

DEEP END

by Morton

Elaine took a moment to check her hair and lipstick before she stepped out of her car in the art gallery's rear parking lot. It was Saturday morning, early and quiet, long before the partying denizens of the neighborhood would be awake. She didn't bother with keys as she approached the gallery's rear entrance: she knew her coworker, April, would be there already. She tugged her white stretch pants into place before opening the door, smoothing out a few small wrinkles so the tights conformed perfectly to her shapely hips and long, smooth legs. Her black knit top was almost as tight as the stretch pants, setting off her striking red curls and firm, high breasts perfectly. Nevertheless, she felt deflated and anxious as she stepped into the gallery, just as she did every Saturday morning. She knew what sight would greet her when she entered the sales area, and this morning provided no surprises: April leaned against the front counter with her back to Elaine, legs spread, her lush, shapely ass thrust out at the redhead provocatively. Elaine paused slightly as she got a load of April's outfit: a white turtleneck sweater and black tights that were sheer enough that she could make out the cleavage and flesh tones of the blonde's big buns... she was bent over enough and her legs split wide enough that Carrie thought she could even see the bulge of the other girl's vulva squeezing out from between her cheeks. April was a spoiled society brat, rich enough not to need the gallery job at all, as she often reminded Elaine. In fact, the stint at the gallery was a requirement of her probation on a drunk driving charge. She and Elaine worked together by themselves every Saturday morning, and quickly discovered a simmering mutual contempt. April looked like a movie star: she had an inch or two in height over Elaine's 5'8", her blonde hair arranged in a tightly-curled helmet around her round, feminine features and large, flirty blue eyes. She had a coke bottle, dancer's body, big, sexy hips and tits that were ripe, if not extremely large.

Their second weekend together April had begun bragging about her body, wiggling her shapely ass in front of Elaine challengingly. "I'm twice the woman you are, honey," she had said more times than Elaine could count. Elaine was no pushover, and no prude, either. She was the daughter of the town's mayor and had moved in her own adventurous social circles. At first she'd ignored the taunts, but the first weekend after April had insulted her ass she'd exchanged jeans for stretch pants

and tights, and she made sure April got just as good a view of her round buns every weekend as she got of the blonde's behind. Inevitably, the two girls derrieres would collide during trips to the stockroom or restroom, and the receiver would always return the bump angrily. Today Elaine had decided she had taken enough from April. She took her accustomed position next to the blonde, leaning over the counter to show off her creamy, lightly-freckled cleavage and spreading her own strong thighs and setting her sexy buns to position.

"Why don't you just come in naked next week, Debbie?" Elaine said sardonically, flicking a glance back down at the blonde's tush.

"I can't indulge every fantasy you have, honey." April purred in reply. "But I appreciate the thought."

"I'm sick of you flashing that big ass in my face every weekend, bitch." Elaine said flatly. April pivoted to face the redhead, leaning with her side against the counter and one hand parked on her hip.

"Oooh, Elaine has her claws out." April's eyes raked up and down the redhead's body. "I thought I'd have to push some bush into that pretty face of yours to get a rise out of you."

"I didn't plan on giving you the satisfaction of letting you piss me off, girl, but now I really don't care."

"Neither do I. So let's talk."

"Let's. I think you're a bitch and I'm willing to settle our differences any way you want."

"That usually means a catfight," April said, interested.

"Just what I've been thinking. Let's suppose you and I got into one. What do you have in mind?"

April snuggled a little closer, studying Elaine's face and cleavage interestedly. "Something private. Just between us."

"And what's your first move?"

April snorted. "I rip every inch of clothing off that smooth body of yours, of course."

Elaine nodded, smiling tightly as she stared intently into April's eyes. "Agreed. I'll strip you nude."

"I like to fight close," April continued. "I'd probably bearhug you. That way I can find out if those little titties of yours are as hard as you think they are."

"That's good, because the first thing I want to do is get my claws into those fat buns of yours. I think I'll scratch you up from your big ass to your neck."

"I'll have plenty of time to mark up your ass too, sweetie. Then I think I'll pin you down and see what those juicy boobs of yours taste like."

"Probably as good as your ass does when I get my teeth into it," Elaine replied hotly.

"Why not bite cunt, darling? I wonder how hard your nipples will stay while I'm pulling them out with my teeth?"

"I wonder how those pretty lips of yours will taste when I bite down on them?"

