about “going mouth to mouth” and facing each other bare breasted, but despite everything that had happened so far Kay knew that she would be crossing an incredible line if she and Meaghan actually did what they were proposing. She had hardly gotten any work done and the thought of the two girls getting caught at what they were doing terrified her. But it only took the vision of Meaghan’s snotty, sneering, red-lipsticked mouth in front of her and those glaring, haughty eyes to fill her with cold fury. She would never let any woman dominate her like this, least of all Meaghan. Although she had never had real sex with another woman, she could remember a few dirty, private fights she’d gotten into in high school at sleepovers and in locker rooms...any of them could have gone all the way to the sort of confrontation she and Meaghan had talked about. And Kay could be very aggressive and controlling in bed with guys... she just had to think of Meaghan as another fuck, one she wasn’t going to take any nonsense from.

She was actually sweating lightly by the time the hour was up and she saw Meaghan’s hips swaying purposefully towards the restroom, flashing her a challenging look as she made for the door. Kay noted with relief that it was closing in on lunchtime, and a lot of the workers were already filing out for their meals. She smoothed her blouse over her boobs, surreptitiously giving each a light squeeze. Even though she had been in a state of almost constant sexual arousal since she’d come into the office, she wasn’t quite in full flower yet, and she could just feel her breasts beginning to swell and tighten against her front-loading silk bra. She stalled a little longer to make

sure no other women were using the restroom before she finally made her way in to face Meaghan.

The blonde was waiting in a classic confrontational pose, hands on her hips, her pert chest thrust out, even her jawline jutting out slightly toward the redhead. Kay's heels clicked loudly on the bathroom tiles, echoing like war drums gathering for a volley. She stared at Meaghan and saw the slightest trace of hesitation in the blonde's clear blue eyes. Both girls had had time to think now and neither had rushed into this phase of the conflict in a state of primitive fury. They regarded each other cautiously, each knowing that they would have to be goaded into taking the first, daring step in this encounter. Kay glanced at the handicapped stall at the edge of the restroom. Assuming they delivered on the threats they'd made to one another, this was one confrontation she didn't want to be interrupted at. She opened the stall and stepped in, motioning for Meaghan to follow. This stall was much larger than the two regular stalls and offered more than enough space between the toilet and stall door for both women to stand and face one another.

Kay almost stunned herself by being the first one to speak. "All right, bitch. You started this when you gave me that slutty little lick this morning..."

"You bit my mouth, fuck-bitch!" Meaghan snapped. "If my tongue slipped that's your problem for fighting that way."

Kay stared at her. "Did you challenge me to come in here and fight you mouth to mouth or not?" The girls had begun a very slow, wary circling, hands still on their broad, tight-skirted hips, breasts thrust out arrogantly.

"Look, you little slut," Meaghan growled. "Obviously you thought you were going to show me you were sexier by turning me on with your tongue. All I'm saying is I won't back down from that kind of fight."

"Neither will I," Kay agreed. "So let's fight, if you've got the tongue for it."

"I've got all I need to beat you, honey, but I don't plan on going back to work with a split lip so I will only do this if we agree not to bite."

Kay swallowed that. She had been fearful of another violent encounter too, but she hadn't expected Meaghan to be the one to voice her uneasiness. She suddenly felt she had the advantage and took a step toward the blonde, who responded by stepping backward a bit. "You're a pussy," Kay whispered hoarsely. Meaghan immediately lunged forward until she was nose to nose with the redhead and the girls glared brilliantly into one another's eyes.

"We're not talking about pussies right now, bitch," Meaghan said in a slow, trembling voice. "We'll talk about them soon, but not now. Right now I'm talking about my tongue and your tongue. If Shelley were here I'd show her right now who the sexier woman was, but since it's just you and me I say I can out-kiss you. What do you say?"

