

Ms. Direction

by Morton

Kristen was a college theatrical director who had a reputation for being brutal with her cast members, particularly actresses, and she knew her rebukes stung more coming from a graduate student only a few years older than the women under her charge. But she had a way of wielding her authority that didn't brook disputes and she had never had a student challenge her and come out on top. She was equally abusive with male cast members and often bragged about her sexual prowess to her assistant director within earshot of the actors she found attractive. She had tempted more than a few actors into bed, and as far as she was concerned she was one great catch. She had a thick, curly mane of long blonde hair and a powerful dancer's body. Her high, hard tits looked bigger than their 34C cup size would indicate, and she was especially proud of her lush, strong ass and thighs. She had a physical confidence that made her feel she could back up any confrontation with force, although she'd obviously never done that with a student. She wore studious-looking glasses that didn't conceal her sharp, well-sculpted features and piercing blue eyes, and if anything they added to her intimidating persona.

Kristen had almost looked forward to working with Trisha. The brunette was an excellent young actress who had fallen deeper into the college actress syndrome than most, i.e. she slept around voraciously and was seen to be rather a threatening slut in the drama department. She often played hard-bitten characters and was perfect for the roles with her inky black hair, large, dark eyes and a wide, generous mouth that seemed permanently fixed in a sneer of contempt. She was known for terrorizing directors as well as competing actresses and had been in more than one fight over a role; in fact, Kristen suspected she had physically intimidated her rival for the lead in Kristen's play until the other girl had dropped out of the try-outs. But Kristen liked Trisha's fire on stage and found their frequent squabbles over the direction of her role stimulating. Unlike the other girls her age, the brunette did not back down from confrontation and she had a body that seemed tailor-made to oppose Kristen's: her hips had a sexy, liquid power and like the blonde's, her tight behind bordered on being too large, but it was matched by her own pair of rippling, strong dancer's thighs and her overall muscle tone kept her from seeming the slightest bit fat. She too sported conical, taut breasts that rode arrogantly high on her chest, and she seemed to purposely level them at her director whenever Kristen called her on the carpet for some violation. She wore the tightest clothes Kristen had ever seen (and the blonde wore pretty tight outfits herself), and often she could make out what looked like very large and hardened nipples poking through the stretchy materials of her tops as she arched her back or stretched and aimed her breasts so that the blonde could feel her own hard bosom in the crosshairs of those spiky nipples. And Trisha never failed to close the distance between them whenever they argued, always taking the confrontation into Kristen's personal space as if to assure her director that Trisha's supple body was every bit her equal and that the actress was completely unintimidated by the director physically. Kristen found herself relishing these face-offs and even looking for ways to goad the dark-haired girl into confronting her. Trisha's sloe-eyed stare, the way she let her full lips slide away from her teeth in a bitchy little snarl every time she argued with the blonde and her erotically confrontational body language all mesmerized Kristen. And she

couldn't help but notice that the brunette's behavior was far worse than anything that Kristen had heard coming from other productions. It made sense to her; Kristen knew she pushed people's buttons with her arrogance and bitchiness, and it made sense that another super-bitch would find her iron hand on the stage unbearable. But she could see something more than annoyance in those dark eyes as they verbally sparred almost nose to nose on so many occasions; there was a sparkle, a hint of enjoyment that wasn't humorous or friendly. Trisha liked the fighting, and Kristen could tell this girl was walking a tightrope, trying to insult Kristen's authority as much as she could without daring to use the kind of street language she'd have used on any other girl who stood in her way.

Kristen knew her choice of subject matter wasn't helping, but the play about a tough bar girl was perfect for Trisha, and she took to the role hungrily. Unfortunately some of the other actresses weren't as convincing, and Kristen was having particular trouble with a scene in which Trisha and Elaine, a cute redheaded sophomore, had to clinch in a brief hairpull. Trisha naturally dominated the encounter, but Kristen wanted more from the pretty redhead. She let them come together on the sweltering stage for fifteen minutes, frankly enjoying the sight of the two pale, athletic bodies confronting one another onstage in tight lycra workout gear. But finally she had to step in. "Elaine, you're not getting into her face enough," Kristen said as she sauntered onstage. "Have you ever seen two bar girls fight?"

Elaine looked embarrassed. "I'm really uncomfortable with this---"

"Get used to it," Kristen snapped. She took Elaine by the arm and pulled her out of the clinch, then stood in front of Trisha, reaching up to put her fingers through the brunette's sleek dark hair while she looked over her shoulder at Elaine, directing her words to the redhead.

