

## CLASS REUNION

by Morton

Jane Morgan stiffened in the middle of sorting through her mail as she read the return address on a letter addressed to her. Meredith Evans. She hadn't heard the name since high school five years ago, and to this day the sight of Meredith or the mention of her name sent a flush of conflicting emotions through Jane. The two girls hadn't spoken to each other all through high school, with a few notable exceptions. There'd been little reason or opportunity: Jane was a socialite at the top of her class, a member of the school drill team whose family was one of the finest in the small town where they'd grown up. Meredith, by contrast, was a no-account, sleeparound girl who'd wound up dancing at a go-go joint in the next town, the last Jane had heard. The back of Jane's neck and shoulders burned as she flashed on the few things the two girls did have in common. They were about the same height and weight, they each had beautifully creamy ivory skin, and, as she was sometimes forced to admit, they were of a similar build: around 5'5" in height with trim hips, generously muscled legs... and excellent bustlines. Jane had sported hers proudly since she was fifteen, the same year Meredith had developed her curvy bosom. For a year they'd had the two best bodies in their junior high school, and were well aware of each other's reputations.

Jane slipped back inside her quiet, well-appointed house. She had just won the home from her ex-husband in divorce proceedings, and the huge mansion was now her personal playpen. What could Meredith possibly want? She put the rest of the mail on the doorstand and tore open the letter. The little quickening she always felt whenever she ran across the blonde's name slowly took on a volcanic, shocking heat as she read its contents:

Jane:

I'm sure you're surprised to hear from me. I don't get to your part of town very often, do I? If I did you'd probably have me arrested. Maybe you manage not to think about me anymore, but I think about you quite often., and I have ever since we both had the biggest tits in our class eight years ago. You remember five years ago, don't you, and our little adventure at summer camp? We didn't know what we were doing, but I think we had the right idea all along. I wanted to fight you since the first time I saw you in that black bikini, and you gave me the fight I wanted all right. Hell, you gave me ten fights that night; we went longer than any fuck I've had since. That was HOT, Jane. And we were just two stupid teenaged girls. Ever wonder what we'd do if we got each other alone now? I've seen you around, Jane, and you've still got big tits and a tight ass. I know you like to show it off. I know more about you than you think.

You're

still a snotty, stuck-up bitch like you always were, but you like showing off what you've got. Not getting enough at home, sweetie? Are you bored in that big house all alone? Do you sit in there and finger-fuck yourself all

day?

You getting mad yet, reading this? Want to fight me? That's what this is all about, honey. You know I always wanted to fight you again in high school, but you were too much of a priss to do it. Now you think you're miss glamorous sexpot around town, well you know I'm proud enough of what I've got to shake it on stage. You were hot with your big tits in high school but I'm telling you now that I'm 23 years old and my boobs are bigger and harder than they ever were in that tent, and everything I've got is better, firmer and sexier than what you've got, and I will prove it anytime you want to. I don't need to humiliate you in public, bitch; you'd never have the guts to meet me in a bar or where I work and compete with me in front of people. If you want I will come to your house during the day, or maybe on a weekend when hubby's away, like he is so often now. If you're woman enough to fight with me in private, just us two, I'll arrange any kind of contest you want between us. We aren't teenaged girls anymore, Jane, and I know how to use what I've got. You could never beat me in a fight, fair or dirty. So if you want to just ignore this letter and go on being a prissy bitch who's afraid to see how big a woman she really is. That's what I expect from a pussy like you. But if you ever, ever want to settle things between us for good, you write me back or call me, and I will teach you the lesson you deserve.

Meredith.

Jane read the letter again, trembling. Her first reaction was a grudging respect for the girl she hadn't spoken to in so long. Meredith's tone was the same bitchy, disrespectful one she'd expected, but she was surprised how clearly the blonde spoke to the issue and how adept she was at manipulating Jane's pride. Her first reaction was humiliation that the forbidden, secret event from her past had once again forced itself into sphere of attention. Jane's position in the town's society was important to her, and her relationship--even a hostile one--with a local stripper could destroy her. Meredith hadn't made any threats about her social standing, but Jane had to wonder if she truly would leave her alone if she didn't get what she wanted. She was still amazed that the incident with the blonde girl that summer so many years ago could loom so large on both their minds. But when she thought about it, relived that night, that long, long, hot night...

Jane couldn't wait to be seen in her first bikini, and after the first few months of awkwardness, she'd reveled in her new, pubescent body, curvy and muscled from hours of drill practice, she carried her heavy new breasts with grace and pride. The summer vacation spot her parents had chosen was frequented by lots of other kids from her school, and she was able to show off her body to people who'd be able to carry the word back to her school about how beautiful and desirable she was. Her parents had bought her her own deluxe pup tent with a real vinyl floor, big enough to hold a king-sized bed, although she'd settled for a large air mattress.

For days she delighted in showing off the tent and parading herself on the beach, letting the sun reflect off her creamy skin.

Her first encounter with Meredith had been typically uncomfortable; she'd stumbled across the blond smoking behind some rocks on the winding beach where she walked alone. The young blonde was wearing heavy mascara and Jane almost blushed when she saw the red bikini top that barely contained her large, creamy breasts. Meredith grinned nastily at her as she saw Jane's discomfort and for a few seconds the two girls openly sized each other up. Jane had managed to evade much time in the girl's locker room at school and she had never seen another girl her age so bosomy and with so much skin displayed. Her hands drifted

instinctively to her chest as Meredith's eyes raked her body. "If you don't like me staring at your boobs why are you sticking 'em out so much?" the blonde goaded with a wicked little smile.

"I don't have to stick mine out, Meredith Evans; why are you sticking out yours?" Jane snapped back, immediately put off by the blonde. She had heard Meredith might be at the camp this summer, but she'd hoped it might be later in the season. In any case she was completely unprepared for the blonde's curvy, exposed body or for her intense examination of Jane's bare skin.

Meredith immediately stood up from her reclining position against the rocks and took a drag on her cigarette as she stepped up to face Jane. "I don't stick mine out either, Jane Morgan. Maybe you're just not used to seeing another girl with tits as big as yours." Jane flinched at the dirty word, her nose wrinkling at the smell of the blonde's cigarette.

"You are gross with your smoking and your dirty mouth," Jane retorted coolly. "Everyone knows you're just a big slut, Meredith Evans."

"And everyone knows you're just a stuck up bitch, Jane!" the blonde girl snapped, tossing her cigarette away. The two girls stared each other down, hands on cocked, sexy little hips, full chests heaving for a moment. "If you don't get out of here, Jane, I'm going to tear off your bikini top," Meredith said finally.

"You wouldn't dare!" Jane said firmly. She almost regretted the remark the instant she made it, for the two girls were far from any other people and Jane realized that a slut like Meredith probably would dare.

"Oh yes I will. Get your fat ass out of here."

"Don't tell me what to do." Jane said slowly. She was blundering into unknown territory and she knew it, but she couldn't stand having such a low-class girl order her around.