"I say I can kiss you til you faint, pussy," Kay breathed. The girls still stood nose to nose, each glancing down towards the other girl's parted lips, then looking purposefully back into her rival's eyes. Kay led with her breasts, brushing them lightly across Meaghan's, and was rewarded with a slight shiver and intake of breath from the other woman. That was all she needed. Her hands left her hips and clapped on Meaghan's neck just under her ears, and the blonde's arms wrestled past hers to fasten their own grip on Kay's neck and head. The girls fought for just a moment with their upper bodies and arms, each trying to take a controlling grip on the other before their open mouths clashed. Kay's tongue plunged into Meaghan's mouth and she immediately felt the blonde's sweet tongue corkscrew around hers, locking the two girls in a closed off snake fight that forced groans of excitement from both of them. Kay crushed Meaghan's upper body to her, but even with the blonde's bosom pressing into her own her focus remained completely on the dazzling, electric sensation of kissing another woman so deeply. Meaghan moaned against her tongue and she heard her own answering grunts and knew that every stroke of Meaghan's tongue was devastating her just as much as she was effecting her rival with her own long licks. Yet as hard as each girl held the other, the actual kiss itself was strangely soft and delicate, both girls letting themselves gently drink in the sensations, trying to overwhelm one another with sensuality more than violence.

Despite all the talk about biting neither girl gave a thought to using her teeth, both knowing that could wait. Kay and Meaghan simply licked and sucked as passionately as each knew how, sliding their tongues and torsos across one another languidly. With no danger that her enemy would slip from her grasp, Kay let her hands drift down Meaghan's smoothly-muscled

back, kept one caressing her neck while the other slid down to dig its fingers deep into the lush round cushion of her behind, and she felt answering fingers on her own buns, caressing and squeezing. Both girls breathed long, controlled breaths through their noses and the kiss extended to two minutes, then five, both girls exchanging long, increasingly agonized moans of pleasure. Kay felt her entire body tingling with a pre-orgasmic rush, but she felt strong enough to ride out the waves of pleasure while still attacking Meaghan's tongue with her own. After almost ten minutes the girls began tentative attempts to withdraw, neither wanting to back down from the kiss but both knowing the skirmish had to be broken off at some point. When they did withdraw, it was mutual, capped by a long, respectful staredown.

"You said you would do this with me bare breasted," Kay said simply after a long silence.

"Yeah, but I figured you'd be afraid to show me your weak little tits," Meaghan replied coolly. Kay immediately began unbuttoning her blouse, and Meaghan followed suit, both girls continuing to stare at each other with a cold, unblinking fury. Kay finally glanced down to Meaghan's chest as the other girl opened her blouse to reveal a sleek red front-fastening bra cupping two very round, full-looking boobs. She mentally gauged them against her own, knowing that unless one of them panicked, mental gauging would soon be wholly unnecessary. They looked remarkably similar to what she packed, she thought as she opened her own blouse for Meaghan's inspection. Unexpectedly, the blonde pulled Kay close and mashed her silk-covered boobs into the redhead's, pressing her chin against Kay's and finally engulfing her hot mouth in another volcanic tongue kiss. Kay tried her best to keep her own swelling breasts in close contact with Meaghan's, gliding across the other girl's in a long caress of silk on silk. It was easy to feel the other girl's stiffening nipples raking her own soft breast flesh, just as it was easy to feel her own boobs and nipples becoming engorged and erect at their contact with the rival bosom. Her tits felt like they were on fire, but despite the awesome sensations Meaghan's tongue and tits were producing in her she still felt capable of continuing her fight with the blonde.

The girls broke their kiss once more, breathing a little harder now as they eyed one another's thick-nippled boobs jutting at one another through the silk of their bras. "Why don't you show me YOUR weak little tits, Meaghan?" Kay demanded, her hands moving to the bra clasp nestled between her creamy boobs.