"Take her hair like this. Tight. You can hurt Trisha for a moment---you're a big girl, aren't you, Trisha?"

"Big enough," Trisha purred.

"And Elaine, you'll have to take a minute of Trisha pulling your hair hard to make it look good." She turned to look into the brunette's face and felt a brief flush of excitement. It was always a rush to face down a woman her height and build, and Trisha was a perfect match. So was Elaine, but the girl didn't know how to use what she had yet. She looked good enough matching the brunette on stage, though. "Now," she said, tugging Trisha closer, "Pull her in close and bend her head back like this. Your chins should be touching, and I want real snarling as you tussle for a moment. You're looking down your noses at each other in this position. Elaine, don't be afraid to get the rest of your body up against Trisha's."

"Like this?" Trisha deliberately brought her broad, womanly hips up against Kristen's; in the wide-legged stance they were in, it took only a slight adjustment by the brunette to

place her warm crotch perfectly flat against the blonde's. Trisha's dark eyes locked tight on Kristene's cool blue ones as she made the move. Kristen hesitated for just a moment, impressed by the brunette's boldness. She let her fingers tighten a little, one hand scraping its nails across the other girl's pale neck. And Trisha's claws answered, sinking into her skin just beneath Kristen's hairline.

"Just like that, Trisha," Kristen said smoothly. She kept her grip on the other woman, continuing to issue instructions to Elaine, and waited a few moments before lettering herself apply an answering pressure to the brunette's pressing crotch. Trisha responded immediately, and Kristen wondered if anyone could see the muscles playing in the two women's full, round bun flesh. Trisha wore skintight biker shorts, so it would be no trick to watch her ass at work, and Kristen favored very tight denim shorts. No one seemed to notice, however. But when she came out of the clinch, she saw what she hadn't been able to feel through her vest: Trisha's nipples, stiffened to long, jabbing points from their encounter with Kristen's chest.

"You two work on it on your own if you have to," she ordered. "Trisha, I'd like to see you in my office tomorrow."

She found Trisha slouched in the chair across from her desk when she entered her office the next day and immediately closed the door behind her to give them some privacy. She had to almost step over the brunette's extended left leg; her bare right was propped up on one arm of the chair, and Kristen had to studiously ignore the brunette's outfit as she took her seat across from the actress. Trisha was wearing a tight black leather skirt and a white lycra top that showed every detail of her firm bosom to Kristen. If the desk hadn't been between them she had no doubt that she would have gotten a full view of the brunette's crotch, which raised the interesting question of whether or not Trisha was wearing any underwear. She certainly wasn't wearing a bra, and it struck Kristen that, knowing the cramped set-up of her office, Trisha could have easily planned this display knowing that her director would never be able to see her naked crotch unless she purposely took a look. The brunette looked sullen and disinterested, however, and Kristen wondered if she was giving her too much credit. At any rate it certainly illustrated how much her own mind was on the girl. She opened the meeting by explaining some of her concerns about the play, emphasizing that it was to both their best interests to see that it reached a successful completion.

"Obviously you have a problem with me," Trisha concluded.

"That is pretty obvious, isn't it?" Kristen agreed. "We obviously don't get along. In addition to that, I think you're manipulating a few of the guys in the cast, which is also becoming disruptive."

"Manipulating?" Trisha asked, eyebrows raised.

"Maybe 'teasing' is a better word."

The brunette stared at her silently for a moment and then snorted haughtily. "I don't tease, Kristen. If I want someone sexually I let them know it. If they're not interested it's their loss. Besides," she continued, "I've talked to some of the little boys in the department you've bedded and thrown away, so I think we understand each other pretty well."

"Oh really?" Kristen replied hotly, a little stunned at how quickly Trisha was able to get under her skin. "I guess you're privy to all kinds of information as the official drama department tramp, aren't you?"

"All kinds," the brunette replied mysteriously.

"Well I don't plan to sit here and trade insults with you, Trisha. The fact is we need to maintain a professional relationship while this play is being produced. I knew you were going to be trouble the minute I first saw you, but you're a good actress and I'm a good director, so let's just make the best of this."

"Well maybe you're right," Trisha said, staring at her evenly. "But sometimes I really wish we were just two girls on the street so I could see what kind of trouble I really could be for you."

Kristen returned the stare in silence for a moment, watching Trisha's breasts rise and fall as she breathed. Then she said, "Trisha, nothing would give me more pleasure than to settle my differences with you that way. But I plan on seeing this play through to the end with both of us in one piece. Besides, you might find I'm a little bit more than you can handle."