"You want to fight?" Meredith said in a low, quiet voice, stepping almost close enough to Jane to touch her. That stopped Jane. Except for some innocent slumber party wrestling matches, she'd never been in a serious fight with another girl, and the mere fact that Meredith was asking to fight her probably meant that the blonde had been in catfights.

Jane's eyes flicked across Meredith's solid body again, from her heavy boobs to her full, strong-looking legs. Jane wasn't afraid of Meredith;

she exercised enough and knew she had a strong body. But only low-class sluts got in catfights.

"I wouldn't sink to your level," she said finally.

"Because you're a priss!" Meredith said, shoving her. "Right?"

"I don't feel like fighting." Jane said snottily. Meredith suddenly smacked her hard in the face. "Feel like it now? Huh slut?"

Jane felt a rush of hot tears at the pain, and she instinctively gave the blonde a hard shove, felt one of her palms smack across one of Meredith's soft boobs. Meredith staggered backward with a new look of respect on her face that quickly turned to cool anger. The girls stared each other down now as equals, neither willing for the moment to escalate the action.

"If I catch you alone I will rip that top off, honey!" Meredith said finally. "You better stay away from me!"

"I'll do whatever I want to, trash."

They parted, but Jane spent the next few days watching out for Meredith. She'd see the blonde walking the beaches, surrounded by boys, and regret that she hadn't got into a fight with her. She could handle the little brat! For days she toyed with the idea of catching the blonde and stripping her top off--see how she liked it! For all the flirting with boys she did around the camp, she never felt as excited and nervous as she did when she saw Meredith and the two girls exchanged dirty looks.

Jane was out swimming past one of the lake's floating docks on the last day of vacation when Meredith suddenly appeared from behind the dock. The water came up to just over Jane's stomach here, and the bulk of the dock hid both girls from the beach. Jane hadn't heard the blonde approaching and she cried out as the other girl suddenly rushed at her and got a quick, skilled grip on her top. Struggling and slipping in the water, the two girls fell against the dock back and Jane felt her top give way and slip off her breasts in an instant. She lashed out for a second but Meredith splashed away from her and Jane was forced to cross her forearms over her bare breasts before the blonde could see them.

"You give it back!" Jane cried. "I mean it, Meredith. If you don't give it to me now I'll get you so bad."

"I'll give it back, girl, on one condition." Meredith leered cruelly at her.

"What?" Jane demanded.

"Just drop your arms." The blonde stared at her levelly. "Come on. I want to see how big you are."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" Jane said thickly. "You're an even bigger slut than I thought."

"Your choice, honey. You can show 'em to me or to the whole beach." Jane was furious. "I'm not going to let you get away with that top so you might as well give it back."

"What if I just throw it a few yards?"

"Meredith!"

"It's pretty simple, Jane; all you have to do is put your arms down and I'll give you back your top."

"You are the biggest bitch..." Jane bit her lower lip anxiously. No one could see them out here... but what if Meredith didn't give back the top afterwards? She sighed; one way or the other she'd get it back. She started to lower her arms, felt a tidal wave of embarrassment.

"You're just afraid I'll see how small they are," Meredith goaded.

That was enough for Jane; the humiliation was quickly replaced by a rush of pride and anger. She purposefully placed her hands on her hips and stood topless before the blonde. "Satisfied?" she said hotly. Meredith made a show of looking unimpressed, but she couldn't take her eyes off Jane's breasts. Finally she tossed the bikini on top of the raft.

"You bitch!" Jane cried, carefully climbing up to retrieve the halter without being seen. Meredith was already swimming back to shore. Jane wriggled into her top quickly and gave chase. Meredith kept her lead all the way to the beach, and soon the two wet girls were sprinting through the sand with Jane in pursuit. Meredith's soaked bikini bottom clung wetly to her round behind, pulsing tautly in front of Jane as she chased the blonde. Suddenly Meredith stopped and whirled to face Jane the two girls collided in a smack of pale wet skin. Immediately the two girls launched a volley of stinging slaps at faces, arms and stomachs, made all the more intense by the moisture on their smooth skin. A crowd gathered, screaming and shouting as the slap fight launched. Jane felt fiery with rage and bore into Meredith with all her strength, determined to take revenge on the blonde for humiliating her by the dock. For a second the girls' bodies closed and Jane tugged viciously at Meredith's halter; she felt a sudden sharp sting on her left buttock as Meredith hauled in her close and gave her wet bottom hard, open-handed smacks. She retaliated with her free hand, slapping at Meredith's nearly bare ass and thighs. Despite the dozens of people crowded around Jane saw only Meredith and what she wanted to do to her. She kept striking out, almost in a daze, when the two were suddenly pulled apart. She stalked away from the beach even more furious than before after the two had been separated by some lifeguards. Meredith had given her a little smile before she'd left the beach, adjusting her top smugly. She still had the advantage, and Jane would never forgive her. Jane lay in her tent that final night simmering in rage. She'd cried for an hour or two, drained herself over the confrontation with Meredith. Around her the camp was settling into sleep and silence, but Jane couldn't relax. She was so wrapped up in her thoughts that she barely noticed a shadow moving across the opening of her tent, but she started when the doorflap's zipper started climbing up eerily. Jane had been lying in the dark, and her eyes were accustomed to it well enough to see the pale, bikini-clad figure crawl stealthily into her tent.

Meredith's large breasts hung down, perfect and full, squeezed against each other by the red bikini top, as the blonde stalked slowly toward Jane like a panther in the dark. Jane lay on her back, her crotch facing the

blonde. She still wore her bikini, and she sat up on her elbows to face Meredith.

"Meredith Evans, if you know what's good for you you'll get out of this tent." she hissed.

"Shut up, Jane," the blonde whispered. "You don't want me to scream, do you?"

Jane got up on her knees, as high as she could rise in the small tent.

"You're lucky they pulled me off you today, girl."

"You're the lucky one, prissy." Their breaths were already ragged, almost heaving in excitement, partially in fear of being caught, mostly by the thrill of the private confrontation.

Jane caught her breath. "If you came here to fight me we can go back out to the beach, or in the woods."

"Is that what you want, bitch? A catfight with me?"

"I'm not afraid of you, tramp. I'll strip you bare if you don't get out of here."

"Then what?" Meredith moved closer, facing Jane on her knees as well, leading with her big, arrogant bust. "Planning on doing something to my boobs once they're bare?"

Jane's heart was pounding. "Yes," she said huskily, voice shaking.

"What, then?" Meredith demanded, almost hoarse with excitement herself.

She inched forward more and Jane instantly advanced herself until they were almost breast to breast. "Come on, you bitch. What're you gonna do to my bare boobs?"

"You'll find out when I see them, girl!" Jane hissed. They were so close she could smell Meredith's sweet skin, the little bite of cigarette smoke on her breath. She could see that the other girl was trembling just as she was, on the verge of some terrible act.