"About as sweet as my pussy lips, honey. I think I'll find a belt somewhere and whip your naked ass raw."

"I won't need a belt to whip your body, honey."

"Well let me ask you this," April purred, face to face with Elaine now and nearly touching her. "How's a little priss like you going to handle things when this turns into a sex fight?"

Elaine stared into the blonde's eyes probingly, both girls breaths coming now in long, ragged sighs. "I'll handle you just fine,baby."

"You're out of your league, pussy; admit it."

"Well why don't we find out?"

"Tonight's a long way off, honey," April insisted. Elaine glanced back at the storeroom. Then she grabbed April by the wrist and pulled her to the back of the gallery where no one would be able to see them. The two girls faced each other body to body, breathing heavily into each other's sweet faces. Elaine took a last, cautious glance toward the front of the gallery,

then turned back to her rival. "Pull down your pants, bitch," she whispered.

April's eyes blazed as she faced the redhead down. "I'm impressed. You pull down yours. I dare you."

Elaine licked her full, lipsticked mouth lightly, then reached down and slid the tight white material of her stretch pants over her naked ass, baring her neatly-trimmed red bush to April. Sneering, the blonde immediately slipped her own sheer black tights over her lush buns, revealing a golden, corn silk cunt to face its red-furred challenger. The redhead stepped forward, breasting April unflinchingly. Staring into the blonde's eyes, she slid her hands over the blonde's lovely rump, trembling

a little as she felt the smooth skin of April's cheeks, gently yielding girlflesh blanketing two big hemispheres of powerful muscle. She gasped as she felt April's long nails lightly raking across her own bare buttocks, slowly digging into her own soft flesh, tugging and spreading her firm buns and coaxing the two girls' naked pussies closer and closer together. Determined not to allow the blonde to dominate the encounter, Elaine flexed her ass cheeks suddenly and jabbed her soft cunt into April's blonde jungle, slapping the enemy pussy twice before the other girl's big buns twitched into action underneath her gripping fingers, jamming the blonde's warm groin into harsh, scratchy contact with Elaine's sex. Grunting and squealing, the girls tightened the hard tangle, naked buns jiggling as they circled and pressed together in the empty room.

"I'll beat your bare little pussy off, slut!" April swore, her full, glistening lips barely an inch from Elaine's.

"Come on, tramp, let's see how hot that blonde bush of yours really is!" Both girls squeezed and smacked at the quivering buttocks each gripped viciously, trying to shock the sex out of their rival. Elaine braced one soft cheek against her rival's, felt April's sweet breath against her mouth as she pressed into the blonde. She couldn't have been happier with the escalation of this long-planned confrontation. Just as she's hoped, April had taken her up on the dirtiest challenge imaginable; five minutes after she'd entered the store she and the blonde were cunt fighting. And the blonde bitch was good, as good as Elaine had always imagined she'd be with those big, meaty buns pounding at her, twitching under her claws and grinding that soft, hairy cunt into Elaine's hot, yielding sex.

Elaine wrestled the blonde against the wall and heard the other girl's big ass smack into the plaster as she flexed her own buns and pummeled April's cunt. "Glad you like fighting dirty, bitch!" she snarled, but the blonde quickly twisted out of the pin and flipped the redhead around so that Elaine felt the cold plaster wall slap against her own bare ass, and April began a vicious, hot grind across her tingling pussy. "Why didn't you tell me you wanted a pussy fight, Elaine?" April demanded. "We could have rubbed cunts a long time ago."

"We're pussy fighting now, lover, that's all that matte---" Elaine stopped suddenly as the sound of the gallery's front door bell sounded---a customer was entering the store. Both girls froze in mid thrust, hands still gripping each other's naked buttocks, stiff breasts pressed hotly together through the fabric of their sweaters. April was looking out toward the front of the store; turning back to Elaine, her liquid, half-closed eyes locked with the redhead's for a final second before she yanked her stretch pants upwards, closing off her cunt to Elaine once more.

"Consider that a sneak preview, baby," she whispered as Elaine pulled her own stretch pants up. April broke away from her, her delicious hips twitching sexily as she left the redhead behind with a quick, challenging glance over her shoulder. Elaine smoothed her pants over her throbbing hips, licking lips that had suddenly gone dry. Almost inevitably, the rest of the morning the shop was busy, keeping both girls busy and away from each other except for a few quick, isolated grabs, squeezes and clinches the girls kept hidden from the customers. It was clear the duel was not going to be settled at the gallery, and Elaine had plans for the afternoon.