Trisha leaned forward at that, her dark eyes raking Kristen's body with such haughty contempt that the blonde almost felt she'd been physically clawed. She stood up, putting her hands on Kristen's desk and leaning forward, and Kristen watched with fascination as Trisha's nipples seemed to double in size right in front of her, poking through the tight material of her top like two tent poles as she stood over the blonde.

"I doubt that very much. Although I have to admit some of your little boys seemed to think you were a real panther in the sack. You've got a killer body, Kristen, but I don't think you'd match me up in a street fight. And I've whipped enough girl ass to know."

"Well, there's all kinds of trouble and all kinds of ways to fight, honey. I'm sure you've been around enough to know that, too. But like I said, we're finishing this play up and until then, we're two professionals."

"Oh really?" Trisha said, strutting up, hands on her luscious, cocked hips. "Suppose we talk about afterwards."

"This isn't the time or the place," Kristen said abruptly, strutting up herself. She hadn't dared to imagine their conversation would come to this, but she wasn't really surprised.

But she knew she couldn't allow even a hint of what was going on in here to be heard or guessed by her fellow graduate students.

"Why not?" Trisha insisted. "We're just two girls talking."

"Not here we're not," Kristen said, stepping around the desk toward the door. She started to open it but Trisha moved between her and the doorknob, blocking her, her hand on Kristen's wrist.

"You can play teacher with me if you want, doll-baby," the brunette murmured, low enough so the sound couldn't possibly travel beyond the office. "But you know we both want to fight. Maybe you're just too much of a snotty bitch to admit it. Let's just agree we're going to get together after this is over and see who's got better moves...any way you want it."

Kristen had had it. "Girl, I'd tear you apart. Now why don't you get your big hot ass out of my office before I do you here."

Trisha laughed softly. "You've got a tough mouth, honey, but that body of yours is soft. Too soft to beat anything I've got, so don't make threats your fat buns can't carry out."

"Get out of here."

"After you agree to fight me, bitch."

The two women glared at each other in tense silence for almost thirty seconds. "Let's just say I'll give you a cast party you won't forget, you little tramp."

The final weeks of rehearsals evaporated quickly with Kristen running on autopilot. The importance of the play had been forgotten; now she just wanted to get it over with and get at Trisha. She spent every rehearsal studying the dark-haired girl's body, measuring it against her own, and she took every opportunity to physically reposition the other girl in blocking scenes, gripping her arms, shoulders, and even legs when she got the chance and digging her long-nailed fingers into the other girl's supple flesh, checking out her muscle tone and strength, their eyes always meeting in silent agreement. Kristen always threw cast parties at her apartment, and this one had taken on ramifications other such affairs never had. The play closed on the final night of the semester, with a long weekend ahead, and Kristen's apartment was well away from campus. Whatever happened here was her business. Late spring had already turned sultry, and Kristen wore sheer black stretch pants that ended at the knee, black spike heels and a tight T-shirt with horizontal red stripes and a plunging V-neck. She had already rebuffed advances from some of the male actors in the cast, but she knew alcohol alone would guarantee a few more propositions before the night was over. She wasn't interested...all she wanted was to get her cast out of her apartment, get everyone but the brunette out...

Trisha arrived fashionably late, and Kristen had to make small-talk with other guests long before the brunette entered. She saw the actress walking up the sidewalk to her ground-floor apartment, dressed in the same sexy outfit and black leather skirt she'd worn during their office meeting. She noted too that the actress sported dagger-sharp stiletto heels; she and Kristen were towering over the other girls at the party. She moved through her chattering guests to the door, intent on meeting Trisha at the door. She swung it open and took position blocking the brunette's way. Trisha didn't slow her approach, marched up to the blonde until the two were nose to nose.

"Are you going to get out of my way or do I have to claw my way right through you?" the brunette purred.

"I hope you got a good night's rest last night, sugar," Kristen replied. "We're staying up all night." They stood in silence for a moment that seemed much longer than it actually was; Kristen still didn't plan on allowing any of the other guests to know what was going on.

Finally Trisha cut through the silence: "I'm going to beat your blonde snatch off, bitch."

"You're the one who'll wind up whipped on my floor, cunt."

Trisha moved forward and intentionally breasted the blonde; their two taut chests, confined by skin tight tops, meeting roughly for the first time as the dark-haired girl tried to muscle her way past the blonde. Kristen gave her just enough resistance to show the actress what she was up against, both girls grunting slightly as their bodies opposed one another. Then the blonde pivoted, letting the brunette slide past her tits first; Trisha added a little jab of her hips into Kristen's as she pushed past the blonde, and Kristen watched her lush ass flex its way into her apartment, noting the wide neck of Trisha's shirt that showed off her beautifully toned back and neck muscles.