"All right, honey," Meredith said smoothly. Arching her back, she undid the clasp of her top. Each bra strap slipped from her creamy shoulders, and Meredith slid out of the top and put her hands on her hips in a bitchy reply of Jane's challenge to her that same day. "Come on, you hot little cow. Here they are." Jane stared at Meredith's perfect round breasts, delicately pink-nippled and white in the muted moonlight of the tent.

"Let's go to the beach and fight each other," Jane suggested quietly. She was aching to fight Meredith now, but she knew any noise would wake the other campers.

"No way," Meredith whispered. "If you want me you better start something right now or I'll never give you the chance again. You know you want to. Now show me what you're going to do to my big boobs."

"They don't look so big, you little slut."

"Shut up, Jane," Meredith growled sexily. "You know I've got the biggest boobs in school, everyone says so."

Jane was furious! "All I hear is people talking about what a low-class slut tramp you are."

"You're just jealous of all the boys I get with my bust, honey."

"I'm not jealous of anything about you, especially your fat boobs!"

"You're jealous because mine are better than yours, you bitch."

Jane had had it. "My boobs are just as big as your boobs, Meredith. They're probably even bigger, and I know they're prettier."

"My titties are better, bitch--just face it."

"All right, slut, you just look at my boobs if you don't believe it!" Jane whispered, stripping off her bikini top and facing Meredith bustline to bustline. The topless girls stared at each others bare breasts contemptuously, each girl turning her chest slightly to the right and left, giving her rival every chance for a full view. Even in the dark tent Jane's stark brown nipples and aureoles stood out sharply, and she felt a flush of satisfaction as her blonde rival blinked momentarily at the sight. Meredith's pink buds looked soft and sensitive in comparison, although the skin surrounding them was tightening in the chill of the night.

"I already got a good look at your big nipples, Jane," Meredith prodded.

"Funny how easy it is to get the big social bitch to show off her boobs."

"You started arguing about whose is better, honey. Are you still telling me you think you've got better breasts than me?"

"You soft little cow," Meredith whispered bravely. "My tits are hard as rocks. They could smash yours flat."

"You're the one who'd be flat!" Jane hissed.

"Is that what you're gonna do? We were talking about what you'd do if you saw my boobs bare, remember Jane?" Meredith leaned forward, thrusting out her naked breasts even more as the girls faced each other on their knees, muscular thighs spread wide, hands still challengingly gripping their hips. Jane just stood in silence, shaking with the urge to attack Meredith but uncertain how or whether to proceed. Part of her felt Meredith had already won some battle by getting Jane to take off her bikini top and face her bare-breasted: it was so dirty, like something two sluts would do, not a popular girl like Jane. But she'd discovered the blonde didn't respond to catty little remarks and social slights; Jane knew she could blackball Meredith for good and still not feel satisfied over their confrontation. All Meredith understood was dirty insults and fighting.

"I asked you a question, whore," Meredith said. Her boobs were so close it was all Jane could do to keep her ragged breaths from pushing her own goosebumped breasts into Meredith's naked pair. "Are you going to try to push me around with your big tits, cow?"

Jane couldn't believe the conflict had descended to this level. She wanted to tear Meredith's flaxen hair out, but she couldn't risk anyone hearing the two girls fighting, and the blonde refused to leave the tent. All Meredith would talk about was their bosoms, and it was obvious she was trying to goad Jane into pushing their chests together in some dirty kind

of contest.

Jane's trim little cherry lips curled in a sneer as she eyed the blonde's breasts. "You look like the soft cow to me, Meredith, with those pale little nipples of yours. They'd probably hurt bad if mine pressed into them too deep." The remark was an attempt to scare the blonde off, but Meredith's mascara'd blue eyes only brightened at the challenge.

"Honey, the last thing I'm afraid of is your ugly black nips. I'm getting sick of your sassy stuck up mouth, bitch. If you think your nips are so tough--"

"Why don't you quit talking about how tough your big titties are and do something with 'em?"

"Why don't you just suck on them, tramp!"

"Maybe I'll lick your big long nipples after I beat your tits off, you bitch!"

"Maybe I'll bite your soft little pink points when I get you down, slut!"

With that Meredith suddenly moved up against Jane, naked bosom to naked bosom: Jane felt the shocking softness of the blonde's heavy boobs caressing her own tingling tits and she instinctively thrust hers back into Meredith's for one electrified moment; both girls grunted, struggled to stifle little shouts of surprise at the sensation before Jane got a hold of herself and pulled away in an instant. Both girls cupped hands to their own boobs, almost trying to rub away the dirty touch of the other as they stared at each other in shock.

"You dirty tramp, don't you ever touch me there again!" Jane whispered viciously.

"I'll touch you anywhere I want to, Janey!" Meredith gasped. "I thought your big tits were so tough. You can't even handle my poor pale little nipples touching yours."

"I can handle whatever you want, you dirty bitch!" Jane said, voice trembling. "You've been trying to start something over our boobs all day! Why don't you just get to the point and tell me what you want us to do?"

"You know what I want to do you stupid priss!" Meredith hissed. "Haven't you ever got into a tit fight before?"

Jane blushed briefly as the issue was forced to the forefront again. She'd heard of girls fighting each other with their boobs, especially in the locker room at school after gym; there was a rumor that a couple girls on the drill team had done it; but Jane had never seen it happen and had certainly never done it.

"That is something dirty sluts do, Meredith Evans..."

"So you've never done it!" Meredith stated triumphantly.

Jane was furious, with the blonde and with herself for giving her rival the opening. She wasn't about to give this slut the upper hand. "I didn't say I've never done it, bitch. Girls are always wanting to fight me because everyone knows how good my boobs are--"

"You're a liar," Meredith said confidently. "If you had a tit fight I'd know it."

"Do you think anyone would admit if they got beat?" Jane shot back. It was a total bluff, but it made sense and Meredith hesitated. For a few silent moments the two girls stared each other down, occasionally flicking their glances down to their rising and falling breasts. But Jane had made a decision. She wasn't backing down from the blonde any longer. She couldn't stand the idea of Meredith leaving camp knowing she'd beaten Jane at anything.

"If you're so good at it stick your boobs back up against mine and fight with me, Jane." The whispered challenge rang in the silence of the tent. "Come on, bitch," Meredith continued. "If you're tough enough to fight with me let's go."

"You come on, Meredith," Jane said levelly. "I dare you. I dare you to come up against my boobs."

"I fucking dare you to come up against mine, girl!" She raised herself up on her knees, a portrait in bitchiness with her creamy breasts thrust out angrily and her trim ass cocked for battle. "You ready to tit fight me?" "Yeah, I'm ready," Jane growled, setting her own stance just as sassily as her rival's.

"Fight my tits!" Meredith snarled, and violently jammed her bosom against Jane's in a downward, raking thrust. Jane grunted as she took the blow, struggled to keep her balance and ram her own quivering boobs back into the blonde's.