"I'll show you something, woman," Meaghan purred, undoing her bra clasp and pivoting the empty cups away from her bare boobs. Kay undid her own bra and just as quickly snapped each open clasp of her bra into the waiting clasp of Meaghan's, so that her left cup was hooked to Meaghan's right and her right to the blonde's left, creating a closed-off cage for their four erect, tingling breasts to meet in.

"You're not getting away from me, bitch," Kay snarled. "Now what are you planning on showing me, hot boobs?"

"These!" Meaghan growled. She flicked her hard nipples just once against Kay's, eliciting a shocked gasp from both women, and then jabbed both breasts fully into the redhead's. Kay groaned and smashed her boobs back into Meaghan's full force.

"Ever been in a tiffight, slut?" Meaghan demanded as she raked her nipples across Kay's.

"All I care about is this one, bitch," Kay replied as she returned Meaghan's grind with interest. "All I care about is beating your hard boobs and your hard bod, even if I have to take all night to do it!" Even as she crushed breasts with the blonde Kay sought her rival's soft mouth and Meaghan came to meet her eagerly, grinding her wet lips roughly into the redhead's panting gash of a mouth. Tongues flashed and tangled in the hot arena of their mouths once again and Kay wrestled her enemy back against the stall wall, pressing her body full against the other woman for the first time. Even through their tight-stretched skirts she could feel the heat roiling off Meaghan's crotch. She was astonished by the softness of the blonde's mouth and tongue against hers, and the velvety softness of her bare breasts as they bounced and ground against her own. Even as the two women fought Kay could feel that the battle was now one of softness against softness, that both girls were struggling to overwhelm the other with their own sensuality and beauty. She wanted to drown Meaghan in her sweet womanhood and she could feel the blonde pressing her own attack with exquisite delicacy, gently gliding her delicious lips and tongue across Kay's while she softly caressed the redhead's naked, creamy bosom with her own, silkily sliding her pink nipples against Kay's. Even Meaghan's

big buns, the ones she'd fought so hard against on the bus and in the copy room, felt electrifyingly soft and yielding under her fingers.

Heels clicked randomly on the tile floor as both girls silently licked and rubbed, holding each other with a trembling blend of strength and tenderness. Kay feared she would melt into a hot puddle of femininity on the bathroom floor but she could feel Meaghan quivering delicately under her own ministrations and she knew that she was having every bit as much effect on the blonde as she was having on her. She also knew that the tender duel could not last forever for several reasons. They were already taking a terrible risk by locking up like this in the bathroom--Kay had already completely lost track of time during the confrontation and she knew there was every chance that someone returning from lunch might stumble in on them. Granted that no one could see who was in the handicapped stall, but they would have to react quickly to prevent someone from seeing two pairs of feet in the stall.

Kay could also feel her state of arousal reaching a new level. Her boobs were hardening, swelling against Meaghan's rival breasts, her nipples stiffening into long pink shafts that scraped painfully against the blonde's aureoles and soon began to come into contact with Meaghan's own stiff set of sex points. The flash of the other girl's nipples against her tits was already making her gasp and shudder and Meaghan's hard-licking mouth was starting to feel more and more like a cattle prod against hers. She wanted to sink her teeth into the other girl's lips, and more than that she wanted to bite Meaghan's soft boobs, bite her rubbery nips and stomach, bite into those big buns and that hot crotch. She wouldn't be able to take much more of this kind of hot girl-to-girl contact without letting herself go and unleashing a vicious bitch-on-bitch catfight. Most of all, she wanted to bash through that tight skirt with her hips and take on Meaghan pelvis to pelvis. They had started this war with their buns and Kay was determined to settle things with her hips and her sex. Her swollen pussy, like her tits, was swelling against the tiny patch of silk that covered her crotch, and even her flexing buns were tingling electrically just from the touch of skirt fabric stretching across them and Meaghan's occasional grabs and squeezes.