The party dragged for four hours with each girl taking every opportunity to get in the other's face without alerting the other partygoers to the conflict. There were enough people to fill two of the apartment's rooms, making for ample chances for the girls to squeeze past each other in tight spaces, giving each other's long, grinding tastes of one another's bodies, murmuring quick, dirty insults into each other's faces. Kristen even found a chance to press her big ass cheeks deep into the brunette's buns, both girls flexing the big muscles of their behinds in a secret test of strength. By midnight Kristen was close to a sexual fury of frustration and fighting lust. Most of the other people at the party were too drunk by now to pay any notice to what was happening between the director and her lead actress. Kristen lost track of the brunette for a few moments until she suddenly felt a hand clamp on her wrist, dragging her into a corner. Trisha pressed close to her in the crush of people, brushed her thick-lipsticked mouth against Kristen's ear to be heard over the loud rock music in the apartment. "I want to beat some of your hard tit now, blonde meat---I'm tired of waiting."

"Meet me at the back of the house then, bitch," Kristen replied, digging her nails into one of the brunette's thighs before tugging roughly at her leather mini. She felt Trisha's nails answer her, pressing into the supple white meat of her own bare thigh before the girl disappeared into the crowd. Kristen followed the other girl's swaying hips as she made for the front door, and in a moment they were out in the cool night air. The back yard of the apartment house was deserted, lit only by the cool blue glow of alley lamps, but it was enough for Kristen to clearly see her challenger in front of her. Trisha spun as they reached a bare, featureless wall and the two girls closed with two sharp hisses of intaken breath.

Kristen went for the brunette's beautiful, ivory throat with both hands and she instantly felt Trisha's fingers plunging into her jutting breasts, grabbing them like handles and spinning the blonde back to slam her violently against the back wall. Kristen kept one hand on the brunette's neck, pulling her into a hard clinch while she sent her free fist pounding into the other girl's tits and stomach; the girls exchanged a savage, brutal series of close jabs to each other's breasts, stomachs and sides, soon pressing body to body so closely that their freed fists could only pound at flanks and finally only their backs and buttocks while they smashed hotly together. The grunts and pants that Kristen forced out of the actress were openly sexual despite the violence of this first skirmish, and she herself felt an almost orgasmic flush raising gooseflesh over her body as she finally met her beautiful rival head on. Soon she was able to reverse their positions, squeezing at the other girl's sweet tits while she slammed her against the wall and rammed a thigh hard into her opposite's crotch. Trisha immediately kneed her back and the girls exchanged a furious series of blows and kicks before the brunette's hot mouth snapped open and fastened teeth suddenly on Kristen's neck. The blonde instantly gripped the brunette's silky black hair, jerking the other girl's head savagely until the actress was torn away, golden strands of long blonde hair trailing from her mouth. Kristen shoved her backwards, adding a stinging slap to her cheek which Trisha instantly returned. The girls stood glaring at each other, breathing hard for a few seconds before some silent acknowledgment that their lust had been sated for now. Wiping her mouth almost in a gesture of disgust, Trisha spun and marched back toward the apartment, flashing the blonde one look of utter hatred before rejoining the party.

The two enemies only managed to close briefly a couple of other times during the rest of the evening, but Kristen's body was on fire. She had to consummate this bitch duel with Trisha, but the party dragged on and on. She found herself talking people into going home, rejecting advances from men left and right. It was four a.m. before the last guest was ushered out, but Kristen wasn't tired now. Her body was like an electric wire. Just as she closed her apartment door behind her the lights snapped out. She drew in a sharp breath, crouched, expecting an attack. She thought of removing her heels for a moment, then realized they made much better weapons on.

"My tits are naked, bitch---how about yours?" It was Trisha's voice, somewhere in front of her. She couldn't quite place it, but she didn't hesitate for a moment: in one smooth motion she stripped herself topless, stood in her stretch pants and heels alone.

"Mine are bare, bitch---why don't you come and get 'em?"

She heard the swish of Trisha's leather skirt bearing down on her and then a fist struck her belly just below the hem of her pants. She'd been ready for it but the blow still sent her back against the wall. She could see Trisha's silhouette now, though, track it from the light of her windows, and she struck out, lashing Trisha with tough, smacking blows to both the brunette's tits.