April must have been thinking the same thing. By the time the afternoon shift arrived and the girls retreated to the parking lot, the blonde delivered her ultimatum.

"How about a party at my place tonight, Elaine?" she purred from the window of her BMW. "You can see how the other half lives."

"Who's on the guest list?" Elaine asked.

"Just a redheaded slut named Elaine. Come on over and I'll give you everything you want."

"I doubt that," Elaine said levelly.

April had already started her car's engine, and Elaine was seated in her sedan. But April suddenly turned off her engine and slipped out of the car, marching over to Elaine's driver side, her spike heels clicking like a battle alarm on the pavement. Elaine waited, eyeing the blonde, until the tall girl leaned down into the open window of Elaine's sedan and took a handful of the redhead's hair, bending Elaine back into her seat and plunging in after her, her hot mouth fastening over the redhead's plump, soft lips and sliding her teeth into them as she snaked her sweet tongue deep into Elaine's mouth. The redhead barely had time to grind her own tongue against April's before the violent rape kiss ended with a loud smack and April spun away, her sexy ass flashing Elaine again as she boarded her car and spun out of the parking lot.

Elaine spent the afternoon at gymnastics practice, something April had only recently dropped out of, preferring to dabble in high diving instead. Elaine knew she was over the hill for gymnastics: she was too tall, in great shape for a dancer but not quite ripped enough to be a good gymnast. But she still enjoyed the exercise, and missed the competitive presence of April, one of the few girls Elaine's size.

Swinging her legs on the parallel bars, doing splits that stretched her gym bodysuit hard across her vulva, she couldn't keep her mind off the coming showdown with the blonde. Her pussy still tingled from that bare, raw tussle with April's snatch at the back of the gallery store, so quick and intense. She marveled at the fact that only a small portion of their bodies had been exposed to each other; she still hadn't seen the blonde's breasts or belly at all, and had only touched the other girl's ass cheeks. And she'd been infuriated by the blonde's oral attack on her in the parking lot, so humiliating. She didn't doubt that she could lick April raw if it came down to that, and she felt certain that it would. Any fight that started with pussies wouldn't draw the line at tongues. And she'd felt the hardness of April's tits in their crush with her hard chest.

Elaine left the gym, thought more about the pussy fight she'd been in, and then stopped to make a special purchase before she went home and showered. She'd bought a man's beard trimmer, which she used to carefully shave and trim her auburn pubic snatch down to a neat, rough triangle less than a quarter inch deep. She rubbed her toughened bush, like velcro---sturdy enough to rake through April's soft blonde fur and rub her vulva raw. She put on one of her older bras, a red one that was

slightly too small, which allowed her milky, round boobs to almost spill over the top of its tricot cups, and she pulled an equally tiny pair of red silk panties over her crotch, arranging the near-G-string triangle so that it hugged the area just over her fur patch, allowing the bulge of her vulva to swell out on either side. She admired herself for a moment in the mirror, a nubile young girl in her prime, sex bursting out of her tiny bra and briefs. She would devastate April tonight, she said to herself. No other woman would be able to resist this body or withstand its attacks. She found a tight, short party dress---again, something too old and small for her to wear in public. Then she packed some extra clothes and left.

April's house was located at the edge of town. While not quite a mansion, the blonde's father had supplied a residence quite spectacular for a single girl of 23, and he had indulged his daughter's interest in high diving with a massive indoor pool adjacent to the house, a structure actually somewhat larger than the house itself. Elaine drove into the home's circular driveway, drinking in the decadent opulence of the residence and feeling even more determined to humiliate April. The blonde stood at the house's open doorway in a black party dress every bit as short and tight as the one Elaine was wearing, and both girls studied each other's long, supple, and nearly nude legs as Elaine strolled toward the entrance. April had put as much into her appearance as Elaine had, the redhead noted. The blonde was lustrous, her skin smooth and flawless, fairly glowing in the early evening light. Both girls wore makeup and perfume, and both had overdone it just slightly in both departments. Elaine had wanted to look like a tramp: a beautiful, ravishing tramp who would overcome the sexiness of her blonde rival with sheer wantonness. But she had to admit April looked unbelievably sexy and desirable, a tramp to end all tramps. But the blonde was looking at Elaine appreciatively, hungrily as she struck a provocative, hip-thrusting pose at the door.