She held Meaghan's tongue in her mouth hungrily, knowing that if she didn't stop their encounter now that she would have to escalate to total war. She would throw away her job and any chance of staying in Shelley's good graces. The image of the big, redheaded executive danced in front of her as she licked away at the blonde, filling her with an uncontainable violence at the rival that would dare come between her and Shelley.

She grabbed Meaghan's hair and tore out of the kiss with a violent sucking sound, and immediately felt the blonde's hands in her hair. Both girls held each other, gasping for breath and glaring searingly into each other's bright blue eyes.

"You fucking bitch," Kay snarled with finality. "I want you back here at six o'clock tonight. Everyone will be gone and we can finish this for good."

"Don't think I'm going to play nice once we're finally alone, you little pussy," Meaghan whispered. "It's going to be all skin to skin and it's going to be rough."

"If that's the way a whore like you fights I'll be happy to play rough too, baby," Kay replied. "Now take your hands off me."

The girls hesitated for a moment, fingers still entwined in each other's soft hair. Neither wanted to retreat, yet both saw the necessity of it. Neither wanted to be the first to back down, and each searched each other's eyes for some sort of mutual agreement that this fight was over for the moment. Finally, hesitantly, each withdrew her fingers from her rival's hair. Kay quickly reached for their fastened bra clasps and undid them, taking a step back. Both girls leaned against the stall wall behind them and regarded each other, their blouses still open, breasts slightly reddened and flushed from their soft contact, nipples erect and accusatory. Kay couldn't resist arching her back with a sneer and sticking her breasts out at Meaghan, and the blonde quickly returned the gesture, adding a shake of her milky hemispheres. For a second each girl silently dared the other to renew their duel, but the faint sound of footsteps outside the restroom brought both to their senses. Kay slowly refastened her bra and buttoned up her blouse and Meaghan did likewise, neither girl taking her eyes from the other.

"I'll see you tonight, whore," Kay said evenly, opening up the stall door and adding a final glare.

"I'll see you, baby...every inch of you."

Meaghan struggled to ignore the redhead as she fixed herself up, glancing sideways at the younger girl furtively. They managed to fix their lipstick and makeup in a few moments and rebrush their hair without anyone intruding on them. Meaghan finished as quickly as possible and left, trying to shut the presence of Kay out of her mind for a moment.

It was impossible, of course. She returned to her desk, keenly aware of the five hours of time left before she would be able to get at Kay for what she knew would be their final showdown. She had to return to the restroom within fifteen minutes and stuff a feminine pad into her tiny thong because she was afraid she might soak her skirt and chair in her present state of arousal. She had trimmed her silky blonde bush the night before in anticipation of fighting Kay. It had been a little presumptuous, but something had told her from the very beginning that her struggle with the redhead would only be settled with the dirtiest possible fight between them. She had to acknowledge to herself that she had never been so turned on by a rival as she had been by Kay. As much as she secretly wanted Shelley to herself, the redheaded temp was all she could think of now. She couldn't rest until the other girl's creamy body was beneath her, completely dominated and spent. She had seen the other girl's amazingly round and milky, pink-nippled breasts, and now she was eager to see the rest of her, her flat, pale belly and lush hips laid bare.

Meaghan had fought close contests and even been beaten once or twice by other blondes. But never by a redhead or brunette. She didn't make a habit of fighting and hadn't done so in a long time, but once she crossed the line with another woman she made certain to finish the job. And she fully intended to finish Kay this evening. Somehow she managed to focus attention on work for the rest of the day, blocking the image of Kay from her mind as much as possible.