The girls began a brutal boxing match, belly and breast punching, intervening with vicious smacks to each other's flanks, tits and faces. Kristen's skin rang with the blows, but she returned every one in kind; for several moments the girls closed in tight and hammered each other's tight, aerobics-hardened bellies in a test of strength. Their grunts at each impact were openly sexual. As they moved into a pool of incoming streetlamp light they grew more daring, flashing high kicks at each other, sharp heels flicking near faces and chests, occasionally slashing belly or thigh skin, promising more pain than they ever delivered. Trisha launched a volley of slashing kicks that Kristen dodged, her back again forced to a wall until one kick struck almost next to her ear. Trisha's legs were completely split, one foot on the floor, one thigh stretched across the blonde's body, her calf pinning Kristen's breasts. Kristen twisted and closed her teeth around the thin rod of the stiletto heel, holding it so the brunette couldn't withdraw, yet both the blonde's hands were free. She brought one fist up and buried it in Trisha's cunt, twisted the fingers of her other hand around one bare, hard-nippled breast, twisting the supple orb roughly. She cunt-punched Trisha two more times

before both girls toppled to the floor and she felt both the brunette's hands squeezing deep into her own naked breasts, holding her on top of her opponent. She heard a gasp of pain as her weight came down full on Trisha's splayed thighs, but the brunette was still able to wrap those powerful, fishnet stockinged legs around her as they rolled for position. She found Trisha's chin with her free hand and pinned her broad, sensuous mouth open, bent down and licked deep into the hot mouth, biting her slick lips for good measure before smacking the other girl good.

Trisha bucked, jamming Kristen off her with a thrust of her supple pelvis; the girls separated, rising quickly to the full height of their high heeled shoes. Trisha's left leg slashed out and actually drew a deep tear across Kristen's right from the knee to her hips, splitting her stretch pants wide. She quickly closed with the brunette, their topless bodies smacking together hard at the center of the room, and she felt Trisha's nails in her ass, tearing at the rent stretchpants, opening huge, fleshy gaps in the seat of her pants. Kristen immediately went to work on Trisha's leather skirt, splitting it on one side and tearing it off the brunette's sweating hips, leaving her in fishnets, heels and a barely noticeable G-string. Pressing tight against her, Trisha dug and tore at Kristen's stretch pants until only a few scraps clung to her crotch and thighs. Infuriated, Kristen punched Trisha away from her and brought the remains of the leather skirt up, whipping it savagely across Trisha's face. The brunette staggered back and Kristen followed, bringing the leather back and forth across the other girl's tits again and again.

She'd never imagined herself taking a fight with another woman to this level of violence, but now that she'd engaged this bitch she found herself letting go in a way she never had before, and Trisha was giving her every bit as much as she got. She found the skirt wrenched out of her hands and then herself on the receiving end, leather fabric biting into her breasts, stomach and face until she managed to wrest the skirt free and toss it clear of the two combatants. The hot summer night air felt icy on her sweat-drenched body as she closed with Trisha in the dark, felt their hot bodies smack together once again. This time it was

all she or her enemy could do to keep fitfully smacking open palms down on each other's slick, well-muscled backs and jiggling, sexy buttocks. Trisha grunted and jammed her bare boobs into Kristen's pair, but both girls breasts were all but numb from the leather assault. Even though she knew her own nipples were stiffened with excitement, her tits were so numb she could barely tell if Trisha's had nipples, let alone how hard they were. Nevertheless their gasping mouths managed to dance around each other and land tough, hard sex bites as they clinched, and there was a groaning moment of leg to leg wrestling as each girl tried to outmuscle her rival and thrust her down to the floor.

Kristen landed two loud smacks to Trisha's ass before she felt her heels give way beneath her; stumbling, she kicked away her shoes before falling to the ground. She thought the brunette might take advantage of her fall, but she heard one of Trisha's heels snap suddenly and the brunette quickly joined her on the floor, baring her own feet. She felt a leg slide across her chest and belly and a bare foot suddenly shove against her face, the toes invading her mouth.

"You dirty cunt," she breathed, snaking her own foot up Trisha's inner thigh and nudging the remnants of her panties aside. The brunette gasped as her toes jabbed into Trisha's pussy, and then Kristen felt Trisha's other foot on her crotch. Hissing, she slid her free foot over the brunette's hard boobs and found her mouth, then felt Trisha's teeth sink into her foot sharply.

Quickly the girls kicked free of each other and lay in the dark, gasping for air.

"Learned your lesson, priss?" Trisha breathed.

"I'm not finished whipping that body of yours, girl," Kristen replied.

"Then you'd better see what you're going to whip," Trisha said huskily.

