

Push Comes to Shove by Morton

Melissa Pettinger eagerly slid into her workout gear, eyeing the late summer sunset outside her apartment as she wriggled into black stretch workout pants and reached for a gray sports bra. The evening light fell flatteringly on her tawny, 32-year-old body and she took a moment to admire herself in her full-length bedroom mirror before slipping on the bra. She had always had a pretty good body. At 5'10" and 150 pounds she was tall and just this side of voluptuous, but the past year's worth of gym workouts had really toned her up. Her shoulders were nicely sculpted, her womanly stomach flat and supple, pelvis broad but in proportion, her fanny well toned, legs strong and full. She had a bustline that was ample but not overbearing, and with her height and the right clothes she could de-emphasize it when she wanted to.

Melissa had always been a little shy—"retiring" some said. She was always torn between flaunting a body that most men found quite sexy and hiding her curves, not wishing to show off. But she had to admit she liked what a year's worth of exercise had done for her. Her breasts had enough weight to them for her to need a sports bra at the gym, but especially since working out they stood out proudly on her chest, two nearly grapefruit-sized glands with silver dollar-sized aureoles and prominent nipples—another feature she often found herself trying to hide.

She exercised at the "Y" where she quickly developed a fascination with sizing up the "competition," as she half-jokingly thought of the dozen or so other women her age who showed up at the gym. There were plenty of older women and men, and only a few men her age—but Melissa liked it that way. She felt less under the gun than she would in a gym full of hardbodies and while she made herself look presentable at the gym, she didn't think she was exactly at her best, especially covered with sweat after a hard workout. Most of the men her age or younger preferred hotter health clubs full of young bodies to check out, and that was fine with Melissa.

She realized early on that she had a particular fascination for women her size and shape. She had always been straight and she'd never felt particularly competitive with other women, but once she'd started "baring herself" in workout gear she couldn't help checking out the other young women at the club to see how they dressed and how fit they were. She'd always been a little taller and bigger than other girls so most of the women at the Y were smaller. Some of them wore baggy workout clothes—which was the way Melissa had started when she'd gingerly taken up nights at the gym. She liked to work out at the very end of the day, right before the club closed. As she'd gotten stronger and more confident she'd started wearing stretch fibers, skin

tight pants, a sports bra and a top over that—but as summer wore on she'd discarded the top and bared her midriff. She told herself she wasn't flaunting her flat, toned abdominal muscles—it was just cooler to work out that way and she liked the feel of the gym fans blowing cool air across her damp stomach.

There were three other women who were around Melissa's size: an auburn-haired girl named Beth with short, fashionable hair and an interesting, patrician face, who reeked of patchouli oil and gave off a decidedly bohemian air. Whitney had very short, dyed blonde hair and cute brown eyes—she was a trainer at the gym but she often worked out with everyone else near closing time. Beth's body seemed very much like Melissa's, and both girls had generous breasts, although Whitney's seemed a bit larger than Melissa's or Beth's. Melissa often saw the two girls on cross trainer machines or the treadmill side by side, and it was interesting to compare and contrast their two bodies, so similar but with intriguing differences.

The other girl had joined the Y within the last month or two. There was no doubt she was the most athletic-looking of the four women—even her face had a lean, whippet-like look. Her workout gear was simple but it looked expensive and she always seemed very put together, not a single hair out of place. Her shoulder-length blonde hair was always tied back in a short ponytail, pulled back from her face in a way that gave it an even sleeker character. There was something intimidating about this newcomer that Melissa couldn't put her finger on. Her face was narrower than Melissa's heart-shaped one, but both women had large, striking blue eyes. Melissa's had a smoky quality that she'd been told was seductive; the other woman's were piercing and somehow cold. Melissa's hair was a plain blonde—"dishwater blonde" she'd been told, and she needed to highlight it often to keep it from looking dull. She had a simple haircut that framed her soft features gently—she'd been told she looked a little like Cameron Diaz back in the actress's more voluptuous days, but Melissa always felt like she didn't have the personality or daring to glam it up.

Melissa quickly found her curiosity about this new woman getting the best of her. She was dying to know her name and she found herself asking Whitney and Beth about her one day while watching the two women spar in a small boxing ring next to the weight room. The ring was about 12 by 12 feet, raised a foot or so above the floor of the pilates room by padding, and Beth and Whitney were in a group of women who slugged it out occasionally in the ring. Melissa would never have dared to spar with another woman but she found it fascinating to watch Whitney and Beth trade blows, their strong thighs flexing as they maneuvered around each other, triceps hardening as they launched punches, sports bras barely containing their big, quivering breasts. Whitney and Beth might have been party girls outside the gym but in the ring they seemed deadly serious and

competitive, determined to outdo each other.

When the two women were panting next to the ring after a bout Melissa asked about the new girl. "That's Rachel," Whitney said after she caught her breath. "She's got a lot of attitude."

Rachel seemed to have a confidence she lacked, but Melissa knew she may have just been projecting her own feelings onto the other blonde. Rachel always seemed aloof and Melissa never saw her talking to anyone else at the gym. But she was a dynamo on the workout circuit and even though Melissa was proud of the way her own regimen was going, she quickly found herself studying the tall, muscular and slim-waisted blonde as she moved through her routines. For a while she found herself on the crosstrainer behind Rachel while the other blonde was on the treadmill, walking and jogging, her strong legs pounding. Like Melissa she wore skin tight black workout pants and Melissa found herself marveling at the other woman's taut, bulging buttocks flexing in front of her as they propelled her sculpted thighs. Her back muscles were marvelously sculptured, from the triangles of muscle that bulged over her shoulder blades to the dimples just over her behind where her lower back muscles anchored themselves, and her neck was long, graceful and strong. When she went into full jogging mode her golden pony tail whipped back and forth like a mare's tail.

Occasionally Melissa found their positions reversed and she found herself flushing and perspiring, both pushing herself so as not to look totally lame in front of this woman and wondering if Rachel ever checked out her body the same way. She knew her own broad back had its own display of supple muscle and the dimples above her firm buns had become more defined after months of workouts. The weight/cardio room's walls were all mirrored so she could sneak glances at Rachel's strong, beautiful face shining in the heat of her routine. She was studying the other woman so often that it was inevitable that she would eventually lock eyes with Rachel in the mirror, and once when she was in front of the other woman she swore she caught Rachel glancing downward where her hips were gyrating over the treadmill.

Now when she drove to the gym it was always with a feeling of anticipation and growing nervousness. It was silly but she was always on the lookout for Rachel and the other blonde's striking eyes had found hers on more than one occasion. There was definitely a coldness about Rachel's stare, something haughty, even when Melissa tried to affect a polite half-smile when they crossed paths.

She entered the locker room to quickly check herself out before heading to the workout floor. Sometimes she came straight to the gym from late nights at work and changed in the locker room but tonight she'd come from home. The summer night was so warm she felt herself sweating already and she studied her gray sports bra with a little concern. The material was thick and supportive enough but she didn't

want to get her top soaked. A few other women lingered near her while she checked herself out, talking loudly. She didn't hear an unfamiliar voice until it had repeated "Excuse me!" several times. By then it was too late. Melissa looked up to see Rachel pushing past the other girls a little rudely. Before she knew it one of them jostled her and the other blonde tipped right toward Melissa. Suddenly Rachel's sleek face and piercing eyes filled Melissa's frame of vision—she could almost feel the other girl's hot breath. The blonde angrily maneuvered and without warning her jutting left breast collided directly with Melissa's. She couldn't help huffing in exasperation, especially when the other woman, rather than giving way or apologizing, seemed to intentionally push Melissa backward, her intimidating, surprisingly firm and heavy globe mashing brazenly into Melissa's until she almost fell backward against the locker. She managed to steady herself and for once her soft features twisted into something like annoyance.

"Sorry!" she said, not feeling it at all.

"I said 'excuse me'!" Rachel snapped icily, glaring back at Melissa. Melissa shook her head wonderingly. "Whatever. Sorry to get in your way."

The other woman stood her ground, her body positioned sideways to Melissa's, as if deciding whether to leave Melissa in the dust or reengage. "It's not the first time," she muttered before walking away from Melissa with a flip of her frosty blonde hair. Melissa stood stunned for a moment, flushed with anger and embarrassment. She blinked away tears as some of the other babbling women around her got back to their own conversations, and she quickly realized the confrontation probably hadn't looked like much to them. She found herself shaking, however, and briefly thought about just going home. But anger quickly overcame embarrassment as she realized she had done nothing wrong. What a bitch!

Swallowing, she steeled herself and determined to throw her anger into her workout. She fought the urge to massage away the feeling of the other blonde's breast pressing into hers as she walked up the stairs to the workout floor. The woman had deliberately shoved her boob right into hers! Her mind raced as she flashed back weirdly to her freshman year in college when another tall girl had briefly tried to "bully" her breasts in the locker room, shoving her against a locker by pressing breast to breast against her and threatening her. She'd seen other girls try to dominate each other the same way once or twice, and like a wimp she'd surrendered immediately to the toughie, even though later she realized she was probably as tall and strong, and with breasts just as big and heavy as her enemy's.

Now she felt like an embarrassed teen again. The comforting, exciting atmosphere of the gym had been turned upside down and she felt alienated and vulnerable, all because of some snooty new woman who thought she owned the place. By the time she reached the

workout floor Melissa was simmering.

Her anger redoubled when she saw how crowded the floor was. All of her usual machines were taken, except...she saw one cross trainer machine empty and headed for it quickly, then slowed as she saw Rachel pumping away on the machine right next to it. Melissa flushed again—she was turning beet red, she realized, and she almost felt a flood of tears about to burst loose. Then she bit her lower lip and marched toward the empty machine. She wasn't about to let this blonde bully ruin her workout.