Finally, workers began drifting out of the office. It was Friday and people were eager to begin the weekend. Meaghan made some noise about staying around to keep working on a project. She was surprised when Shelley showed up at her desk on her way out. "I just want to thank you and Kay for staying behind to work tonight," she said. If there was anything in her voice to indicate she had any idea what was going on

between the two women, Meaghan couldn't pick up on it, but she felt herself flushing at the sight of the statuesque, sexy redhead nevertheless. Her eyes met Shelley's briefly and she thought about the fact that she was risking her job, maybe her career, just to stay at the side of this woman she barely knew. It was insane, but she knew inside that Shelley was just a piece of the puzzle. What really mattered was that Kay had challenged her and competed with her and she would not allowed herself to be dominated by any cute redheaded bitch. She knew she had started their dirty little contest that day on the bus, but from the very first time she'd seen Kay's full, saucy hips and round ass she knew she had to confront her somehow. She no longer knew whether she was fighting Kay to have Shelley to herself or whether she had started trying to impress Shelley just to infuriate Kay and start something between the two temps, but she had started down the road and now was reaching her destination, one way or another.

"Anything wrong, Meaghan?" Shelley asked. Meaghan could smell the executive's sweet perfume from her place at the desk, and for a moment she took in the long, curvy lines of Shelley's frame before shaking her head no. "Well," the redhead said, giving her shoulder a little squeeze, "Don't you and Kay work too hard together tonight."

It took another thirty minutes for the entire office to be vacated. Meaghan knew that no janitors or maintenance personnel would be in the building after six on Friday. They would be totally alone. She could see the row of cubicles where Kay's desk lay, closer to the main exit at the other end of the office. But she couldn't see Kay. She sat in silence for five minutes. Then ten. The sounds of activity in the building continued to dwindle. After fifteen minutes there was no sound, only the hum of air conditioning and the clicking of a wall clock.

And the clicking of a woman's heels. The sharp clack of Kay's heels leaving her desk, but not heading towards Meaghan. They seemed to recede, and then Meaghan realized they were headed toward the exit door. For a moment she thought Kay had lost her nerve and she felt a strange mix of triumph and disappointment. Maybe she had been too much for the other girl in the restroom at lunch, or maybe Kay was afraid of what the two girls might do to each other with no one around to interfere.

Meaghan heard the clank of two sets of bolts, and then the click of Kay's heels again, inside the room. Then nothing. Kay had locked them inside the office.

"Are you in here, bitch?" the redhead's voice rang out.

Meaghan paused for a moment and then said "I'm in here and I'm waiting for you."

With that, the office lights went out. Meaghan gasped, but there was still a line of secondary lights creating small pools of illumination down the center aisle of the office. She suddenly saw a flash of movement within one of the pools of light at the other end of the large room. It was Kay, striding toward her down the aisle, removing article after article of clothing as she walked. Her blouse was off, flung aside before Meaghan stood and quickly, feverishly began unbuttoning her own. She stood in her own spotlight and waited as Kay stalked toward her. The redhead's bra was whipped off next, her creamy, hot tits jiggling wildly as she quickened her pace. Meaghan stripped off her own bra, arching her back to thrust her tits out at the approaching redhead, and both girls reached down to slide the zippers of their skirts downward and toss the garments aside violently. Kay kicked off her shoes, noting the silent, barefooted approach of her opponent, and she stood waiting in the V-shaped, blue satin thong she'd put on that morning. She watched Kay's near-naked body approaching, rippling with pale muscle and girlish curves, her smooth, sleek cunt covered by a microscopic triangle of red silk. The sight of her gorgeous, bare body was almost more than Meaghan could withstand, but she stood her ground, hands on her own flared hips, the small vertical gash of her navel sinking and rising with each breath on her flat, smoothly-muscled belly.