"Well," April purred, blue eyes flashing down Elaine's body. "Looks like bad girls wear black."

Elaine paused at the door, standing over a foot away from the blonde, both girls balancing on stilleto heels, staying distant enough so each could get a good, long look at the other's body. "How bad are you willing to be tonight, April?" Elaine asked.

"Bad enough to outclass a certain flame-haired priss," the blonde retorted. "Why don't you come on in?"

"Gladly," Elaine agreed, strutting past the blonde and stepping into the house's marble-floored atrium. She spun vampishly to face April as the blonde followed her, and both girls regarded one another speculatively, hands on their hips, for a long moment, before Elaine said "Care to try that little kiss-fight on me now, April? Might be a little more interesting with us both on our feet." April's eyes sparked as she stepped forward, hands still smoothing her broad hips. "I don't need to have you down on the ground to lick the hell out of you, baby."

"Good, because that's just what I plan to do to you, girl."

The two tall rivals stepped in close, April subtly leading with her crotch, her big legs spread, and Elaine almost gasped as the blonde's bare legs slapped into her own naked thighs. Recovering, she firmly pressed her own pussy into the blonde's and continued to bear forward with her firm little chest as April's gorgeous face danced enticingly close to her own, both girl's mouths open, tongues curling nearer and nearer to one another. The rivals danced around each other, teasing with brief, feinting licks until Elaine lunged forward and stabbed her tongue deep into April's mouth. The blonde's teeth closed on the redhead's tongue just as Elaine's lips touched April's and the two fighters groaned into a full-on tongue kiss, corkscrewing around each other and grinding their upper bodies together as their hands at first interlocked fingers, then slid past each

other to slip around each other's waists and necks, guiding each other through the erotic minefield of a standing kiss. Elaine felt the blonde's legs wrap around hers, their crotches forced into hard contact despite the tight band of dress fabric between them. April's boobs caressed hers, nipples budding and stiffening beneath the tight dress tops as the girls began slow tit wrestling, heels clicking on marble as they swayed and slow danced in the middle of the long kiss.

April had released her brief sex bite and now was putting all her efforts into licking and tasting Elaine while the redhead feasted on the blonde's luscious mouth and tongue. For a moment all pretense at fighting vanished as Elaine, her eyes wide open, drank in the intoxicating loveliness of her rival, felt the teasing softness of the tall, curvy body pressing and gliding against hers. She held the blonde gently, delicately bracing her long thighs against April's, caressing her long waist and

neck, delighting at the tingling touch of the blonde's hands on her behind and the smooth muscles of her back. Elaine stared deep into April's eyes as if summoning some inner force to defeat her rival. It was her own confidence in her beauty that would win this part of their fight; this was truly a beauty fight, each girl trying to ravish her opponent with sheer glamour and sex appeal, showing her enemy just how soft and lovely she was. The girls seemed to kiss and caress for more than 20 minutes.

When April finally slipped her hands beneath the hem of Elaine's tight dress to caress her creamy buttocks, it seemed almost a violation. The rapturous look in the redhead's eyes left suddenly, her liquid blue eyes narrowing in answer to the blonde's challenge as she two cupped April's buns with her own probing fingers. The pussy pressing that had been going on during the entire encounter shifted from a delicate, gliding touch to a grim, well-muscled rub as the girls stared each other down.

"Are you looking for a fight?" April whispered raggedly, her swollen lips brushing Elaine's.

"Yeah," Elaine hissed back. "You want to fight with me?"

"Didn't you say something about stripping me nude today?" April growled. She had pulled Elaine's dress up over her ass; the redhead could see her bare buns reflected in one of the atrium's many mirrors, and she quickly retaliated, dragging April's dress up over the blonde's big buns. She saw the other girl had on a pair of equally tiny panties.

"Didn't you say you were going to tear my clothes off, too?" Elaine purred.

April tilted her head, her sexy mouth open, tongue sliding out until it touched the tip of Elaine's...