Rachel regarded her coldly as Melissa approached and Melissa saw the other blonde's high cheekbones glow red as she realized what Melissa was about to do. She stared straight ahead as Melissa climbed onto the adjacent cross trainer but as Melissa started the machine she made a point of looking right at Rachel's reflection in the mirrored wall ahead of them, locking eyes with her and staring defiantly at her newfound nemesis as she began to pump away at the cross trainer. She eyed the settings on Rachel's machine. She had found herself next to Rachel on a couple of previous occasions and noted the settings Rachel used, how many calories she burned and how many virtual miles she traveled during each session, and Melissa had worked hard to match or better those numbers during her own workouts. Rachel had only been on her machine for about a minute and Melissa set her jaw and put all her stamina into a burst of activity until she had caught up with the other blonde. As she glanced up from studying the readouts on Rachel's machine she caught the other blonde staring sideways at her, then quickly glancing down at the numbers on Melissa's cross trainer. Melissa continued to pump away at the machine but held her stare until Rachel looked back up at her, now fully aware that Melissa had "caught up" to her. The two blondes glared at each other challengingly and Melissa was perfectly happy to match Rachel's icy stare with her own smoky blue eyes. She certainly hoped the other woman knew exactly what she was doing. Rachel turned to look straight ahead and seemed to put on a burst of speed, shoving the machine's pedals with their locomotive-like push arms and the ski-pole-like arm pull sticks until her virtual speed jumped up to around 8 miles an hour. Melissa smoothly matched her and the contest began in earnest. Melissa pulled in slow, deep breaths, pacing herself as she strained against the machine. After ten minutes she could already feel her muscles burning and her soft blonde hair beginning to stick to her forehead and temples. She timed her peeks at Rachel's machine readouts, gauging the effort she'd need to stay with the blonde and eventually pull ahead of her. She planned on an all-out burst of speed at the end of the circuit to beat out the other blonde for good. Her glance shifted back and forth between the readouts on her and Rachel's cross trainer, the mirror ahead of her, and sideways glances at Rachel's face and body. She could see down the other

blonde's taut torso where rippling abdominals bunched around a deep navel, while Rachel's big breasts jostled above. Her low cut sports bra showed off a deep valley of tanned cleavage, the two big round glands already starting to shine with sweat. As she looked up at Rachel's face she caught the other woman staring down at Melissa's sports bra where her own tawny breasts strained and quivered, and she felt some satisfaction that she'd worn an equally low cut sports bra herself.

Rachel looked back up at Melissa coldly and Melissa pointedly glanced back down at Rachel's breasts with an expression that showed she was not at all impressed before locking eyes with Rachel again. Rachel coldly shot a contemptuous look at Melissa's chest before staring straight ahead as if to rudely ignore her competition. But there was no escape since both young women had a full frontal view of each other in the wall mirror and Melissa quickly found herself locked in a chilly staredown with Rachel as both women muscled their way through their cardio routine. Melissa was breathing heavier, and beads of sweat formed between her rippling breasts as her sports bra struggled to contain their weight and momentum. Melissa realized both of them were probably putting on quite a show, their pelvises gyrating from left to right as they propelled their muscular legs, damp stretch pants shining with sweat as they clung to their toned, sexy buns flexing and releasing with each stride—and both women's full, round breasts surging against their stretch cotton sports bras. She watched Rachel's mammaries jostle and bounce heavily and noted that not only was her bra getting sweat-stained, but her nipples were beginning to tent the front of the garment, poking willfully against the stretch fabric. Unconsciously she turned to view the other woman's breasts in profile and saw that Rachel's nipples seemed to be extending almost a full inch away from her breasts. She looked up at Rachel's face to again catch the other woman glancing down at Melissa's body, raking her glance up from Melissa's pelvis and stomach to center on her breasts. Melissa glanced down and realized that her nipples too had begun to harden and strain against her sports bra. Her eyes met Rachel's and both women's faces flushed furiously with a mix of embarrassment and anger. But neither girl slowed her pace and if anything Melissa felt herself driven even further.

The blood flush that had heated up her face seemed to be coursing through her whole body, tingling around her back and centering in her breasts and even her pelvis. Her breasts and nipples had always been sensitive and sometimes they were aroused by exercise, but Melissa couldn't deny that the competition with Rachel, and the sight of the other woman's equally erect nipples and equally round and heavy breasts quivering sweatily next to her was having an effect on her. She was determined to beat the other blonde at this contest but she hadn't thought much further than that. The brief confrontation with

Rachel in the locker room had flooded Melissa with emotions she'd never experienced before. She'd had arguments with friends before but had never had a stranger confront her, especially not with this kind of physical edge. And now they were side by side, openly competing with one another, and seemingly studying each other's bodies, comparing. Rachel had looked at her breasts and she'd looked at Rachel's...and the sensation of Rachel's surprisingly dense breast tissue mashing into hers had been unforgettable.

Lost in her reverie, Melissa suddenly looked up at the mirror and realized her top was soaked. There was no mistaking her nipples now—even her aureoles were clearly visible as the wet cotton fabric became almost transparent with sweat. And next to her, Rachel's breasts were equally laid bare by her own soaking wet sports bra. They were having a wet T-shirt contest in front of everyone at the gym, Melissa realized with a new flood of humiliation. But she couldn't help studying Rachel's quivering boobs and noting that her aureola and nipples seemed similar in size to her own, even though her breasts were just slightly larger. Both women's cleavage was now soaked, glistening with sweat, with droplets spraying from their golden skin as their heavy breasts bounced and quivered.

The last five minutes of the routine had arrived and Melissa put on a burst of speed, her legs pumping rapidly as she began to sprint on the cross trainer. Rachel glanced at her angrily before her muscular thighs began to match Melissa's speed and both women began a hurtling, all-out effort as they reached the stretch. Melissa studied the readouts on Rachel's machine furiously as she fought against her own exhaustion and muscular pain, and her heart raced as the two women exchanged leads in speed and mileage, racing neck and neck as the final seconds approached. Melissa's thighs burned as she threw all her effort into one final surge, gasping with satisfaction as she saw her numbers top Rachel's just as the machines reached the finish point. She slowed, turning to stare into Rachel's face as the other woman eyed her angrily, and Melissa made a point of staring down at Rachel's machine readouts, forcing the other blonde to acknowledge she'd been defeated. Then she dismounted the machine and wiped it down with her towel, eyeing Rachel warily as the other girl cleaned her own machine, panting with spent effort. Melissa shot Rachel a final spiteful glance before turning her back on the blonde and marching toward the locker room. She tried to put the other woman out of her mind. She'd gotten what she'd wanted and put the stuck up blonde in her place.

It was near closing time for the gym when Melissa entered the locker room and made her way to the back aisle where she'd put her purse and a change of clothes. She was almost to the back when she felt a hand on her arm and she was tugged backward, bringing her to a stop.

Melissa spun, angrily yanking her arm free—and she suddenly found herself nose to nose with Rachel. The blonde was soaked with sweat and for once a few locks of her normally perfect hairdo were out of place and matted against her forehead. She was panting with exhaustion just like Melissa and her aggressive posture put the two women almost chest to chest after Melissa spun to face her. Melissa's eyes widened as the other woman filled her field of vision and she felt a roiling heat coming off Rachel's body, particularly from her large breasts which were totally invading Melissa's space. She was all but backed into a corner by the other woman with no place to retreat to, and after her initial shock an instant flood of adrenaline and anger caused Melissa to take on a similar stance, legs spread for balance, chest thrust out as if to ward off her adversary. The remaining female patrons were all now between Melissa and Rachel and the front part of the locker room, and they were making enough noise so that Rachel's first words to Melissa could be heard only by the two blondes.

"Are you satisfied?" Rachel demanded.

"What?" Melissa huffed, biting her lower lip and glancing a little nervously over Rachel's shoulder to see if any of the other women were watching.

"Happy you finally beat my numbers? Enjoy our little race?" Rachel continued to demand hotly.

"What is your problem?" Melissa growled, lowering her voice. "Don't freak out all over me."

Rachel glared at her coldly but stopped short for a second. She turned to briefly scan the women behind her before turning back to Melissa. When she spoke it was with a more controlled, lower tone, pitching her voice for privacy.

"I ought to report you. I've been thinking about doing that for a while."

Melissa chuckled emptily, but she felt the sweat on her skin chill a little.

"Report me for what? Burning more calories than you did?"

"For harassing me," Rachel hissed. "Following me around, staring at me, checking me out..."

Melissa's mind raced. Rachel had hit a nerve. She had been watching her, but... "You do exactly the same thing to me," she said firmly after a second. "I guess you're just the jealous type." She had thrown the verbal dagger thoughtlessly. She knew she might be getting herself in real trouble but something inside her was compelled to push this crazy situation further just to see where it would wind up.

Rachel moved even closer to her and both women glanced warily around, making dead certain their conversation was private. Melissa glanced down at the other woman's soaked chest now dangerously close to her own. Rachel's nipples were still jutting out, erect and angry, and Melissa found herself frighteningly aware of her own

nipples' obvious arousal as she stood face to face with the other blonde. Her heart seemed to be pounding right through her breasts, electrifying the throbbing glands as they faced off against the sweat-soaked melons Rachel was thrusting out at her. When she looked up Rachel was glaring at her, but her eyes quickly shifted down to examine Melissa's chest as if she were having the very same thoughts. She looked back into Melissa's eyes and spoke with the same cold, threatening tone.

"I don't have anything to be jealous about. What's your name?"

Melissa's smoky eyes bored back into Rachel's diamond-bright ones.

"It's Melissa, Rachel."

Rachel nodded her head slowly. "So you've looked me up? Got my phone number and address? I think I will report you."

"Is that how you fight your battles? By calling for help?" At the word 'fight' Melissa felt her mouth go dry. With the sweat on her body, the locker room smell around her, and the tall, athletic and bosomy blonde staring her down, she suddenly felt herself transported back to that college locker room and the bully threatening her. Only this time she wasn't backing down.

For the first time she saw real hesitation in Rachel's eyes and she knew that word 'fight' had registered strongly with the other woman too.

Just how far were they willing to take this? Melissa still felt a surge of pride at the way she was holding her own. She was almost the aggressor now. Maybe she could scare this big Viking girl off with just words and attitude.

Rachel stole another glance behind her. The locker room was emptying out. Melissa had lingered here more than once and knew that if they made no noise they would just shut the place down—she had showered and left a couple of times after the staff had locked up and left, and while getting in was impossible at that point, walking out was no problem.

Rachel turned back to her and took another half step forward. This time she raised her jaw challengingly and moved up right against Melissa's chest. Melissa held her breath as the other woman's big breasts pushed directly into hers. Their tank tops were still soaked and without a doubt both women's nipples were erect and rock hard.

Melissa's breath shuddered as she felt her nipples sink into the front of Rachel's breasts and Rachel's stab slowly into Melissa's. The last other female patron in the back row of lockers departed without noticing the confrontation going on behind her. No one could see them now although there were still a few malingerers chatting in the next row over.

Melissa couldn't help taking a step backward. She should have expected this tactic—after all she'd been through it once before—but there was a difference between anything-goes play at college and a stand-off between two adult women. This was unexplored territory.

But she knew if she was really going to stand her ground she couldn't give way even a little to the other blonde. Steeling herself, she leaned forward and took back the inch or two that Rachel had claimed in the standoff, deliberately pressing her breasts back into Rachel's.