She started moving when Kay was eight feet from her, her eyes locked with Kay's as both girls met head on in a circle of light. Leading with her tits and belly she smacked into Kay with a loud crack of colliding girl-flesh. The impact drove both girls aside, chests stinging from the impact, but both returned instantly to drive their tingling tits back into each other with another vicious smack of bare skin on skin. Keeping their hands on their powerful hips and snarling cruelly, the girls returned to jab breast against breast again and again, their quivering glands glancing off one another violently like colliding water balloons. Meaghan had forgotten how heavy even her medium-sized boobs could be, and the feel of the redhead's firm little tits on hers was shockingly thick and weighty, like heavy medicine

balls clubbing her breasts. But she could see the redhead blinking and flinching in pain every time she rammed her own stinging boobs into Kay's, so she knew she was doing just as much damage to Kay as the redhead was doing to her. The girls continue to tit smack in silence, the sharp slapping sounds of breast-bruising blows ringing in the empty, darkened office. After a particularly nasty exchange of tit whipping the two girls backed off, eyeing each other's flushed bodies hungrily. A light mist of sweat covered Meaghan's breasts, belly and thighs, and she could see the same sheen of perspiration glistening off of Kay's creamy body and smell the tang of girl sweat hanging in the air between them. Amazingly, neither girl had used her hands yet, but Meaghan knew that standoff couldn't last long.

"Did you come here to bang boobs with me or meet my sex, honey?" Meaghan heard herself demand hotly, glancing down at the tiny patch of satin covering Kay's big snatch. Even in the low light she could see the firm swell of Kay's vulva bulging out on either side of her thong's crotch, and perhaps just a wisp of pubic hair as well. She accentuated her challenge with a dirty thrust of her big, strong hips and Kay instantly responded in kind, jerking her hips with a quick thrust that rippled through her thighs and stomach.

"I guess if you're tired of tit fighting we could match pussies, Meaghan," Kay said between breaths. "You want to punch pussies?"

Meaghan took a step forward, shaking her head menacingly. "You don't know what you're getting into, little girl."

"I know exactly what I'm getting into, slut," Kay replied. "I've been ready for you ever since we bucked bare butts on that bus."

"Then let's butt cunts, whore," Meaghan said, sweeping forward just as Kay lunged at her. The girls met violently, this time with a flurry of slaps that struck faces, bellies, thighs and jiggling breasts--for a moment the duel turned pure catfight as the girls waded into one another with everything they had. Grunting and cursing, the girls even exchanged swift, short punches, nailing each other in the breast, ribs, stomach, even slamming deep down at each other's cunts, though most of the blows just grazed the pubic bone enough to produce a sharp grunt from the victim. Finally their upper bodies locked breast to breast and Meaghan groaned loudly as she

pressed her boobs down hard on Kay's and felt both girls' breasts flatten and bulge out to the sides as they arranged the cramped quarters between them. Meaghan held Kay in a hard embrace, squeezing the other woman's body to hers, and felt Kay's arms encircle her as well. Both girls instinctively continued to slap and infight, smacking each other's rippling backs, both upper and lower, until both were covered with red marks, and both girls quickly moved their attention downward to one another's firm, quivering backsides, neither of which were afforded any protection by the narrow strand of fabric running from wasteband between their buttocks and down to the nether regions between each other's thighs. Meaghan badly wanted to beat Kay's big buns raw, and she smacked and punched at the flexing fat and muscle there, hoping in a way to cramp and soften the other girl's buns before they could be used in the coming crotch battle.

Kay finally launched her pelvis at Meaghan and there was a resounding smack of flesh on flesh as the two broad, womanly pairs of hips met head on. Meaghan instantly retaliated, smashing her hips into Kay's. For a few seconds the girls ground into each other roughly but the heat of the battle quickly escalated and both girls launched big, quick thrusts at each other, banging their hips together rhythmically, instinctively matching each other until a hammering, smacking sound rang repeatedly through the office. Meaghan knew they were barely touching crotches at this point, their bellies, hip bones and thighs taking most of the impact. But both girls widened their stances and allowed for more penetration until Meaghan could feel Kay's satin-covered crotch striking at her silk-covered mound, and her own return blows found purchase in the redhead's hot, still-hidden snatch readily enough. The girls grunted, butting pussies like fighting rams until both women's thongs were superheated and drenched in sweat and sex.