As if the tongue-touch was a signal, both girls began to viciously shred each other's tight dresses, adding occasional smacks to each other's bared buttocks to goad the strip-fight on. Legs spread wide to maintain balance on their spike heels, the girls clawed, shredded and slapped at each other in the hallway, quickly reducing their dresses to tatters. April wore an equally tiny pushup bra, her boobs thrust up out of its cups just like Elaine's jiggling tits; soon Elaine could see the other girl's flat, supple stomach, rapidly collecting a map of red claw marks, and soon her shoulders were bare as well. But Elaine's own dress was being

destroyed just as quickly, her own creamy skin taking on the wicked marks of April's claws. The girls clinched, tearing away at the black fabric furiously, vicious cries of "Bitch!" and "Cunt!" cutting the air between them as they miraculously maintained their balance.

Suddenly the girls staggered backwards, the tattered remains of the dresses falling away to reveal the bikini-like layout of the two girls' underwear. April's still-gorgeous face had taken on a desperate, dangerous quality highlighted by a slight sheen of perspiration and the edge of her mascara running just slightly with tears. Elaine caught a glimpse of her own girlish face in the mirror, equally disheveled, her coppery, soft hair matted slightly on her glistening forehead, mascara streaked by her own hot tears of rage. Her glance darted towards April's crotch, barely contained by the tiny patch of the g-string panties, vulva bulging out on either side of the silky triangle just as she knew her own sex lips were doing. April's breasts rised and fell on her strong chest as she drew in deep, gasping breaths; Elaine wiped her mouth as she struggled to control her own ragged breathing. April lunged toward her suddenly, smacking openhanded at Elaine's face. Elaine gasped, returned the slap, and the girls waded into each other for several minutes, slapping at every bare part of each other's bodies, whip-cracks of bare flesh on flesh ringing through the house as they struck at each other without mercy, raising welts until some silent signal between the girls stopped this brutal contest too.

"It's not gonna be enough to beat your body tonight, Elaine," April snarled. "You follow me, bitch, and we'll really have a contest." The blonde kicked off her heels and marched toward the rear of the house. Elaine kicked her shoes off and followed the blonde's jiggling, bare ass as she ran toward a dark corridor that seemed to lead out of the house. In a few seconds they were in darkness. Elaine's heart pounded as she followed the pounding of April's bare footsteps down the dimly lit hallway, heard a door open far in front of her, then a splash as if someone had leapt into water.

She pushed through the door, stepped on wet tiles. They were in a dark, echoing auditorium, and in front of Elaine was a large swimming pool. She tried to circle the pool but quickly discovered that there were no walkways along the room's side walls. She would have to swim. She was so hot and excited now that the cool water was almost a relief. The room was lit by underwater lights alone, and only a couple of those were functioning. She could barely make out April kicking her way to the

other side of the pool. She stroked her way to the opposite end of the pool herself, pulled her drenched body out of the water.

She found the blonde's bra and panties on the other side, but no sign of April. Water dripped everywhere, but she had to allow her eyes to adjust to the darkness before she could see what was on this side of the pool. Water hit her from above, and she glanced upward to see an overhanging structure. Then she saw the metal ladder leading up to it: a ten meter diving board. She was not positive, but something told her April was at the top of it. Trembling, she removed her soaked underwear and stood nude, shivering, and stepped toward the metal rungs of the ladder. She ascended the ladder, dripping, her pulse throbbing in her ears, louder with every rung she stepped on. Elaine was not afraid of heights, but she'd be stupid not to respect the ten meter drop to the tiled pool deck; she was wet enough that the ladder rungs were slippery, and it was still painfully dark.

Just as she'd suspected, April awaited her at the top of the board, utterly naked and wet, staring at her smugly, and with good reason. In the wet coldness of the pool her bare breasts had chilled to alarming tautness, and for the first time Elaine saw the blonde's jutting, long nipples pointing at her provocatively. Nervously she glanced down at her own boobs, saw with relief that the cold had had an equally erotic effect on her own breasts: they were rock hard, her nipples pointing up at a baroque, wicked angle.

But April had another reason to look confident. Like Elaine, she'd been busy trimming her snatch, only her corn silk pubes had been trimmed into a sleek mohawk, grooming her bush into a deadly ax blade designed to separate an opponent's vulva and slice into tender, unprotected labia. The blonde gripped the two chrome safety rails on either side of the board and lifted her body expertly, her smoothly-muscled thighs cleaving, spreading wide into a perfect split that displayed her trimmed snatch in vicious detail. But as she held the position Elaine realized it wasn't just a simple sex display.