"Fight mine!" she retorted as she bore into the blonde's soft bosom, pressing her cheek into Meredith's in a wrestling move as the girls braced breast to breast for a dangerous moment, swaying back and forth as each girl sought to butt her opponent back on her pretty ass. The girls grunted and hissed for a full minute as they engaged in a mean little breast-smacking battle with their upper bodies. Jane couldn't believe the sensation of the other girl's jiggling, warm boobs pressing and slapping into her own; she felt an unbelievable heat building in her chest and groin and every slide of skin against skin and crush of glands sent shockwaves of adrenaline and hormone-rushes through her chest and loins. The intensity and suddenness of the contest kept both girls speechless; they could only groan and gasp with each smack and grind, each girl trying to stifle her own cries to prevent anyone discovering the dueling rivals. Jane could feel a tingling building in her breasts with each passing second of the fight until she could barely take the overload of sensation, and she could see Meredith's face contorting as the blonde tried to control her own feelings. Finally, after an exchange of savage breast crushes, the girls broke off, gasping and glaring at each other furiously.

Jane's eyes immediately darted to view Meredith's nipples. The soft, fragile-looking pink buds were gone, replaced by two rock hard rubbery bullets that burned deep red. She could see Meredith checking out her boobs, too, and when she glanced down at her own nipples she saw what her nerve endings had already told her: her nips had lengthened and hardened

to tips that were just as long and tough-looking as Meredith's.

The brief seconds of battle had erased any fear, any hesitation Jane possessed about fighting Meredith breast to breast. Her boobs were pounding, but Meredith didn't seem any better at this kind of fight than her. The sight of the other girl's aroused nipples was daunting, but her own nips weren't any less imposing.

"I thought you were gonna get me down and suck my tits, bitch," Meredith taunted. "That wasn't much of a fight."

"Maybe you want more now that your nips are all big and hard, Meredith."

"Maybe your big nigger nips don't look so tough now, Janey."

"Why don't you come here and see how tough they are, tramp."

"I gave you first shove last time; your turn."

Jane raised herself back up on her knees from her haunches, and Jane raised to meet her. Sneering, Jane mashed upward, slicing her dark nipples across Meredith's soft tit flesh. Meredith immediately grinded her tits downward, wiggling to jab her pink nips around and into Jane's breasts again and again. Breathing hard, the two girls butted breasts together over and over again, each girl probing the other's soft glands for vulnerable points, each trying to dig the hardness of her engorged nipples deeper into the other girl's softness. "I'm gonna bruise your boobs up good!" Meredith threatened. "Your fat little boobs aren't firm enough to do anything to mine, you cow!" Jane retorted. The tit fight turned rough, with more and more hard breast jamming as the girls angered; smacking sound after smacking sound rang through the tent as the girl's titties collided, until Jane landed a wild bosom thrust that landed Meredith on her back. Jane stood triumphantly, hands on her sassy hips, daring the blonde to come on again with her upthrust bare chest.

"Who's got the tougher boobs now, slut?" Jane demanded. Meredith was up immediately and another round of breast fighting ensued, both girls grunting savagely as they thrust their breasts together in a smacking contest. Meredith was hot with fury and she fought brutally this time; Jane blinked and found herself on the defensive as the blonde bore into her viciously with her hot tits whipping across Jane's stinging boobs. When the blonde's nipples had scraped Jane's breasts into sizzling sensitivity Meredith suddenly rammed Jane with a full-on breast-to-breast ram that slammed the redhead's back to the mat.

"Had enough smacking around?" Meredith challenged as Jane raised back up to meet her. Jane's breasts were sore and tingling, and she knew she couldn't take much more violent bosom beating. But something in Meredith's uncertain stare told her the blonde was bluffing and in almost as bad shape herself.

"I can fight more if you want, Meredith. Any way you want to." Meredith stood for a moment, breathing deeply. "We can squeeze and rub slow if you want." She took her hands off her hips and reached out to Jane, meeting her gaze levelly.

Jane stared her down, neither girl willing to admit that the breast-beating duel had scared her. "If that's the way you like to fight, close and dirty, fine."

Meredith snorted. "You are such a stuck up bitch, Janey. I'm not afraid of your big black nipples, 'cause mine are hard enough to smash up your tits good too. If you want to boob wrestle then let's wrestle."

"You asked for it, slut," Jane said, moving to meet Meredith once more.

"Come over here!" Meredith snarled, grabbing Jane's arms at the elbow and pulling her close. Jane gripped the blonde's arms, squeezing her meaty smooth biceps and staring her down as the fighters closed, this time slowly pressing their four bare breasts against each other. Jane felt her smooth belly slide across Meredith's as she raked her nipples up across the other girl's boobs. Trapped in the ring formed by their strong arms, their breasts wiggled, slid and rubbed, bulging outward as they forced themselves into hot contact. Sometimes Meredith's cleavage would swell upward as Jane rammed up against her, or both girls boobs would bulge out beneath their arms as they met equally in a flattening press. For a while their strong, rubbery nipples circled each other, scraping red rings around their taut aureoles, bruising and poking soft breast tissue until they finally dragged on a collision course, nipple seeking nipple like heat-seeking missiles of hard flesh. Their mutual grips tightened as each sensed what was to come, as inches of distance between their nips turned into centimeters. Jane's grasp slipped to Meredith's back, almost sliding down to the swell of her two creamy ass cheeks as she struggled to control the tone of the duel. She felt the blonde's hands leave her elbows and press into her back as well, and Jane and Meredith slipped naturally into a tight, mutual bear hug. They grunted quietly as they adjusted their grips and positions, nipples still separated by a tiny, heat-filled distance, readying themselves for what Jane was sure would be the final, explosive battle between them. She stared nose to nose with Meredith, each girl searching for weakness in the other's beautiful eyes, daring the other to proceed. Jane was determined that she would be the one to launch the final attack. With an arrogant curl of her upper lip she twisted her tits into position and wrapped her long, long nipples around Meredith's, brown skin tightening around red as both pairs of nipples were tightened and stretched almost enough to break the skin. Meredith hissed as she began twisting and stabbing with her own pink points. The fighters began delicately, with room for their nipples to maneuver outside the fleshy pillows of their big boobs, but as the fight intensified they ground their nips deeper and deeper into each other's breasts, tangling them tighter and tighter together as both girls moaned and began crying softly in pain and pleasure. They shook with sobs as they nipple-stabbed one another cruelly, holding each other in a girl to girl embrace that grew savagely tighter and tighter.

"You're a bitch, Meredith, a bitch!" Jane sobbed. "I'm going to beat you tonight, I'm going to beat you so hard...!"

"I'm tougher than you little whore!" Meredith gasped, choking back her own sobs. "I'll never let a prissy little pussy like you beat me at anything! I'll fight with you all night if I have to!"

For twenty minutes the two girls jabbed nipples and breasts together sadistically. They pressed their faces together, jabbing chins into each other's cheeks and lips in spite, sighing and gasping into each other's mouths as each swore to conquer the other girl completely. Jane was losing any pride she had left; she found her fingers tugging roughly at Meredith's bikini bottoms, squeezing at the firm flesh of her ass, and she could feel Meredith's fingers starting to claw and squeeze at her own hips and buns. Finally the blonde snatched at her bikini panties and dragged them up painfully between her buns, clamping the fabric across her crotch. She snarled and did the exact same thing to Meredith to show the blonde bitch what it felt like. They were braced together body to body, powerful thighs spreading wider and wider as their sweating knees slid on the vinyl tent floor.