She stood and padded off into the bathroom, snapping on a light. She was bent over a sink, thighs spread, slicking her short dark hair down with water, sluicing the cool liquid over her battered breasts. Bent down, her delicious, spectacular ass was on full display to Kristen, two sleek, pear-shaped bullets of womanly muscle, and between them a fat-lipped cunt rimmed with rough, black fur. Trisha turned back to regard the prone blonde sullenly, her sensuous lips curled in a sneer of contempt. "Think you've got what it takes to whip this ass, baby?"

Kristen got slowly to her feet, coolly stripping the remains of her stretchpants off her thighs and hips. Having Trisha flaunt her gorgeous, sexy ass in her face was the last straw. Kristen had always believed she had the strongest, sexiest pair of buns on campus and she wasn't afraid to fight about it. She strolled like the cat she was up to the bathroom door, her legs spread wide, blonde bush and thick pussy lips on full display to the dark-furred challenger facing her.

"Care to have a look at the ass that's going to whip yours, lover?" Trisha stepped away from the sink, squeezing water over her taut boobs.

"Let's see it, whore."

Kristen pivoted, keeping her eyes boring into Trisha's as she turned to show off her two big, creamy ass cheeks to her rival. Trisha's dark eyes flicked down to regard the blonde meat in front of her, then returned to lock with Trisha's.

"That looks so good I think I'm going to save it for last, honey. We've got a long night ahead of us."

Kristen turned back to face Trisha body to body, both girls with hands parked on their broad, full hips, chests thrown back challengingly, pussies thrust out.

"Well, then, why don't you show me what you wanted to do with those stiff nips of yours when we were rehearsing the catfight on stage last month, Trisha?" Kristen purred.

Trisha's face darkened and she stepped toward her blonde director very slowly. "I was planning on tying your big nipples up in knots, pussy, but you were never woman enough to nipple fence with me."

"You never asked, bitch. Like some dueling right now?" Kristen asked, arching her back even more. She could feel the circulation returning to her aching tits, now, and knew they'd probably be even more sensitive then before the start of the fight.

"Yeah, cunt." Trisha stepped forward quickly, deftly aligning her pink sex points with the blonde's set. The girls almost held their breath before delicately joining battle with their long, pink probes, flicking nip across nip, bending lengthy rod across rod, crushing tender nipples into even softer tit flesh, all the while staring with hatred and lust into each other's eyes.

"Fuck me with those sexy things, bitch."

"I'd rather bite them off, you slut."

"You can suck them. Suck my milk."

"I'll lick it up after I mash those hard boobs of yours flat."

"I think I'll suck you, Trisha. I think I'll suck your fat tits dry."

"You can lick my cunt dry first, Kristen."

"That I'll bite. That I'll bite on hard, baby."

It took no time at all for the nipple rubbing to turn to tit rubbing, each girl grinding their upper body upward, then downward across her rival's chest. "I'm gonna fuck those hard tits of yours, slut!" Trisha snarled into Kristen's face, wincing as their sweaty boobs struggled to cram themselves together ever tighter. Kristen felt her rock hard nips cut across Trisha's sweat-slick breast skin, but the brunette's stiff nipples were slicing at her own tits just as sharply. She had never been in a boob war this intense, but she was determined to beat Trisha's body, and that meant tit first. The girls grunted and moaned as they smashed their milk-white tits together, both determined to come out on top in the tit fight.

It took Kristen to launch the first wet, smacking boob blows, slapping her quivering tit meat into Trisha's boobs. "Cunt!" Trisha snarled as she returned the tit smack with her own firm breasts. Back muscles rippled now as the women started a vicious tit-to-tit boxing match, sweat glistening again on their upper bodies as they worked each other over bosom against wet bosom.

"Why don't you show me how to pull hair again like you did on stage, director?"

"Maybe I will," Kristen purred, gathering Trisha's silky black hair between her fingers and drawing the actress's gorgeous face towards hers. "If you feed me that sweet tongue of yours."

"Choke on it, bitch," Trisha snarled, snaking her thick, long tongue past Kristen's soft lips. Kristen's mouth filled with the hot, sweet invader and her own tongue coiled around its counterpart tightly, corkscrew licking Trisha. She purred smugly as Trisha groaned and squealed against her tongue, then muscled her own deep inside the other girl's delicious mouth. The girls sucked, licked and bit at each other for ten minutes before coming up for air, gasping cheek to cheek in the center of the room.

"I'm going to rape you, Trisha," Kristen hissed raggedly.

"You'll need a cock for that, baby."

"All I need is my big pussy."

"Then I'll rape your cunt if that's all it takes."