"How about a little gymnastics competition, bitch?" April said evenly, holding the split, even tilting her pelvis forward a little. Elaine shook her head slowly, then gripped the parallel rails herself.

"I can't think of a better way to beat your cunt off, slut," she said as she spread her own thighs into a split that mirrored April's.

Trembling, both girls thrust their pelvises at each other threateningly, then delicately maneuvered their legs forward slightly, bending at the knees, one girl's left knee sliding over the other's right in a pincher move. Still holding themselves in mid air, the girls slid their trembling legs against each other, slowly applying pressure and locking until Elaine felt April's buzz-saw bush begin to slice into her trim cunt. Flexing her buttocks, she smacked her sex meat into the blonde's wetly, and both girls grunted as they wrapped their legs around each other and rammed their tender cunts together. Elaine's nipples now pointed directly skyward, riding the tops of her conical tits, and she stared across her weapons, across April's glistening, muscled belly to her tawny breasts and the shocking, tender white tan lines that striped them, and behind them the blonde's rippling neck muscles and her sexy mouth twisted into a grimace of effort and hatred as she humped the redhead.

The girls bucked in the impossibly, bone-crunching leg clinch for almost a full minute, and Elaine actually was able to force the blonde's pelvis back for several inches before the blonde regained ground, cutting at her with her rigid crest of cunt hair and grinding Elaine's pussy backward. Muscles cracked and popped with the strain of the gymnastic display, but the leg lock allowed both girls to lower their position and hang together in the thigh embrace, still cunt rubbing roughly, although with less strength than they'd started the battle with. Finally the pelvic clinch dropped completely and Elaine's forehead butted April's.

In a tumble the girls slipped from the safety rails to the rough surface of the diving board, their bare buttocks smacking into the high-friction surface and eliciting cries of pain from both girls. April kicked Elaine away, then was up on her feet, dancing out to the edge of the board. Elaine was sure the blonde was about to dive into the water, but she held her ground and struck another sexy, challenging pose, waiting at the edge of the board with only a foot or so behind her before the sheer drop to the water below.

Elaine stepped toward her, her naked body shaking. There were no guard rails that far out; only balance keeping her from plummeting into the water. But she kept walking as the bitchy look on April's face forced her forward. The blonde's naked chest thrust out bitchily, her nipples, like Elaine's, jutting slightly upward from cone-shaped, wicked-looking tits. It was clear that April had the advantage this far out on the board;

even with her limited gymnast instincts, Elaine wasn't use to this kind of height. The redhead might have let the blonde stand and refuse to join the blonde at the edge of the board, but something about the expression on April's face beckoned her forward. April was shaking, too, but certainly not with acrophobia. Her brilliant eyes were gleaming with lust, her nipples trembling almost in tandem with Elaine's, even though the redhead's boobs were seperated from hers by a good four feet. Elaine felt a rush of satisfaction as she realized she had succeeded in arousing the blonde during their leglock on the rails. She was shivering with sexual excitement herself, but the knowledge that her hated rival had been so affected by Elaine's pussy filled her with conviction. She had to meet April again, head on.

The blonde couldn't spread her legs wide on the narrow board, so she let one long leg drift back almost to the edge, cocking her hips at a sideways angle, then thrusting them angrily toward Elaine as the redhead stepped towards her. Elaine instinctively jerked her own hips as she moved to join the blonde, twitching her cunt at its blonde rival nastily; April added a similar move to her chest, shaking her hard boobs in a violent, jiggling spasm which Elaine answered immediately. Elaine's nipples were now only inches from April's. She wondered if either girl would flinch away when those hard, wet tits collided, forcing one or both of them to tumble off the board. Elaine convinced herself that it would be April who fell, April who would succumb to the sheer sexiness of her goose bumped boobs. She locked her eyes on the blonde's as she took the final step and slowly, firmly buried her wet nipples deep into the soft tit flesh of April's breasts.

The blonde took the tit rub, snarling slightly and executing a delicate little twist that dug her own hard nipples just as deeply into Elaine's soft boobs. For several seconds the girls nipple-dueled wetly, staring each other down until Elaine felt the blonde's cunt pressing against hers. She reached around for the blonde's ass, felt wet fingers grip her own creamy buns, and matched the Velcro tuft of her snatch against April's Mohawk bush. Grunting, the girls mounted a cunt fight that was as vicious as it was delicate, neither woman daring to buck at her rival too roughly, knowing that the slightest miscalculation would send them tumbling yards downward into the water.