The two blondes stood nose to nose now, taking each other in. They were almost exactly the same height, and while Rachel's breasts were slightly bigger Melissa took satisfaction in the realization that her own naturally dense boobs were holding the other woman's big glands off handily. She looked down to see their matched, sweat-drenched cleavage pressed together, breasts mushrooming slightly at the pressure as the two women breathed damply into each other's faces.

"I wouldn't need anybody's help to put you in your place, Melissa," Rachel said carefully. "Why don't you just pack up your things and leave while you can."

Melissa maintained the staredown purposefully, even brushing the tip of her nose against Rachel's a little. "No," she said simply.

Rachel pressed forward now until her hot, damp forehead pressed against Melissa's, her platinum blonde hair mingling with Melissa's darker dirty blonde locks. "I'm warning you," Rachel almost whispered now. When she continued it was with deadly slowness:

"Get your big breasts out of this gym and don't come back."

Melissa thought her heart would pound out of her chest as this low threat was uttered. She was terrified, but at the same time Rachel's voice and words filled her with a sick thrill. She had never had another woman talk to her like this before and never in her life had she exchanged deadly serious threats with another woman. And not just another woman, but a woman she'd secretly checked out, whose body she'd studied jealously—a woman her size, and clearly of equal strength.

When she spoke her voice was poisonous. "You get your big ones out of here first."

It seemed impossible that they could get any closer but at Melissa's challenge Rachel tilted her head back so that her chin met Melissa's, their nostrils almost pressing together as hot breath blasted onto each other's mouths, lips now drawn back in matching sneers of aggression.

As if to punctuate the tightening clinch Rachel shifted her breasts just enough to bring their four aroused nipples into contact with each other. Even through the twin layers of damp elastic cotton covering them, the sensation was unbearable. Melissa had to struggle to prevent herself from moaning out loud at the touch of the other blonde's twin rods against her own. And when Rachel gave her reply: "No"—it sounded almost like a moan of passion itself.

"Get your breasts off of my breasts," Melissa said in a low voice, unsure whether she was demanding or begging Rachel.

"You can dish it out but you can't take it, can you?" Rachel growled.

"If you want me to stop bearing down on you, you can just march your puppies out of here and admit I'm better."

"I just proved to you that I'm better so you can forget it," Melissa retorted as the boob-pressing standoff continued. "You can't stand to see another woman with great boobs around here, can you?"

"You don't have anything that compares to what I have, girly," Rachel snorted.

"Is that right?" Melissa said. "Maybe you think you can push my breasts right out the door?"

"I can press that pretty bottom of yours right back against that locker bank, that's what I can do," Rachel said. "But I bet your poor tits would be hurting so much you'd beg for mercy before you even got there."

"Oh really?" Melissa demanded. "You know it's true, I've checked out your big buns and they look pretty strong, but I'm pretty sure I could press you back until your fanny hit the lockers behind you."

"Then let's make a little deal," Rachel said hotly. "If I press your back against those lockers you leave here and never come back."

Melissa drank Rachel in for a moment before replying angrily. "You're a fucking bitch. I've been at this gym for a year and you've only been here a couple of months. I should put you out on your ass but I won't because you know what? If I win I want you here looking at the girl who beat you every night."

"Have it your way, hussy," Rachel sniffed. "I couldn't care less because I'm going to win."

By now the locker room had cleared out and both girls stiffened a little as the lights shifted into a lower, nighttime mode. Melissa and Rachel maneuvered slightly until they were directly centered between the two banks of lockers on either side of them, their asses pointing straight toward the lockers. Rachel shifted her stance marginally and Melissa shivered as she felt the other woman's heavy glands dragging across hers, surging and squeezing as each woman sought the best leverage and pressure points. Quickly both seemed to silently acknowledge that full-on, aureole to aureole, was the only fair way to pit their chests against each other. Melissa maintained her stare directly into Rachel's eyes as she felt the hot, bare skin at the tops of her breasts colliding with Rachel's for the first time as the two women now pressed fully together. Melissa's boobs were forcing themselves back toward her armpits and mushrooming against her sternum, but their dense tissue seemed to be applying equal pressure to Rachel's hot breasts.

"You ready?" Melissa breathed as she braced herself against the other blonde, both women's mouths almost brushing together as each refused to back off from the intensifying face-off.

"I'm more than ready for you," Rachel replied coolly.

"Let's go," Melissa hissed. The two big blondes muscled into each other furiously, ramming their overheated chests together and pitting

shoulder against shoulder, feet sliding back as each woman bent against her opponent like a linebacker. Melissa pressed her head down onto Rachel's shoulder, her hair tangling into Rachel's as Rachel hugged against her, their arched backs still allowing their bulging breasts to apply maximum pressure against one another while their powerful, toned buns flexed and struggled to propel their strong thighs backward and shove their upper bodies forward. The two rivals managed to keep their arms at their sides, hands on their hips as they battered against one another, groaning and hissing in growing hate, tits grinding hotly as neither woman seemed capable of moving her enemy backward more than a few inches.

Rachel managed to surge forward and Melissa felt the other woman's breasts actually slam into her own as they continued the momentum started by the other blonde's upper body. The impact shuddered through Melissa's breasts and rebounded, her quivering breast tissue rippling back against Rachel's melons like two dense mounds of jello shaking against one another. She jammed back against the other woman angrily and Rachel grunted as her big breasts took the impact. "You big bitch," Rachel growled into her ear. "You've had this coming."

"Go ahead and give it to me then; you're not impressing me so far," Melissa snarled back, pressing her lips against Rachel's strong, graceful neck and twisting up to deliver the final few words right into the other blonde's ear too.

"I'm glad it's come down to this," Rachel continued huskily. "You've been looking to start up some kind of confrontation with me since the beginning and now I'm going to give you everything you want."

"You're the one who bumped up against me tonight, Miss Blonde," Melissa reminded her as they slowly wrestled against each other.

"Then you act all high and mighty and talk about reporting me! You've been lying in wait like a little tramp."

"You've been following me around and taking every chance you could to look me over," Rachel hissed. "You're nothing but a little stalker who needs a good lesson."

"You're a stuck-up diva—you and your perfect workout outfits and perfect boobs, wiggling your hard buns around here like you expect everyone to worship you!"

The two girls twisted against each other, groaning as they fought for advantage, each forcing a few inches out of the other woman before being pushed back.

"You're always showing off that cleavage of yours, working those big ones, shoving them in my face—well we're going to see who's are really better now! I'm going to crush your breasts before we're finished."

Melissa almost moaned as that threat was leveled. The venom was spilling out of both women now, pent up for two months of warily

sizing each other up. Melissa had never been in such a deadly serious physical struggle with another woman and had never spat such poison out of her mouth at anyone before. But every word of trash talk seemed to sizzle along her nerve endings like a drug. And even though they were being crushed and pressed violently Melissa's breasts were tingling with pleasure. This was the most exciting experience she'd ever had.

"I'll crush your big melons first, you blonde bitch," she groaned, jamming her breasts hard against Rachel's. Their soaked sports bras still held their quivering mammaries tightly, forcing them to hold up against one another with unyielding firmness, making them juggle against each other like wrecking balls as they wrestled and pressed together. The weight of Rachel's boobs was shocking but Melissa was even more struck by the way her own glands held up against the other blonde's and slammed back against their aggressors whenever Rachel's boobs pummeled hers. She had never thought two women could really fight this way but it was happening and she was engaging this powerful, muscular enemy on her own terms. As the battle heated up the obscenities coursing from each girl's mouth intensified, becoming dirtier and dirtier. Bitch, whore, tramp, cunt—no words were out of bounds as each woman called her enemy every foul word in the book. The gym building had become silent and dark except for the sound of Rachel and Melissa's grunts, groans and the filthy curse words spilling out of their mouths. Melissa felt red hot with fury and the keen desire to dominate Rachel and make this tall blonde athlete submit to her. It might have seemed like an impossible dream just this morning but now it seemed within reach. For all Rachel's bluster Melissa could feel her weakening and giving way. She had forced her back six inches, now a foot, and the locker behind her was only two feet away. One leg slipped behind Rachel to brace herself and increase her leverage against Melissa and for a moment a stalemate threatened to exhaust both women.

Rachel pulled her head back and brought herself again chin to chin with Melissa. Both women shook, their hot breath warming the sweat that drenched both beautiful faces now twisted with effort. Melissa's mouth yawned as she gasped for air and Rachel's mouth too gaped, showing off rows of perfect teeth and a coiled, thick tongue. Melissa felt hunger, a ravenous desire to devour the other woman glaring into her eyes. She could twist just slightly and bite that mouth or Rachel's high, glistening cheek bones.

With a surge of effort she forced Rachel back another foot. "You whore," Rachel breathed. "You're strong but this isn't over." "You're strong too," Melissa admitted. "I knew you had muscle when you started this fight but now I see I've got just as much as you." "No you haven't," Rachel said sullenly. Trembling, she started to break the unwritten rules of the fight. Melissa felt Rachel's strong fingers

moving up her body, lingering briefly on Melissa's squirming biceps before drifting over her shoulders and up into her soft blonde hair. She tugged backwards and Melissa winced as her head was wrenched back. She instantly reached for Rachel's ponytail and gave it a hard yank until she was looking straight up the nostrils of Rachel's delicate, patrician nose. Now she had even more leverage and Rachel's attack was clearly backfiring. Rachel's back retreated another six inches, then nine, bringing her perilously close to the locker. "You're not going to beat me out!" she said desperately.

With a final surge of effort Melissa wrestled Rachel back against the locker, her damp back slamming into the cold metal. Rachel twisted against her in a final paroxysm of violence but it was too late. Melissa's arms crushed against Rachel's and she pressed the other blonde into the locker with crushing force, steamrolling her. Rachel glared into Melissa's eyes defiantly, the two girls now forehead to forehead, almost seeming to settle the fight with their keen stares. Rachel arched her back away from the locker and put a final effort into pressing her breasts back into Melissa's, as if flattening Mel's boobs at this point might still win the fight. Melissa pulled Rachel tightly against her body, squirming as her bare abs met the other blonde's powerful stomach muscles. With her hands locked behind Rachel's neck she began to wiggle slowly against the other woman until she could drag her breasts upward and bring their weight directly on top of Rachel's. She began to wrap her powerful thighs around the other blonde and let gravity gradually sap the fight out of Rachel as she bore her big breasts slowly down on top of her enemy's. Groaning miserably, Rachel sank until her ass finally hit the floor. Melissa twisted her fingers deeper into Rachel's hair, staring down at her defeated opponent for a long silent moment while both girls gasped in each other's muscular arms. "Give?" Melissa said finally, then repeated the word insistently: "Give?!?"