Meaghan suddenly spun Kay around and got behind her, smacking her hot tits into the redhead's rippling, sweat-slick back. She felt the other girl's big buns against her crotch and thighs and got one forearm across her collarbone while the other clawed down her belly and reached down to squeeze roughly at her hot little cunt. Leaning against her she forced Kay's upper body downward, smashing her bosom-first into a desk, scattering office supplies all over the floor as the redhead thrashed beneath her. She forced Kay's thighs apart with her own, pressed her tit-first against the desk top and began humping her from behind, ramming her pelvis into Kay's big ass. Kay snarled beneath her but was in no position to throw the blonde off. Meaghan felt flushed with control. Banging Kay's ass was good, but she wanted far more. She continued to spread the other girl's thick, well-muscled thighs with her own, thrusting her cunt between and finally beneath the other girl's ass cheeks, seeking the nest of flesh and fur that

was her rival's sex. Finally she felt her mound kiss the silk of Kay's crotch and felt an exquisite sharp tug as the outlying wisps of her crotch hair mingled, tangled and knotted with a few curls of Kay's bush. Growling, she mashed her cunt into Kay's, luxuriating in the feel of her thick vulva rubbing rawly over the redhead's. For this one moment she felt totally in control of the other girl's body and she let the weight of her upper torso press down on top of Kay's steaming back, grinding her nipples into the redhead from behind and pressing her lips against the other girl's ear. "Like it, Kay? You redheaded bitch? You like being fucked from behind by my big blonde cunt? Answer me, you miserable redheaded snatch! Remember when you pounded my cunt in the restroom and said I asked for it? Well you've been asking for this from the beginning! You like my blonde pussy fucking your gross carrot-top cunt?"

"You fucking whore!" Kay growled throatily, and for a moment she ground her own pussy ass-first back into Meaghan's mound with equal strength and ferocity. "If you want to pound cunts with me I'll really pound cunts!" The younger girl suddenly bucked and writhed with furious strength and Meaghan found herself unable to ride the girl's slick, hot body any longer. She slipped off and Kay kicked her away, sent her sliding across the debris-covered desk.

Both girls stumbled to the floor and then staggered to their feet, facing each other. It was Kay's turn to shake her head with slow menace as she took a step forward. "You're pretty proud of that bottle-blond bush of yours, aren't you, bitch?" she said.

"You're fucking right I am, whore," Meaghan snarled, ripping her thong off with one quick motion and revealing her trimmed, golden-haired snatch. "And I didn't get my cunt hair from a bottle, slut. I'm a real blonde and I'll tell you something else--I've never lost a fight to a girl who wasn't blonde. ANY kind of fight, straight or dirty."

"Is that right?" Kay said coolly. She then reached down and slowly shredded her thong away from her crotch to reveal an equally golden down patch of cunt fur. "Then why don't we settle this the way two natural blonde pussies should?"

Meaghan stared at Kay's pussy with narrowed eyes, quivering. "I should have known, you dirty bitch. You fight too hot to be anything but blonde."

Maybe Kay had thought the revelation would intimidate her, Meaghan thought. If anything, she was almost overcome with arousal at the thought that this wicked bitch's big pussy matched hers so perfectly.

"Is that what you want, Meaghan? A hot blonde pussy fight?" Kay demanded.

"That's exactly what I want, Kay," Meaghan replied hotly.

Kay turned around, started to walk away and said "Then you follow my tight hot ass, girl." Meaghan followed the bottle redhead until the other girl marched back into the women's restroom, turning finally to wait for her at the handicapped stall where they'd fought earlier. "I don't want your soft little snatch getting away from me, slut."

"I'd worry about your own weak cunt if I were you, honey," Meaghan said, eagerly entering the stall with Kay and closing off the door behind them. "But I'll be happy to smack your big bare ass into that cold metal wall."

"Any last words, bitch?" Kay said. "Because I'm going to fuck your hairy little cunt off."