Kristen cocked her hips forward for the first time, offering up her sleek blond bush to Trisha. The other girl's big hips pivoted to meet hers and their soft-furred cunts caressed each other almost delicately, vulva kissing vulva in a hot little embrace. Kristen turned

back to face her dark-haired enemy, locking eyes with Trisha as the two girls methodically explored each other's pussies, slowly feeling each other out, each gauging her rival's reactions as she touched, pressed and gently rubbed at her most private, sensitive skin. Their big thighs clasped one another, pressing muscle against muscle while cunts got acquainted in their own secret arena. Instinctively the girls' fingers slid down their well-muscled backs to fill themselves with handfuls of ass meat, gripping and squeezing their enemy's proudest parts, sneering at each other in silent acknowledgment: yeah, your ass is good, worthy enough to fight with mine.

"You think you've got enough meat to beat mine?" Trisha whispered.

"More than what I need, slut."

"Know how to use it?"

Kristen's answer came in increased pressure from her golden-haired cunt: she began a quickly roughening, dirty rub against Trisha's night-black, coarse bush, and she quickly felt the brunette answer the challenge with tough, strong grinding pussy pumping. The girls began to fight for position, holding each other tight by the ass.

"You've been asking for a sexfight ever since you pressed that hot pussy against mine on stage, bitch," Kristen said smoothly. "Now you're going to get the fuckfight of your life."

"I'm going to teach you what cunt-fighting's all about, doll-baby. There's nothing I like better than whipping arrogant blonde cunts like you."

The girls circled and parried in a grinding sex dance, each fighting to guide their rival down to the bed that was tantalizingly close. By now there wasn't a part of their bodies that wasn't drenched in sweat, and their taut-muscled bellies and hard boobs slid wetly across each other just as their moist, matted cunt hair tangled and knotted, blonde hair on black. Nails drew red lines down each other's wet backs and buttocks, coaxing high-pitched groans of pain and pleasure from both women. Kristen bit at Trisha's juicy mouth and launched a series of pile-driving pussy blows into the other girl's dark crotch, her big ass muscles clenching tight as she slammed home each fuck assault. Trisha grunted but took the blows coolly, staring her icy-blue-eyed rival down. Kristen felt the other girl's stomach tense, then felt Trisha's hot cunt plummet into her own blonde crotch like a brTrishang iron, ripping at her engorged, tingling vulva with her tough pad of pussy fur. She had known the slut would be tough, but she had never dreamed their fight would go this far. Her tits were pounding, so abraded and scraped by the brunette's hard nipples that every clinch with her sweaty rival was like having jumper cables clamped onto her nips. Her pussy was on fire and she could feel her awesome ass muscles beginning to cramp from the effort of fuckfighting Trisha. But she could hear raggedness in the brunette's breathing, feel the attack on her cunt slackening as they wrestled body to body at the edge of the bed.

"Get down, bitch," she whispered, locked in the center of a vise of sweaty arms and legs. "I'm gonna lay you down on that bed so you can really be fucked."

"I'll do the fucking, whore. You're gonna eat my titties."

When the fall came, it was almost too disorienting for Kristen to know who had thrown who. They hit the bed in a wrenching tangle of limbs; Kristen flipped over Trisha's trunk and found herself on all fours, facing the brunette ass to ass, each with one leg thrust across the other girl's chest. It was such a perfect fighting position for two girls who took pride in their behinds that it was a wonder they hadn't started from this point, Kristen thought. She cocked her pelvis upward, kissing her two creamy, thick ass cheeks against Trisha's, whipping her soaked blonde tresses away from her face in a startlingly erotic gesture. Trisha snarled at her over her own glistening back, oil-black locks clinging to her forehead and temples. She lifted her own ass and smacked her buns against Kristen's cheeks, bracing her thick, potent thighs against her enemy's.

Kristen saw Trisha shiver as she began to press the full length of her swollen cunt against Trisha's genitals. From this position she could let her pussy explore and tease almost every part of Trisha's, and the brunette could do the same to her, from clit to anus, and the sensation was already almost more than either girl could bear. Kristen's pussy was like a minefield ready to explode in a chain reaction; even the tickling touch of Trisha's cunt hair on hers was driving her wild with ecstasy. The brunette's feet were slipping up her chest, probing at her jiggling boobs, dancing within sucking distance, and she snapped at them hungrily as she sent her own feet to attack Trisha's upper body.

Although it took a contortionist's effort to do it, the girls managed to keep their eyes locked even in this back-breaking encounter. "Don't look away from me, bitch," Kristen growled. "I want to see your face when you come under my cunt."

"You're ready to come right now, you blonde tramp. If you're such a big woman why don't you press that hot cunt against me now, all the way. I dare you."