Rachel seemed to suddenly soften against her, her hard muscle turning soft and feminine. "You win," she said sullenly. Melissa continued to stare downward at Rachel's icy beautiful, now submissive face. She was hers. She enjoyed her dominant position for several long, silent moments and Rachel, while beaten, never broke her stare of defiance as she looked up nose to nose into Melissa's face.

Finally Mel released the other woman slowly and stood up, towering over Rachel, her soaked sports bra and its full load jutting out over her as Melissa stood victorious, hands proudly on her womanly pelvis. "I'll see you tomorrow in the gym, Rachel." With that she gathered her things and left.

Melissa spent the night sleepless and awestruck by what she'd just experienced. She had staggered home from the gym and showered, cradling her soapy, bare breasts, eyes closed, reliving the feeling of

Rachel's equally firm and heavy breasts crushing against her own, the force of Rachel's muscles driving her body against Melissa's, the other woman's hot breath and throaty groans as she'd struggled against her. She'd flopped into bed and immediately stroked herself to a series of body-wracking orgasms that seemed to last through the night. She didn't quite understand the connection between her escalating competition and angry confrontation with Rachel and sexual arousal, but it was there and it was undeniable. Now she found herself wondering what would happen the next night. Would Rachel confront her again? Would the other blonde even dare show her face at the gym? And if she did would Melissa have the courage to face her down a second time?

The next day seemed to rush by in a blur. Melissa packed her gym gear, worked late, and then breathlessly headed for the Y. Her body seemed like a live nerve ending as she checked in and headed toward the women's locker room to change. She passed other women on their way to the workout floor, including Beth and Whitney, and Melissa found herself riveted now by their bodies as they strutted in their own tight workout gear. Whitney and Beth were both deliciously busty but strong, and she couldn't help wondering how they might match up against her—or each other. It was a different world.

She wriggled into her workout gear, briefly checking herself out in one of the locker room mirrors. She didn't look any different, she told herself. Just maybe a bit more confident. She even lingered in the locker room a bit longer than usual, half hoping that Rachel would show up. But the icy blonde was nowhere to be seen. Melissa headed up to the workout floor feeling a mix of relief and disappointment. When she got there she saw a familiar, ponytailed head of blonde hair and then striking blue eyes as Rachel turned to face her after apparently sighting Melissa in the workout floor's wall mirrors. Rachel stood next to a cross trainer, waiting to mount it—and seemingly waiting for Melissa to arrive and take the empty trainer next to her. Melissa locked eyes with the other blonde and steeled herself as she strode purposefully toward the machine next to Rachel. The battle was on again.

The two women regarded each other coldly as they climbed up into the cross-trainer machines, adjusted their settings and gave each other a final look before starting. "May the best woman win," Melissa said, quietly and confidently. Rachel said nothing, simply lunging into her workout. Melissa dove in after her and both women began to stride powerfully. From the very beginning it was clear that Rachel had come to take no prisoners this evening and Melissa found herself struggling to keep up with the other blonde as Rachel's taut body strained and pumped at the machine's pedals and stick pulls. Within a few minutes Melissa was sweating, and after 15 minutes she could feel a stitch in her side cutting away at her efficiency. Rachel's numbers were inching

ahead of hers and as hard as she tried, Melissa found it impossible to catch the other woman. She saw Rachel checking out the readouts on her rival's cross trainer and then glancing smugly into Melissa's eyes. Melissa wasn't about to just give it up however and she kept up the fight, powering away at the machine and her competitor until the bitter end. Once again her sports bra wound up soaked from the effort, her nipples poking out through the damp stretch fabric, her cleavage glistening with sweat. Rachel got down off her machine looking much the same, but with a triumphant little smile as she wiped the machine and herself down with a towel.

Melissa got down off her own machine, frustrated and angry, more at herself than at Rachel. She'd lost her focus and let her reverie from the previous evening take her off point. She found herself in Rachel's way as the other blonde started to walk away from her machine toward the exit.

"Excuse me," Rachel purred, sliding past Melissa and managing to rake her damp top across Melissa's chest. The other blonde's erect nipples seemed to slice across Melissa's breasts, jamming into Mel's eager, hard rods as they crossed, and Melissa felt like daggers had cut across her firm globes until Rachel's muscular shoulder finally nudged hers aside thoughtlessly as she muscled past Melissa. Melissa instinctively started after the other blonde and Rachel stopped just long enough to stop her momentum and stare her down. "Meet me in the locker room," she said simply and quietly, throwing a contemptuous look over her shoulder before heading toward the exit. Melissa followed, studying Rachel's tall, athletic body, watching her muscular glutes flex and quiver as she strode confidently down toward the locker room. Melissa was furious and she felt her pulse quickening as Rachel threw several glances back at her, as if to make sure she was following the bait she'd thrown. They entered the muggy locker room, moving past the few stragglers changing and showering before closing time, and Melissa followed Rachel until the tall, athletic blonde stopped in front of her locker in the back row. Melissa had hoped for some privacy but there were still a few other women back here. She stopped a little more than a foot away from Rachel and the two women regarded each other warily as Rachel opened her locker and dug into her things.

"You really ran out of steam today," Rachel said coolly. "I guess you're not as fit as you thought you were. You were just lucky yesterday." "Don't be so smug," Melissa said quietly, posing casually and carefully pitching her voice below the level of the other conversations in the locker room. "Maybe you just got lucky today."

"Well if you want to find out just wait back here with me and we can have a little do-over of yesterday."

Melissa swallowed, glancing around the aisle, feigning disinterest even though her pulse quickened at the sound of that offer. She'd

almost wondered if she'd imagined the physical struggle she'd had with Rachel yesterday, and she'd certainly pondered breathlessly whether Rachel would dare to confront her again. But the other blonde seemed to have reclaimed some of her intimidating attitude, almost as if yesterday had never happened.

"I'd be happy to have a do-over with you if that's what you want," Melissa said quietly.

When she looked up into Rachel's dazzling eyes the other woman seemed to hesitate for a moment. When she spoke it was almost a whisper. "That's EXACTLY what I want."

"It didn't turn out too good for you last night," Melissa reminded her bravely.

"If you're brave enough to wait for me tonight you're going to be sorry you ever touched me," Rachel hissed.

"Good; I can't wait," Melissa said tauntingly. She extended her hand with a little smirk in an ironic gesture of agreement. Rachel glanced down at it furiously, then extended her own hand and took Melissa's slowly. The two women squeezed each other's palms spitefully, each trying to crush the other woman's fingers, glaring at each other contemptuously. Melissa felt her eyes sting at the crush of Rachel's grip and she threw all of her strength back into the handshake until she was sure she saw discomfort reading in Rachel's blue eyes for a moment.

The two withdrew their grip but let their fingers trace one another curiously after the handshake. Rachel splayed her fingers, spreading them wide and Melissa pressed her own fingers back against Rachel's, first fingertip to fingertip, then gradually palm to palm. Her hands had always been a little large and she saw with a weird satisfaction now that Rachel's were just as long and strong as hers were. After a moment of hesitant touching Melissa pushed Rachel's hand away and turned to walk down the aisle to her locker, throwing a challenging glance back at Rachel as she walked.

A couple of the other women in the aisle had already departed and the locker room was quieting down. Melissa could feel an electric tension building in her as she felt the building being emptied, becoming a multistory arena just for the two of them. There was nothing accidental about what was about to happen, she realized. They had agreed to meet after hours, to wait out the other women and hide until they had the locker room to themselves. Melissa realized if they waited just a bit longer the entire building would be theirs...to do anything they wanted in. She began to think beyond just another confrontation in the locker room...

When she glanced back at Rachel the other woman seemed lost in her own dark thoughts, but she immediately acknowledged Melissa's look and glared at her coldly. She reached back and undid the band that had pulled her sleek blonde hair back into a ponytail and her straight,

golden hair spilled out into a damp but still lovely shoulder-length mane, beautifully framing her Nordic features. With her hair down she looked even more similar to Melissa, and Mel studied the other woman as if she were looking into a mirror. Melissa realized that neither woman had moved to undress or do anything they would logically be doing at their locker. Of course none of the other women noticed...but the thought planted in her head brought another idea into being.

Melissa held her stare into Rachel's eyes and then slowly peeled her soaked sports bra off and shook her bare, sweat-drenched breasts free, arching her back to give Rachel a full, long look at her naked chest. She shook her soft blonde hair free of the garment as she stuffed it in her gym bag and glared back at Rachel as the other woman watched the display in a cold fury. Staring her down, Rachel too slowly stripped her stretch bra off of her own amazing rack and Melissa watched in a jealous rage as the other woman bared her breasts. Just like Melissa she arched her back and gave her chest a little shake, her perfect orbs quivering just enough to show that they were real, but also maintaining their awesome hemispherical shape enough to demonstrate their superb firmness.

Rachel was a little more tanned than Melissa and the fronts of her breasts showed off shocking triangular tan lines where she had clearly rocked a tiny bikini top at the beach. Melissa's tan lines were more modest, and most of the forward portions of her breasts were milky white. But she noted that their aureoles and nipples were strikingly similar—silver dollar-sized aureoles that were a light, fleshy brown, and erect nipples that stood dangerously straight outward, at least an inch in length and almost $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick.

Both girls slowly preened, coldly glaring at each other while they worked to display their bare breasts to advantage. Melissa had felt a touch of dirty pride at beating Rachel to this step, and there was also a new level of anticipation now that the other woman had responded so quickly to Melissa going topless. Nothing was off limits, she realized. She could hardly believe this was happening to her and that she was going along with this leazy competition so willingly. True, she had been watching Rachel for several months now and maybe she'd had a few moments of weird curiosity about the other woman, wondering what she might look like naked, if she was stronger than her...but she'd never thought things would escalate to this level, and so quickly. She was in another world now...but she couldn't turn back. She had to show Rachel who was better, no matter what it took.

The last other woman in the locker room seemed to be in their aisle. The tension was unbearable as the building settled down into an eerie silence. After a moment the last woman wandered out and both Rachel and Melissa straightened, staring at each other from each end of the long aisle as they listened to the other woman wander out, the door

slamming behind her and the noise echoing through the almost empty locker room. Melissa waited but Rachel made no move, and after a few seconds she realized the other woman was listening intently as she stared Melissa down, waiting for the final sounds of the Y emptying below them. The two women stood frozen for what seemed like an hour until a long period of dead silence came. The overhead lights dropped to a low, after-hours illumination, casting long, dark shadows over the contours of Rachel's muscular body from above. Without warning Rachel began to march forward, her arms down at her sides, chest thrust forward. Her breasts rippled with each stride as she headed toward Melissa—chest first.