"You really think you're a hot bitch, whore?" Meredith demanded as the duel reached a fever pitch.

"I'm better than you are, you slutty bitch."

"Pull down your panties and pussy fight with me, then."

Jane groaned, thrusting her body against Meredith with renewed fury. "Suck my tits, slut."

"Pull down your panties or I'll rip them off your fat little ass."

"You pull yours down, Meredith. You want to fight with our pussies the same way we're fighting with our boobs?"

"Yeah," the blonde grunted. As if to illustrate, she slid her hand into the back of Jane's panties and squeezed her ass, groaning as she led her crotch into contact with Jane's. "Like this."

Jane immediately shoved her own crotch into hot contact with Meredith's, digging her nails into the blonde's bare ass. "I can fight you like that anytime you want to, bitch."

"I want to right now, pussy," Meredith growled, sliding Jane's bikini bottoms down off her sweat-drenched hips.

"You're the pussy," Jane snarled, tugging the blonde's panties down as well. She could feel the course, sweaty fur of Meredith's bush tickling at her own crotch as both girls' groins were stripped. Neither girl waited for the other to let her pull her panties all the way down; both girls tugged hard at the side straps until the fragile bottoms gave way; in a wild thrash both girls flung their rivals panties away, widened their stances, flexed their slick, pulsing buttocks and hugged together naked. Groaning in high-pitched, stifled cries, the rivals ground their newly-hairy crotches into hard-rubbing contact. Part of Jane was stunned at her own conduct; in her wildest dreams she had never thought the fight would go this far. But another part of Jane knew that what lay between Meredith and herself had to be settled like this. They'd been fighting over who was sexier, who had become a real woman first. It

was about Jane's sex against Meredith's sex all along, and now the blonde's sex was against Jane's sex for real, for the length of their soft young labia, which meshed now in furry intimacy as their muscular asses pulsed and tightened with coital thrusting. Grunting and cursing each other with the dirtiest words each could think of, they rubbed violently together. Neither girl knew what an orgasm was yet, neither knew exactly what their goal was, but each knew she had to beat the other. And when both succumbed to wave after wave of racking pleasure and sagged into a spent heap on the floor, each passing out in the other's arms and legs only to awaken a few hours later, they knew the battle hadn't been decided. Sleeping fitfully only to awaken and continue the grinding duel on the floor of the tent two, three, four times, the young girls discovered sensations they'd never dreamed of. But the fight was not decided. Meredith snuck out of the tent just before sunrise, each girl agreeing that things hadn't been settled. But there was no more time this night.

Jane sat in her study that night, years later, after her husband had gone to bed, and composed her reply to Meredith's letter. The memory of that long-ago night of girl-fighting still burned in her. Each girl had leveled threats at the other before they'd parted that night, promises to renew the fight any time the other wanted it. But in the first few months afterwards, both girls were frightened to go at each other again, afraid of what they might do to each other in another duel. Jane was conscious as ever of her social standing--no one could find out about the fight. To Meredith, her reputation as a tough girl was at stake--if her friends found out a prissy bitch like Jane Morgan had fought her to a standstill, that Meredith hadn't been able to dominate her during an entire night of dirty fighting, she'd look like a cream puff pussy to the other girls. So the conflict had been set aside, remembered only in spiteful little glances and a couple of silent, subtle physical encounters, Meredith pressing her shoulder hard into Jane's as they'd stood in lunch line. Then they'd graduated and the battle was forgotten. Until now.

Jane's fingers shook as she wrote:

Meredith:

The only thing that surprised me about your letter was that you were woman enough to write it. I never forgot that night at camp, honey-how could I forget giving Miss Tough Girl as good as she could give for six hours without her ever beating me? It was a pleasure showing you you're not queen of the catfighters and I'll show you again anytime you please. Maybe you think I wouldn't have the guts to get down and dirty with a slutty little stripper like Meredith Evans, but I'd crawl into the gutter with you any time to teach you a lesson. To answer your question, girl, I get plenty of sex at home. No man could keep his hands off a hot bitch like me for very long, I'll tell you. And if I do finger fuck myself in the

afternoon once in a while, it's because I'm thinking how big a woman I was the night I beat on your fat little breasts and your soft little pink nipples. In case you haven't noticed, I still have the biggest, best-looking chest in this town as well as the tightest, sexiest ass you'll ever see. I don't need to shake my skin on stage to know I'm what men want. If you still think you're as sexy as me maybe it's time we got together and had a rematch, my body against yours, any way you want it. You know my phone number and you know where I live. If you want to tangle with me, Meredith, I'll fight your boobs, your teeth or your sex to the finish, and then we'll know who the hottest woman in this town is. So call me, bitch. Anytime.

Jane.

Jane mailed her response off immediately, but she didn't plan on waiting for a phone call from Meredith. The more she thought about the blonde's challenge the better it sounded. Meredith took her for some creampuff social climber, but Jane had had her wild days since their first encounter, particularly since the divorce. She was able to keep her own partying hushed up in the town, since few eyes could peer past the gates of her home. She knew Meredith worked in a second strip joint in another town a few miles from the one they lived in. No one would know Jane Morgan there... It took her a few phone calls to track down the blonde's schedule. Friday night would be perfect...

It was close to midnight when her car pulled into the strip club's parking lot at the edge of the town's development. She had drunk a few glasses of champagne to loosen herself up a little bit, but she still felt a flutter of nervousness at what she was about to do. The doormen at the club were confused at the sight of an unescorted lady entering the club, but Jane's short black minidress and ample cleavage soothed any questions they might have had, and there was nothing that said women couldn't enter the club. She entered the club and took an empty table.

Naked or half-clothed women circled the floor among the tables, looking for men to perform lap or couch dances for. They looked at Jane strangely, but after a few moments, when it was obvious she had not come with a date, they began furtively approaching and inquiring about her needs: after all, a tip was a tip, and Jane looked loaded in more ways than one.

"I'm looking for a particular girl," Jane explained. "I'll know when I see her."

She didn't see Meredith right away, but soon a flaxen-haired, busty little blonde took the stage and began to bend her lithe, creamy body around a chromed dance pole. Meredith still looked good, her body as soft and girlish as it had been in Jane's tent on that summer night. Jane watched her routine coolly, even when the blonde did a headstand and split her thick, well-muscled white thighs to flash her blond pussy at the crowd for a full minute. With the bright lights in her face there was no way

Meredith would be able to pick Jane out of the crowd. She called one of the girls over to her table.

"I want a couch dance with that girl. There's a tip in it for you if you tell her and get me to the couch first."