"Any time you're ready, baby. Is that clit of yours as long as I've heard?"

"Long enough to tie yours up in knots, sweet pussy."

They were teasing each other, steaming pussies wavering half an inch apart, their bushes a mingling no-man's zone of sensation.

"I dare you."

"I dare YOU."

The standoff lasted a full minute, their big, womanly asses cocked bun to bun, dancing cheek to cheek without fully touching. Then the round, beautifully defined gluteal muscles twitched and two steaming cunts flashed together with a soft smack of wet meat.

Kristen screamed silently. Her clit was already aroused to a thick, glistening sex antenna, erect and tingling. Now she felt it dive into the slick valley of Trisha's hot cunt lips, plowing through her labia for four electrifying inches before the brunette's pussy dodged away from hers in a split-second play for power. Now she felt a rival, finger-like clit lick across the length of her own vulva, splitting them to slide deep into her slick inner lips, dodging her swollen clit at the last second. The girls smacked together again, this time bracing powerfully against each other, magnifying the sex grind to maddening new heights, sliding slowly across what now seemed the infinite lengths of their two hot pussies. Kristen let her clit caress Trisha's swollen, thick vulva, slide along her delicate labia, tangling in her soft folds while the brunette hissed and groaned, just as she knew she was moaning under the soft, electric touch of Trisha's sex horn. Their clits licked and probed everything but one another, always fleeing at the last moment the touch of its rival. Kristen was almost hallucinatory at the waves of pleasure coming from this intimate touching, but she knew it was nothing compared to what would happen when clitoris touched clitoris. Trisha's dark stare confirmed her suspicions: neither girl dared to face that final battle yet. But it had to be met soon.

"You're good with your pussy," Kristen whispered. "And you're good with that big ass. Now how are you with your clit?"

"You want a clit fight?" Trisha breathed back, licking her lips. "I'll match what you've got down there."

"Fuck me with it, baby."

Kristen lashed out in one savage motion and glued her clit to Trisha's; the girls hissed as a sensation like electric wires being crossed exploded against their crotches. Kristen writhed, forcing the brunette's powerful thighs apart with her own as she bore down on Trisha's cunt and let her long clit snake around the brunette's. She felt Trisha's sex horn lick her own and the two girls squealed in pleasure; Trisha's hand shot out and wrapped itself around thick locks of Kristen's blonde hair, tugging her upward in a painful twist. Kristen retaliated, yanking the dark-haired girl's face towards hers; the girls reversed their positions, somehow maintaining the sizzling pussy-to-pussy holds they had on each other, clinching with both arms and legs as the final sex duel played itself out where it always had to, in Kristen's bed. The girls were no longer fighting tactically, only fitfully trying to guide the erotic thrashings of their come-whipped muscles.

Trisha's wide, sexy mouth sneered close to Kristen's and she plunged her sweet tongue deep into its hot dampness, feeling Trisha's tongue tangle with hers, mirroring the smaller but more intense double knot of dueling clits between their locked, sweating legs.

"You can feel me now, bitch," Kristen hissed. "Feel how big I am!"

"You feel my clit, you cunt!" Trisha swore back as their lips parted.

"Best bitch! Who is it?"

"I'm harder than you are and I'll prove it!"

"Only when you fuck my big hard clit, baby!"

Waves of pain rolled through Kristen's big ass cheeks as she pumped against Trisha's, but she couldn't let the dark-haired cunt beat her now, even though the other girl was pumping her pussy just as hard as she was. The girls rolled to their sides and Kristen began smacking her fists deep into Trisha's buns, trying to force them to cramp up from the pain. Trisha began returning the ass punches immediately, slamming hard into Kristen's thick glutes, and every blow seemed to force their cunts together harder even as it weakened the asses that pumped them into hot, wet contact. Somehow Kristen forced Trisha onto her back and mounted her. The dark-eyed bitch grunted and bridged once, grinding her crotch deep into its blonde counterpart, but Kristen knew gravity would win her the fight now. She clenched her buns once and forced her body into a final grind with Trisha's, tits mashing hard into the brunette's boobs, belly flattening onto its rival, her soft blonde snatch prying down into Trisha's dark-furred meat, twisting the other girl's clit painfully, deliciously under her own.

"You bitch," Trisha breathed raggedly, still snarling up into Kristen's beautiful face as the girls exchanged final licks, tongues finishing the fight between themselves. "You big sexy bitch."

"Cunt," Kristen said with finality. "Learn your lesson?"

"I'll fuckfight you again, baby," Trisha promised. "I'll fight your big ass and cunt again, and mine'll win."