"I'll make you climax before I toss you into the deep end, bitch," April hissed into Elaine's wet face.

"Not before you come all over my cunt, slut," Elaine whispered back fiercely. She didn't know why she was whispering; there was no one around who could possibly overhear the two girls. Maybe they felt like their voices alone might be enough to make the girls stumble and fall. Each girl struggled to spread her thighs wide enough on the narrow surface to gain enough pussy contact to outfuck her rival; Elaine pressed her chin against April's, her soft lips curling into a snarl as she glared down her nose into the bright blue eyes of her rival.

"You ever feel a pussy like mine, Elaine?" April asked hotly as she continued her wet tit grind with the redhead.

"Don't think you're such a hot cunt, buzz saw-bush," Elaine retorted. "I'll bet you've never been up against one as rough as mine."

"I've fucked plenty rougher, baby," April insisted. "Don't think you're going to match pussies with me tonight."

Elaine clenched her creamy buns tightly, firmly pumping her pussy into April's cunt. "I'll match more than pussies with you, bitch. I plan on finishing this soft body of yours once and for all."

"It'll take more than your hard titties and hairy little snatch to finish this body, girl."

"Why don't we add a little lick-war to the battle, then?" Elaine asked pertly, her tongue dancing just behind her soft, moist lips. April didn't need an invitation. With a quick jerk she stabbed her own long tongue into Elaine's mouth. The redhead flinched, then clutched the blonde to her tightly as she jammed her tongue across the blonde's, sending shockwaves of pleasure through both girls. Groaning, the girls dueled wordlessly, their big, dancer's buns flexing with power as their long, delicate vulva sawed across one another in the clinch.

The fight seemed to drag on for hours, although Elaine knew that was impossible; they would never have been able to maintain their balance for that long. All she knew was that the skin under her fingers was suddenly dry, warm, and then hot---and soon covered with a completely different kind of moisture. From raw, dry hotness the girl's bodies soon gave over to sweet, scalding sweat and Elaine could feel April's cunt and nipples burning her like branding irons now; her own nipples were inflamed, agonizing with every centimeter of soft tit flesh they raked into. Elaine feasted on April's tongue, dimly aware that her hands had

slipped into the tight curls of April's hair, and that an answering grip tugged at her own soft red locks as each woman tried to wrestle her enemy into a better tonguing position. She felt faint, swooning with ecstasy and pain, when the whole dimly-lit chamber seemed to suddenly tilt and spin around her. The water hit like a sledgehammer, blasting April's body into her own. Somehow she held her breath, forced her eyes open to see the blonde below her, the pool bottom only a yard or so beyond. April's arms and legs were open, reaching for her, enfolding her; her smooth skin slid supply along Elaine's as their limbs intertwined, breasts floating free of gravity now colliding in a soft, shapeless caress.

April forced her mouth on Elaine's once again, kissing her deeply...but this time the contact had a different purpose. Again April's tongue invaded her, but suddenly the airways between the two fighters were linked: Elaine felt the breath pulled from her lungs and into April, and the blonde held her beneath the surface viciously. Elaine gasped instinctively---and sucked the breath from April. The girls clawed at each other's backs and buttocks, fighting each other for breath until a mighty heavy broke them apart. Choking, the girls scrambled to the surface.

When Elaine broke above the water she saw the blonde pulling herself weakly from the pool, stumbling onto the hard tiles of the poolside. The redhead dragged herself after her, crawling toward her rival; April was on her back, propped on her elbows, legs spread, beckoning Elaine onward. The redhead crawled on her belly, mounted April exhaustedly. She belly-punched the blonde once, her fist slipping off the blonde's gut wetly, just weakening April enough to prevent any resistance.

"Come on, rich bitch!" Elaine growled as she forced her wet body down onto April's. "This time we fuck it out to the finish!"

"You ride me then, pussy!" April snarled as Elaine's cunt found hers. The blonde's snatch was maddeningly slippery, delicious, but Elaine clamped her sex down onto its hot rival and flexed her buns in a pumping fury that would not be denied. Forcing the blonde's lips apart, she licked ravenously at her defeated rival, knowing that she would never be threatened by the blonde's big body again.