Melissa drew in a breath and started forward herself, matching Rachel's long, purposeful stride. She realized with a rush of adrenaline what was happening and she kept her hands down on either side of her pelvis as she marched forward aggressively. She could feel the weight of her supple breasts—her weapons—rising and falling with each step, and she glanced appraisingly between Rachel's defiant, beautiful face and her quivering mammary glands, trying to gauge the force that those twin globes might have when they finally met her own.

The two women closed the distance between each other in a few seconds although it seemed like minutes. Before she knew it Melissa felt the air being displaced by Rachel's body joined by the other woman's warm breath and the heat and moisture spilling off her shaking boobs.

Then those heavy, damp glands struck Melissa's breasts with blinding force. A sound like a thunderclap sounded as Rachel's and Melissa's naked milk glands smacked together, and almost instantly her forehead collided with the other woman's while her tense abdominal muscles, pelvis and legs met their opposites on Rachel's powerful body.

The impact tossed her backwards and Melissa found herself on her heels as Rachel furiously advanced, her lovely face twisted into a vengeful snarl as she advanced on her enemy. Melissa forced one thigh backwards to brake herself and smashed her body back against Rachel's with all her strength, somehow stopping the other blonde and sending her staggering backwards for a second. She watched in amazement as the other woman's perfect breasts wobbled, flattening into mushroom-shaped pads before quivering back into their familiar globe shapes, and Rachel too braked herself and sent her chest ramming back against Melissa's.

The sting of the multiple impacts, bare skin against bare skin, just now began to make itself felt across Melissa's bare boobs and she had to fight the urge to cradle and massage her poor breasts as they throbbed and stung. Somehow Rachel had established the rules of this engagement and Melissa had to follow them—but she didn't have to

like it. "You fucking bitch!" she almost sobbed as she struggled to fight off Rachel's aggressive advance, leaning in with her shoulders to maneuver her breasts back into hard contact with the other blonde's, skirmishing with her and raking her erect nipples across Rachel's soft tit flesh while the other woman jabbed her own stiff, fleshy daggers into Melissa's yielding bosom.

"You're the one who wanted to go at it topless, girlfriend!" Rachel snarled triumphantly. "You can't even take it!"

"I'll take whatever you've got!" Melissa growled back. Groaning, the two women bitterly beat each other back and forth down the narrow aisle, a long center bench on one side of them and the row of metal lockers on the other. The claps of their bare breasts meeting echoed through the deserted locker room, roaring over the scuffling sound of their track shoes struggling to maintain traction on the cement floor. The bass line to that music was the grunts, moans and groans uttered by the two women as they forced their bodies—and their naked, hypersensitized breasts—together again and again. Melissa had managed to hold her ground against the other, muscular blonde for several long minutes but she could feel herself being forced backward now inch by inch and she had to be careful not to stumble against the bench on her right. She managed to land several stiff, wicked blows against Rachel's heavy breasts in a last stand, and she watched the other woman flinch and groan against her attack and slammed her abs hard against Rachel's as both women's thighs fought to brace themselves into superior leverage against their rivals.

"You big dirty cow," Rachel grunted as she took the blows to her breasts.

"What's the matter, Rachel? Are those big boobs of yours sensitive?" Melissa taunted.

"Yours sure are from the way you're crying every time I pound them!" Rachel gasped hotly.

Neither woman had any more breath for insults after that—the combat was too intense, too desperate, and for all her spoken bravado Melissa still felt herself being beaten backward after her lucky assaults on Rachel's tits. The other woman's size and strength, her angry determination, were overpowering. Making a last stand, Melissa forced herself back against Rachel chest to chest and the two women wilted into a sweat-drenched, immobile stalemate, bare breasts crushing together slowly as they stood chin to chin. Melissa glared down Rachel's nose into her furious blue eyes and felt the hot blast of the other woman's scented breath caressing her face, filling her gaping mouth. Both women moaned against each other as they tested each other's strength and stamina, upper bodies straining against one another. Melissa edged one shoulder forward and for several moments the two women tested each other's mushrooming breasts, easing their glands upward, downward, and slowly side to side,

cramming the four glands together into differing configurations against each other, each carefully feeling the other out with her own sensitive orbs, looking for softness, weakness, waiting for a twitch, a grunt or a gasp that would indicate that a soft, painful spot had been targeted. Melissa's nipples were locked with Rachel's, each bent against the other, nested between pressed aureola, and each slight twist and maneuver against her caused wild sensations to erupt off her aroused and abraded pink rods.

"Give up, bitch," Rachel groaned. "This is my night."

"Eat me, you tramp," Melissa retorted.

Rachel moaned in fury and Melissa felt herself being shoved backward, first inch by inch, then foot by foot. She knew now the only way to win this fight was to change the rules. She reached up to curl her fingers into Rachel's soft, damp hair and hugged her closer, increasing the pressure on their dueling breasts. Rachel groaned but then eagerly snaked her powerful arms around Melissa's waist and hugged her to her belly to belly in a crushing bearhug.

"Just admit that I beat your breasts all the way down this locker row, honey," Rachel groaned against her as the two women gasped into each other's faces, each trying to control the other's body and force one another into even closer, more muscular contact.

"Good," Melissa hissed. "Maybe you won one round like I won last night. But we're not finished yet."

"If you want to make this tighter and harder I can meet you that way," Rachel breathed against her roughly. "I'm going to crush the life out of you."

"You first, bitch," Melissa growled, slowly forcing them into a sweaty, cheek to cheek dance. The force of Rachel's muscles pressing against her was unbearable, but at least this wasn't the desperate, life-or-death struggle they'd engaged in while battering and ramming against each other. Melissa could feel rivulets of sweat draining down her back and stomach, her buttocks and thighs, and her breasts were beginning to slide and squirm against Rachel's now as both women's bare bosoms were slick with sweat. It was a relief in a way as the lubrication eased the friction between their nipples, letting them slide against one another instead of abrading and grinding together. But that was a disadvantage too as the feeling of her fleshy rods slipping against Rachel's had turned from hot, raw pain to disorienting pleasure, sending electric waves of arousal radiating through her breasts and back with every movement of Rachel's body against hers. Melissa dug her nails into Rachel's neck and shoulders as she felt her body responding to the heat now building up between her legs, and she felt Rachel's claws begin to sink into her back just above her flexing ass cheeks as the other blonde accepted the sensual force of their struggle.

"Think you're so tough," Melissa groaned. "Just remember I put your

ass on the floor last night."

"I'll have your back against the wall in a minute, girly," Rachel moaned back at her. "You think you're so proud of those big breasts of yours—I'm going to take my time crushing them flat."

"Mine can stand up to yours, don't worry," Melissa said bravely. "And you're the one who's been showing off your big ones around here the last few months."

"You've been showing everything off!" Rachel growled. "I've been dying to get you alone like this, just the two of us so we could settle this in private. I'll teach you whose body is better, stronger...and sexier too."

"I've been waiting to have it out with you too," Melissa moaned. "I've watched you strut your stuff around here long enough, acting like you're queen of the gym. Maybe you got the advantage smacking boobs around like a wild woman but now that we're doing this slow and hard I'm going to be the one flattening you."

"Well there's no one around to help you now so if I have to take all night to put you in your place I'll gladly do it!"

"If you want to fight with me all night that suits me just fine, Rachel!" Melissa replied.

The two women held each other deeply in their bare-breasted crush, their stretch pants now soaked with sweat, thighs straining against one another at the end of the aisle. Rachel's strength was still formidable and she was managing to slowly wrestle Melissa backward against the locker wall. She felt the cold metal touch her shoulder blades and before she knew it Rachel was pressed against her. She managed to reach up and grip Melissa's wrists, wrestling them off her neck and forcing them upward over her head, finally pinning them against the locker wall. Melissa's bare breasts were stretched out taut, offering rock-hard resistance to Rachel's. But with Rachel's arms stretched overhead too her own heavy glands were also pulled tight, and she panted against Melissa now, her mouth barely a couple of inches away from Mel's as the breast struggle suddenly intensified. Every part of their breasts had now been turned rigid, rock hard as their chests filled with air, muscles and tendons stretched their mammary tissue to the limit and nipples stood out, forced by pressure and raw arousal to their maximum length and stiffness. Rachel slowly plied her nipples first back and forth against Melissa's, then deep into Mel's breast tissue, slowly stabbing her hard weapons into Melissa's firm glands while Mel arched her back and tried with all her might to force her own stiff, fleshy rods back against Rachel's sensitive boobs. She twisted, flicking her pink shafts against Rachel's, both girls shivering at the newly raw touch of their tortured, overheated nipple skin against each other.

"How's your back feel against that wall, you bitch?" Rachel gasped. "I beat your body all the way down this aisle and now I've got you

pinned."

"I'll get out of this," Melissa moaned. "I'm not done fighting you yet."

"That's good because I'm not finished with you," Rachel breathed.

Melissa had to admit the other woman had her body controlled for the moment and Rachel seemed to realize her advantage. Her expression was becoming haughty and arrogant as she glared at Melissa nose to nose. "I knew I was better than you." Without warning she dipped her head slightly and bared her teeth, snarling as she landed a slow, spiteful bite on Melissa's lower lip. Melissa gasped and twisted away, snarling back against Rachel's face.

"You fucking cow," she hissed, snapping briefly at Rachel's mouth with her own bared teeth. But Rachel dodged backward, keeping her leering mouth away from Melissa's.

"That's just the start of what I'm going to do to you," Rachel said dangerously. Melissa groaned and twisted against her, desperate to escape the other woman's controlling grip. Much as she'd despised it the hot touch of Rachel's teeth on her lips had been arousing, and the sexual element of their private war was becoming increasingly undeniable. Rachel's last threat echoed in Melissa's thoughts as she used her shoulders to flick her slippery nipples back and forth against Rachel's until she forced a little squeal of pleasure from the other woman. Rachel eased her pelvis against Melissa's and Melissa could feel the other woman's burning crotch press against hers, transmitting heat through the layers of stretch pants and underwear between them. She angrily jammed her crotch back against Rachel's and Rachel pounded her pubic bone into Melissa's in a gesture of domination. But she was twisting and wiggling against Melissa with growing passion and Melissa was beginning to unstick her sweating back from the locker wall.

After another moment she had Rachel pushed back a foot and in a flurry of maneuvers the two women twisted and wrestled until Melissa managed to reverse their positions and force the furious Rachel backwards to slam into the locker wall herself.