The stripper looked confused for a moment, but the bill in Jane's hand shut her mouth. Jane was led to the club's only remaining empty couch, and she eyed the stripper grip bars at the sides and top of the lounge interestedly. Meredith had finished her dance, and Jane could see the girl she'd spoken to approaching the blonde, whispering something in her ear. Meredith turned to look in Jane's direction, frowning in confusion. She took the \$20 bill from the other girl and quickly put her nonchalant, cool attitude back on as she swayed through the cluster of tables toward Jane's couch.

She had practically reached the dance booth before she recognized Jane, but when she did she stopped short. She was still a little sweaty from the dance but she looked spectacular, fully naked in the kaleidoscopic lighting of the club. Jane sat with her arms resting on the back of the couch, her legs equally spread. Of course she knew the rules of the club wouldn't allow her to touch Meredith. It was up to the blonde now.

"Are you going to dance for me, bitch, or just stand there like the stupid slut you are?"

Meredith's dazzling blue eyes narrowed at Jane's taunt. Putting her hands on the bar over Jane's head, Meredith leaned in to her, bringing her creamy tits in just underneath Jane's jawline, hovering over the dark-haired girl's ample cleavage.

"I'll dance for you, baby. I'll show you how a woman dances." She began to undulate her upper body, slowly waving her perfectly round jugs in front of Jane's face. "I got your letter today, cunt."

"Good. Then you know I'm not impressed with your dirty little threats."

"I'm not impressed with your dirty little tits, bitch," Meredith said, staring pointedly down at Jane's bulging cleavage. She kept her body swaying, mounting the couch's sidebars now and spreading her legs, shaking her sleek blonde cunt inches from Jane's face. Jane could almost smell it, and in the dim reddish lights of the club Meredith's soft blonde bush seemed to fade into invisibility. Her lovely, womanly sex lips danced inches from Jane's red lipsticked mouth, and the temptation to plunge her lips into Meredith's crotch was almost unbearable. The blonde threw her arms back in a display of flexibility, splitting her smooth thighs so that her hips were held up in the air over her trunk like a platter for Jane's feasting. Now her creamy ass flexed upside down in front of the society girl temptingly, and the crowd was going berserk. Finally the blonde flipped back onto her feet and stood in front of Jane to the applause of the club patrons. Her breasts once again took position directly in front of Jane's face as Meredith stood haughtily, hands on her hips with her tits thrust out arrogantly at her auburn-haired rival. Jane eyed Meredith's boobs coolly, glancing at the long pink nipples and

remembering their hard, stiff touch on her own nips in the tent on that dark summer night. The blonde's tits were even bigger, heavier now... but so were Jane's.

"Suck 'em." Meredith said sullenly. Then she shoved her bare breasts into Jane's face. Jane heard a roar from the crowd and she immediately took a mouthful of soft, sweet breast flesh. If Meredith was going to break the rules, she thought, so could she.

The blonde cried out and flinched away suddenly; Jane saw a bright red, circular mark on the pale flesh of Meredith's left tit, an 'O' of lipstick with a flat, discolored scar at its center where her teeth had almost broken the skin. The blonde was breathing heavily, cupping her wounded boob with one hand while the other raised unconsciously as if preparing to slap her enemy.

"Here's your tip, bitch," Jane said, rising and slapping a \$20 bill with her phone number written on it into Meredith's open palm. The last thing she heard as she stalked out of the club was the manager firing the blonde stripper.

Five minutes later she was on the dark country roads between the club and the outskirts of town where her home lay. She was speeding, driving recklessly down the poorly lit roads, but she had good reason: the headlights of Meredith's car were only a few hundred yards behind her. She'd seen the stripper rushing to her car as she'd torn out of the parking lot in her convertible, and now the blonde girl was chasing her down back roads at close to a hundred miles an hour. Jane had gotten plenty of this kind of driving experience and the blonde's furious pursuit only excited her even more than the public humiliation back at the club: it was clear she was getting exactly the reaction she wanted from the town tramp. Let the little blonde rage, Jane thought---it would be that much better when they finally settled accounts. Halfway home she pulled off the road, skidding to a halt on an abandoned path between two cornfields. For a few seconds she sat, cupped her tingling breasts in her hands and squeezed them, eyes closed, anticipating the coming confrontation with Meredith as she tested the firmness of her own full boobs. Then she left her lights on and stepped into the pool of light from her car's headlamps, hands on hips, smoothing her black minidress across her firm, curvy figure. She was breathing heavily now too.

It took only a few seconds for Meredith's car to come screaming up the path toward her and screech to a halt next to Jane's convertible. The blonde stepped out of her car, slamming the door shut in a cold fury as she stepped out in front of her car to face Jane. She'd pulled on a short lycra skirt and a silk blouse before she'd left the club, and she kept walking right past the headlights of her car, making a beeline for her rival, the voluptuous curves of her sexy body placed in sharp relief by the harsh lights of both girl's car headlights.

Jane waited until Meredith was less than six feet from her before she deliberately, suggestively reached around the front of her dress and slid

the silk cups of its front off her perfect, milk-white breasts and threw her shoulders back, slowly returning her red-nailed hands to her hips and holding her big breasts out challengingly to Meredith, letting the stark lighting play over her naked skin. Meredith halted, almost startled by the act, and Jane could see her glistening blue eyes fasten on the deep shadows of cleavage formed by her bosom, the harsh, dark brown targets of her aureoles and the jutting points of her equally dark nipples.

Meredith shook her head in slow disbelief and fury. Jane knew the stripper could just jump her now and go after her bare tits; Meredith's nails were just as sharp and red as Jane's. But she knew as they stood in the pool of light in the clearing that Meredith wouldn't back down from this challenge.

"This is my stage, baby. Like it?"

Meredith slowly undid the buttons of her blouse and peeled it away from her creamy chest, then tossed it back into the seat of her car. She moved forward, hips swaying in catlike, stalking thrusts, and matched the hands-on-hips stance of Jane. The girls circled each other, the catty-corner position of their cars forming a convenient half-arena.

"So Jane Morgan's just a little exhibitionist slut like me," Meredith breathed. "Except you like to do it in cornfields."

Jane stepped forward, almost bridging the gap between them. "It's been a long time since we've seen each other's naked tits, Meredith. Mine are bigger now, aren't they?"

"So are mine, pussy."

"That's right, we're both bigger. The question is, who's bigger?"

"Huh-uh," Meredith said, shaking her head. "The question is, who's harder?"

Jane didn't wait. She launched herself forward, smacking her big boobs hard into Meredith's tits and tossing her onto the hood of her car. The blonde sat on her haunches for a moment, revealing her lack of panties as her short skirt rode up over her hips. Then she slid off the car hood and rammed her tits back into Jane's. Jane was stunned by the impact, the sheer weight and mass of the other girl's soft boobs stinging her own, and she stumbled back against her own car's hood, revealing her own dark, bare pussy to Meredith. She saw the blonde's blue eyes flash on her crotch, glint with a look of fulfilled expectations. Gathering herself for another collision, she took to the ground again, and this time the blonde met her full on, tit to tit with a wet, dull smack of heavy, liquid-filled flesh.