"Not before I rub your hot pussy raw, bitch-baby. Come here, fuck-bitch." Both girls spread their strong thighs as wide as they could in the confined space of the stall and staring purposefully into each other's eyes took each other in a slow embrace, gathering each other's bodies to each other with increasing strength and dominance. Trembling in the vise-like grip, both girls flicked erect nipples against one another, lightly teasing by tangling the long, rubbery shafts as they glared at one another spitefully, finally plunging their nipples deep into one another's breast flesh. Meaghan's belly met Kay's as their tits ground full-on into one another, then her chin contacted Kay's and the girls pressed jaw to jaw, neck muscles rippling in a test of strength. Meaghan's lower lip brushed Kay's and the redhead snaked her tongue out to lick the blonde's soft lips until Meaghan intercepted it with her own, flicking her thick, sweet tongue across Kay's until the girls' open mouths sealed around each other. Meaghan reached down and grabbed a handful of Kay's ass, urging their hips together, and

soon her thighs were caressing the redhead's and she felt the first wispy touch of crotch to crotch contact. Soon the fiery heat of Kay's coarse bush pressed into her crotch, then the smooth flesh of vulva meeting vulva, finally the electric slickness of her engorged labial folds intersecting with Kay's like the pieces of a soft, yielding jigsaw puzzle. Kay's buns flexed under her fingers and the enemy cunt rubbed hers with intensely dirty intent. She tightened the muscle of her own round ass and sent her cunt plunging obscenely into Kay's. The girls ground in luxuriant slowness at first, gradually increasing the speed of their erotic pumping. In the tangle of wet fur and slick labia Meaghan felt her clit stiffening and lengthening to flash and tangle against the growing erectness of Kay's sex horn, a clit as long and stiff as her own. The two hot shafts met each other in a white-hot snake wrestle between their pumping pelvises as Meaghan rode Kay's sweet tongue. Kay pumped mightily, determined to beat her rival's cunt and prove she was top blonde in the office. But something about the creamy softness of Kay's cunt, the milky firmness of her sweet boobs and the flexing pulse of her round buns under Meaghan's strong fingers was driving her crazy. Soon she felt the ice-cold wall of the toilet stall in her back, Kay's body pressing and rubbing her own torso crazily.

"I'll make you come, you bitch," the redhead moaned after pulling out of their kiss, taking her. Meaghan snarled back "The only way I'll come is on your cute little face, bitch."

"No," Kay said, pulling her body down, the cold metal walls sliding up her back and ass. "You first, whore. You come first."

The girls were now in a tangle on the floor, asses down and legs in the air, wrestling each other for top position. Meaghan fought with all her might to mount and fuck Kay, but the redheaded minx put her in a headlock and forced her down. They slid under the walls of the stall out into the open, as slippery as oil wrestlers. And Meaghan grunted as Kay's body fell across hers, climbed her. She felt her thighs spread and Kay's hot blonde cunt press down on her own. Kay's clit and tongue penetrated her simultaneously and she felt a fiery tingle start up her back and spread to her crotch, ass and spine. The orgasm shook her body so hard she almost threw Kay off of her, but finally she had been worn down too far. She came under Kay and the redhead, glaring at her sullenly, slowly jerked herself off cunt first on the blonde's spent pussy.

Kay's body cooled on top of her for what seemed like an eternity. But there was no doubt as to who had won the fight. "Get out of here, bitch. Don't come back on Monday and don't get in front of me ever again unless you want that blonde cunt of yours whipped again."

"I'll get you back, bitch," Meaghan breathed. "I said I'd fuck your cunt and I will."

"Not tonight you won't," Kay said, getting up off the floor.

Kay almost expected Meaghan to show up for work on Monday. Although she was sore and tired even after a weekend of rest, she made it in early just to see if the blonde would dare to face her again. But Meaghan's desk remained empty long after the start of work. Kay felt a mix of satisfaction and disappointment. She had faced down another woman with every ounce of her fury and sexuality and she had won.