Melissa hungrily consolidated her position, spreading her legs to trap Rachel's and forcing Rachel's hands briefly behind her while she hugged against the other woman. She had Rachel's breasts trapped below hers and she forced the weight of her boobs downward on top of Rachel's, reprising her victory crush of the previous evening. Rachel squirmed angrily, moaning at the weight of Melissa's breasts on hers as Mel glowered into her face eagerly. "These feel familiar?" Mel purred as she pressed her breasts downward on top of Rachel's quivering globes. "Still so sure this is your night? It feels a lot like last night to me!"

"You whore," Rachel moaned as she squirmed against Melissa. "I'm going to eat you alive!"

"Me first," Melissa said, twisting her head and hungrily taking Rachel's

lower lip between her teeth. She made sure to bite the other blonde with exactly as much force and spite as Rachel had when she'd bitten her, pulling the other woman's lip out like a rubber band before releasing it and letting Rachel spit and twist against her furiously. "God damn you!" Rachel roared, tearing her wrists from Melissa's fingers and tearing her hands into Melissa's hair. Melissa responded in kind and the two women threw each other back and forth, wrenching each other against wall and locker violently, each writhing against one another and briefly rejoining the violent battering of bare breasts against breasts. Sweat droplets splattered and rippling glands smacked together loudly as the two women bellowed their hatred into each others' mouths as they fought.

Suddenly Melissa felt her legs hit the bench behind her and before she knew it she was toppling with Rachel on top of her. She hit the bench and Rachel's body slammed on top of hers, almost driving the air from her lungs. Now Rachel's powerful thighs gripped her, her muscular arms pinning Melissa back. She felt the other woman's pelvis driving into hers, consolidating Rachel's hold on her as the other woman lowered her breasts on top of Melissa's and forcing her forehead down on top of Mel's as the final insult. There was no leverage on the bench, nowhere to brace her legs or arms, and Rachel's face gleamed in triumph as she slowly locked Melissa down and choked off her struggles. Rachel glanced down cruelly and made sure to align the points of her nipples directly against Melissa's as she pressed her breasts down on top of Mel's flattened pair in a final gesture of triumph, her hot breath blasting down on Melissa's face as she topped her. Melissa squirmed hotly but in moments her strength was squandered.

Rachel breathed on top of her, and Melissa could feel the big woman's vulva pressing directly against her own. Her thighs were spread open by Melissa's, her crotch exposed and vulnerable, and she could feel Rachel press experimentally against her, as if measuring her own genitalia against Melissa's. Mel felt her pussy twitch, her crotch muscles involuntarily flexing at the touch of another woman's sex, and her back tingled as she felt an answering pulse of muscle from Rachel's pussy against hers.

"I told you this was my night," Rachel breathed. "I'm in your gym for good now and you're going to have to deal with it. You just admit that tonight I was stronger and harder than you were and I'll let you crawl away from here."

"Suck my tits!" Melissa snarled. "You won a round and that's it. I don't have to admit shit to you."

"You cheap little gutter tramp," Rachel growled. She had one hand in Melissa's hair and she raised her body up until she was holding Melissa down at arm's length with her right arm free. She raised her arm and purposefully landed hard, open-handed slaps down onto

Melissa's vulnerable, drenched breasts. The blows rocked Mel's heavy orbs and Melissa grunted in pain, her tits stinging and droplets of sweat spattering off them. "Don't you dare challenge me ever again!" As she sat up Rachel's crotch was grinding down vividly onto Melissa's, almost bucking against her as she slapped Melissa's breasts. Finally satisfied, she released her hold on Mel's hair and sat up, her own soaked breasts rising and falling in triumph as she eyed her seemingly defeated enemy arrogantly.

Melissa stared back up at Rachel, her soft features twisted in hate. Her breasts stung, the damp air of the locker room chilling them now that they didn't have Rachel's bare boobs pressing against them. She lay with her legs spread and dangling off the bench, her beaten breasts laying languidly across her chests, nipples flaccid now in defeat. Rachel got off her and sagged against the locker wall, clearly exhausted herself, her own breasts seeming to sag now that they weren't in battle mode. Melissa saw the other woman's nipples standing erect for a moment, as if she were still getting off on her little victory. Then they too subsided.

The two woman continued to stare at each other as they panted, victress and victim, only their eyes now continuing to wage war.

Melissa was beginning to catch her breath and the feelings of humiliation and frustration raging inside of her were not to be denied. She managed to push herself up on her elbows, bringing her chest into a slightly more defiant position as she lay on the bench.

"Why'd you have to come to my gym anyway?" Melissa said in angry exhaustion.

"If you weren't so stupid you'd have just left me alone," Rachel said defiantly.

"You started this," Melissa said. She shifted her legs and sat up, ran her fingers through her matted, tangled hair. "You're the one who pushed me in here and gave me all the attitude."

Rachel shook her own damp, tangled hair back away from her face. "You needed a warning, that's all," she said. "You've been following me, staring at me..."

"You've been doing the same to me!" Melissa said, finally finding the strength to stand up and face Rachel again. She saw Rachel's face darken, whether out of concern or anger she couldn't tell. But she wasn't about to walk away from Rachel in defeat. Still breathing heavily, Melissa put her hands on her hips and took a couple of steps until she was back in Rachel's space. Rachel too was still panting as she leaned back against the locker wall and both women briefly glanced down at each other's sweat-soaked, flushed breasts. Rachel pushed herself slowly off the wall, straightened to face Melissa down, her expression a mix of uncertainty and defiance.

"You want to get beaten again?" Rachel said quietly, her eyes flicking down Melissa's body. Her stare felt like fingers on Melissa's skin and

Mel felt her nipples beginning to stiffen again. When she looked down at Rachel's breasts the other woman's nipples were responding too, growing hard and erect again.

"I said I'd fight you all night if that's what it takes and I meant it," Melissa replied.

The two women locked eyes in cold silence for several long moments as both women absorbed the implications of their words. Their first encounter had been a slow test of strength—scary, but not likely to hurt either woman. This second duel had been more violent, even though both women had obeyed some silent rule to keep the battle on an almost ritualistic level, pushing and smacking with their breasts like bucking rams. But Rachel had hit her now and Melissa felt a cold need to strike back.

"Listen, Melissa," Rachel said seriously, "I've gone easy on you. If you push me any further things are going to get serious between us and I mean it."

"It's already serious," Melissa said firmly. She stepped forward and deliberately brought her nipples to bear directly against Rachel's. She felt Rachel's breathing change to a controlled, shivering intake as she too moved a little closer to Melissa to accept the challenge and press their erect, fleshy rods even more tightly together. Melissa struggled to control her own breathing and not gasp at the still electrifying feeling of her aroused shafts touching and rubbing Rachel's. "I'm not done fighting with you, Rachel."

The two blondes held their breasts together as they spoke, glaring into each other's eyes in anticipation of the next move. "If you want to keep this up I'll give you everything you want and more," Rachel promised her.

Melissa nodded slowly as she studied Rachel's sleek, beautiful face. Even after all the fighting and sweat the other woman looked like a model. The feeling of her nipples against Rachel's was unbearably exciting, and Melissa knew she would have to steer this next step carefully in order to avoid having their war derailed into something else entirely. But she had an idea.

"Let's quit fucking around and really do this. I want an all-out fight without any stupid rules," Melissa said firmly.

"If you want an all out catfight with me I'll give you one you'll never forget," Rachel said as she glared into Melissa's face.

"Good," Melissa said, rudely giving Rachel's breasts a push as she stepped back away from her. "I know just the place in here to do it. Come on." She turned and walked toward the locker room exit with Rachel following closely.

"If there's anyone still in here we'll be thrown out for sure," Rachel said urgently as Melissa pushed her way out of the locker room into the dimly lit halls of the Y.

"What's the matter? Scared?" Melissa taunted her as she headed

upstairs toward the pilates room.

"I'm not afraid of you, that's for sure," Rachel snapped. Melissa found the pilates room door unlocked and she watched Rachel's eyes widen a little as she saw the boxing ring on the other end of the room. The two topless women approached the ring and Rachel turned to eye Melissa approvingly. "You really want to get into the ring with me? I'm warning you, Melissa. I've kept this down to a competition because I knew I could teach you a lesson without either of us getting hurt. But if we get into that ring all bets are off."

Melissa turned to face Rachel again. "If you think I'm going to let you get away with slapping my breasts you're out of your mind. I'm not afraid to fight you and I'm going to pay you back and more."

"Fine," Rachel said haughtily. "Let's make this all-out, no rules, anything goes—the dirtier the better."

"I'm sure that's the way gutter sluts like you always fight," Melissa retorted. "But I agree—the dirtier we fight the more I'm going to like it."

"Don't be so sure, sweetheart," Rachel said dangerously. "You have no idea what I can do to you." With that the other blonde reached down and slowly peeled her black leotards down to reveal her naked pelvis and legs, kicking the soaked garment across the floor and standing in a wide-legged, challenging stance with her hands on her hips.

Melissa took the other woman's naked body in, from her impressive bust to her taut and tawny abs, her flaring, womanly pelvis, deep navel, and the golden thatch of neatly trimmed blonde pubic hair nestled between powerful thighs.

"I'm willing to fight you nude, honey," Rachel said confidently. "You brave enough to bare what you've got."

Melissa felt herself surging with fury. She hated Rachel's arrogance, she hated her perfect body, her hard tits and nipples, the big pussy she was flaunting. She hated Rachel, period. "It'll be my pleasure to fight naked with you, you big whore," she said, reaching down to strip her own stretch pants off. The cool air felt good on her bare skin as she stepped out of her stretch pants and she briefly dragged her fingers through her tuft of trimmed, dark blonde pubes as she displayed her body proudly for Rachel. Rachel stared at her hungrily, taking in every detail of Melissa's nakedness. With the pilates room's mirrored walls and ceiling she could study every inch of both of their bodies. Melissa was stunned by how similar they were. Rachel might have had the better tan—bought at expensive tanning salons no doubt—but Melissa had just as much muscle, her ass was just as generous and sexy, her thighs as thick and supple, her belly just as taut and womanly, her breasts as big and firm, her nipples as long and hard as Rachel's. They were a perfect match, made to fight each other.

Melissa stepped over the rope, daring Rachel to follow her into the

ring. The muscular blonde followed eagerly and Melissa watched in fascination as the other woman's superb, bare ass flexed and rippled with muscle as she eased her thighs over the ropes before turning to face Melissa. Melissa moved sideways slowly and the two women began to circle one another warily. Melissa's initial bravado had faded—this was real now and neither woman knew quite what to expect from one another in this kind of showdown. For all Melissa knew Rachel had been in a dozen catfights, and this would be Melissa's first. But something told her this rich bitch preferred to use words instead of teeth and claws. She felt a sense of accomplishment that it might have been her, of all people, who'd goaded Rachel into a real, down and dirty, physical fight.