A soft tit fight was one thing; Jane had done it with a few of the wilder party girls who'd overstayed their welcome at her post-divorce bachlorette parties. But this was a new, rough game, swinging their heavy, sensitive breasts like clubs at one another, crushing tit flesh together and twisting nipples together viciously. After several full body chest rams that knocked each girl back on their heels, the two tit

fighters met at the center of the impromptu ring, light blazing off their bodies as they led into each other chin first, bracing cheek to cheek

against each other and exchanging a series of quick bosom blows, one tit at a time smacking its counterpart. The clearing rang with the rapid fire slapping sounds of breast smacking breast, Meredith and Jane gasping excitedly as they poured on the intensity, driving the intimate boxing match to more and more desperate levels. Jane's large, dark eyes bored into the mascara-rimmed, gorgeous blue of Meredith's, narrowed now in hatred and the sick thrill of the fight.

"How do you like my titties now, blondie?" Jane hissed. "Big enough for you?"

"They feel nice and soft, cow---you like my big ones?"

"They're weak," Jane growled.

"Yeah?" Meredith breathed, suddenly beating Jane backward with a flurry of tit smacks. "They feel weak now, you bitch?" She put her body into it and Jane felt herself stumbling backwards again until the grill of her convertible pressed into her ass once more. The girls struggled against the car, Meredith's body pressing full into Jane's now, both girls grunting in this test of strength. Neither girl dared to use her hands just yet, although Jane was dying to claw at Meredith's creamy flesh and tear at her flaxen, silky hair; the sweet smell of the other girl's skin was driving her wild. She could feel the blonde's crotch brushing against hers through their two tight skirts, but the material was stretched too much to allow for full contact. Meredith bore down on her, slowly pressing her down onto the car hood. Their four tits were now glued together, the blonde's creamy boobs slowly dominating Jane's. She groaned as Meredith forced her down until her back met metal. "I'll make you pay for that tit bite, bitch," she said, slowly beginning to grind her boobs in circles around Jane's, searching for weak spots in her opponent's tits as Jane moaned beneath her. "I'll make you pay for getting me fired, too." Jane squealed in a mix of pain and pleasure as her breasts mashed out under the blonde's. Meredith's mouth danced next to hers, almost touching her crimson lips. Staring intensely into the blonde's eyes, she suddenly slashed her slender tongue across the blonde's lips. Meredith gasped, involuntarily flinching from the contact. Jane used the shock to throw the blonde off her; snarling, she launched her own volley of bosom blows, smacking Meredith backward toward her own car. In a few seconds she had the girl staggering backwards, falling onto her car hood with Jane in hungry, enraged pursuit. She fell across the blonde's soft body, smacking first her left, then her right breast down hard onto Meredith's waiting tits.

"I'll bite your fat tits any time I want to, whore!" she growled as she pressed down onto the blonde, forcing Meredith's thick, smoothly-muscled thighs apart with her own. "I could walk into that club and have your job in a cold minute, you fat little cow. My body should be on that stage, not yours!" The girls skirts had now slipped over their hips, and anyone facing the car could have clearly seen their naked buns flexing in the struggle, Jane's dark-furred snatch poised menacingly over Meredith's

silky blonde bush.

"Fuck your body, bitch," Meredith snarled, bracing up against her. Jane couldn't stand it any longer: she grabbed two handfuls of Meredith's hair, pulled herself close on top of the other girl.

"Fuck your body, tramp!" she responded.

"You're not woman enough!" Meredith dug her fingers into Jane's auburn curls, pulling her down until the combatants were nose to nose. For a second the girls paused, breathing heavily in silence, and Jane took stock of their position. Even here, on her back, Meredith's tits were hard and firm against Jane's, the blonde still managing to press upward insistently. Her mouth almost touched Jane's, and Jane could feel the gentle tickling of the blonde's cunt fur beginning to mingle with her own. "Come on, bitch," Meredith whispered suddenly, gazing into Jane's dark eyes intensely. The blonde's hips flexed, her pussy lightly brushing Jane's, forcing a little gasp from the society girl. "Come on and fuck me if you think that snatch of yours is tough enough." Jane felt a savage rush of adrenaline as she looked down into the beautiful blonde's eyes. Her ass cheeks and pussy tingled electrically, vulva burning with the desire to ram down hard onto Meredith's cunt.

"No." she finally whispered nastily.

"I said fuck my pussy, cat."

"Not until you beg for it, slut."

Meredith's eyes blazed in cold fury. "You'll be the one begging before this is over, you big bitch."

Jane growled and smashed her mouth down onto Meredith's, licking for a second before taking a hard sex bite onto the blonde's sweet lips. She smacked her pussy into Meredith's once, a brutal, hard cunt punch. Then she raised herself off the blonde and smacked Meredith's soft face with all her strength.

She leapt away from the stunned blonde and jumped into her car, gunning the engine and leaving the clearing in a cloud of dust.

The chase continued, both girls driving even more dangerously now, mad with arousal and hatred. Somehow Jane, driving bare breasted, reached her mansion without being stopped by police. She parked and ran into the house, gasping, deliberately turned off the security alarms and doused the home's lighting, cutting off all but a few key switches she knew about so Meredith wouldn't be able to turn on any lights when she entered. She hit a control and started the hot tub running, then ran to the top of the curved marble staircase in the foyer of her home, her spike heels clattering on the polished stone.

She heard a screech of tires as Meredith's car slid into her driveway, then the loud thud of a slamming car door. She stood at the top of the stairs in near darkness, letting her eyes adjust to the dimness, the top of her dress still hanging around her waist, breasts bare, dark nipples pointing skyward in electrified arousal.

The front door opened, and she saw Meredith silhouetted for a moment until

the door quickly closed behind her. The blonde stood breathing hard, breaths echoing in the emptiness of the foyer.

Jane began to march quickly toward Meredith down the gentle incline of the staircase, the strike of her heels ringing like a battle cry. She heard rather than saw Meredith start up the stairs, almost running on her own sharp heels.

Halfway up the staircase Meredith met Jane in a vicious tangle, bare breasts slamming together. Jane grabbed a handful of hair with one hand, raked the other down the blonde's bare back and quickly went to work on her skintight lycra skirt, slashing at it with her nails, tugging it down over the blonde's creamy buns. She felt her own head forced back as the blonde grabbed her dark curls, burying her teeth in the soft pale flesh of Jane's neck while her other hand ripped at Jane's black dress. Grunting and twisting in their violent embrace, the girls slowly, viciously tore at each other's remaining clothing. Soon the skirts were in tatters and both girls rained smacking blows down on each other's exposed ass cheeks, raising red imprints in the smooth, pale skin of their buns. It took only a minute or two before they were naked, locked together in dangerous balance on the stone steps. Jane filled her hands with Meredith's tits and felt answering claws in her own boobs.

"I'm going to squeeze the milk out of these big tits, baby," Meredith swore.

"Not before I milk you dry, whore!" Jane replied. Staggering against the stair banister, the girls swore as they assaulted the tits each was so jealous of.

"You think you could strip in front of people with these fat boobs, you cunt?" Meredith said, emphasizing every word with a brutal squeeze.

"I'll dance next to your saggy tits any night of the week, baby!" Jane growled, digging her fingers deep into the other girl's baby-soft bosom. Suddenly the girls lost their balance, sinking to the stone; Jane hugged Meredith to her and the girls locked up in a tight ball, slowly rolling their way to the foot of the steps, saved from serious injury only by the shallow grade of the staircase. Jane kicked Meredith away from her and fled into the darkness, kicking off her heels. With a barefoot Meredith in pursuit she padded her way through the twisted corridors of the great house, sometimes losing the blonde, but always hearing the slap of her bare feet behind her.

She reached the hot tub well before the blonde, gratefully slipping into the warm water. She sat, massaging her aching breasts, stretching out, and waited for Meredith. She knew the sound of the bubbling water would prevent the blonde from hearing her ragged breathing, and her eyes were adjusted enough to the dark that she could see the blonde coming. Finally the other girl appeared at the doorway. She looked around the room, eyes finally fastening on Jane, whose open arms and legs beckoned her into the pool.

Meredith lowered herself slowly into the water, the dim underwater lights

playing over her pale, voluptuous body, highlighting a few teeth and claw marks from her rival. She sank into the water, dousing herself completely, then stood at the center of the small pool, steam caressing her hot, curvy bod. Jane stood up herself to face her enemy, and for a few moments the girls just stared at each other, occasionally dropping their eyes down to linger on the full-breasted, naked, slickly wet vixen in front of her. Then Meredith slowly stepped forward and brought her long, pink nipples into hard contact with Jane's stiff, dark pair. The girls stood, focusing on each other as they dragged the full, inch length of their nipples across each other, back and forth in a minute, exquisite tease.

"You're good at running away, Jane---now how are you at fighting?" "I just wanted to get you where we can have our little fight in private, Meredith," Jane said, purposefully pressing her wet, slick tits down onto Meredith's. The blonde responded and their four big, slippery tits met in a crush of milky white cleavage. Meredith's eyes closed and she shoved her boobs up under Jane's until the dark-haired girl's brown nipples stuck out over both their boobs, but as slick as their four tits were, Jane found it a simple matter to slide back under the blonde's breasts and smash up beneath them, forcing Meredith's hard pink ones to bud over the tops of their colliding breasts. "Now we've got all night, just you and me until we finish this."

"Name your weapons, baby."

Jane shook her head coolly. "My tits. My tongue. My legs. My pussy." "Is that the way you want it? Mine against yours?"

"Everything, bitch. Until I fuck you dry."

"Or until I fuck your big hot pussy off, right?"

Jane felt Meredith's claws rake gently down her sides until the blonde's hands filled with the tight muscle of Jane's two firm buns. She reached down to grab Meredith's ass cheeks, slowly drawing the other girl's wet body to hers, feeling the kiss of the blonde's belly on her own. Jane said: "If you think you've got enough pussy to meet me sexually, honey, then let's go."

The girls tugged on each other, spreading one another's cheeks as they slowly forced their hot, wet cunts together, each girl trembling at the other's touch, but refusing to look away from her rival's hot, intense gaze. "I've always been sexier than you, Jane," Meredith whispered. "Ever since I beat your boobs in that tent when we were teenagers." "I've always been more woman than you, Meredith, and I always will be.

More woman than you'll ever be able to handle."

"I'm going to do more than handle you, baby." The girls were rubbing tits hard and rough, the hot kiss of tit on tit almost burning save for the slippery hot tub water. "I'm going to make you come so hard you'll pass out."

"You'd better, tramp---because if you don't I'm going to rape your creamy body until you scream."

"Then you're challenging me to a sex fight, Jane?"

"Of course I am, you stupid bitch."

"Then shut your fucking mouth and rub your cunt into mine!"

Jane stared at the blonde bitch for one second. "I'll shut your mouth, slut!" she snarled, snaking the full length of her tongue into Meredith's sweet mouth. The blonde met her tongue to tongue, twisting around her hotly, and then the girls' two steaming cunts jammed together in primal, intimate sexual combat, engorged vulva meeting full on, slick labia twisting its folds around its counterparts. Thighs bracing against one another, the rivals humped slickly, bellies kissing, tits grinding wetly as they tongued one another in fierce competition, legs raising waves in the hot water of the tub as they fought to maintain their balance. Teeth fastened on sweet lips and tongues as the sex fight intensified, each girl forcing squeals and hard groans from each other as their hot, hairy cunts battled for sexual supremacy. Jane clawed at Meredith's ass cheeks, slapping them occasionally, and she felt answering smacks from the blonde, every blow seeming to light a fire in her ass and her cunt.

Even as she tore at Meredith body to body Jane felt that the blonde had somehow won the encounter before they had even begun. She felt like an animal, a gutter slut fighting with her sex over who was the dirtier, more vicious bitch. Meredith had completely pulled Jane down to her level, but as horrible as this horny violence felt, it was somehow liberating. There would be no uncertainty here about who was dominant now. The girls grunted in their tight, fighting embrace, fucking into each other with more and more ferocity as they fought to settle who was the toughest pussy. Jane's cunt probed its way deeper and deeper into the folds of Meredith's wet sex, sliding through layers of labia until she began to feel the hard sting of the blonde's long clit emerging from its shroud of pink flesh, and her own hardened sex rod sliding out to meet its rival. Holding each other's buns in a death grip, the girls growled and moaned as they forced their tingling clits to compete length to length, sliding and knotting around each other unbearably. Jane let Meredith suck hard at her tongue before sliding free of their kissing fight, whispering wetly against her mouth.

"I dare you to beat my clit, bitch."

"Are you ready to fuck hard, you big, dirty cunt?"

"I'm ready to finish your pussy once and for all, baby."

Gripping each other's waists, the girls began a series of bucking, fast thrusts, slashing clit across clit, raking each other's vulva, screaming as their cunt hairs caught and tangled, and slapping furiously at each other's slick, pulsing buns. Jane finally forced Meredith backward with a rapid-fire series of pussy strokes, holding her tighter as she heard the high-pitched groans of sexual defeat being forced from the blonde. The two soaked girls topped out of the hot tub onto the deck in a scramble of slick wet limbs, big bosoms jiggling as Jane mounted Meredith in a

final, triumphant fuck.

"Now you tell me my cunt is tougher, bitch!" she snarled as her hard buns flicked her pussy across Meredith's.

"Suck my tits, whore!" Meredith growled in a final gesture of defiance.

"I'll suck your nipples off after I'm done making you come, baby!" Jane hissed, laying down the final strokes into the fiery center of Meredith's cunt. The blonde wailed beneath her, finally letting her grip slip off Jane's body as she collapsed in a sobbing, defeated orgasm, her body convulsing underneath Jane's victorious, final strokes. She buried her mouth in the blonde's sweet, wet tit meat, licking and biting before sucking the waning erections of Meredith's pink nipples.

"I'm a whore, all right," she said, licking the blonde's mouth hard. "A tougher whore than you'll ever be."

The End