Melissa steeled herself by reminding herself of the smacks Rachel had landed on her breasts. It was payback time for that, she told herself as she moved forward. Rachel gave ground a bit, both women's eyes widening in a mix of fear and anticipation. There was no going back now.

Melissa rushed her enemy. Rachel raised her arms and the two women collided in a blinding series of vicious open-handed blows. Melissa felt her face, belly and breasts buffeted by stinging slaps just as she landed her own vicious slaps on Rachel's cheeks and abs, taking special care to attack her breasts. Rachel's shoulder rammed into her sternum and Melissa stumbled backward, lashing out with a kick into the other blonde's belly as Rachel tried to rush her.

The two women assaulted each other grimly, grunting and hissing as they rained down blow after spiteful blow onto each other's bare bodies. They clinched briefly and Melissa felt her bare glutes suddenly being spanked obscenely by her powerful enemy, and she immediately responded with sharp, stinging open-handed blows to Rachel's naked ass cheeks. Rachel suddenly yanked her hair and Melissa instinctively grabbed for the other woman's soft blonde locks, hauling her in close as both women furiously hairpulled.

"You big dirty cunt!" Melissa snarled as her bare body battered Rachel's, their slick breasts pummeling each other in the clinch, nipples raking together.

"Weak bitch!" Rachel gasped as Melissa tore at her hair.

Melissa tried to focus herself as the brawl intensified, thinking back to the times she'd watched Beth and Whitney spar in the ring. She had never landed a punch before but she freed one arm now and slowly forced Rachel backward until she was almost on the ropes. Pulling their bodies apart she focused on Rachel's taut belly and sank her fist into the other girl's hard muscle just above the navel. Rachel's stomach felt like a padded steel wall but she heard the other girl grunt in pain at the blow and she forced herself to punch her again.

"Fuck you!" Rachel groaned, madly twisting away and slapping Melissa's face before suddenly forcing her back into the ropes. Melissa

struggled as she saw Rachel furiously lining herself up, studying Mel's stomach the same way Melissa had targeted Rachel's. Maybe Rachel had never thrown a punch either but her powerful arms were more than capable of delivering and Melissa groaned as she felt Rachel's knuckles penetrate her clenched abdominals once, then twice.

"Big bitch!" Melissa screamed as she kicked madly at her enemy, then threw her upper body across Rachel's. The two women spilled to the mat in a tangle of arms and legs and now they wrestled furiously for position, each eager to dominate the other. Melissa suddenly found herself on top with Rachel's big breasts quivering just below her face. She remembered the whole point of this battle and gave herself over to her worst instincts. Dipping her head she bared her teeth and took some of Rachel's firm breast flesh, biting down and worrying the quivering gland like a shark tearing at its prey. Rachel moaned and wrapped her arms and legs around Melissa, trying to force her away from her tits with pure muscle, but Melissa managed to chew and suck Rachel's erect nipple into her mouth, twisting the fleshy rod with her teeth while Rachel swore at her.

"You dirty tramp!" Rachel snarled, hugging her close and tearing at her hair with one hand while the other reached down to squeeze and claw with slow sadism at Melissa's boobs. Melissa managed to bite down on Rachel's other breast and nipple, leaving teeth marks on both of her boobs before working her way up to sink her teeth into the other blonde's graceful neck. Rachel managed to roll herself on top of Melissa, hauling herself upward to sink punches into Melissa's stomach and breasts before reaching down to tug at Mel's snatch, curling her pubes between her fingers and yanking hard.

Tears streamed from Melissa's eyes at the pain in her crotch, and she knew Rachel wasn't finished. She reached up to claw at the other woman's ass cheeks, digging back further until her fingers pressed between Rachel's clenching glutes. She managed to probe between the two powerful muscles and she sneered cruelly into Rachel's face as she slowly jammed her thumb deep into Rachel's asshole. "You filthy bitch!" Rachel groaned before she responded by forcing her fingers into Melissa's labia and up into her vagina. The first inch or so was pure pain but Rachel's fingers quickly reached a wellspring of sexual lubricant and her fingers slid deep into Melissa.

Melissa squeezed her eyes shut as Rachel mercilessly finger-fucked her. "You want this dirty, I'll give it to you!" the other blonde said madly. "I should have known you'd get hot and bothered by this!" "Fucking slut," Melissa growled as her pussy clenched around Rachel's fingers. It was all she could do to maintain self control and she could feel her clitoris unfurling and swelling so close to Rachel's touch. She would not be defeated like this, she promised herself, straining to reach down between Rachel's spread thighs for her own attack on Rachel's sex. She managed to probe into the lower reaches of Rachel's

pussy lips just above her asshole, finally twisting to get enough leverage to jam her thumb—fresh from Rachel's anus—up into her quivering vagina. It took a moment of force but then she too found herself feeling the hot slickness of pure arousal inside Rachel's pussy and she pumped deeper, squeezing Rachel's labia with her free fingers while the other woman panted at her touch. "You're soaking wet too, baby," she snarled as both women jammed fingers deeper into their enemy's sex.

"Take your dirty hands out of me you fucking bitch," Rachel hissed, tearing her fingers out of Melissa's throbbing sex and reaching down to wrench Melissa's hands free of hers. Suddenly she forced Melissa's arms backwards by the wrists and Melissa found herself pinned on her back with Rachel glaring down at her. The other woman's thighs were between Melissa's spread legs and Rachel leveraged her knees against Mel's and started to force Melissa's legs apart further. Melissa stared past Rachel's angry face up at the mirrored ceiling, watching the muscles in the other girl's back and buns ripple as she controlled Melissa.

Rachel was splitting her wide open and Melissa had to struggle slowly to prevent herself from being violated. She stared up into Rachel's eyes and thought about the pelvis abduction machines in the weight room, one for inner thigh muscles, one for outer thigh muscles. She concentrated on squeezing back against Rachel's legs just as if they were the resistance pads of the weight machine, and as Rachel purposefully struggled against her she wondered if Rachel was flashing on the same idea. Their thighs were astoundingly evenly matched, and neither woman gained an advantage after several minutes of crushing leg to leg pressure. Drops of sweat began sliding down Rachel's big breasts to spatter onto Melissa's as the standoff wore on. Neither woman dared to speak or to divert a single ounce of effort away from the struggle as their thighs clashed in a death struggle. Finally Melissa felt her thighs beginning to give way. The cold air seemed to tease her exposed cunt as Rachel's hot fur dangled above hers. She remembered the first feel of the other blonde's big, soft pussy caressing hers through their stretch pants in the locker room, and Melissa began to tremble now at the thought of Rachel's burning hot labia and rough pubic fur touching her own.

She groaned as her thighs gave up another six inches and Rachel's belly and pelvis settled on top of hers. She tightened her abs in a direct challenge to Rachel's and the other blonde flexed her abdominals against her, the two sets of firm, defined muscles confronting one another. Angrily and impatiently Melissa jabbed her pussy mound up against Rachel's, hissing as the sizzling fur above and around her labia encountered Rachel's. She looked up past Rachel's shoulder as the other woman's firm buns flexed, her pelvis twitching and pivoting as she positioned herself against Melissa's. "I'm going to beat you raw,"

Rachel said huskily as she jammed her cunt back against Melissa's. Melissa's body was stretched out taut and she could do nothing but wrap her thighs around Rachel's and muscle herself in tighter against the blonde's breasts as Rachel pressed her trophies down on top of Melissa's.

"If this is how you want to fight let's do it," Melissa whispered, wriggling against Rachel sweatily. She managed to wrest one hand away from Rachel's grip and clawed her way slowly down Rachel's neck and back until she dug her nails deep into one of the blonde's big, flexing glutes.

"Keep your fingers out of my ass, you little whore," Rachel breathed as she bore down on top of Melissa. She trembled as she pressed her hot fur against Melissa's, her brow furrowing as she seemed to take the measure of Melissa's subservient pussy, hesitating over how much further to take this encounter.

Melissa gritted her teeth and ground upward again with her cunt, feeling out Rachel and taunting her. "You're a weak little prude," she purred. "You're the one who wanted to fight naked and now you can't even take it."

With that Rachel took two measured, firm strokes down onto Melissa's waiting pussy. "You bitch," she hissed. "How do you like that?"

"Do it again and I'll tell you," Melissa goaded her. She grunted as Rachel pressed down harder, her hot fur and sexual flesh mingling deliciously with Melissa's throbbing labia. The bitter friction of their trimmed, brush-hard pubic hair dragging across each other was painful and as Rachel saw her discomfort she spitefully quickened her pace, stroking roughly at Melissa's cunt until she was moaning with agony.

"I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget," Rachel said eagerly as her firm buns continued to propel her burning snatch down onto Melissa's. Even with Melissa's thighs locked around her pelvis Rachel's hips were strong enough to keep up the abrasive attack. Melissa could feel her clit dangling outside her labia now, just barely evading the caustic attack of Rachel's pubes, and as she felt Rachel's nipples stabbing into her breasts she wondered if the other woman was equally aroused. She tried to feel between Rachel's ass cheeks and explore her pounding cunt to find her clitoris but their hips were forced too tightly together. The friction between her legs was becoming unbearable.

Melissa suddenly thrashed out and in a flurry of violent action threw Rachel aside, then leaped on top of her furiously. Driven almost mad with pain Melissa wrapped up the other blonde with shocking speed and forced Rachel's powerful thighs apart, determined to pay her back for this pussy pummeling. Rachel wrapped her arms around Melissa's neck and began to bite hungrily at her shoulders and neck as Melissa positioned her cunt on top of Rachel's. By the time she began pumping

vengefully against Rachel's snatch the other woman's strong fingers had found Melissa's ass cheeks and they began to probe, feel and squeeze as Melissa forced Rachel's thighs further apart to expose her pussy and hotly grinded her own aroused sex and abrasive pussy fur against her enemy's. Rachel bravely jammed her overheated sex back upwards against Melissa as the two women engaged in an all out pubic war, pitting their superb ass muscles against each other in a fight for dominance. Melissa hissed as she felt her asshole invaded by Rachel's fingers, the other woman snarling at her fiercely as she took her dirty revenge on Melissa.

"You filthy whore," Melissa growled. "I'll never forget you for this! I'll hate you for the rest of my life!"

"I've hated you from the start!" Rachel hissed back at her. "I've been dreaming of the day I could get you alone and do you dirty!"

"Good, I hope you're liking it!" Melissa said as she pounded away at her enemy's cunt. "You like the feel of my pussy pounding yours?"

"Just as much as you liked me on top beating your bush, honey!"

Rachel roared back. Melissa was aiming her pubic bone directly into Rachel's to cause as much pain as possible. This was still a fight and even though they were fighting it in the most outrageous way possible, anger still held sway over lust as the two women battled. They hugged and crushed their upper bodies together, jamming cunts violently, twisting until Rachel once again reversed their positions and thrust away at Melissa's weakening body. Melissa bit at Rachel's neck and shoulders just as Rachel had bit at hers, finally grabbing Rachel's hair and dragging her face in close so that she could land vengeful bites on Rachel's cheeks and mouth. Rachel growled animalistically and twisted to return the bites, and tears coarsed down Melissa's face as Rachel's teeth found purchase in her neck, ears, cheeks and lips. Finally the two women's teeth locked as they began to bite each other's mouths simultaneously, gasping and hissing into each other's steamy breath as they waged primitive war.

The two women were practically wrapped in a ball now as they squirmed, gasped and moaned under mutual assaults. Melissa had torn a lock of hair from Rachel's head with her teeth; Rachel twisted Melissa's nipples mercilessly, and both women had left long claw marks in each other's breasts and asses. Their locked thighs were spread almost perpendicular to their bodies, leaving their warring cunts raw and exposed. Yet they had kept the cunt war limited to aggressive fur grinding, raking coarse pubic hair across exposed labia and pubic mounds, building the hot friction to unbearable levels and exchanging brutal cunt punches, pubic bone to pubic bone. All the while Melissa felt her insane arousal growing, her clitoris fattening and throbbing.

She had Rachel pinned beneath her when she suddenly felt her hot clit encounter something equally thick, hot and slick, like a hot tongue

licking her between the legs. She stiffened and hissed and felt Rachel twitch and squeal against her at the exact same moment. Their clits had touched one another. Rachel snarled against her mouth and viciously jammed her clit back into Melissa's and Mel instinctively returned the blow. Both women screeched as the level of intimate contact suddenly leaped off the scale. They traded a microscopic series of frighteningly quick jousts before kicking away from each other exhaustedly.

Melissa wound up on her back beside Rachel, gasping, and she turned to stare into Rachel's tear-stained face challengingly. Neither woman said anything, but a line had clearly been crossed. They had worn themselves ragged trying to outdo and defeat one another, but crossing clits was nakedly sexual—fucking, not fighting.

Melissa stared into Rachel's eyes as the two women struggled to catch their breath and silently considered how to proceed. Melissa felt like she was on the edge of a precipice, seconds from falling into an abyss. Just how far would they take this struggle?

She drank in Rachel's beautiful face and body, marveling that only seconds ago they were locked together in a no-rules, dirty contest of wills and muscle. The only question was whether Rachel wanted more. The thought had hardly crossed her mind when Rachel surged forward, her face ravenous, fingers digging into Melissa's biceps. Melissa instinctively clutched at Rachel and their bodies collided, both women now grabbing each other's hair while their pelvises sought each other. Melissa thrust in tightly, thoughtlessly searching for Rachel's clit, and the other blonde eagerly accommodated her, jamming her hot pussy into fierce contact with Melissa's.

Melissa bared her teeth and forced Rachel's face into close contact with hers.

Both women's mouths were open against one another, teeth bared, when Melissa thrust her tongue out and flicked it angrily against Rachel's teeth and lips before jamming it deep into the other blonde's hot mouth. Instantly she felt Rachel's thick, long tongue thrust back against hers, forcing it out of the way. In their exhaustion both women's tongues were dry and rough and they groaned as they savagely licked against one another, battling furiously and angrily even with these sensuous organs. Then Melissa felt her clitoris contact Rachel's again. They skirmished furiously, each woman abandoning herself to this forbidden new form of combat, matching tongues almost as some kind of symmetry to their dueling clitorises. The struggle seemed to build to an unbearable climax before Rachel shoved Melissa away from her angrily, her face twisted in confusion and lust. Melissa was so exhausted she could barely move and Rachel lay on her back, one knee pointed upward, trying to lift herself onto her elbows. Melissa crawled toward her, got to her knees, then brazenly and slowly slapped Rachel's erect breasts just as Rachel had done to

her in the locker room. Rachel gasped and then groaned as Melissa landed a final slap to her face before falling across her chest, her energy almost completely spent. Somehow her hands found their way to Rachel's soaked breasts and she began slowly squeezing them, fingering, pinching and twisting Rachel's nipples as she stared Rachel down.

Rachel glared at her and then slowly reached Melissa's breasts and gave them the same spiteful treatment. Both women moaned as they squeezed, pinched and twisted, sagging into each other's arms as each tried to continue the fight on this final, exhausted level. Finally Melissa shoved Rachel away from her and the other woman flopped onto the mat.

Melissa dragged herself to her feet. "You fucking bitch," she panted, giving Rachel a last sullen look before crawling out of the ring, retrieving her stretch pants and staggering downstairs into the locker room.

Melissa dragged herself into the shower, Rachel almost forgotten behind her. She wanted to wash the filth of their struggle off of her and forget all of this. She still felt a knot of sexual tension in her groin but she soaped herself and shampooed, let the glorious hot water cleanse her until she was glistening and clean.

After a moment of holding her face under the hot spray she turned to see Rachel showering herself too, staring coldly at Melissa's soaked and soapy body. Rachel's hair was slicked into a sleek mane clinging to her neck, her breasts gleamed with soap and moisture, every supple curve of her perfect body now cleansed, except for the scratches and bite marks Melissa had inflicted on her.

Melissa turned off the water and Rachel did the same. Only the droplets falling off their bodies intruded on the terrifying silence as they faced each other naked and slick, more beautiful than either had ever seen the other. Melissa lifted her chin challengingly, knowing that her back was arched, her bare, glistening breasts thrust out instinctively at the other, naked woman facing her. Rachel began to walk toward her slowly, arms down, her own breasts daring Melissa's to confront them one more time.

The few feet between them seemed to disappear before Melissa's exhausted mind could grasp the time passing. Rachel's slick nipples encountered hers, then slipped past them, and Melissa's fleshy daggers dug into Rachel's breasts as the two women dragged and pressed their four heavy glands once again against each other. Melissa slipped her arms around Rachel's wasp waist and Rachel put her arms around Melissa's broad shoulders, both women hugging each other's upper bodies in to allow their slick breasts to squeeze and slide across each other, moaning softly at the unashamedly erotic contact.

Melissa slid her hands down to Rachel's ass cheeks and Rachel's thighs spread invitingly as both women urged their slick pelvises into equally

teasing contact. The raw burn of their rough pubic hair was gone, replaced by soapy, sexual slickness. Rachel urged Melissa's thighs to spread further and the two women eased their soaked snatches into soft contact.

"You wanted to get naked with me so how do you like it?" Melissa whispered, a challenge still in her voice.

Rachel continued to massage Melissa's breasts with her own, teasing her nipples around Mel's hardening shafts, poking against her aureoles. "I don't care whether we fight hard or soft, I can still beat you either way, blonde," Rachel said huskily.

"So you think you're the sexiest girl in the gym too?" Melissa said leadingly.

Rachel pulled her closer, tilting her head back so they were mouth to mouth as they taunted one another. "Yes," she said. "If you want to prove who's sexier, let's just find out."

"You think you're better at fucking than I am?" Melissa said, shocking herself with her own raw, direct language.

"I'm better at fucking than you'll ever be in your life, Melissa," Rachel said. "And I know from the way you've been watching me that you think I'm hot."

"You mean like the way you've been watching me?" Melissa purred.

"Let's settle this once and for all," Rachel said. "How do you want to do this?"

Melissa hugged the other woman in even tighter. She could almost feel Rachel's clit teasing hers now. "Let's see if you can take me on in a stand-up fuck, right here in the shower. If you fall or you come, you lose."

Rachel nodded slowly, her lips touching Melissa's. "Beautiful. I'm going to enjoy making you come, you hot bitch."

"You sexy whore," Melissa said. "You're going to be the one coming all over me—then I'll just shower your filth off of me."

"Go ahead—let's see who fucks better."

Spreading their thighs carefully, the two enemies began flicking their swollen clits across each other, curling and corkscrewing the throbbing organs together with agonizing slowness. Melissa trembled at every touch of Rachel's fat clit against hers, carefully guiding her own sex gland against Rachel's in a contest of pure sexual stamina. She had never felt anything like the sensation of Rachel's hard, hot clit pressing and rubbing slowly against her own, and the sensation was redoubled by Rachel's trembling reactions to Melissa's clitoris as it stroked her clit back.

Melissa's hot mouth found Rachel's and their tongue war resumed, dry and raw at first, but soon slippery and slick with spit as their arousal grew and both women fought to choke each other, overwhelm one another with licking, tasting each other's lengthy and strong tongues hungrily, exploring each other's hot mouths and wrestling as they

tested tongue strength against tongue strength.

Both women gripped each other's ass cheeks, squeezing and urging each other's pelvises into tighter contact as they slid their slick and bulging breasts against each other. It seemed no erotic part of their bodies was off limits and as their sweat and soap lather intermingled Melissa felt like her body was one huge sexual organ, lubricated and aroused beyond measure as she stroked softly clit to clit with the woman she might have hated most in the world.

Ten minutes of stroking became twenty, then more than thirty, both women's muscles aching as they fought to keep themselves upright on the slippery shower tiles, fought to keep their sexual weapons engaged directly with their enemy's. After what seemed like an hour she felt Rachel's abdominals hardening against hers as the other woman began to writhe in the beginnings of something uncontrollable. Two more minutes passed and the gyrations increased until Rachel pulled gasping out of their deep tongue duel, her eyes squeezed shut as she jerked against Melissa. "You bitch!" she hissed, tears streaming down her face. "You bitch!"

Melissa sank down on top of Rachel as the blonde's legs collapsed under her and the two women slid downward to spread each other out on the floor, Melissa riding Rachel's quivering, muscular body. Now Melissa knew she could let herself go and truly enjoy fucking this incredible opponent. Her sore glutes throbbed as she powered her pussy deep into Rachel's, gripping the other woman's firm breasts in her hands as she jammed her clit hard against Rachel's softening, defeated sex horn. She felt a hot tingling spread across her back and inflame her hips as a massive wave of orgasms began to overtake her and she thrashed cruelly against Rachel's weakening body, finalizing her victory once and for all.